

JESUIT MISSIONS

March, 1923

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From Xavier to Xavier

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CONTRIBUTORS

■ About two years hence India will receive another Francis Xavier of the Society of Jesus (From Xavier to Xavier) into her mission fields. He was ordained November last at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India.



Nicholas J. Pollard, S.J.

■ Father Richard H. J. Hanley was born in Jamaica, Long Island, and is a priest of the Brooklyn diocese. He has that intensely Catholic view of events that makes his interests world-wide. This month he tells us of a "Martyr from Dieppe."

■ Clement J. Armitage, S.J. (Stardust in Baghdad), started life in a pretty little town in New England called Auburndale. For almost four years now he has been teaching at Baghdad College in Iraq.

■ It's a safe conjecture that Gregory L. Landon, S.J. (It's Tough to Be Lame in the Frozen North), is eagerly looking forward to the day when he will be ordained a priest of God to return to Alaska as a full-fledged missionary. He is finishing his second year of theological studies at Alma College in California.

■ Francis G. Deevy, S.J., comes from Waltham, Mass., graduated and later taught at Boston College High School. After four years in Jamaica, B.W.I., he asks the world "How Did Xavier Do It?"

■ We predict that John J. Gordon, S.J., of the California Province, who is now in his theological studies at Zi-ka-wei, China, will one day go back as a priest of God to "The Church on the Hill."

■ Albert C. Zabolio, S.J. (Good Badlands Mission) of the Missouri Province is stationed at Holy Rosary Indian Mission in South Dakota.

■ A veteran of the missions in India, Father Nicholas J. Pollard, S.J., of the Chicago Province, tells us what happens "When Cholera Comes" to Arrah.



John J. Gordon, S.J.

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

COVER—In India a shepherd boy and girl lovingly tend their flocks just as their ancestors did 400 years ago when St. Francis Xavier brought the Gospel to India. Fired by Xavier's zeal, other Jesuits following the Saint took the Gospel to America. So, today, American Jesuits find themselves continuing Xavier's work in far-away India. You are asked to pray during the Novena of Grace this month for the many Xavier-inspired missions throughout the world.

EDITORIAL

"BUT ONLY SAY THE WORD"

WHEN Xavier received the command to go to the Indies it took him less than two hours to get ready. Before nightfall he was on his way to Portugal and thence to the Indies. It did not enter his mind to question the command. His duty was to obey. He obeyed.

This spirit of obedience was instilled into the Society of Jesus by its founder. St. Ignatius was a soldier. He wanted to produce a company of men ready at a moment's notice to carry out the will of the Pope. They should be ready to travel to various places wherever the Glory of God and need of souls required them. This light armed squadron of the Pope, as it became known, turned back the tide of the Protestant Reformation and saved Europe for the Faith.

With the passing of the centuries this spirit of obedience has become a tradition and a matter of *noblesse oblige* with Jesuits. Friends and relatives cannot understand that new stern quality that, with time, becomes part of every Jesuit. It is especially noticeable in times of separation and departure for the foreign missions. It is a discipline of heart and mind and soul as far as is humanly possible, to be ready at a moment's notice to give up, whatever may be demanded, by the call of obedience for the spread of Christ's Kingdom. St. Ignatius bequeathed to his sons, something of the sternness of soldiers and the remoteness of men dedicated to a high purpose. He left it to Christ to soften and tone down these qualities with the warm love of His Sacred Heart.

A prime factor in the downfall of France according to a recent article by General Giraud was the fact that "Our officers . . . did not dare to command whether the simplest piece of work or the gravest mission was in question. . . . Getting used to disobeying his chiefs . . . the Frenchman from his earliest youth became used to doing as he pleased. What did the school teach these youngsters and these men? First egoism, personal interest and the cult of envy. After that, negation of everything spiritual, of everything divine, of everything ideal."

This is the spirit of rebellion of the Protestant Reformation the Jesuits fought four centuries ago in Europe. It is not dead yet; it came here to America with our Puritan ancestors. It entered our college halls and appeared again and again under new high sound-

ing names. Our young men exposed to it came out of those colleges, cynical, irresponsible, disrespectful.

Then the War came and the Army stepped in. Some young Americans are learning for the first time what discipline, what obedience really is. It is harsh but very salutary. Men who questioned every command, who flouted authority just for the devil of it, who thought little of leaving their parents worrying about their company and their conduct, now jump with the reveille, keep their barracks spotless, stand watch at night and sweat on the parade grounds during the day. They are learning to obey a command with no questions asked. They are learning now what they should have been taught in their school years, to obey duly constituted authority, to be disciplined subjects in a well ordered society. What they should have learned gently but firmly as children they are now learning harshly and ruthlessly with the military despatch necessary for a national emergency. To give them due credit they have conformed admirably and are making good soldiers. They will realize in good time the benefit and necessity of all this discipline and obedience when face to face with an enemy who is not only disciplined but absolutely merciless.

ON the home front, too, Americans have been altogether too free in their caustic criticism levelled not merely at petty officials but at the supreme authority of the land. This is bad for three reasons. They don't know the facts. Much of their knowledge is based on hearsay and rumor. This attitude creates ill will, bitterness and disunity in a nation at war. It is a blow directed at duly constituted authority and ultimately at the life of the nation. It is true that as a democracy the American people have a voice in their government. That voice should be heard on election days. Once they have elected their candidate they should leave it to him or them under God and their own consciences to guide the country according to their oath. Unless a leader proves himself definitely unworthy of his high office we should always grant him the benefit of the doubt. This is plain common sense.

For the duration we would suggest that American Catholics, at least imitate Xavier and his missionary brothers, by guarding their tongues, by giving themselves wholly to the work at hand, by cooperating entirely with the wishes and commands of their leaders. Only in this spirit can we turn to God with the hope of ultimate victory and a lasting peace.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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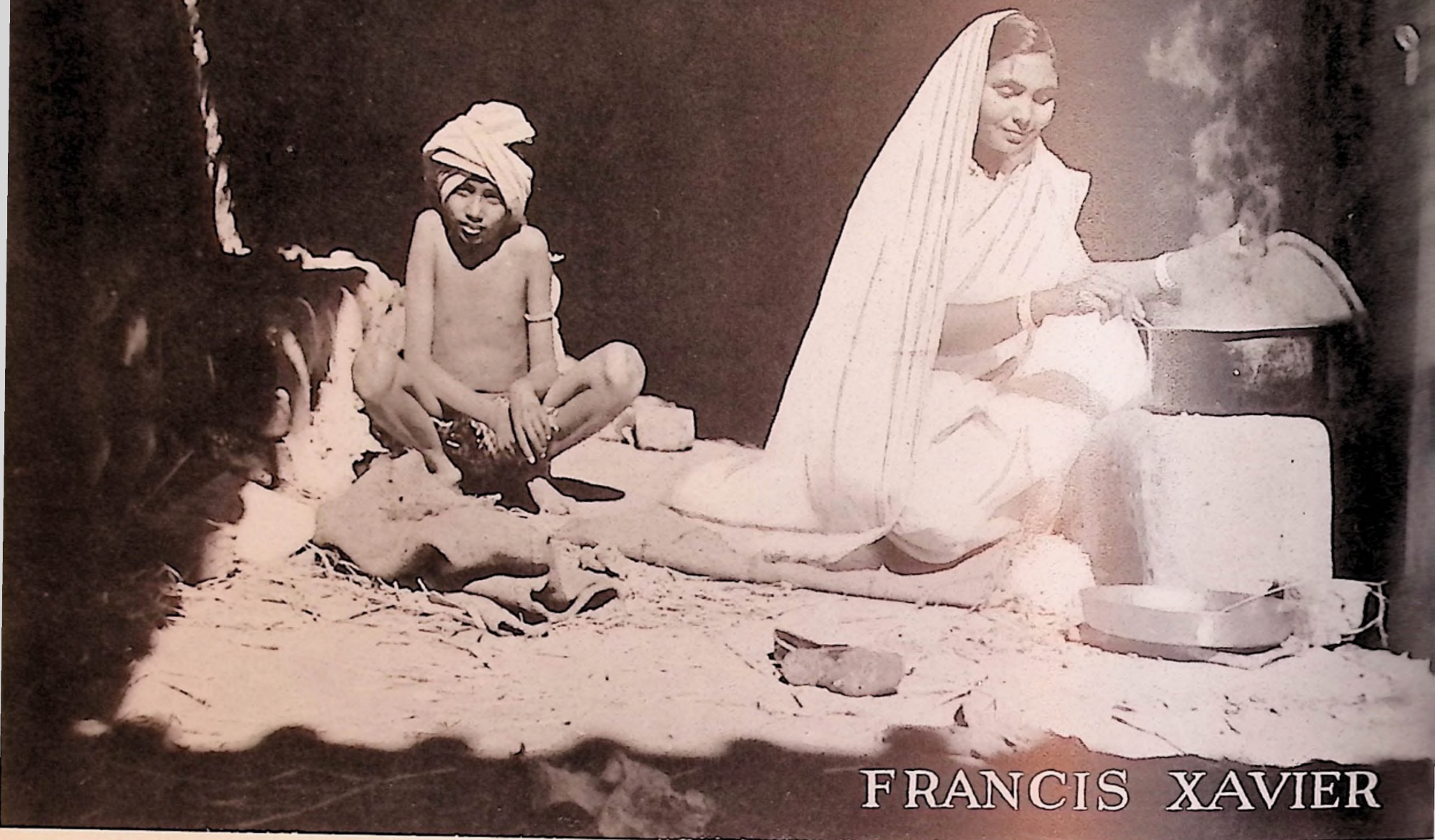
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From Xavier to Xavier



FRANCIS XAVIER

ARICKETY, old bamboo shelter, hastily put up on the sandy beach off the Chinese coast, protects a dying man from the fierce rays of the sun and the hot winds blowing over the dunes. A figure, racked with pain, lies on a bundle of straw thrown on the bare floor to relieve him somewhat in his agony. The cheeks and forehead are flushed with fever, the eyes are beginning to shed their wonted flame and lustre, the breath grows heavy and labored. Off and on, he relapses into delirium, but during the lucid intervals an unearthly smile plays about his lips, his gaze is steadily fixed on some far off vision, in blissful oblivion of whatever passes around him.

This is the great Xavier, the Papal legate to the Indies, the apostle and missionary of India, and the Orient. Ten years of labor, of sufferings, of apostolic journeys have shattered his athletic constitution, and here he lies, dying on the barren coast of Sancian, forsaken, a wreck, frustrated even in his last ambition of Christianizing

the Chinese Empire. Was his life a failure, then, his vision an idle dream? That may be the world's way of estimating things, which it does not comprehend. But the ways of God are not those of men.

That was in 1552. The history of the four centuries that have elapsed since then is one lengthy record, inscribed with the glorious deeds and achievements of the Society of Jesus in India for the greater glory of God and the salvation of souls. Every line of it is writ large with the gold of success, nor are there wanting copious punctuations with the red of martyrdom and of the Cross, the hallmark of every apostle, worthy of its name.

WE need only mention a few of the names that have made history in Jesuit India—St. John de Britto and Criminale, martyrs, DeNobili and Billard, the apostles of the Brahmins, Acquaviva and Monserrat, preachers at the Mogul court, Corti and Lievens, fathers of the Depressed and the Aborigines,

Stevens and Beschi, apostles of Catholic vernacular literature, Depelchin and Bertram, Catholic educationalists. These and an army of Jesuits are today following the trail blazed by Xavier four hundred years ago.

IN 1542, the historic year of Xavier's landing in Goa, India could boast of but one solitary Jesuit. Today that seed has blossomed into the eleven flourishing missions of India and Ceylon, with a personnel of 1,305 Jesuit missionaries caring for 93,141,872 souls, with a network of colleges, schools, seminaries, parishes, missions, printing presses, orphanages and other charitable institutions. Were Xavier's labors barren, his supreme sacrifice on Sancian, a futile waste? Let facts and figures speak for themselves.

Rich and noble, certainly is the heritage which Xavier, the founder of the Jesuit missions of India and his valiant successors have handed on to us, the Jesuits of the twentieth century to be carried on and perpetuated. On the

When a Jesuit named Francis Xavier writes an article about St. Francis Xavier in the year 1943, that's news! Well, here it is. The author was just ordained in India to carry on the work of the first great Xavier with the Chicago Jesuits in Patna.



(Above) A new band of Jesuits ordained for the mission of Patna, among them Francis Xavier, S.J., right rear, standing. (Left) Even as in Xavier's day the masses in India are waiting to receive the truth.



21st of November, 1942, St. Mary's College, Kurseong, the Alma Mater of hundreds of Jesuits in India, witnessed the ordination for this high enterprise of twenty young men by Dr. Ferdinand Perier, S.J., the Archbishop of Calcutta. On that solemn day of their lives these young Jesuit priests, hailing from different countries of Europe and America, in union with their Indian brethren, aspired to but one ambition: that of emulating their predecessors in their toils and struggle to set the masses of India ablaze with the fire of divine love—of seeking and serving Christ in India's teeming millions.

AS they stood on the heights of Kurseong, extending their yearning gaze and newly anointed hands in blessing over the distant plains, over the missions scattered through the length and breadth of

the land, other pictures flashed before their memories. Other places, perhaps now ravaged by the scourges of war; faces of dear ones, some of whom have perhaps, departed hence for a better land, of loving parents, of brothers and sisters, companions of school days, friends, benefactors, of all those, who have, in any way helped in leading them up to God's Altar—rose up before their mind's eye. To all of them their lips breathed forth their heartfelt gratitude, as their consecrated hands were raised aloft to implore on them and theirs, God's choicest benedictions.

That was a day of rejoicing for Patna Mission, for four of the new priests are missionaries, destined for its 20,000 Catholics and 27 million Hindus and Moslems.

There is yet another motive why Patna should rejoice. Of its four new priests, three are natives of

India. Recalling the significant words of Leo XIII about indigenous clergy, this occasion augurs well for the Church in Patna and in India. Patna could have accepted many more of such worthy candidates, had not the economic burden their long training entailed, prevented the Bishop and Superior from doing so.

PATNA, as well as the other Jesuit missions in India has from the start endeavored to foster indigenous vocations. In this matter, as in many others, St. Francis Xavier gave them the lead and his successors have been faithfully following in his footsteps. Very many of the Indian clergy owe their vocation to the Catholic education they imbibed in Jesuit schools and colleges. To cite the example of but one of these schools, St. Aloysius College of Mangalore, within a brief period of fifty years has given more than 250 vocations to the diocesan clergy and various other religious Orders and Congregations. Of the 16 indigenous bishops, 2 are Jesuits, and 6 more have been alumni of Jesuit colleges and seminaries.

BESIDES the 3 novitiates of Shembaganur, Hazaribagh and Calicut, a philosophate at Shembaganur and 2 theological colleges at Kurseong and Poona for the education of Jesuits, the Society of Jesus conducts 5 major seminaries to train *(Turn to page 83)*



Life size statue of St. Isaac Jogues, S.J., companion of St. John LaLande in life and in death by the Iroquois.

THE world was amazed! The people of the United Nations were rejoicing! Their troops had made an attack on the coast of France. When the smoke of the raids and the confusion of the first enthusiastic reports cleared it was learned that the Canadian commando units had combined with a newly formed American unit—the United States Rangers—to make a hit and run attack on the city of Dieppe on the coast of Normandy.

Then the casualty lists were published. Precise and cold, as only a casualty list can be, they announced the names of the dead, the wounded, and the captured in the Dieppe raid. Just a name, a rank, the home town, the native state or province, and the nearest relative and the casualty was complete. But then the reporters went to work and the local papers of the States and Canada carried short sketches of their native sons who had made the supreme sacrifice. A short time later, Dieppe became yesterday's news as new

casualty lists appeared after other encounters.

But was Dieppe forgotten? Dieppe will not pass from the memory of man as long as the mothers and friends of the men who died are yet alive. When the doorbell rang and they were first presented with the telegram from the War Ministry or the Secretary of War, from the Admiralty or the Secretary of the Navy they became faint. Then cold realization. Their boy was dead! He would not return! No more would his voice be sounding in that house! But then came strength! Their youngster had died for a cause—to keep us free. Head went high, chest went out: "My boy is a martyr."

IN 1647 the city of Dieppe itself received sad news. A casualty list was published! Not by the War Ministry! Not by the Admiralty! But by the Dutch of New Amster-

dam! There were only two names which have come down to us. Isaac Jogues, Jesuit priest, and John Lalonde, trapper, were martyred by the savages while on a mission to a village of the Iroquois tribe. Just a name, title, town, and province! Then forgetfulness? To most people yes. But not to the people of Dieppe and those in the American missions. Further reports came and finally the full story became known.

INDIAN braves had come to Rensselaerwyck (Fort Orange), to the apostate Catholic, now non-Catholic minister to the Dutch, Dominic Megapolensis. They had a package for the man who had befriended "Ondessonk" (the Dutch called him Father Isaac Jogues) after the martyrdom of St. Rene Goupil in 1642, the man who had welcomed "another battered and mutilated victim of Indian ferocity"—Father Francis Bresani, a Jesuit

missionary. The package contained the missal, the breviary, and the clothing of Isaac Jogues. The Indians made their announcement. "Father Jogues and the trapper, John Lalonde, were killed (tomahawked)" in October, 1646, at Ossernenon (Auriesville). Megapolensis sent the news to the superior of the "cunning Jesuits" in Canada.

RECALLING the many happy hours he had spent with the missionary only four years back the minister was sorry to hear of the priest's death. Now Megapolensis must announce the death of Jogues. He remembered the letter the priest had sent to him stating that "he was anxious for (his) soul" and in which he "admonished (him) to come again into the Papal Church from which (he) had separated (himself)." He also thought of the answer he had written to Jogues:

JOHN LALANDE,

"I returned such a reply that a second letter was never sent me." Jogues he knew. But Lalonde was a name which was representative of the great many French men and women who had left their native land not as the Dutch and English—"religious and political malcontents seeking shores to practise a greater intolerance than that at home"—but as missionaries—to bring French culture and the ancient faith of France, the Gospel of the Cross, to the native Americans.

THE life story of St. John Lalonde is one of those sweet mysteries that is probably being reserved for the elect in heaven. As though to prove the truth that the most important thing in life is death, the only thing we know about the companion of Jogues on his last journey is that he died a martyr's death at Ossernenon, a village of the Mohawk tribe, which is now

known as Auriesville, New York. The decree published by the Holy See at the time of the beatification of North American martyrs has this to say about him: "Associated with him (Jogues) as companion in his last days was John de Lalande, who, born in Dieppe in the Archdiocese of Rouen, had given himself as a *donné* (helper) by a perpetual engagement to the Mission of New France. When he might have sought safety by flight, he preferred to follow the lot of his master, so that in the same manner and for the same cause he was killed on the following day." This is the life of St. John Lalande.

IN 1643, Jogues, the missionary, brought to the Dutch of Nieuw Amsterdam, news of the martyrdom of St. Rene Goupil and of his own sufferings at the hands of the Iroquois Indians at Ossernenon. The Dutch protected him and helped him

to reach England whence he set off for his native France. There instead of rest (much like our modern war heroes) he was forced to make personal appearances. He begged his superiors for permission to return to the missions and in May of 1644 we find him once more in Montreal.

MUCH had happened during his absence. The Iroquois had captured other missionaries but in July of 1644 the villagers on the mount were surprised to hear that the savages were suing for peace. It took two years to conclude the peace and when the French decided to send an embassy to meet the chiefs of the Iroquois it was but natural for them to choose Father Jogues, as ambassador. With a civil engineer the priest left Montreal and sailing Lake Champlain and the Lake of the Blessed Sacrament (we call it Lake George), they finally

on June 10th reached Ossernenon. Jogues, having had previous dealings with these people, sensed that the peace commission did not represent the responsible Indian leaders. His work finished, the party returned to Quebec on July 3rd.

DURING the summer he revealed to his friends that he had left his Mass vestments and other equipment at Ossernenon because he hoped to establish a mission there. His hope was not long in waiting its fulfillment and on September 27th with John Lalande once more the long journey to the Mohawk Valley was begun. The chronicles say nothing more of St. John than that he was a *donné*—that is a layman who made a promise to work with the Jesuits on their mission of New France.

Out of the night he came! How? We know not. He came but for a few days and (Turn to page 83)

MARTYR FROM DIEPPE

Richard H. J. Hanley

A replica of the long house of the Iroquois Indians where Jogues and LaLande were imprisoned until their death.





Star Dust in Baghdad

Clement J. Armitage, S.J.

THE U. S. Lease and Lend Act was extended to Iraq sometime ago. That same hour the shade of the last of Scheherazade's race went wailing through the night. You may have heard it in your office on Fourth Avenue as it undoubtedly followed the trails it had known so well in life. For the spirit of O. Henry was abroad, crying out in protest and anguish against the degenerate caliphs who were selling their mess of pottage for a birthright.

Long ago O. Henry had built "Baghdad-on-the-Subway." He had

taken the tall city of stone and molded it into human shape. Around it he draped the veils of mystery and romance, hushed its strident voice to the whisper of far-off things, and into its sullen eyes he spun a soul. With the ingenuity of his own Jeff Peters "the gentle grafter" spread the fragrance of Arabia over his four million seeds and overnight there flowered a dream-petalled city. New York had become Baghdad-on-the-Subway.

O. Henry had robbed the East to robe the West. It was no Lease and Lend Act on his part. He had



The Paganism of the West comes striding into the East with thrill of trumpets and beauty of false banners. Baghdad youths catching glimpses of this new world in cinemas and magazines find it bright with mystery.

no need of a New Deal. The skillful manipulator of hearts dealt only once—but the hand he laid down was straight from the "turban that is woven of the sunsets and the seas." New York had won. The caliphs of the Bowery and along



Life along the Tigris changed little in the thousand years before the machine age took to the air to conquer oceans, rivers and continents.

the Hudson walked in the softer light of O. Henry's world.

AND now New York is going to pay back. As I said before, O. Henry's shade may have caused some slight uneasiness in your Fourth Avenue office that night when Uncle Sam decided to streamline the ancient Cradle of Civilization. For O. Henry knew New York—and that is why he found it necessary to invest it with the glamor of the East. It was a hard city until the master designer softened its rugged outlines. His charm lay in what he added to New York—and I am sure he must hate the thought of what New York might add to Baghdad. To him it would mean an ending more surprising than one of his own tales—and infinitely less gay.

The magic carpet coming back to Baghdad—with machine guns on its wings; Baghdad-on-the-Subway smiling benevolently on—will it be Gotham-on-the-Tigris? At least we fear it will be something that, as O. Henry himself once said, "would make A. Raschid turn Haroun in his grave."

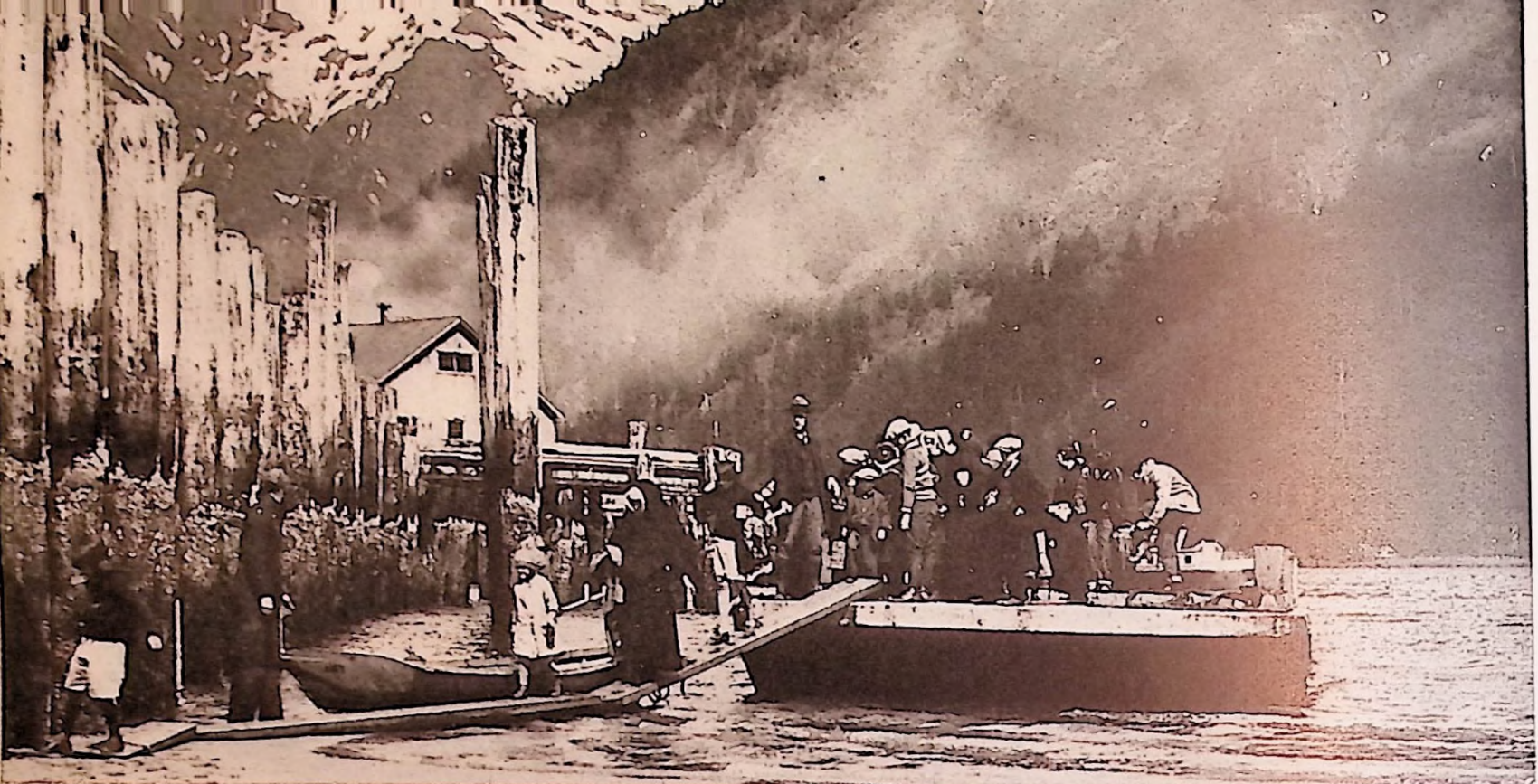
Now I am not a statesman and I have never even read through the

Lease and Lend Act. I am not an expert in economics nor in finance, nor do I know when the war is going to end. However, I have spent a thousand and one nights in Baghdad and, therefore, I am not a romantic idealist, either. I am only one of a dozen men who are here, not to spread the culture of America, but to preserve a culture that was old when America was young. I realize that the Lease and Lend Act does not extend to cultures. But it is a definite expression of a trend. It says in brief—"We of the West are going to give you of the East certain things which you have not and we have." (One gathers from the title of the Act that these things or their equivalent will be given back some day. I only wish Max Beerbohm might write that chapter in the story.)

FOR some years now the West has been carrying on that policy of the haves and the have-nots. As a result it is effecting the same thing that O. Henry effected for New York. It is creating an atmosphere—but a far different and a far more dangerous atmosphere than the genial creator of Baghdad-on-the-Subway ever effected. To clothe

New York in the silken fantasy of the Arabian Nights is one thing; to splash the gaudy, superficial enamel of Manhattan over Baghdad is something else. O. Henry wove the rich colors of the East into a background against which the loves and heartaches of four million people stood out clearly. It was a skillful blending for it had that touch of unreality that is found in all things that are real.

NEW YORK—and the West as a whole—has not given us of its best. The illusion it is creating is not concerned with background but with the very subject of life. O. Henry's use of the East did not change his characters but only served to bring them into relief. But the seeping-in of Western civilization threatens the character itself of the people. For instance, the most popular (because unrivaled) form of recreation in Baghdad is the cinema. Now the cinema is not an accurate representation of American life. Yet when I once asked my class to write a composition on what their conception of American life was the result was a fine collection of ideas based on cinemas and cheap picture magazines. And the cinema, because it is almost the only form of entertainment, exerts a profound influence. Now no one ever pretended that O. Henry's world was the correct picture of New York, true to life though his characters were. The real and the imaginative elements were always distinguished. But that does not happen in Baghdad. The things that are false in the cinema—the characters, their mode of life, their morality,—these are accepted as real and true to life and it is these things, of course, that are first imitated. To come down to a particular. On the screen is depicted a typical cinema party of, let us say, the nobility of New York. The scene is familiar enough to all to allow omission of details. Briefly, in the language of heraldry (for the cinema usually scorns us commoners) its device might be "Sables, silver and gold flittermice on bent, gules horns leaping beside bar sinister, two drunks rampant on horizontal field." What does this mean to Baghdad? (Turn to page 83)



The harsh, rugged litoral of the Yukon River offers no sympathy to broken bodies and timid souls. (Right) The author and two of the boys from Holy Cross mission.

It's Tough to be Lame in the Frozen North

But Stephen, the Eskimo, had a friend . . .

Gregory L. Landon, S.J.

IT all began on Easter morning, 1931. The place was a Mission on the banks of the Yukon River, Holy Cross, staffed by the American Jesuits and the Sisters of St. Ann. Returning to the little mission hospital, the Sister nurse saw an Eskimo seated near the stove. She smiled and asked, "Are you sick?" "No," he said, but pointing toward the corner, "that kid is sick."

Sister Mary turned and saw over against the wall, flat on the floor, a pitifully deformed little body. Two big frightened eyes full of tears were gazing at her. The head was the head of an eight or nine year old boy but the body apparently that of a three year old baby. So this was Sister's new patient; here was

her principal charge for many, many months to come.

Euthanasiaists of the day would have solemnly agreed that here was a perfect example of one who should be mercifully disposed of. But Sister smiled. In that twisted body her eyes of faith saw a soul, a soul beloved by God. She smiled a welcome to this frightened lump of humanity. It was only answered by screams. Stephen knew he was to stay, was afraid of this clean room, afraid of the smiling woman dressed in the strange clothes of a nun. He could not understand her language. So Sister's being nice was only rewarded by ugly faces, tears and more screaming. It became worse as Stephen's father prepared to leave for his distant home.



Their native goodbye over, Sister took the fighting little lad in her arms to see where she could begin. His back was hunched, his chest pointed, his little legs bent so that had he walked, it necessarily would have been on his ankles. His arms were long for his size, and, though thin, were the only well-shaped parts he had.

HAVING no doctor to consult, Sister looked to heaven for inspiration. How often missionaries must do that in Alaska! She removed the little crooked seal-skin *mukluks* (Indian shoes) from Stephen's feet, and unwrapped the gunny sack material that served him for stockings. Then a bath in



Vigorous outdoor exercise such as sawing wood for the mission stove was too strenuous for Stephen. (Right) Much of the sunshine in Alaska shines out from friendly faces and warm hearts. The dog is the only unhappy one in this group.

the wash tub. Little else was done for him in the way of treatment for the first few days besides oils and bandages. The main thing just then was to make friends with the poor boy. He soon began to love the kind attention of Sister Mary; tears were mixed with smiles and the few words he knew came out more freely. When he saw that Sister would answer his calls even during the night and with lighted candle come to his assistance, he recognized her as a friend.

TWO months passed with little improvement in his condition. Sister decided to apply plaster of paris casts. He was very much afraid and Sister had to make many promises. Every two or three weeks she changed the casts leaving them off a day or two to give the skin an opportunity to harden. The little legs were gradually assuming a more proper shape. For two years she kept at it, using the casts until she felt she had done all that was possible with them. Meanwhile, Stephen was gaining in strength. Due to good food and a soft bed, his body was filling out more normally.

With strength in his arms the time had come to try him on crutches. The Mission's carpenter made him a tiny pair. Sister coaxed him until he tried them. She and a girl would hold him on either side as he made the first steps. But as soon as they left him, he would throw down the crutches and go on hands. It was a long slow process.

Gradually Sister convinced him that he looked more the man in an upright position than in crawling like a baby. Also the yearning to go outside and play with the other boys forced him to accustom himself to the crutches. He became an adept at marbles, loved *hide-go-seek*, even took to sleighing when some boy would kindly pull him and his sled to the top of a hill. Warmly wrapped he began to accompany the boys on their Sunday walks—one or two of them pulled him on his sled in winter, on his wagon in summer.

Sister Mary utilized Stephen's presence in the hospital to teach him his catechism and to prepare him for his first Holy Communion. One day before this happy event, he went into the church, dragged himself up the steps to the choir loft where he and Sister Mary were accustomed to hear Mass. He thought he was alone and began to sing a little hymn to the Blessed Mother. He did not know all the words, nor were the words he knew all in tune. Yet his song must have been beautiful to her to whom it was addressed. One can easily imagine how proud was the Sister nurse when she heard of this incident from a native woman who happened to be in the church, though unseen by Stephen.

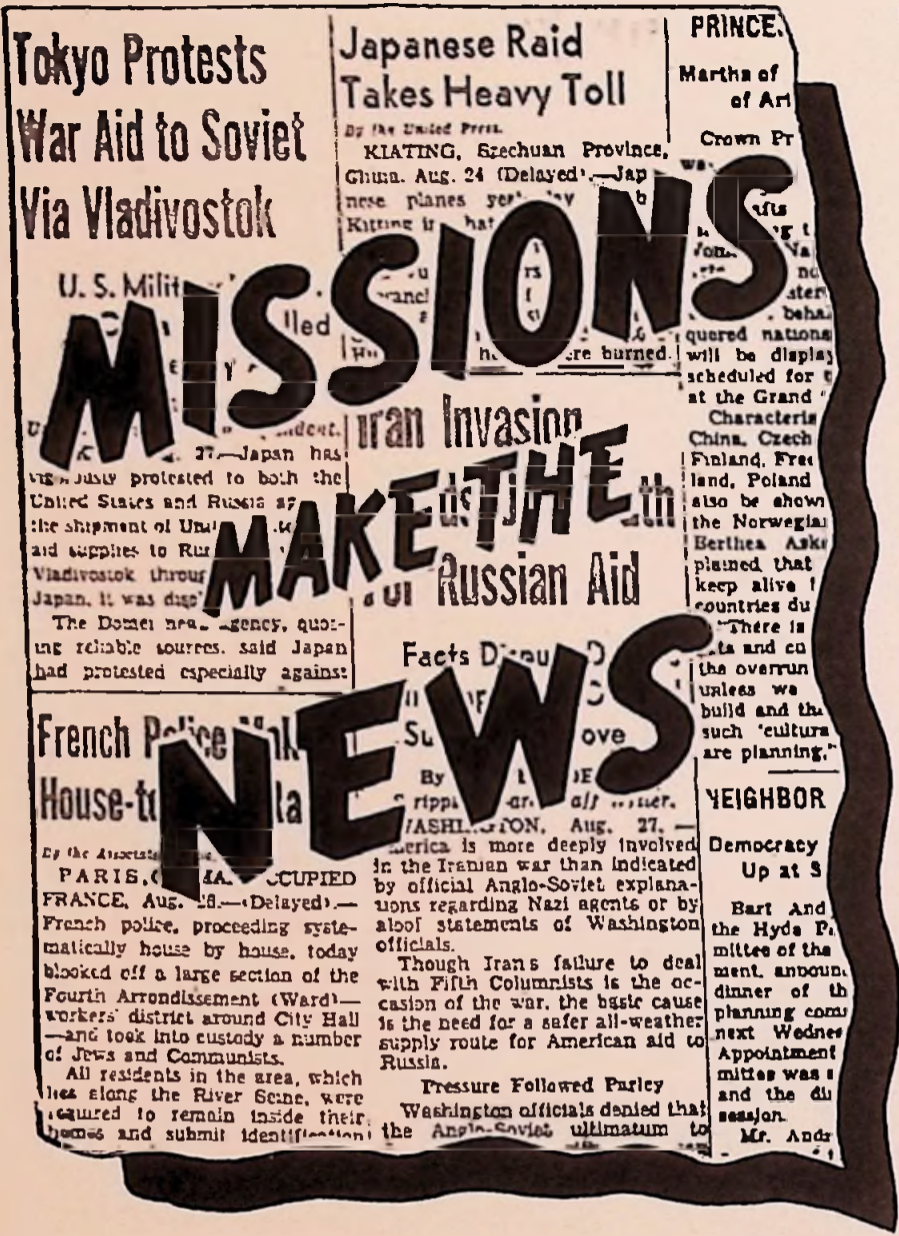
I DO not wish to give the impression that Stephen was a saintly boy or even a very pious one. At least exteriorly he may have been a good deal worse than many a white boy his age. There is a great



deal of the wild in these little children of the frozen tundra, a spirit of independence, a lack of restraint, a good deal of unappreciativeness. Much of this we must excuse, but it none the less made the task of Sister Mary difficult. Yet always, Sister was his friend, and Stephen knew it. He could depend on her.

BUT Sisters do not forever stay in one place and Sister Mary was no exception. When she was transferred to Dawson in 1937, Stephen was sad—to put it mildly. Nor could Stephen forever stay in the little hospital. He was sent over to the boys' house where some thirty-five or forty boys were under the care of the Jesuits. Here when the other boys were at work outdoors in the afternoons and on Saturdays, Stephen was given little jobs indoors more suited to his nimble fingers. He later learned to mend shoes, even operating a shoe sewing machine. Thus some day in his own village he might find this knowledge a means of support.

Though Sister had done her work well she did not restore permanent health to that crooked frame. Stephen suffered a great deal. With every more serious cold, his breath would come in gasps, pains would stab deeply into his deformed chest. There would be many days when he would have to lie in bed, alone, while other (Turn to page 83)



FIRST NORTH AMERICAN appointed Bishop in a South American area is the Right Rev. Monsignor Alonso Escalante, M.M., of New York, who was named Bishop of the Vicariate Apostolic of the Pando in Bolivia. He was assigned by the Catholic Foreign Mission Society of America last April as Superior of the new Maryknoll Mission in the Bolivian jungle.

SAINT PATRICK, ESKIMO PATRON. St. Patrick's Day, March 17th, as in the rest of the world is a great day for all the igloos of Little Diomed Island in the far reaches of the Bering Sea. St. Patrick is the best beloved saint and patron of the 165 Catholics on the island. Thanks to Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., who composed a hymn to the Apostle of Ireland in their Eskimo tongue, these good people give honor to the saint in a brogue all their own.

NEGRO MISSIONS PROGRESS IN 1942. During the past year 14 new missions for Colored Catholics were started. Four religious congregations entered the work of the Negro apostolate—the Fathers of Mercy, the Resurrectionist Fathers, the Maryknoll Sisters and the Benedictine Sisters of Covington, Louisiana. There are now 500 priests and 1,700 Sisters in 345 missions and 250 schools serving the Colored.

CATHOLIC PRESTIGE IN INDIA. From Madras, India, comes the announcement of the appointment of M. Rathaswami, a prominent Catholic of the Archdiocese of Madras, as vice-chancellor of the Annemalai University which has a Hindu endowment.

JESUIT SCHOOL IN CHINA CLOSED. Due to the acute food situation it has been found necessary to close the Jesuit high school at Tientsin. The French Jesuits at Lyons have also revealed that the military authorities of the occupation have requisitioned numerous mission properties in the Province of Hopeh.

SHANGHAI AREA CALM. Such is the latest word from Jesuit missionaries in China who also report that the Zi-ka-wei Scholasticate outside of Shanghai continues to function despite the great food shortage.

INDIA CITY PROTECTS PUBLIC MORALITY. The City Corporation of Bombay, India, has rejected by an overwhelming vote the proposal that two part-time birth control clinics be opened. The sole Catholic member and all the Moslem members of the corporation voted against the proposal.

SERGEANT PRETTY BIRD, CORPORAL WOMAN DRESS and other Sioux Indians of the Pine Ridge Reservation in South Dakota are receiving high praise for their bravery in the Armed Forces. This is the report of Father Joseph A. Zimmerman, S.J., on the hundreds of Indians from the Reservation who are now in service, most of them former pupils of the Holy Rosary Mission School.

THE MOST REV. EUGENE J. McGUINNESS, Bishop of Raleigh, North Carolina, on the occasion of the ceremonies marking his fifth anniversary, revealed the following interesting figures. Of twenty-seven new parishes having

FIGHTING REPORTED IN THE PHILIPPINES. According to the latest reports, the Japanese are meeting with very serious resistance in northern Luzon, in Cebu, Panay, Bohol, Negros and in the hills south of Lake Lanao on the large island of Mindanao.

MONUMENT TO GUADALCANAL MISSIONARIES. Father Frederick P. Gehring, C.M., a chaplain of the United States Marines at Guadalcanal, writes: "Two weeks ago some natives came to my chapel with a basket containing the bones of the two Marist missionaries who had been murdered by the Japanese. One such relic was the arm and hand of Father Henri Oude-Engberink (the flesh was still on the arm and the hand in rigor mortis was stiffened as if giving a final blessing to his confrere). The other bones belong to Father Du Hamil. I have had the remains of the Fathers encased and have received permission to bury them directly behind my altar with a beautiful concrete monument made by our men."

MISSIONARY PRELATE DIES IN THE PHILIPPINES. The Most Rev. William T. Finnemann, S.V.D., Prefect Apostolic of Mindoro, Philippines, died there on Christmas Eve. Bishop Finnemann was born in Germany in 1882, entered the Society of the Divine Word in 1900. Following his ordination in 1911, the future bishop was assigned to work in the Society's mission in the Abra Province, Philippines. He was Auxiliary Bishop of Manila from 1929 until he was named first Prefect Apostolic of Mindoro in 1936.

resident pastors, fifteen are exclusively Negro. Twelve missions have been opened, seven for the Whites and five for the Colored. The total Catholic population of North Carolina is about one-third of one per cent of the state's population. Ninety per cent of the Catholic grammar school children of the diocese are enrolled in the twenty-eight parochial schools.

MOTIVE FOR ZEAL. For every Catholic in the world today there are 500 non-Catholics; of the thirteen million inhabitants in South Africa only five hundred thousand are Catholics.

NEW MOSLEM ATTITUDE. Since the outbreak of the war a marked change has been noticed in the attitudes of many Mohammedans in the Sahara region of North Africa. Some are definitely and openly turning to the Catholic faith. Tribal chiefs are pleading for missionaries to come and establish centers in their territories. Despite the unsettled conditions and the difficulty of providing personnel, new missions have been opened in response to this unprecedented demand.

CHINA'S FIRST MINISTER TO THE HOLY SEE. Dr. Cheou Kang Sie, former charge d'affaires in Switzerland, has arrived in Vatican City. He was met by Vatican officials and Chinese students from Propaganda College.

POST WAR MISSIONARY PROGRAM. Realizing that the Church in the U. S. will be faced with a vast missionary program after the war, the Society for the Propagation of the Faith has organized an advisory committee for the "Academia for the Study of the Missions." The "Academia" is to be introduced into the major seminaries of the country. Monsignor Thomas J. McDonnell, national director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, is supervising this splendid work.



With the sky for a rooftop, Father Joseph Wade, S.J., says Mass in all that is left of his mission at Progreso, British Honduras, after the recent hurricane.

March Mission Intention

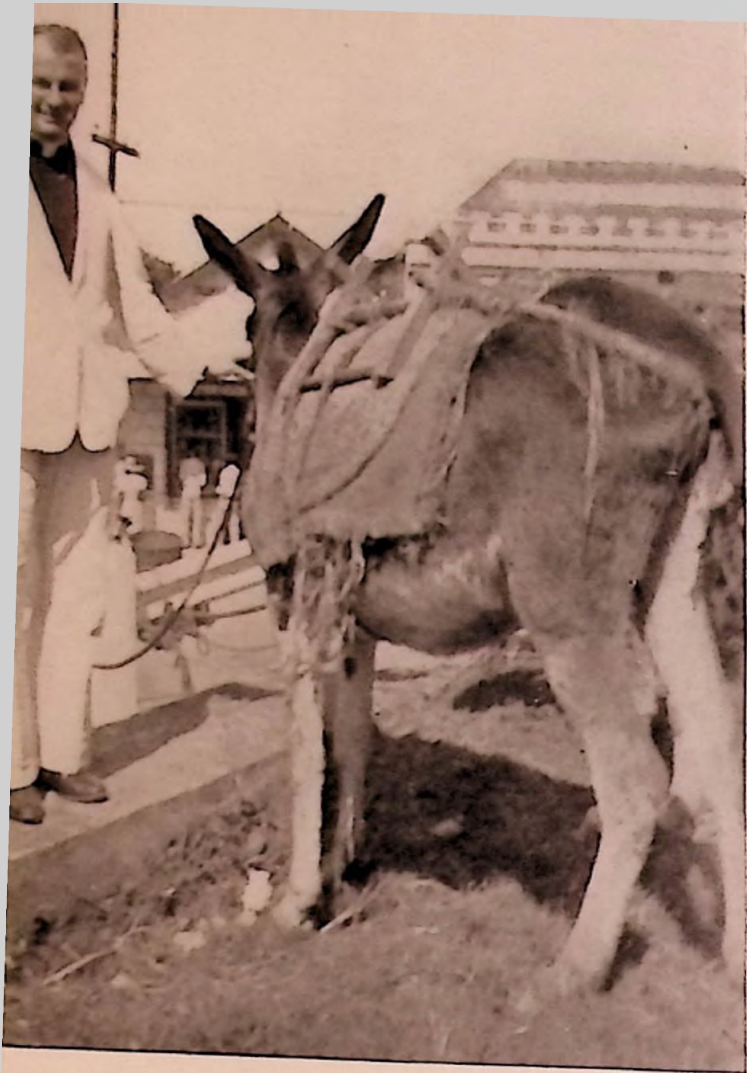
Catholic Youth Living Among Infidels

- At the present writing, New York City Court records show an increase of 10.8 per cent in juvenile delinquency during the past year. The reason is not far to seek. It is the changed living conditions of a nation at war. The young depend so much on their environment. They are the first to suffer when environmental conditions become abnormal. Even in times of peace we in America know what effect the breakup of family life has on the proper training of children. Divorce, for instance, has shown itself one of the greatest of evils if for no other reason than that it leaves children stranded in life just at a time when they need protection most. The bad example that is given leaves an impression on the young mind which may never be erased.

- If in our own country young people have to fight hard to be true to the conscience that is in them, how much more this must be so in the case of those youths who find themselves surrounded with a paganism that comes to them as an ancestral heritage of centuries? We in America can at least look back to the Christian traditions upon which our country has been built. If we have not always been true to that tradition, if at times we have beclouded it by a purely materialistic outlook, yet we know from whence we have fallen, we are still aware of what is expected of us. The young people of our land may live in trying times, but if they will only look around them they cannot fail to see the Church pointing out the way, helping them along that way. This is certainly true for our Catholic youth in America.

- But what of the young Catholics who live among infidels, in a professedly pagan world? What of the thousands of young neophytes who have no Christian tradition to fall back upon, who in many cases have pagan parents, whose family life is often a continual invitation to sin? In an atmosphere of this kind it is doubly hard to foster vocations, and native vocations are very, very vital to the progress of the missions. It is for these young people that we are asked to pray this month. For we know that although environment counts for much in the training of the young, it is not the complete picture. There is man's free will strengthened by God's many graces. Grace is that part of the picture we too frequently leave out, yet it is the one element which gives light, God's light, to an otherwise dark background. For as Pius XI has told us in his encyclical on the Christian Education of Youth, this is "the proper and immediate end of Christian education to *cooperate with divine grace* informing the true and perfect Christian."

- Now grace comes through prayer. In a recent audience which Pius XI granted to Father Alessio Magni, Vicar General of the Society of Jesus, together with 7,000 members of the Apostleship of Prayer, the Holy Father remarked: "Prayer is more powerful than an arm of steel and bronze." It is this power which we are asked to use for the mission intention of March.



How Did Xavier Do It?

Francis G. Deevy, S.J.

The author still has a bicycle, but he may have to resort to the sturdy genney to get to some of his hill missions.

EVERY missionary measures progress in terms of sound converts, or more people attending Mass and the sacraments whether those sacraments be the first or the last. These intangibles, alone, spell success. Fine material accomplishments fade in comparison with these spiritual assets. Yet in the ultimate Catholic analysis, these gains depend above all on the most important intangible which is the grace of God.

Reading the missionary exploits of St. Francis Xavier, we understand why he has been called the greatest Apostle since St. Paul. He knew toil, hardship, suffering. None, better. At the same time he had the consolation of a stupendous number of converts. If I remember correctly after two years in Japan he was disappointed that converts only numbered fifteen hundred. Well, he was a saint and perhaps saints can be disappointed at such meager figures. It is some satisfaction, still, for an ordinary mortal like myself, struggling to gain a foothold for the Church in Mandeville or its outside stations, to see a congregation of fifty, most of whom are converts of a few years standing. Perhaps I could be pardoned a surge of pride that four or five were instructed by myself.

What's the total at this writing for nineteen hundred and forty-two?

Besides the children and infant Baptisms, two converts have made their First Communion. Two more have been baptized and are preparing for further advance in the sacraments. Two stray sheep, baptized as infants in the Catholic Church have been brought back to the fold. Others, perhaps a dozen of various kinds and sizes, and in various stages of instruction are awaiting the day of reception. It's a small patch altogether on a disappointing fifteen hundred, but it's progress even though the progress of the tortoise.

THERE are obstacles. One is distance. Xavier had that, too, but take the instance of a young and intelligent Chinese of Jamaican birth. He wants to become a Catholic but he lives twenty miles from my residence in a locality where there isn't a single known Catholic and ten miles from the nearest church where he could attend Mass twice a month. He has studied the catechism diligently and carefully, has already been through DeHarbes which presumes a fairly high level of intelligence and, fortunately, doesn't need much instruction. In my judgment, he has the grace of faith and should today be a Catholic. In my ordinary itinerary, I should see him once a month but my ordinary schedule has been sad-

ly interrupted by the scarcity of gasoline and I have not been able to visit him for five months, nor do I know when I shall next pass his home.

TWENTY miles in another direction I say Mass at Balaclava on the last Wednesday of each month. My chapel was, at that time, the front room of a private house, usually crowded to overflowing with a congregation of a dozen! That's not bad considering the inconvenient day and hour and it's even better when I tell you that three of the dozen are under instruction. One is a woman who was baptized as a Catholic but having lost her parents in infancy, she was brought up as a Protestant. I have had a half dozen such experiences in which the grace of faith, received in infant Baptism has survived a Protestant upbringing. The second convert is a police constable, as often as not on duty when I come to say Mass at Balaclava. What price instruction on the days of duty? A day's salary is a test of faith. The third recently received into the Church on my last visit, is a railroad worker who has to take a half holiday to attend Mass. He lives ten miles from Balaclava, but fortunately is on my road so that I can pick him up on the way.

Now swing your finger across



The war has not changed greatly the mode of travel of the poor country people in Jamaica. What they can't load on the beast they carry on their heads.

the map to Chapelton which is forty miles from Mandeville. Not in a straight line because there are no straight lines on the map of Jamaica. Chapelton has a pretty little chapel, set in a gem of a valley surrounded by lofty hills but those hills are formidable enough if you live behind them. The church serves a congregation of approximately seventy-five souls. I have never seen all of them together at one time. In fact, some can't come to Mass oftener than once or twice a year. Such a condition militates against a sturdy and robust faith.

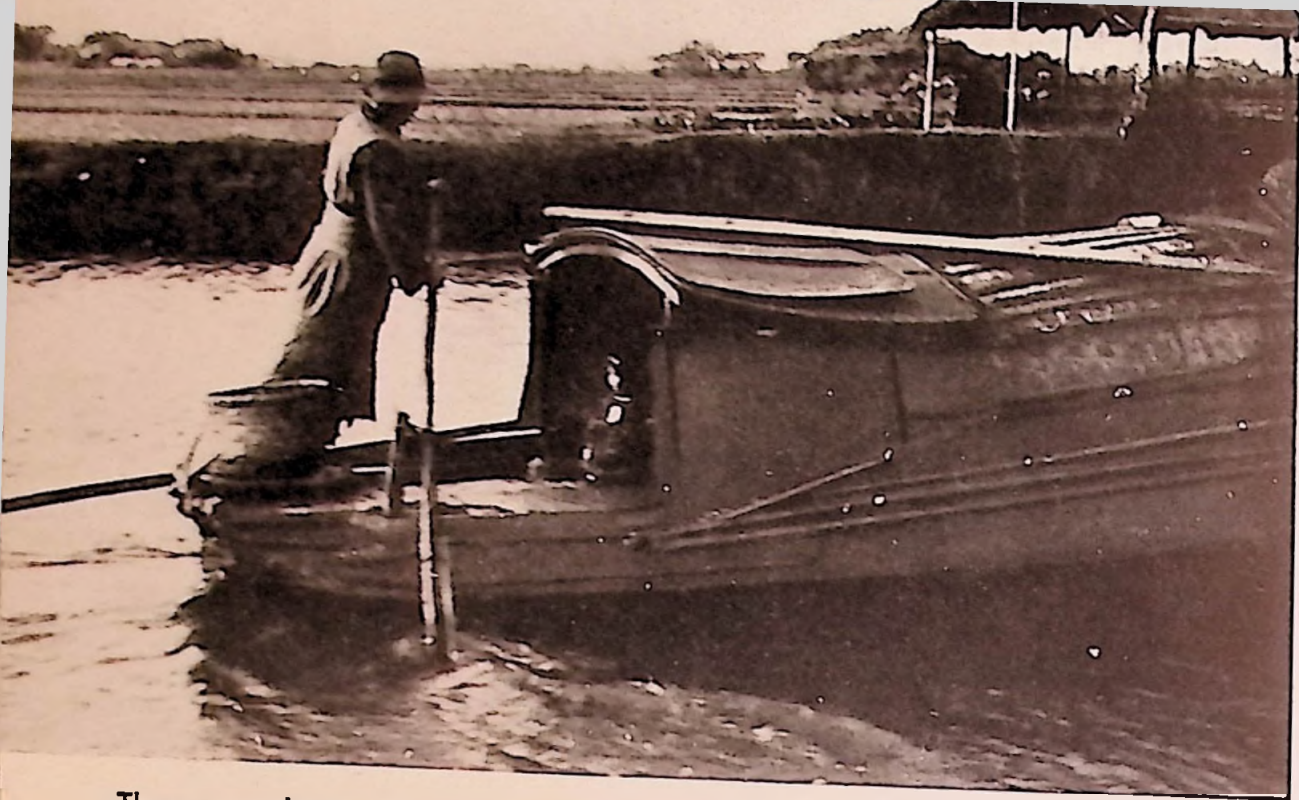
The catechist there, a recent and valuable acquisition, is station master at the local railroad station. In the last few months he has done commendable work in gathering together a convert class which includes the overseer (*busha*) of the

neighboring sugar estate along with his wife and family. They are ready for reception now but once again due to the gas shortage and inaccessibility by other means of transport, I haven't been able to see these people for two months. Fortunately, Father Wilson has been able to say Mass there on a few occasions during that period. Chapelton should ordinarily have two Masses a month, the only opportunity the priest has for contact with these people.

OFTEN enough, it rains Saturday night. Gullies and fords are swollen. Sunday go-to-meeting clothes and shoes—better in looks than in substance—can't be risked in the wet bush. One Sunday Mass missed, leads to another until a habit is formed which in turn continues

until the priest comes around to the yard to give conscience a friendly jog.

THE wonder is though that in spite of inadequate instruction, rare contact with the priest, problems of weather and fever, food and clothes and shoes, the faith once established takes a vigorous hold on these people. By faith we know it is really the ever awe-inspiring wonder of God's grace at work in the silences of the soul. Even when, cut off by distance from contact with the Church, these self-same people may go to other churches on the theory that it's better to go to some church than none at all, one can't be too harsh with them. They still consider themselves Catholic, (as indeed, they are). Any other Church can (Turn to page 84)



There were boats moving up and down the age old rivers of China and there were souls in them, souls that knew nothing about the Church on the Hill.

The Church on the Hill

John J. Gordon, S.J.

A JESUIT stood before a church on a hilltop in China. He looked down on a vast plain covered with rice paddies and crisscrossed with countless rivers and canals that glistened like silver bands thrown haphazard on a carpet of green. At intervals along the banks of the rivers were the farmers' huts with thatched roofs that gleamed gold under the smiling China sun. And doubtless many an eye in the valley was daily raised to the hilltop where the church with its tall spire pointed to heaven, and many a heart was raised to Him Who causes the sun to shine and the green things to grow.

But the missionary saw not the emerald plain, the silver rivers, nor the golden huts; and his back was toward the tall spire of the church. When he was a young Jesuit in America he had visioned millions of pagan Chinese waiting for the word of God; but from where he stood on the hill he could not see a single person on that whole vast plain. True, there were boats moving up and down the rivers and

there must have been souls in them. But they were so few. And how could he call even these few to the Church on the Hill, and if they came, how many of them would understand the Chinese he spoke? He was glad that his stay at the Church on the Hill was over.

It was night when he stepped into the little skiff that was to take him back to Shanghai. And it was night in the heart of the missionary. Settling down in the skiff he gave himself up to musings not at all like the golden dreams he dreamed before he came to China. The darkness deepened and drops of rain spattered on the boat as it nosed its slow way down the stream.

SUDDENLY the missionary leaned forward and his eyes strained into the night. Out of the darkness gleamed a light and over the water came the sound of voices chanting: "*Wang fu Ma Li Ya*,"—"Ave Maria!" From the gloom bulked the form of a canal boat lazily and creaking its slow way up the river. And as the two boats

passed, the missionary saw a Chinese family kneeling before a tiny shrine to the Blessed Virgin. In the flickering light of a vigil lamp they were saying the rosary. It wasn't May; it wasn't October; it wasn't one of Our Lady's feast days. It must be that they say the rosary every night before the tiny shrine in their little home on the water!

THE missionary watched the other boat till he could no longer hear the chanting across the water. The soft glow of the vigil lamp was swallowed by the darkness. But no darkness could extinguish the light that had been left in the heart of the missionary.

Now the clouds rolled back and the stars twinkled merrily in the heavens and the little skiff danced sprite-like over the moonlit waters. The missionary looked back once more and saw the Church on the Hill with its tall spire pointing to God. And as he settled back into his place in the skiff he brushed his hand over his eyes, though it wasn't raining now.

MYRIAD stars and a silver moon shone on the fields and the river banks and on the thatched huts till they gleamed like golden beads and chains of silver on an emerald floor. It was beautiful and the missionary thought he had never seen such beauty before. It had always been this beautiful, he mused, but one needed the light of heaven to see it in all its splendor. And the missionary closed his eyes to see it more clearly; a Chinese family saying the rosary before the tiny shrine in their little home on the water.

China is old. Her temples are black with the centuries of burnt offerings to pagan idols. She needs new life, the divine life of the Church on the Hill, that would reach down to her rice paddies and along her rivers, lifting up the hearts of her children to Heaven. That picture of the Chinese family saying the Rosary together on their river boat would be to the young missionary a vision of what all China could be under God. The black of night lifted from his heart. In good time his dreams would come true.



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

Scale Map

A scale map of the cost of World War II for all nations during the past year recently appeared in *Time* magazine. Figures staggered the imagination. One fact was clear. The U. S. surpassed every other nation. The black line of U. S. spending ran out billions of dollars farther than that of any other nation. In fact, if you took the lines of spending of Germany, England, China, Japan, Russia, etc. and added them all together they would not equal the tremendous sum turned by the U. S. into ships, planes, tanks, guns and other equipment.

And this is only the beginning. Still more bombers must come off the assembly line, still more ships must run down the way, to take the place of those that have been knocked out of the skies or sunk beneath the waves. Every time a bomber crashes, \$300,000 roughly is added to the total. Every time a good sized ship goes down, about \$40,000,000 pushes that black line farther across the page. Let this scale line of spending run clear off the map, and into other scales and an infinity of numbers until the last shot is fired and we celebrate another Armistice Day. Then add up the totals of all the nations. Then take the toll of anguish and human lives that have gone down into the Valley of Death and been trampled beneath the bloody heel of War and left clinging to this world with throbs of pain for heartbeats. Then pour in all the pain, suffering, and sacrifice that will come to the nations consequent upon this war. If by some mathematical feat we could still scale down this tremendous outlay of

money to our comprehension and distill all this agony, suffering and death into one crucible to hold it up to the light and study it, we would find that we would not yet have the price paid for one soul redeemed by the Blood of Christ.

Value of a Soul

The value of a human soul is something that has escaped us for a long time. Most of us probably remember the scriptural quotation St. Ignatius kept dinning into St. Francis Xavier's ears: "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his own soul." The same truth can be turned this way. What does it matter what we lose, provided we save souls. Xavier was a talented young man. He was just as wise as we are, had plenty of ambition and, before he met Ignatius, had a standard of values not too different from ours. It took a whole year before he appreciated the value of a human soul in God's eyes. From that time onward, Xavier was a changed man. He became the first of a long line of famous Jesuit missionaries and is called the greatest missionary since St. Paul.

Spiritual Revival

Suffering makes us serious, leaves us open to conviction. Out of this war are coming definite signs of a spiritual revival. We are ostensibly fighting for the Four Freedoms. In reality, we are fighting for the survival of our soul life. We have seen from our enemies what can happen to men and nations when the spiritual dignity of man is denied and

physical force is the only law.

It took another World War to wake us up, to make us realize that God's values endure and are eternal. The pendulum is swinging back in the right direction under the sledge hammer blows of Mars. It is to be hoped that it will swing back the whole way, that it will not rest in some compromise. If it does the peace we hope to win from this war will not be lasting.

That we didn't estimate deeds and events in the past through God's eyes, stands out only too clearly from the attitude of Catholics, good, sincere Catholics toward missionaries and mission lands.

Why This Waste?

To them it was so much waste, waste of talent, waste of time, waste of money, waste of lives. Today we are learning the hard way. Our Armed Forces are following the missionary's footsteps to redeem that spiritual realm of which the substance is the soul, to save what we were on the verge of losing because we forgot for awhile the eternal values of God. The price our soldiers have to pay now in death and destruction should be accepted in a spirit of penance. It is sad to think of it. Yet terrible though the cost may be it will have been pre-eminently worthwhile if we Americans offer this holocaust with a firmer grasp on those spiritual qualities that make man what he is, the king of the earth, and a son of God. All this sums up into the realization of the value of a human soul which urges the missionaries on in the spread of the Kingdom of God.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.

Good Badlands Mission

Albert G. Zabolio, S.J.

The Badlands may be interesting to the anthropologist, but they are only a headache to the tired missionary.

square miles but does not have a single mile of U. S. or State highway. Consequently, it is a deserted and lonely area in which the wonders of the Badlands are admired only by the Sioux Indians and the Jesuit missionaries.

Holy Rosary Mission is the center of missionary activity on Pine Ridge Reservation. It is a large school for Indian boys and girls. Children from grade school through high school are cared for by the Jesuit Fathers and Franciscan Sisters of Stella Niagara. The attendance at the school has averaged about 400 boys and girls in late years. From this center the Fathers have 27 little chapels throughout the reservation. Each Father cares for six or eight of these little outposts which are located about twenty-five miles apart, some of which are over a hundred miles from Holy Rosary.

EARLY in June I began taking trips with some of the Fathers out to their little chapels. After teaching the Indian boys, prefecting in the study hall and dormitory for nine months, the opportunity to see the other side of the Mission work was a very welcome break. The missionary Fathers usually leave Holy Rosary on Thursday and try to cover about four of their chapels each trip. Sunday is always a hard day as it means saying two Masses at different chapels. The first Mass is usually finished about nine, then there is an hour's drive to the next chapel. After arriving and getting the altar and vestments prepared,

another half hour is spent in hearing confessions. By the time the missionary finishes his second Mass and meets a few of his people it is usually noon or after—and he hasn't had any breakfast yet.

One of the most interesting trips I ever hope to make was with Father Francis J. Coffey, S.J. Father Coffey makes Kyle his center of activity. It is something like a town. There is a store, a filling station, and a large government day school for the Indians at Kyle—nothing more. At the Kyle church, Father Coffey usually spends his nights, sleeping in the sacristy and living on a limited supply of canned goods and Kellogg's cereals.

AFTER finishing first Mass at Kyle we quickly got on our way towards St. Barbara's, a lonely little chapel down in the heart of the Badlands. Our first obstacle was met with successfully after we had covered only five miles. A couple of bridges had the approaches washed out. We left the highway and followed an old trail for about three miles till we had circled the bridges and got back to the main road. But after we had made four more miles we came to another bridge with the approaches washed out. This time there was no circumventing the obstacle. Deep ditches were on all sides. We were in the heart of the Badland Bottoms. Earlier in the week Father Coffey had met one of the Indians from St. Barbara's. This loyal Catholic told Father how
(Turn to page 84)



THOUSANDS of years ago, the Badlands were covered by a great salt sea. In the eons that followed, the sea slowly receded leaving the sedimentary deposits that pile up layer upon layer to a height of 500 or more feet from the floor of the ancient ocean, giving the formations their varied rainbow coloring. Fast streams gushed out of the lordly Black Hills, growing sluggish as they spread out into the hills and valleys of the old ocean bottom.

In this tropical area land and water animals lived, leaving a record for modern scientists to puzzle over. Fossils of prehistoric tigers, elephants, pigs, rhinoceroses, and weird looking fish are hidden in the chalky rocks.

The southern half of the famed Badlands of South Dakota lie within the boundaries of the Pine Ridge Indian Reservation. This reservation which is occupied by the great Sioux nation comprises four counties: Shannon, Washington, Washabaugh and Bennett—in the southwest corner of South Dakota, only ninety miles from the Wyoming border. Washington county, in which most of the Badlands are located, covers an area of over 6,000



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



IT WAS A LEOPARD!

• How it feels to pass within a few yards of a crouching leopard is vividly told by Father John A. Morrison, S.J., of Poreya Hat, India, in a recent letter:

• "I've just had a little experience. Left Poreya at about three this afternoon with Oscar, my pony, and the gig and a Santal boy to come here to Salaia. It gets dark early these days, sunset at five o'clock, and it was practically dark when we were still about two miles from Salaia. All of a sudden a large dark object crossed the road, perhaps thirty or forty yards ahead of us, outlined against the white dust of the road, and there was no mistaking it. I had my flashlight and put the spot on it and there it was,—a leopard.

• Fortunately, the pony didn't see or smell it—Oscar was tired and I had kept him going at a fast trot—or he would have bolted. I kept blinking the spot-light on the leopard and we passed not more than ten yards from it, crouching by the side of the road. It gave me a funny feeling! It was only after we had passed the beast that I remembered I had my .22 rifle with me, but I wouldn't have used it if I had remembered it, unless it had been absolutely necessary. A wounded leopard can be a nasty customer when you are down on the ground. My Guardian Angel was on the job! That leopard had a beautiful coat that would look well on anyone, but as far as I'm concerned he can keep it!"

MEMO TO MR. ICKES

• From Kotzebue, Alaska, Father

Paul O'Connor, S.J., writes a letter about the weather in which we almost hear his teeth chattering:

• "Mercury still going down—just 40 below and a strong wind this morning. House hard to keep warm. I only had about fifteen present this morning for Mass, but most of the village is down with bad colds. There is going to be some real suffering up here before the year is over. Stores are gradually selling out—I cannot get any spuds, but I have plenty of rice. Fish is plentiful for those that want to brave the elements and catch them. The big question now is fuel!

• "I intend to take in a few Arctic villages up Kobuk way next week. I am trying to get rid of a cold that has settled down in the basement of my chest."

RATION CARDS WON'T HELP

• Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay, Alaska, writes that his Alaskan Mission also has its difficulties with food supplies:

• "We made a big step this summer, increasing our personnel from only one priest to five white missionaries. The increase brings with it the problem of feeding so many workers in a year like this when freight charges all over are worse than prohibitive, and when it is practically impossible to get in a boat along this coast except to those places that have soldiers. So far we had no boat of any kind all spring and summer. The school has no supplies whatever, and the teachers are living on what they

can get from us here or from friends of the neighborhood. We did manage to get in our food by a device other than the usual sea route. But we got in nothing in the way of dry-goods, hardware, fuel and oil for our engines, or tools.

WORSE YEAR AHEAD

• And as winter has hit us unusually early and hard we are wondering just what we will do about some of the missing items. And, of course, we will have to ration rations, too, as next year most likely we will get even less than we got this year if the war continues. We are willing to help win the war. But it is still true that even in war time the ordinary physical functions cannot be simply suspended for the duration, and a diet of thin air taken up.

• Also the appointment of white nuns to direct our native community has added intentions to be devoutly prayed for. Now that we are all set to train our Eskimo Sisters, more vocations are needed, and self-sacrifice and cooperation is indicated on the part of all our missionaries on whom our vocations depend a lot. Please keep these intentions in your fervent prayers and holy sacrifices."

FATHER SCHAEFER ILL

• Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., of British Honduras, who is at present in the States, writes us about the sickness of Father Michael A. Schaefer, S.J.:

• "Father Schaefer has been in the hospital for the past three weeks. He was brought in from



Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., examines an iron wheel which serves as a church bell at Guadalupe, British Honduras. The ruins of the church are in the background.

ventory are as follows: Chaldeans, 73; Syrians, 42; Latins, 26; Armenian Catholics, 13; Greek Catholics, 2; Armenian Orthodox, 29; Protestants, 3; Nestorians, 2; while the non-Christians are composed of 56 Moslems and 6 Jews.

ALL BOYS

◦ "About the only least common denominator which can be found for all these elements is that they are all boys. And you can be sure that even here, near to the erstwhile Garden of Eden, boys are not angels. That fact was rather forcibly brought home to



Reverend Albert R. O'Hara, S.J., now pursuing graduate studies in sociology at the Catholic University, stands beside a Chinese scroll presented to him by Colonel Tsai Chin Yuan, leader of "The Lost Battalion" at Shanghai. The Colonel presented the scroll to Father O'Hara in recognition of his work among the refugees in Shanghai. It reads: "By cultivating virtue you have attained the heavenly nobility."

one of the stations—Father Hickey went up to get him. He is in a pretty serious condition. He had a gangrenous infection which caused much alarm to the doctors at the hospital. This was just before Christmas and he had been out in the bush ever since the hurricane. He was close on to physical exhaustion and that no doubt contributed to his serious condition. Thank the Lord he is now recovering and ought to be home within a few days. Sometime later he will have to undergo an operation for a hernia. But that will take only three weeks, if all goes well.

• "That is the latest news. The Fathers at Corozal are in the midst of their rebuilding. Father Anthony Corey, S.J., has finally succeeded in getting a roof over his house which keeps the rain from ruining everything inside. But for several weeks he couldn't get at the work because of lack of material. And in the meantime there was much rain. Father Joseph Wade, S.J., is working at Progresso and his

other stations. Bit by bit we'll get things going again, in *shah Allah!*"

NO MORE ROOM

• In Baghdad there is a five-fold increase in prices over pre-war scales. Text books and other equipment for school use are sidetracked by priorities. Besides that, the enrollment has increased fifty per cent over last year. To take care of this overflow a new residence was hired about a quarter of a mile from Baghdad College. Father Sheehan, Mr. Armitage and eleven of the older boys are dwelling there. Meanwhile, Father Madaras twists on his bed at night wondering where the money, equipment, etc., is going to be obtained for all these new changes going on. Such was the set up at the beginning of the school year. Mr. Clement Armitage fills out this brief summary with a further account of school days by the Tigris.

• "We have taken stock of the 252 boys who are running around the school and the results of the in-

us this morning (and to the boys) for this being the first week-end of the month it is the time for overnight permission for all the boarders. But behold there were thirty sad souls who appeared for breakfast; an entire dormitory that had waxed merry on one occasion during the past week. They are learning the hard way, but **Father Mahan** assures us that they are learning fast. However, the unruly ones are off to Baghdad today and as Monday is a holiday they will have one precious night at least in the City of Peace. (And we will have one precious night of peace on our side.) Altogether there are 60 boarders now, the limit we can take, so there will be no more worry as to future changes in the house.

• "Many of the little problems that confronted us at the beginning have been ironed out. We have reached the point where we can function normally—but function is a weak word for describing the activity. We are at the straining point and no one dares to think of the time when some one of us may get sick.

BRANCHING OUT

• "For instance our shortage of men has been the cause of **Father Devenny** taking over classes in English, Religion and Mathematics beside handling the Principal's job, which is a full time affair anyway. The English class was somewhat of a surprise but was necessitated by the fact that **Mr. Hoyt** has branched out in his teaching. You see, there is a new primary school in the suburb south of Baghdad, about eight miles or so from here. It was opened by the Chaldean community and some of our graduates played a leading part in its founding. Their part pleased us very much and when they asked us for a teacher of English for the two highest classes in the school, **Father Sargeant** wanted to do all he could to further their work. So **Mr. Hoyt** leaves us in the



At Goat Island, American aviation base in Jamaica, B. W. I., **Bishop Emmet, S.J.**, (center) has just finished confirming a group of U. S. soldiers and sailors. At **Bishop Emmet's** right is **Father Joseph Daly, C.S.S.R.**, regular Army chaplain at Goat Island, and on his left is **Father Joseph LeRoy, S.J.**, port chaplain.

early morning to go down there and teach English. Then he hurries back for lunch, runs over and takes care of the library during the noon hour. Then in the afternoon he takes care of his classes here and returns to the care of the library when school is over. Oftentimes at night he has to prefect the boarders so that makes a pretty full day. As a result, he felt that he couldn't do his best by the boys in third High English so **Father Devenny** has stepped in there. **Mister Hoyt** still covers his translation classes here though.

DOWN IN BASRAH

• "**Father Merrick** down in Basrah has the school and besides that he is taking care of the American colonies which have sprung up there and in Iran. Besides he is in a city which is most punctilious in social observances. If someone visits you then you must return the visit *muy pronto* or be put on the social blacklist. And **Father Merrick** is the kind of person that people like to visit. I am afraid the people of Basrah will have too high an opinion of us after the Basrah residence of **Father Shea** and **Father Merrick**.

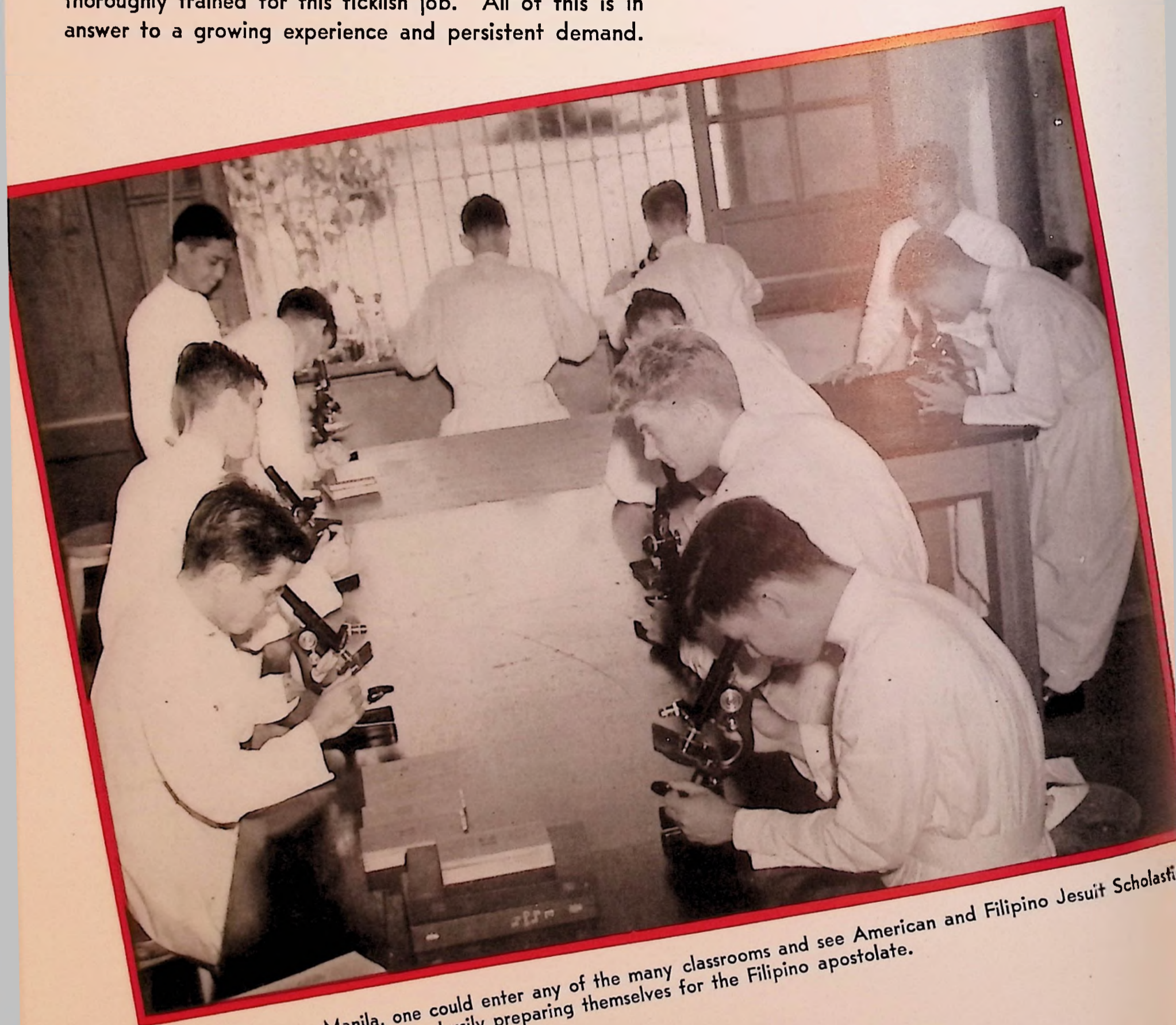
NICE DOGGIE!

• "And a half mile away from the kitchen **Father Sheehan** and myself are carrying on nobly with our dozen older boarders. We look for the moon at night with the same eagerness as the English do in London for a moonlit night means easy going from our house to the main residence and back again. During the daytime we must plot our course for the evening as the mud spots in the road vary from day to day. Then at night we (that is, one or the other of us) mounts the bicycle, grips it in approved **Bobby Walthour** fashion, and pushes off into the blackness.

• "At first the plan calls for a slow, silent approach to the rendezvous of the neighborhood dogs but once we are near to it we cast caution to the winds and pedal furiously. The strategy is to get past the dogs before they are aware of our presence and a twenty yard lead is enough to discourage them. In about a month with a little more practice we expect that even a two yard lead over them will provide a sense of security. You may be sure we won't get into a rut along this road if we can help it."

POST-WAR • PHILIPPINE • PLANNING

- No doubt, you've read of the Government's detailed planning for the temporary governing and long range reconstruction of the now enemy-occupied countries. In formal schools, large corps of professional men are being thoroughly trained for this ticklish job. All of this is in answer to a growing experience and persistent demand.



At Novaliches near Manila, one could enter any of the many classrooms and see American and Filipino Jesuit Scholastics busily preparing themselves for the Filipino apostolate.

\$1.00 a day

would go a long way towards preparing

- a) missionary priests
- b) and native priests for the post-war Philippines.

- If we can hope for an enduring peace, this time, the Church must have its share in post-war planning. Only through the more universal acceptance of its teachings about the divine bases of human rights will freedom endure.

- To help spread these truths in the post-war Orient, our Jesuit Philippine missionaries alone are training 124 of their younger members in seminaries and colleges in the Philippines and the United States. 74 of these are Filipinos. Support for these future priests is urgently needed. Send your gift to

JESUIT MISSIONS - 962 MADISON AVE. - NEW YORK, N.Y.

COMMUNICATIONS

THE EDITOR WOULD WELCOME ANY INTERESTED COMMENTS ON THE UNIQUE PROPOSAL SET FORTH IN THE LETTER BELOW.

A Splendid Proposal

To the Editor:

In doing a little work for one of your Missions, development of the job suggested further consideration of an organized effort that might be of benefit to the Missions in general.

First may we define the scope of such work as confined to furnishing poor missions with chapel design and furnishings for the functioning of Divine Service and for the proper adornment of the House of God.

It is not the intention to intrude upon the work of professional practitioners nor deprive any organization of the legitimate income derived from this source.

A necessary requirements would be the setting up of standards insuring the fabrication of only such objects that would be of artistic merit so that the chapels would reflect good Catholic art throughout.

The extent of such work could be so great that little more than a brief outline of aspects of it may be given.

1. In the populous centers especially, an organization could be formed consisting of persons accomplished or gifted in artistic activities—painters, architects, sculptors, wood carvers, cabinet makers, interior decorators, etc.

The leader of this group of workers would be a solid person possibly acquainted with the others in such a community that might contribute their talent to the movement. Only those with a strong zeal for the spread of the Faith would be interested for their only compensation would be their gift of time, talent and a little money to the Lord.

This leader should preferably be qualified by general training, but one who will lead the prime requisite and a deficiency in artistic training can be compensated for by contact with trained advice which can be made available.

The Church has within her organization persons highly trained but not organized into a central unit through which information can be distributed.

There are two splendid organizations existing with whom consultation might be sight. Also various religious orders have talent and equipment that might be enlisted. Out of it all might come the "Guild of Mission Craftsmen."

2. From a central unit would come:

- a) General and typical layouts for small chapels—starting points that can be suited in detail to the climate, location and kind of people they are to serve.
- b) Typical and correct sanctuary layouts.
- c) Typical and well designed altars and sanctuary appurtenances of all kinds.

d) Typical and well designed equipment for the chapel proper such as confessionals, pews, stations of the Cross, Baptismal fonts, holy water fonts, ambrys, sacristies, etc.

These drawings should be so prepared as to be of service to both the trained and lay worker.

From this co-related whole the parts that could be handled by the Guild of Mission Craftsmen would be supplied.

This would be done two ways. Wherever practicable the designs and material only would be sent with the actual fabrication itself. Full allowance for the artistic expression of the various peoples themselves would be made. Thus—a quickening of their Faith and practice of it, due to the work being theirs, might be accomplished.

Where such procedure was not possible, the equipment can be made and shipped with the assurance that correct and creditable articles would result.

In practice what we would aim at might work out like this:

Bill Jones hears that a Mission church has little or no equipment and no money to buy it. He has a hobby shop in which he turns out fine woodwork. He also has a friend that does ornamental iron work.

Mrs. Smith regularly exhibits her oil paintings at one of the Art Institutes. She might do something for a Mission. Mrs. Smith knows more people—one is Alice Brown who just graduated from a school of interior decorating.

Here we have some talent. Can it be put to constructive work under proper direction? Material costs are little—labor and overhead makes things cost. If they know what they are to make each can contribute part of the whole. The leader will see to it that what is made conforms to the Catholic Philosophy of Art.

He too will see that approval of both what is made and how it is made, is obtained from the proper ecclesiastical authorities as constituted in the central unit.

If the Guild of Mission Craftsmen could supply chapel needs to any great extent, the result would be beneficial.

We would not hesitate to ask non-Catholic friends for help in any endeavor in which they were especially gifted. It would not be the first time they have helped Catholic neighbors and in what better way could they learn the beauties of our Faith?

This, then, is the general idea. Consistent with proper ecclesiastical sanction the details can be as free as the air. None will look for personal profit. How many would consider working "over time" without pay for our Faith? How many of those able to direct could do so?

Arthur Pendennis

I SAW THE FALL OF THE PHILIPPINES

by

COLONEL ROMULO
(Aide to General MacArthur)

\$3.00

● Every American owes it to himself to read this stirring account of the battle-proven loyalty of the Filipinos to America and our way of life.

● Every Catholic, who by his faith must be mission-minded, can best learn the results of centuries of Christian teaching in an Oriental people from this book.

● Everyone interested in vibrant writing about the determined men of Bataan and Corregidor cannot pass up Col. Romulo's book. We know of no war book more rousing and glorious.

● Col. Romulo has long been the friend of a large number of our missionaries in the Philippines. He is known internationally as the most potent English master in the Philippines.

You Simply Must Read

**I SAW THE FALL
OF
THE PHILIPPINES**

JESUIT MISSIONS

962 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me a copy of "I Saw The Fall of the Philippines." I am enclosing my check (or money order) for \$3.00.

(Name)

(Address)

IT was with a light heart that I stepped off the morning train at Arrah, India, for after making my annual retreat I was anxious to get back to my regular work. And I knew that Father Frank Welzmilller, S.J., who had been relieving me would be equally as anxious to return to his station. But my light spirits were soon to be dampened. For the two boys who had come to meet me told me that cholera had broken out in the mission, and that one of the boys had died.

That was news that I certainly never expected. So I quickened my pace and walked along in silence, recollecting the havoc I had seen this dread disease wreak in the villages. And now we were to have it in our own compound with its closely quartered inmates numbering one hundred and twenty-five.

WHEN I reached the mission, Father Welzmilller told me how the cholera had broken out two days before. The cholera-doctor had been called, and he gave saline injections to the worst patients, and inoculation to all the inmates who were well. Some of the patients still hovered between life and death, while others were well on the way to recovery.

For better segregation, the boys who were well were sent across the road to live in an empty house, under the supervision of Father D'Costa. The sick were put in a separate section where they were attended day and night by the Sisters and Father Welzmilller. They needed more help in this work, but it was impossible to get any from outside. For the people dread the disease so much that they run when they hear even the name.

On the following morning I said an early Mass and then went out to see the sick. A Sister was working over a boy who had fallen sick less than an hour ago. She told me to give him the last sacraments immediately for he had the violent type of Asiatic cholera. I thought it a bit premature, nevertheless I got the Holy Oils and fortified him with the last rites of Holy Church. Shortly after breakfast two more boys were brought in. They, too,



The victims were segregated immediately in a separate section where they were attended day and night by the Sisters who assisted Father Welzmilller.

When Cholera Comes

Nicholas J. Pollard, S.J.

were diagnosed as of the violent type so were anointed without delay. We sent word to the cholera-doctor, but unfortunately, he was away in the country.

THE first boy continued his purging and vomiting, while his pulse at the wrist became steadily weaker until it was almost imperceptible. But all the while he remained quite conscious. Then his hands and feet became cold and we had to work to relieve the cramps that followed. Shortly before half past nine he quietly breathed his last. For this disease burial must follow immediately after death. So grave diggers were put to work at once and the burial service was over before noon. And he had been a healthy lad up to five o'clock that morning!

As I returned from the burial a mother brought me her ten year old

son who had just fallen sick. I gave him a strong dose of the saline medicine, and sent him over to the sick ward. His mother and sister attended him constantly and he seemed to respond somewhat to treatment. But not so for the second boy who had fallen sick that morning. He grew steadily worse, and passed away at four in the afternoon. At six that evening it was a small but very earnest crowd that assembled in the chapel for the regular evening rosary, to implore Our Blessed Lady's special intercession for her mission.

AFTER rosary I performed the second burial, then made the rounds of the sick. Three more were in a critical condition, so I administered the sacraments to them. One of them was the little lad whom I had sent to bed at noon. Shortly after, as Father Welzmilller



Those dying of cholera must be buried immediately after death. So grave diggers are put to work at once and the burial service is conducted without delay. A person may be healthy in the morning and be buried that night.

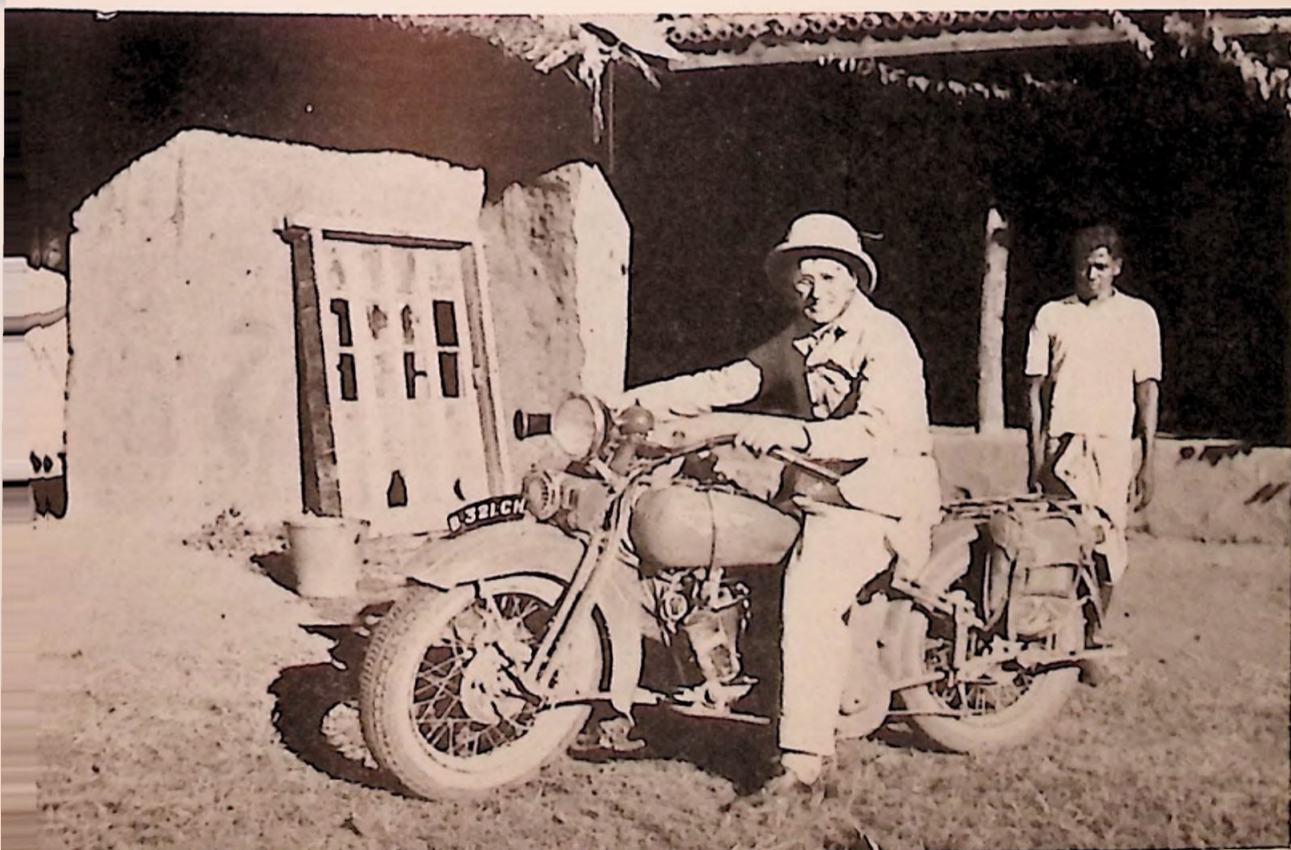
and I sat at supper we heard the death wail ring out. We exchanged knowing glances, but tried to continue our conversation as if nothing had happened. It was hard work to console the mother and daughter, but still harder to make arrangements for the burial. And it was only with a strong mixture of threats and promises that I succeeded in sending four men out in the rain to dig the grave that night.

As I stood over the open grave near midnight I thought of the lines of *The Burial of Sir John Moore*. But here we didn't have even "a

struggling moonbeam's fitful light," for one of the workmen had to hold an umbrella over me, and another held up a lantern as I read the last blessing.

THAT night the Sisters remained on duty till midnight, then turned the work over to Father Welzmler. He had a busy night of it, for the wife of the artist took sick, and two more boys died. One of them was a little stray waif whom he had picked up at the station shortly before. As soon as he fell sick, Father gave him his baptismal

Father Nicholas Pollard, S.J., made the rounds of his mission to administer to the latest cholera victims. Sudden death deepened the faith of his converts.



ticket for heaven, and he didn't delay long in making the journey there.

In the morning the lady doctor who was summoned for the artist's wife, prescribed that the patient be sent to the hospital immediately. Accordingly, a bamboo framework was built over the patient's bed, and a canvas to give shelter from the rain was stretched over it. Then five men were detailed to carry her off to the hospital two miles away.

MORNING brought a fresh crop of four more patients. They were not of the violent type of cholera, nevertheless three of them sank rapidly, and were given the last sacraments before noon. After dinner I made the rounds of all the doctors in town. Not one of them had saline injection apparatus, so none would undertake to help us. I went again to the doctor in charge of the hospital and explained our predicament. But his final word was that he could help us only if the patient were sent to the hospital.

The isolation quarters of this small hospital consisted of four small huts stuck back in a weedy corner of the compound. And we would have to provide all our own attendants for the patients. But any port in a storm, so back I went to send on the patients. The first boy was very far gone, so we had four men pick up his cot and rush him off as he was. The second was still able to sit up, so I called for a cycle rickshaw and took him off in it. The other two followed in an old buggy.

WHEN I arrived with the second boy the doctor was just finishing the injection for the first patient. It took three pints of saline solution in his blood stream to restore a full pulse at the wrist. But he rallied from the treatment, and from then on his improvement was steady. The other three patients showed the same happy results from the treatment, so that by midnight I could return with the news that all the four were well out of danger. However, the artist's wife, who had been brought there in the morning had developed complications and was sink- (Turn to page 84)



NEW BOOKS



I Saw the Fall of the Philippines

Colonel Carlos P. Romulo

It would be difficult to find a more interesting human account of the epic struggle of our Fil-American forces. Americans, generally, will be startled to learn of the huge share in the heroic suffering borne by our Filipino troops. Their gallant story may well be an added inspiration to us all. It confirms absolutely the judgment of Filipino character long upheld by our missionaries.

Colonel Romulo, the leading publicist of the Philippines, is recognized as a master of English. Yet, here, he chooses to write baldly, and with incisive frankness. The nature of his story eschews embellishment. With excellent effect he reveals the intimate soul musings of doomed men as vividly as he portrays revolting battle scenes. Unavoidably the story revolves almost entirely about the person of the writer and his experiences.

The story of the fall of the Philippines forever sets the Filipinos apart from the other Orientals who were colonials of other vast empires and who sold out to Japan at the first opportunity. The devoted loyalty begotten of the American hegemony in the Philippines suggests some such system as a key point in Oriental post-war problems.

Doubleday, Doran Company, New York, N. Y., \$3.00.

A Companion to the Summa— Vol. IX—The Way of Life

Walter Farrell, O.P.

This volume completes the four volume set of Father Farrell's modern paraphrase of St. Thomas Aquinas' *Summa Theologica*. Like the preceding volumes the book is a unified whole in itself. The first chapters introduce us to Christ as the Way, treating of the mystery of the Incarnation, of the life and of the "personality" of the Incarnate Word; then follows a section on the Mother of Christ; the means by which Christ helps us to walk the Way come next—these means being the Seven Sacraments. Father Farrell is especially felicitous in expressing St. Thomas' thought on that most needed of all the Sacraments—the Blessed Eucharist. The concluding chapters concern themselves with the End of the Way of Life—the Judgment, issuing either in the eternal failure of Hell or the eternal enjoyment of Life itself which is Heaven.

There is no need to elaborate on the merits of such a book. The thought content is of course that of St. Thomas.

Father Farrell has given us that thought correctly and clothed it in a literary form that will appeal to the modern reader.

Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., \$3.75.

The World's Great Literature

George N. Shuster

Here is a fine Catholic book. It is filled with well chosen excerpts from Catholic literature beginning with the first century and coming down to our own day. The selections reveal a delicate spiritual as well as a literary taste. This anthology gives the testimony of a long line of great writers to the reality of the Faith. It gives us also an idea of the influence, force and beauty of Catholic thought in the world of letters through the centuries. The whole purpose of the author is to stimulate and encourage further reading from the sources of these selections.

Macmillan Company, New York, N. Y., \$3.00.

Miracle on the Congo

Ben Lucien Burman

The author of this book gives us a picture of the heroic figures of the Free French in Africa. Following his enthusiastic and sympathetic report of the Free French Front in the steaming malarial jungles of Africa and across the grim burning deserts of Syria and the Trans-jordan we catch a breath of a French spirit still free and vigorous and tough as that of the famed foreign legion of old. This is a vivid picture of colonial France, revealing that it is still a force to be contended with in World War II.

John Day Company, New York, N. Y., \$1.75.

The Near East: Problems and Prospects

Philip W. Ireland, Editor

Here are six essays on the Near East by a former Italian diplomat and by four prominent educators. Here are the bright personal observations of Count Sforza: a sympathetic, profound study of the character of the Arab and his receptivity to change by Oxford's H.A.R. Gibb: a presentation, in limpid English, of the Zionist claims in Palestine by Columbia's professor of Jewish history, Salo Baron: a disarming exposition of British policy by London University's C. K. Webster; and a panoramic view of the Near East countries by Quincy Wright of Chicago University.

The essays were delivered as public lectures at the Harris Institute, held at the University of Chicago last June.

They crystallize a vast number of facts. Thus the reader may expect generalization rather than detailed exposition. He should be stimulated to investigate further the facts supporting these generalizations.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill., \$2.50.

Nova Scotia

The Land of Cooperation

Leo R. Ward

The author of this book reveals the remarkable success of the Nova Scotia Cooperative, its aims and its possibilities by the democratic method of going to the people and getting their story and showing how this social renovation affects them. Travelling through some forty centers in Nova Scotia and New Brunswick, conversing with miners, industrial workers, farmers, lumbermen and fishermen, he gives us a fine composite and clear picture of the influence of the Cooperative movement in the lives of the people. This method chosen was fortunate because it brings the whole movement out of the realm of theory and right down to earth.

Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y., \$1.50.

Pacific Charter

Hallett Abend

We welcome such an authentic presentation of Pacific problems. Few men are more competent to write on such an involved topic. His long years of intimate contact with the Orient make the author a sure guide.

With the United Nations on the offensive we are beginning to realize the vast maze of intricate post-war problems confronting us. Due to America's unique position in the Orient as a non-colonial influence, we shall be looked to for leadership in tackling the knotty difficulties plaguing the East. Pacific Charter is an earnest plea to be ready for this destiny.

What chiefly commends Mr. Abend's presentation is the completeness of the job. Not satisfied with detailedly exposing the sores he proposes distinct remedies for each case. Some of these latter, particularly wherever Japan enters the picture, may seem drastic. Official government observers, though, support such steps as essential. The author admits the execution of these remedies will not be too easy. Counsel and study in the months or years of war ahead may help in avoiding any hasty, ill advised moves at the peace table.

Doubleday, Doran Company, New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

FROM XAVIER TO XAVIER

(Continued from page 61)

diocesan clergy: Ranchi, Bombay, Trichinopoly, the Interdiocesan Seminary at Mangalore and the Papal Seminary at Kandy, to which last come the more promising candidates from the different dioceses of India and Ceylon.

The Jesuits, mindful of the tradition of their earlier missionaries and the repeated injunctions of the Sovereign Pontiffs have striven to give India an efficient, enlightened and saintly native clergy. They know that if ever India, or any other mission country for that matter, is to be completely christianized, that achievement has to be accomplished by the sons of the soil. The truth of this statement is daily becoming more evident from the events that shape themselves in mission lands. The Holy See is quite cognizant of the changing circumstances and so are the Jesuits. They visualize future conditions and plan to meet them by training an able body of native clergy.

But alas! the means at their disposal are so limited and the sphere of their activity is daily widening out to such proportions that they are forced to restrain their zeal and labors. They are not pessimists; by no means. They wait, they hope, they pray. It is the Lord's work: and they look forward to the day when the Lord will inspire generous hearted Catholics to help them to finish their cherished project, a project of immense promise for the greater glory of God and the salvation of the 350 millions of India's sons and daughters.

JOHN LALANDE, MARTYR FROM DIEPPE

(Continued from page 63)

those were days of glory!

Isaac Jogues, the priest, and John Lalonde, the layman, both knew what they were doing. For had not the priest written to a friend of his mission but a short time before. "You see what need I have of the powerful aid of prayers, being amidst these savages, I will have to remain among them—almost without liberty to pray; without Mass; without sacraments—and be responsible for every accident among the Iroquois, French, Algonquins and others. But what do I say? My hope is in God, who needs not us to accomplish His designs. We must endeavor to be faithful to Him, and not spoil His work by our shortcomings. I trust you will obtain for me this favor of Our Lord, that having led so wretched a life till now, I may at last begin to serve Him better." My heart tells me that if I have the happiness to be employed in this mission, I shall go never to return; but I shall be happy if Our Lord will complete the sacrifice where He has begun it, and make the little blood I have shed in that land the pledge of what I would give from every vein of my body and my heart. In a word, this people is 'a bloody spouse to me'—'in my blood have I espoused it to me.'

May our good Master, who has purchased them in His blood, open to them the door of His Gospel, as well as to the four allied nations near them."

Well did they know what they were doing. "I shall go never to return" sounds almost like a prophecy and the phrase "responsible for every accident among the Iroquois" seems to hint that the priest knew what was taking place down south in the Indian village of Ossernenon. "Responsible" was a mild way of expressing the facts. The Mohawk tribes had found themselves subject to an epidemic during which many of their people died. The epidemic was followed by a plague (no! not of the traditional locusts) but of worms and this destroyed their crops (something like the feast the Japanese beetles make of New York crops every summer). The medicine men knew the reason. The box which the "black robe" Jogues had left with them when on his peace journey was the cause for these afflictions.

So, on October 17th, 1646, when the priest and the young layman approached the Indian village there was no wild parade up Main Street and the "welcome mats" at the entrance to the cabins were conspicuous because of their absence. Instead of a handclasp Father Jogues was stabbed in the back and strips of flesh were taken from his arms to be eaten to find out "if this white meat is the flesh of a spirit." But remembering as he had stated in his letter before leaving Canada that "we must endeavor to be faithful to Him, and not spoil His work by our shortcomings," he and John set to the task of instructing the natives. In the meanwhile, the leaders of the Bear clan (not listening to the pleas of the Wolf and Tortoise clans for mercy) demanded they be put to death. Because of the treaty with New France they decided to make things legal. A meeting of the leaders of the Mohawk clans was summoned for the following day (October 18th) at the largest town, Tionnontoguen. The council decided to grant liberty to the captives.

But then took place an act of infamy which has been remembered down through the centuries. We call the disastrous defeat and awful bombing of Pearl Harbor by the Japs while their envoys were feigning peace in Washington an act of infamy. And we draw back in horror at the mention of it. But the same thing took place just north of our own city of Albany in the State of New York on the 18th of October in 1646. While the delegates of the Bear clan sat round the council table at Tionnontoguen, the other members invited the priest to a meal in their cabin. He went. As he entered the cabin a brave (savage is what he showed himself to be) tomahawked him. The priest fell dead as his blood dyed red the dirt that passed for flooring. All we know is that St. John was spared until the next morning when he, with the Huron guide, was also tomahawked and thrown into the river.

Why were they murdered? An unbiased witness gives us the reason! Wilhelm Kieft, Governor of the Dutch Colony of Nieuw Amsterdam who because of his hostilities to the Indians was paving the way for his recall to Holland wrote to the Governor of New France from Fort Amsterdam on the 14th of November, 1646: "Our minister (Jean Labatie, the Dutch interpreter at Fort Orange—we call it Albany) . . . carefully inquired of the chiefs of this canaille their reasons for the wretched act, but he could get no answer from them but this, that the . . . Father (Jogues) had left, among some articles that he had left in their keeping, a devil, who had caused all their corn or maize to be eaten up by worms."

The priest was dead and the news was immediately sent to France. When in the early months of 1647 the reports reached the mother country the announcement went round about Father Jogues but only the town of Dieppe—the family and friends of John—considered the news of his lay-companion's death of importance. Dieppe, a small city in the Archdiocese of Rouen, had added another gold star, not to the list of its battle heroes, but to the lists of its missionary saints—the star of St. John de Lalande.

STAR DUST IN BAGHDAD

(Continued from page 65)

if you have a party you must have large amounts of liquor to guarantee success. And some of us are still old-fashioned enough to believe that, with large amounts of liquor, you can't guarantee anything. Then why not stick to the old-fashioned parties? And there is the crux. We are in the first generation of mixed-party-givers in Baghdad. Only in recent years, under the influence of the West, have men and women begun to mingle more or less freely in public gatherings. Even now it is not a fully accepted situation, and is still taboo outside the cities. So you see there is no background to social life here, no healthy traditions such as we had in the sleighing party, the school dance, the clambake, the Labor Day outing, etc. The last stage of the New York social whirl is the first stage of the Baghdad party. Is it off to a good start? We do not think so—and by "we" I mean those of us who are trying to educate Christian boys in the things of Christ.

For the ordinary Christian youth in Baghdad has a difficult path to follow. He is surrounded by influences that are alien to his faith, influences that tend to sap the vigor of his spiritual life and even to destroy it entirely. It is a hard job to be pure when most of the people around you have a different idea about purity. It's hard to face the truth unflinchingly when a lie is considered the accepted thing by most of your neighbors. It's hard to do a score of things if you are only one of a handful who is doing them. And now, to make it more difficult, the paganism of the West

comes striding in with the thrill of trumpets and the beauty of false banners. It is a new world—not the human world of O. Henry and oh! how far from the world of Christ! How easy it is for a boy to become confused! With every step he takes the dust of the old world clings to his feet and every time he lifts his eyes he is entranced with the glitter of stars in the new world. Both dust and stars reach for his heart and it takes courage to spurn the one and turn aside from the other. He has a harder job before him than his fathers had. For they fought to keep their faith against a world they knew only too well but he has two worlds to face—and the second one he does not know. He catches glimpses of it and it is bright with mystery. The appeal is not so much in the brightness as in the mystery. What boy's heart can fail to be caught with the thrill of the unknown? "Freedom" is one of the catchwords that lure him towards the inviting bend in the golden street. In the cinema that mirrors this new world he sees one instance of this "freedom"—the gay and ready acceptance of divorce. The glimpse may make him hesitate for it is something he has seen in the old world, which is not his world. But what if he doesn't hesitate? And there lies the danger that cannot be minimized. He runs smack into the same things that he tried to avoid in the dust of the narrow, winding alleys of Baghdad. Is it any wonder that his faith might be shaken by the force of the impact? Are we to be surprised when he stops and begins to doubt, seeing all worlds apparently against his world, the world of Christ? Above and beyond the brilliance and the mystery of the stars, he has soared—to find dust. Can we condemn him if he falters, if his heart grows heavy with dust, even though you call it stardust? Truly, his road is the royal road of the Cross.

... Stardust is a pretty word; a decade ago it made a pretty song. But you can't make worlds out of it for the very meaning of the term is that a world has crumbled. You can't even create an atmosphere with stardust for who wants his world surrounded by dead things forever falling? Over here we are trying to create an atmosphere for the Christian boy of Baghdad but we are not using stardust. For our little world is built on life and living things and things that cannot die. It is the atmosphere that He created Who said, "Come to Me that you may have life. . . . I am the Vine, you the branches. . . . I am with you all days. . . . Abide in Me." It is the only atmosphere that has not death in it and when we see our boys go out to face the two worlds of stardust we pray that the Spirit of Life go with them, that they may walk even through "the valley of the shadow of death" to Life eternal. It is a hard road for them but if we can get them to take Christ as their companion on the way we shall not be afraid that they will follow the stardust trail. They will not exchange life for death.

GOOD BADLANDS . . .

(Continued from page 74)

hard it would be to get through but to come as far as he could and someone would meet him. We were as far as we could go and still twelve miles from St. Barbara's. Father began reading Office, and I walked on ahead in the hope of meeting someone. The morning was beautiful. Not a soul was to be seen; not a sound was heard, save the wild life and birds. The way the Badlands looked that morning was a scene I should defy even the most brilliant author to paint in words. All about me rose pyramid, obelisk and temple, ethereal in color and exquisitely chiseled, in endless detail. There were delicate parallels of rose and cream, and sublime shapes, chalk white, fretted against a blue sky with high floating clouds. Such are the Badlands interesting to the anthropologist, only a headache to the missionary.

IT'S TOUGH TO BE LAME

(Continued from page 67)

boys were at school.

When forty-nine to fifty-two boys under my charge were stricken with measles, Stephen was one of them. Measles to natives who have never known the disease is a very serious illness. It caused many deaths in Alaska that year. And it almost caused Stephen's.

If this was only fiction, it would end with a complete cure or with death. This, however, is a true story. Stephen still lives and still hobbles about his native village on his little crutches. When he wishes to go any distance, he hitches his one dog to his sled or to his wagon, depending on the season. He is happy, content with the lot that God has given him. He is surely quite poor, but when one sees his smiling face, hears him humming and whistling as he makes his way about the village, he must admit that paradoxically Stephen is very rich.

HOW DID XAVIER DO IT?

(Continued from page 71)

only be a poor second choice.

Ignorance is another formidable difficulty, and difficult to dispel. It's not merely the blank ignorance of a mind untouched but it is the twisted ignorance that has its source in Protestant traditions on one hand and superstition on the other. In a country where everyone seems to want children baptized, no one seems to know why they should be baptized. I asked an old lady yesterday, why she didn't become a Catholic. She said that she would like to, but she didn't understand it (that is, Catholicism). Most have a very hazy notion of Christ. A recent convert thought that He lived about two hundred years ago. A dear old lady to whom I gave painstaking instructions nearly broke my heart in her first confession. In a loud voice and from memory, she recited everything I had told her of the form of confession and would

neither be hushed nor diverted until she had said, "Now at this point the priest gives the penance." Of sin there wasn't the slightest indication which was fortunate since there were a dozen people in the church at the time. The whole episode was very distracting and amusing. One learns from experience. In future I shall plan a dress rehearsal.

Another class tries the patience of the priest. Generally, they are persons of some education who play around the fringe of the Church but never seem to get farther or at best make slow advances. They want to become Catholics but something deters them. Sometimes it is an intellectual difficulty, possibly only a quirk or the clash of doctrine with individual character. Some have to make an heroic sacrifice of which they are not yet capable. Maybe God hasn't yet given them the final grace. Two cases come to mind which will probably demand the sacrifice of important positions.

One wonders then at the mass conversions in the life of St. Francis Xavier, but there is room for wonder here, too, at the manifestations of God's grace. In a country predominantly Protestant for three hundred years, where there is also a mass of superstitious tradition to cope with, it cannot be surprising that the work of conversion must be a careful, slow process. St. Ignatius is supposed to have said that if he saved one sinner, he would consider his life well spent. When a missionary brings one convert into the Church, he, too, can feel that at least that part of his life has been well spent.

WHEN CHOLERA COMES

(Continued from page 81)

ing rapidly. She died a few days later.

Some more mild cases developed, but they were quickly taken care of. And then we could think of restoring gradually the normal life in our little mission community. This fell disease had swept over the community like a chilling blight, leaving in its wake many an aching heart. But God in His Providence knows how to draw good out of evil. And the good results were soon apparent in the deepened faith of these new converts. For now they realized as they never had before, how the consolations of their faith followed them right up to the grave, and gave a new meaning to death, and a new hope of a better life that they had never known before. And who can estimate the value of such lessons?

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