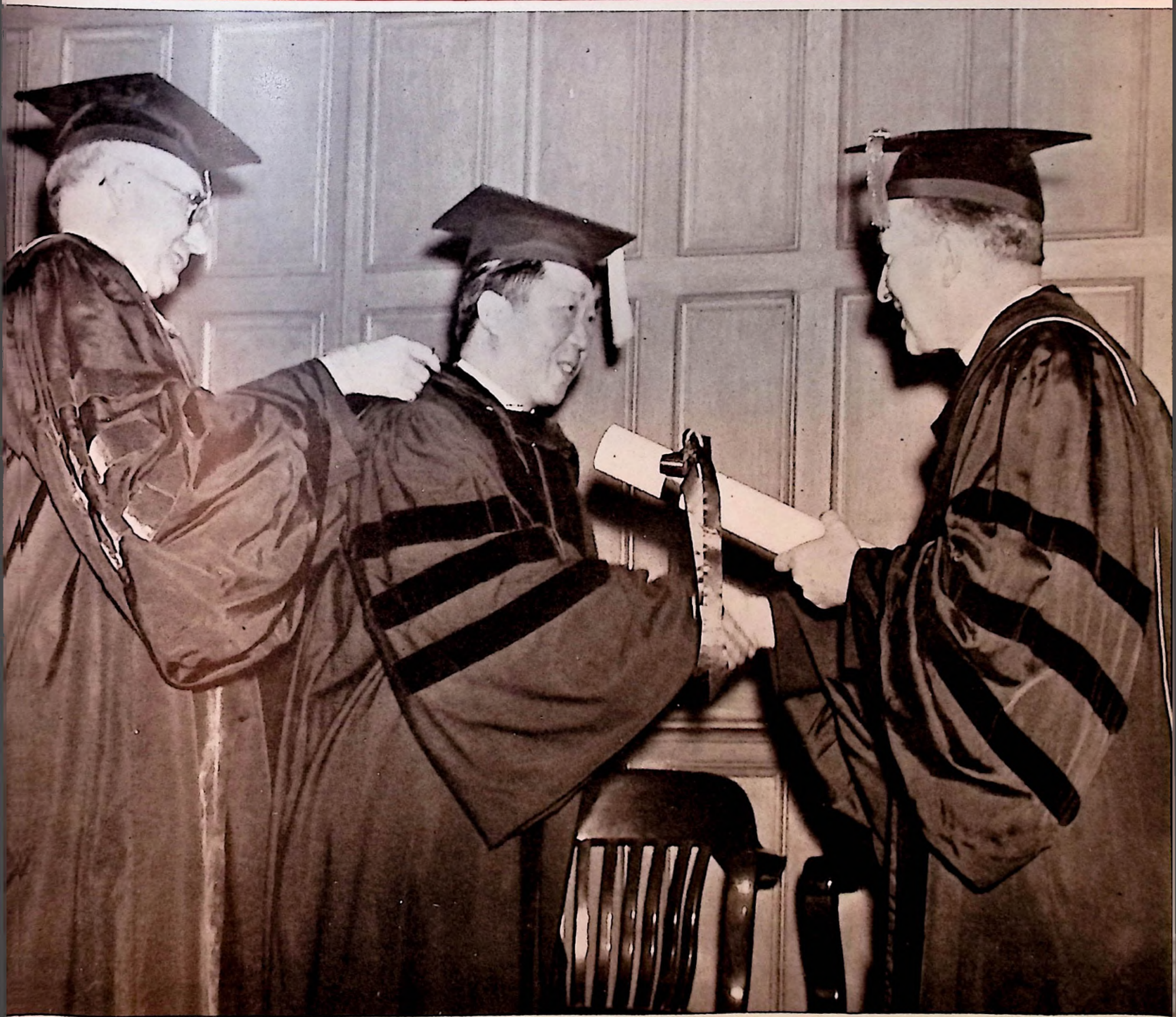


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JESUIT MISSIONS

NOVEMBER

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

1943

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

CONTRIBUTORS

THIS MONTH

■ **Father Francis Menager, S.J.**, is the only priest in a parish over 520 miles long, from Bethel to McGrath,



Francis Menager, S.J.

Alaska. In summer his work is done by boat among the people who live along the Kuskokwim River; in winter, like all the other Alaskan missionaries, he must depend on dogs to reach his people. Since the army moved into Alaska, he has added to his already numerous duties the work of auxiliary chaplain. Between the lines of his story in this issue can be found his inspiring devotion to the Mass. All the attractive surroundings are missing; often it is near noon before he can find a suitable shelter

from wind and rain. Still fasting after a night and half a day on the river, the unadorned Mass is his source of strength.

■ **Father William F. Masterson, S.J.**, has the difficult position of being responsible for the support of the largest mission unit in the world, all of whose men are interned or confined in the Japanese conquered Philippines. Until very recently no one either here in the United States or in the Philippines themselves knew how many were alive and how they fared. Twelve Jesuits in the Philippines did not know that members of their immediate family had died during the period of isolation. All know now.

■ **Father John P. Deevy, S.J.**, of the staff, has written his interview with George Hoyt, S.J. The only word received about the ex-Baghdadi from June 15 to early September, when he arrived unannounced at our door, was a rumor that his ship had been sunk. Drawing the story out of him was a feat in itself. A fitting comment was made as he left us for Weston College, "Eyes that have seen so much, and such a silent man!"

■ **Joseph P. Martin, S.J.**, went to the missions the hard way. In the long run, though, it is best to go early, as he did, right after philosophy, teaching in India for two years to learn the temper and ways of the people, and then into theology with natives of the country, where in the long hours of close association in prayer and study and conversation, the future missionary comes to know the real spirit of his people from their best representatives, the native clergy. The best way, nevertheless is the hard way.



Joseph P. Martin, S.J.

	Page
EDITORIALS	255
20,000 MILES OVER THE SEA..... John P. Deevy, S.J.	256
TODAY IN THE PHILIPPINES..... William Masterson, S.J.	258
WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR..... Peter Dunne, S.J.	260
FLOATING DOWN THE KUSKO..... Francis Menager, S.J.	262
MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS.....	264
KATERI A BRIGHT LIGHT IN A VAST DARKNESS.....	266
BLACKOUTS MAKE YOU THINK..... Anthony Adams, S.J.	268
MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS..... John P. Deevy, S.J.	269
THE MEN OF THE ATENEO.....	270
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS.....	271
COMMUNICATIONS	275
HIDDEN POISON..... Joseph Martin, S.J.	276
NEW BOOKS	278
GRATEFUL ACKNOWLEDGMENTS	281

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COVER—Father Robert I. Gannon, S.J. (right), presenting the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws which Fordham University conferred upon Honorable Chen Li-fu, Minister of Education in China. The degree was accepted in this country by His Excellency Wei Tao-ming, Ambassador of China to the United States (center). Father Charles Deane, S.J., Dean of Fordham, is at the left. It is an old Jesuit custom, by now, to pay respect to the cultural and intellectual leaders in China. Father Matthew Ricci, S.J., famous early missionary to China, first pointed out to the world the established custom in that country of placing only men of the highest intellectual attainments in high office.

WISE MEN of the FAR EAST



Editorial

THERE is so much heroism in this present war it may well be that no single hero will emerge except as a symbol for particular groups. Yet when the story is all told, nameless heroes will have added much glory to the record of human history. High among them will be the educators of China. In recognition of the courageous far-sightedness of one of them, the Honorable Chen Li-fu, Minister of Education in China, Fordham University conferred on him the honorary degree of Doctor of Laws. The degree was accepted for him in this country by Dr. Wei Tao-ming, Ambassador of China to the United States.

It is difficult enough to carry on educational work in time of war even when actual battle is far removed from schools. It becomes almost impossible when the enemy singles out schools and libraries as special targets for destruction as the Japanese have done in China. On the testimony of the ambassador himself in his acceptance speech, "Seventy-seven colleges and universities were damaged or destroyed. Three thousand libraries and museums were lost, and the number of high schools and elementary schools sharing the same fate reached 130,000. All together, property damage amounted to more than five hundred million dollars."

What makes the role of the Chinese educators uniquely heroic is not the extent of the damage they suffered but the steps they took to keep education alive in the face of these assaults. They actually moved as many institutions as possible *500 to 1000 miles* into the interior provinces, —faculties, students, books, and equipment sharing the roads with soldiers, often under enemy fire and bombing raids along the way. The students traveled on foot, slept by night under the sky, ate what they could carry or beg, studied and were taught wherever it was possible to halt with safety. Nowhere were the students considered slackers by the soldiers who passed them on the roads.

More than that, for the past seven years in which China has been at war, the number of college students has increased from 41,000 to 60,000, and the number in the lower grades from 21,000,000 to 49,000,000. This—in spite of a five hundred million dollar property loss!

LEADING spirit of this magnificent work was Dr. Chen Li-fu, whom Fordham University honored in September, and to whom the whole world of education owes a debt of admiration and of gratitude. It was most fitting that a Jesuit University should honor this distinguished Chinese leader. From the days of Francis Xavier to the present, the Jesuit missionaries have recognized the high place in which the Chinese have held education and learning. Xavier left Japan for China because the Japanese looked upon China as the source and center of culture and learning and would have nothing to do with a religion not accepted by the Chinese. Distinguished scholars and scientists from the Jesuit ranks were later sent to China because it was known that there learning would be appreciated. Best known of all was Father Matthew Ricci, S.J., who won the respect and admiration of the Emperor Wan Li and the scholars of China, and who was the first to call the attention and admiration of the world to the intellectual standards of Chinese public life.

Ever since, some of the brightest names on the roll of Jesuit scholars have been missionaries to China. Several of the modern missionaries, after spending from five to seven years in that country learning the language and the traditions of the people, have returned to the Universities of the United States to obtain the highest degrees possible, and will return to China to carry on the long tradition of deep scholarship so necessary and so highly esteemed in that mission field.

There is work among the uneducated, too, which must be done, but the hope of the Church as well as the hope of the nation lies in the education of the leaders of the future. Be it said to China's credit, perhaps nowhere else in the missions of the Church except in India, is the intellectual apostolate of the Church so important.

In the long association between the Jesuits and the scholars of China, the recent honor conferred by Fordham University upon the Minister of Chinese Education is another important link which binds us to that valiant people and prompts the prayer that they will one day receive in all fullness the Light of the World.



From Baghdad College to Weston College.

THE whole Indian Ocean was in tumult. It tossed the 10,000 ton ship like a toy on its back. The Captain a hearty, fat, bald-headed Dutchman braced himself in the doorway of the common cabin and roared as the antics of the sea hurled his passengers back and forth across the room and piled them up in a tangle of arms and legs and chairs.

Suddenly the boat's whistle gave off five sharp blasts. Air raid! A startled look, a moment's silence, then a mad dash for the deck. Taut with suspense they listened. Anxious eyes scanned the heavens. The sound of a motor could have been drowned out by the storm. The minutes passed slowly. Had anyone been superstitious their eye would have passed fearfully from the grey heavens above to the grey green swells behind them. There two albatrosses rode the storm. For days and weeks they had followed the ship. Birds of ill omen, they boded no good to the superstitious members of the crew. But there was little time for superstition when war birds were liable to sweep out of the blue and blast them out of the water or when a German U-boat might be prowling about to send them to the bottom with a well placed torpedo. The crew waited tense and dry mouthed at their stations.

THEN the message passed from mouth to mouth. False alarm! With a sigh of relief the passengers made their way back to the cabin. What had happened? No one

seemed to know. As they gathered in the cabin someone asked "Where's Kelly"? Some wit flashed back. "When last seen he was sixty yards astern and still running." Everyone laughed at this sally and the tension was broken. Soon the explanation for the alarm came through. The storm had caused the boat to vibrate so badly that its whistle went out of order. It was a mere coincidence that it gave off the five sharp blasts, the signal for an air raid.

JUST how Mr. George Hoyt, S.J., a scholastic of the New England Province happened to be a passenger on this Dutch ship in the Indian Ocean, we learned from him when he arrived in New York in September after completing a 20,000 mile journey from Baghdad in the Middle East. For four years he had been teaching in our college there. For more than a year he had been waiting to return to this country to finish his studies for the priesthood. By chance this opportunity offered itself last June and he got his Superior's permission to meet this boat somewhere along the Persian Gulf and thus get back to the States.

It was a long journey across desert and ocean, by foot, by army truck, by freight train and by boat. With only two days notice our wayfarer left Baghdad for Basrah on the third of June. There he visited the tomb of Sinbad the sailor. Years before, his classmates at Holy Cross College had nicknamed him "Sinbad the Sailor," in their year book.

20,000 MILES



There goes his trunk.

So since he was so near he had to visit the remains of Sinbad buried in the outskirts of Basrah. But more important still he came to Basrah to say goodbye to his fellow missionary and former teacher, Father Joseph Merrick, S.J. Before becoming a missionary in Baghdad Father Merrick had taught at Holy Cross College. After he had gone on the missions in 1932 he had corresponded with many of his former students. In what was practically a prophecy he had foretold that Mr. Hoyt would one day come to Baghdad. Now here they were years later fellow missionaries in far off Basrah.

TOGETHER these two set out for Persia straddling a load of shoes on an army truck. Bouncing along they came to an army camp in the middle of the Arabian desert. Father Merrick besides his other duties is Military Vicar Delegate of all the American Armed Forces in this territory. Some Sundays he says as many as six Masses at different army camps in that area. That evening just as he raised his

OVER THE SEA

John P. Deévy, S.J.



Through the streets of Baghdad.

hand in blessing over the kneeling soldiers his pupil bade a silent farewell to his former teacher, and continued his journey alone. His destination was Ahuaz, a city built by Germans and taken over by our army. The next day he arrived too late for lunch. Half famished, that evening he ate his meal with a sergeant from California. The Commissary had overlooked the small detail of knives and forks but these two managed very well with their jack knives. The following day our wanderer went farther into Persia. He shared a box car on a freight train with a private from Missouri who didn't believe in mirages until he actually saw one out in the desert. The train pulled into his station but the soldier had taken his shoes off for comfort. By the time he got them on again the train was moving. So the poor fellow had to hike back from the next station.

THE train arrived at Bandashapur at one o'clock in the morning. There was still a mile and a half to go to the port and the



The dock at Basrah, first stage of the journey.

boat. An American soldier on guard duty saw our modern Sinbad struggling along with his trunk and his bag. Thinking he was a local coolie, the sentinel challenged him. When the soldier found it was a fellow American and a Jesuit he lent a hand with the baggage. Everything was dark as they crossed the wharf. The noise they made going up the gangplank aroused the Captain. To put it mildly "he exploded." Mr. Hoyt wisely held his tongue. The following morning the Captain in a better mood after a good breakfast remarked, "Young man it's lucky for you that you didn't answer me back last night or I would have pitched you into the sea."

A FEW days later they weighed anchor and sailed down to Abodan, a forest of oil stacks, whence comes a large quantity of the oil of Persia. They remained there until June 23rd. It was sizzling hot and our voyager passed the time, trying out his knowledge of Persian on the natives. This was an old pastime of his. One day in Baghdad he had tried out his Arabic on a native and conversed so well that the Arab thought he was a Persian because of his slight accent. With his dark complexion he could now pass himself off as an Arab.

One day they left port, destination and route unknown and made "their seasick way down the Persian Gulf." Even the hardest stomach succumbs in those waters. On board there were about a half dozen American engineers returning from the Middle East. Their

work finished, they were in high spirits with the thought of home uppermost in their minds. Uncle Sam had richly rewarded them for their services but they felt they deserved every penny. To them eighteen months in that land was an age. After four years in Baghdad their young Jesuit fellow passenger could have been forgiven had he felt the smugness of a veteran among these tyros. Past the barren hills of Oman they sailed and out into the broad sweep of the Indian Ocean. Here they ran into the storm and Kelly ran sixty yards off the stern when the air raid whistle sounded the false alarm.

SINCE military secrets must be kept we have been purposely vague about some details, and shall be more so hereafter but we can tell you that the boat sailed around the bottom of Africa and again around the bottom of South America keeping far off the regular sea lanes. They passed cannibal country on the way. Twice they ran into Winter with snow storms in July! Twice they crossed the equator again to the blistering heat of Summer with the deck burning their feet through their shoes. For thirty days they experienced the monotony of the sea all crowded together in one little room in bad weather, seeing no land and avoiding other ships. When it was possible our nomad slept on the open deck and passed the time studying Spanish. He had heard that they would stop off at South America. One day while he was trying to (Turn to page 280)



TODAY in the

With the aid of the State Department, the Army, and the Red Cross, we learn about Jesuits under Japanese control.

Right Rev. James T. Hayes, S.J.

THE anxiety of twenty months concerning our Philippine Mission has recently been greatly relieved. In all that time dear ones and friends of our 114 American Jesuits in the Philippines had to be content with hope and prayer. Try as we would through every known official channel we were unable to learn the whereabouts of our missionaries. Enough credit cannot be given these agencies and persons for their prolonged efforts. Complete success was bound to crown their perseverance.

Today we know the location and much of the conditions of life of *all* our American Jesuits in the Philippines. The vast majority are officially listed as civilian internees; some few are prisoners of war, because of their chaplain status. With all of these, direct personal contact

by mail or cable is now possible. With the other one-fifth there can be as yet no communications. Our hardest task after establishing contact was to notify twelve of these missionaries of the death of parents, brothers or sisters whom God had called to Himself since the Philippines fell. Already families of some of our missionaries have been assured that their cables have been received in the Philippines.

ONE cable has reached us so far—from Father Reith, one of the early Business Editors of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. At present, he is one of the companions of Bishops Hayes in internment at the Ateneo in Manila. After ten years of drudgery among the Moros of Central Mindanao, Father Reith had begun to command the sincere admiration and

respect of these notoriously anti-Christian peoples. An unsolicited eloquent testimonial of this appreciation was expressed in a Moro chieftain's letter to the Superior of the Jesuit Philippine Mission some days before Pearl Harbor, and published in *JESUIT MISSIONS*. Regrettably, some known touching tributes to Bishop Hayes at the time of his being taken into custody may not be revealed at this time.

The only mail from any of our missionaries up to the present has come from three of our Northern Mindanao missionaries commissioned Chaplains for the American troops at the outbreak of war. Father Hugh Kennedy, a Dean at the Ateneo de Cagayan, followed in his father's footsteps, who some forty years before had served with the army in the Philippine campaign. Father Eugene O'Keefe and Father Carl Hausmann—both from New Jersey—went from their parishes at Tagnipa and Sumilao as chaplains to our troops. All three are now in Philippine Military Prison Camp No. 2. Reports seem to indicate that this Camp is at Davao, although naturally no official information on that point is available. These Fathers report they are well, uninjured and have sufficient food.

ALSO known to be in Davao, but as Civilian Internees, are five Fathers and three Scholastics. This

Father Reith, S.J., among the Moros in the market place of Dansalan.



PHILIPPINES =



William F. Masterson, S.J.

Very Rev. John F. Hurley, S.J.

group is headed by Father Andrew Cervini, of whose exploits the country knows. With him are Father George Kirchgessner, Vicar General of the Cagayan Diocese, Father John McFadden, one of the Administrators of the Ateneo de Cagayan, Father Franklin Ewing, at the start of the war engaged in scientific investigations under the patronage of the Philippine government and Father David Daley. Scholastics are Mr. Thomas Brady, Mr. Joseph Behr, and Mr. Ralph Gehring, formerly professors in Colleges at Cagayan and Zamboanga. We are assured their immediate surroundings are somewhat more congenial than those ordinarily associated with concentration camps.

OF course, by far the largest group are interned at the Ateneo—the Jesuit University in Manila. Here, under the leadership of one of the outstanding leaders in the Philippines, Father John Hurley, have been gathered all the members of the several Jesuit communities in the Manila area. All the Jesuits from the Philosophate, Juniorate and Noviceship at Novaliches, the Jesuit faculty from the Holy See's National Seminary at Balintawak, the Jesuit administrative staff of the Mission are interned with the Ateneo faculty within the University campus. In all, eighty-one American and probably

Father Cervini, S.J., who became the hero of American heroes at Iligan Bay.

another eighty Filipino Jesuits are there. The most consoling single item of news was to learn that with them are six American Jesuits stationed at Naga in Southern Luzon when war broke out. It was there that the Japanese made their first landing on the eastern shores of the Philippines. Within one week of the war Naga was to be the first large town captured. No word ever came from the Jesuits stationed there—until now!

CONDITIONS at the Ateneo in Manila should not be over difficult. It is justifiably presumed that the Scholastics are pursuing their studies. The presence of the seminary faculty would facilitate that. It is no doubt a great advantage to be by themselves rather than in a general concentration camp. The

extensive grounds will afford ample recreational facilities as well as ground for farming.

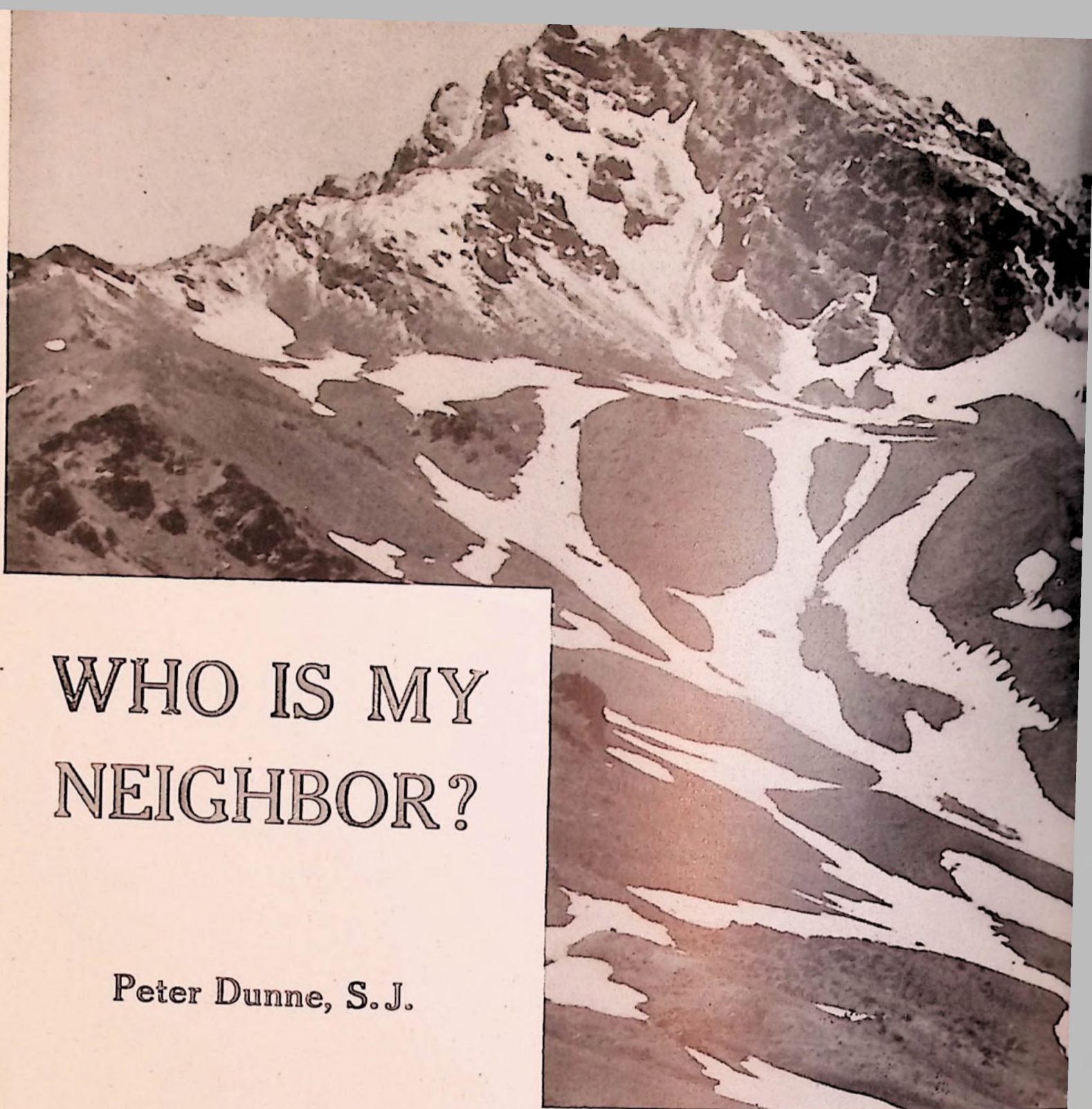
Any other American Jesuit not included in the groups spoken of is also known to be safe and well. More than that cannot be said, at this time.

All in all, God has been most propitious in His evident special protection of our Jesuit missionaries in the Philippines. No word has reached us about the Filipino people among whom the Jesuits have labored for almost 300 years. They are now shut off from all war news except Japanese propaganda. Every inducement apparently is being offered to them, even relatively soft treatment, to get them to submit in spirit to Japan. The persevering prayer of our friends is asked for the Filipino people, too.





Courtesy of Pan American Airways



Courtesy of Pan American

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOR?

Peter Dunne, S. J.

Two California Jesuits, Fathers Peter Dunne and Carlo Rossi, have gone to South America for a year. Their sojourn is neither a government project nor a Good Will tour, but a Jesuit mission that is practically a Catholic necessity today. Catholics make up almost fifty percent of the total population of the two Americas. Most of them live south of the Rio Grande. We need each other, yet somehow little mutual understanding or cooperation has grown up between us. Only Catholics can really help South America. These two Jesuits are well qualified for their task. Father Dunne has a Doctorate in History and Father Rossi, a Doctorate in Romance languages from the University of California. The present article is the first in a series to be run in *Jesuit Missions*.—*Editor*.

I AM in another world tonight, as different from the United States as though it were across the world. Even the heavens are different. The Southern Cross and the other stars shining overhead as I write we never see in the States.

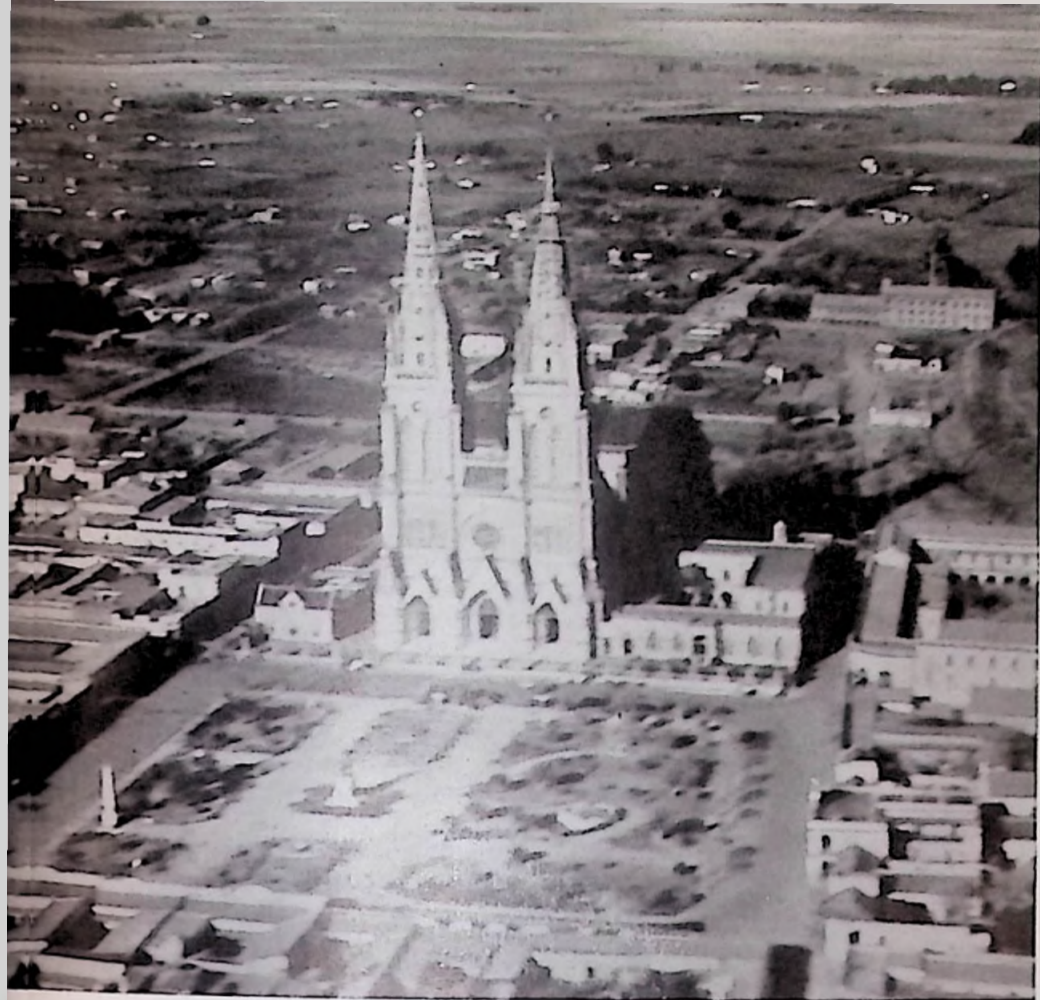
August means summer in California; here it is full winter, and cold. Argentina is officially neutral; her ships, with their white and blue stripes to mark them, pass unmolested through any waters; our own are in constant danger. Language, customs, traditions, the whole tenor of her history and culture are noticeably different from anything we meet in the United States. Geographically we are all Americans; culturally we are poles apart.

For Catholics, it should not be too difficult to bridge the gap which separates us, for we have so many essential things in common. Yet why are so many of my own countrymen so interested in all the mission lands on earth and so uninformed about their Catholic brethren to the south? And why are South Americans so uninformed about the work of the Catholic Church in the

U. S.? I am here with Father Carlo Rossi, S. J. to learn as much as we can and to explain what we can to the Jesuits here, at least.

Before we came, we visited Jesuit Colleges in St. Louis, Chicago, Milwaukee, Detroit, New York, Boston, Worcester, Washington, and New Orleans, gathering information for our projected year's work. At the end, we knew we had a magnificent report to make on Catholic higher education in the United States.

FATHER ROSSI and I, therefore, are missionaries, cultural as well as spiritual. The route along which we passed from New Orleans to Buenos Aires was full of mission history. From the Gulf of Mexico into the Caribbean we crossed many a historic path of missionaries and conquistadors centuries before. Co-



Courtesy of Pan American Airways

lumbus, on his last voyage, went exploring just a little to the south, seeking a gateway to China and the East. Balboa and Cortes from Haiti and Cuba, not to mention a brilliant galaxy of others, traversed these same waters on their way to conquest and fame. Bartholomew de Las Casas, apostle, missionary, protector of the Indians, went back and forth through here a dozen times. This way came the Franciscans to Mexico, shortly after the conquest, especially "the twelve" with the famous Motolina. Dominicans, Carmelites, and Mercedarians and a host of others followed. In 1572, and ever afterwards, came the Jesuits, among them Kino and Salvatierra of California fame. In the early missionary enterprises of South America five thousand Jesuit missionaries came from the Spanish Provinces alone! Passing the island of Dominica, I saw it as I hope Columbus first saw it, clear in the morning sun, lifting great shoulders high and sheer out of the sea, and topped by clouds. We said Mass sailing through this gateway, and I prayed for (or to) the spirit of the great Genoese. Down along the coasts of Brazil, we talked of the pioneer Blackrobes, Nobrega and Anchieta and the other great missionaries who were the founding Fathers of what is now the great nation of the United States of Brazil.

The first Christian statement on Good Neighbor Policy was the parable of the Good Samaritan. It has never been bettered, though often neglected. The United States is now attempting to deal with different cultures all over the world. How can we hope to succeed everywhere if we fail right here with our next door neighbor?

ON board ship came the first real proof that we were entering lands of a different culture from our own. All except the three Danes aboard were Catholics with names like Caravelli, Carbonari, Costa, and Romero. A friendlier crew you could not hope for. But one thing set them apart from North Americans we know; running through their conversation was the realization that their country was a Catholic country. They were proud of that fact. They quoted their Constitution to prove it, told how the Cardinal takes part in civic functions of importance, how the Te Deum is sung in the Cathedral on national holidays, and how San Martin, the George Washington of the Argentine is buried in the Cathedral. When we left them, all asked for some religious memento, beads, medals, candles, and the like, without the least sign of affectation. Even the inevitable radical aboard

came round to the subject of religion before long. It was something to remember,—this crew of men, far out to sea, with only two foreign priests aboard as passengers, knowing nothing about the United States, but sure of one proud fact, that their country was a Catholic country.

SIDE by side two great cultures have developed independently for several centuries in the Americas. Mutual misunderstanding has kept them separate. Now for the first time, there is some hope that they may come together. But what real hope is there unless the United States accepts South America as South Americans want it to be; and unless the South Americans realize that Catholic life and freedom are possible when dealing with the United States? The Southern Cross in the sky is a symbol which the United States does not see, but which South America can never forget.



Floating

obstacles which stood in the way.

For the first 160 miles there was not a village in sight. Just as I drew near the shore to say Mass the third morning, I found myself staring into the hungry eyes of a sullen black bear. Not having a gun, there was nothing to do but to push on. It was noon before a suitable landing place appeared along the river bank—a fishing camp where a dozen Russian Orthodox lived. They had no table—nothing that could serve as an altar except an old phonograph. Silently the old folks watched me prepare, and kept the children quiet. I knelt down, prayed for a while and then began Mass. Later an old woman said to the children, “That is the first time I have ever seen Mass in my life—and here in our home.” After a few words of thanks to them all, and a gift of smokes which they prize, I was on my way again, in my heart fervently thanking God for some distance down the river. Then I had breakfast—milk and bread and a can of peaches a good man at McGrath had given me when I left.

LAST winter, for the first time in my life I was unable to go on the trail to my people. I had fallen off an icy roof and landed full on my old back. And so as it comes to all men I had to “fall into the hands of the physician.” A sick man is not much use in Alaska, and I’ll tell you why.

I needed a boat to visit all the villages and all the people along 520 miles of the Kuskokwim River, and scouted around after my recovery till I found one—a beauty, tough and strong, the full thirty feet of it, with a sound inboard engine.

While waiting for the ice to break on the river I served as Chaplain to the soldiers at Bethel for Lent, then

flew to McGrath for two weeks with the soldiers there. Finally one bright beautiful morning in May, I put my boat in the water, checked the engine, and started out alone from McGrath, 520 miles down the river to my people.

The first day was perfect—blue sky, no mosquitoes, no sand bars, no stops. My boat is called “Tessitta”—after the Little Flower. She never forgets me way up here. When I got stuck on a sand bar the second day, where no amount of pushing and straining could budge the boat, one fervent prayer to her and I was sailing merrily on in no time. She helped me get the boat in the first place in spite of many

I DIDN’T have time to stop for supper until about ten o’clock at night. By then the whole scene was changed. Heavy rain poured out of the heavens. On with my raincoat and rain hat—and onward with old “Tessitta.” Finally it became unwise to go further—so at ten, I tied up to the shore, had a light supper, and went to bed on an old automobile seat in the cabin. It’s cold on the river nights, and there were no blankets aboard, but in an old sweater, raincoat, hip boots, and on

Down Old Kusko

Francis M. Menager. S.J.

a tool bag for a pillow, sleep came at last.

It was raining at seven when I awoke so there could be no Mass till a shelter was found somewhere ahead. All morning I rounded the bends in the river looking for a hut in vain. At last one hove into sight. Again the Eskimos were Russian Non-Catholics, and as hospitable as the other group. In the hut, this time there was no fire, and no table either, but under a bed, they found an old card table, which was cleaned and steadied and converted for the first time into an altar. It was twelve o'clock noon when I finished Mass, thanked my hosts, left them a present, and pushed on to Stony, an hour down the river, where in true Alaskan fashion I was received most kindly. I had my breakfast with them as they ate their simple dinner.

Just about midnight I arrived at the next stop, Sleetmute. Everything was dark and quiet until I

gave one blow on my boat horn. Almost as if expecting me, old friends came tumbling at once down to the boat to welcome me. Nothing could stop them from making a fire for coffee until I explained that I must keep my fast for Mass in the morning. To make up for it they forced me to sleep in a bed—the first one since McGrath, and I tell you, that night's sleep made a new man of me.

NEXT day, after Mass, instructions and genuine thanks, I moved on to the mercury mines, twelve miles down the river. I had some packages for the good people there, and they had a dinner for me, after which they took me all over the mine. Little did I realize years ago when I was teaching chemistry that I would see so much cinnabar, a mountain of mercuric oxide being fed into huge furnaces and coils and mercury coming out like a silvery spring from a pipe.

From now on the stops were nearer together and took more time. For there were babies to be baptized, children to be prepared for First Communion, and adults to be instructed. I told them that the next morning, Ascension Thursday, I would be happy to entrust our Lord to their good young hearts. Word spread rapidly from mouth to mouth, so that on Ascension Day, a crowd was on hand, and as always were thrilled. I'm an old missionary, but the sight of children at First Communion still does my heart good.

Aniak was next—an old parish of mine. Weren't my people happy to have me there for First Friday Mass and Communions! On to Kalskag where there are one hundred of my old people, offering their babies for baptism and their souls for instructions and Communion. 75 miles further was Akiak where five youngsters had waited long for their final instructions and First Holy Communion. I had come at last to bring them our Lord! Last stop was at Akichark where I met a former altar boy of mine from Hooper Bay. And so at last to Bethel, the end of the 520 mile six weeks' journey in old "Tessitta."

Without "Tessitta" how much good would never be done, how much joy would never be known—confessions, communions, first and last, instructions, Mass, little presents, and the sight of a friend in a lonely place! To all who have helped me, an old missionary's thanks. But do you see why we priests need our health in Alaska?

(Right) Some of his parishioners.

(Below) The author ready for the river.





their captors. "They were given a splendid occasion for partaking of the ignominies of the passion of Our Lord," declares the report. Held prisoners for seven days they became quite weak from sickness but despite this were paraded up and down the streets of the village, where they were held, two or three times. Finally they were released and assassinated. This report from China also records that Gonzaga College operated by American Jesuits in Shanghai, the Russian College, operated by the English and American Jesuits and the Loretta School for girls and the Convent of the Good Shepherd and some hospitals have been closed in Shanghai. All religious of both sexes who were citizens of countries at war with the Japanese have been interned.

ORDINATIONS IN SHANGHAI took place as usual this year despite the internment of the Americans there, it is indicated in a message received by the parents of Father Robert H. Dailey, S.J. of the California Province. Ordained with Father Dailey were also, it can be assumed, Father William J. Clement, S.J. and Father Edward J. Murphy, S.J., both of the California Province.

FATHER PAUL O'BRIEN, S.J. is now acting as secretary to Bishop Yu Pin of Nanking, China, who is at present in Washington. Father O'Brien spent five years as a missionary in China and afterwards received a doctorate in Oriental studies at the University of California.

CANISIUS COLLEGE OF BUFFALO has the distinction of having on its faculty as professor of Chemistry, a Jesuit from India, Father Lourdu M. Yeddanapalli, S.J. Father Yeddanapalli was born in Madras, India and received his education at St. Joseph College, the University of Madras, Calcutta University, and St. Augustine's College, Enghien, Belgium. He also did research work in chemistry at Louvain University and received his Doctorate from Princeton in 1942.

A SERIES OF COAST TO COAST MEETINGS in the interest of mission studies in the seminaries has been conducted by the National office of the Society for the Propagation of Faith under the direction of Monsignor Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director. The first meeting was held in New York and the subsequent ones in Chicago, San Francisco, San Antonio and St. Louis. The purpose of the meetings was to familiarize the rectors of seminaries with the *Academia* program of mission studies, which consists of eight lectures a year on mission subjects for a period of six years. The studies which have been prepared by a group of experts are designed to familiarize the young seminarians of the country with the extensive mission program of the Catholic Church.

"THE UNITED CHURCH OF JAPAN" is the more or less recent device which Tokyo is using to try to bring religion under her control in occupied areas. The first step in the movement consists in removing all non-native clergymen from posts of leadership and putting in their place

THE NEW ARCHBISHOP OF SANTA FE, New Mexico, Most Rev. Edwin V. Byrne, paid a stirring tribute to the fruitfulness of missionary work in a sermon given on the occasion of his installation recently. The new Archbishop is himself a missionary having served in the Philippines and most recently as the first Bishop of San Juan, Puerto Rico. Archbishop Byrne's new diocese is rich in missionary history.

RECENT ALLIED VICTORIES in North Africa will improve considerably missionary work in Belgian Congo, which next year will be in its seventieth year. When the present war started there were 2,127,986 Catholics in this area and missionary work has continued despite the war. White missionaries working among the people number 1,731, of whom 145 are Jesuits. These missionaries operate 18,068 Catholic schools, 516 Catholic hospitals, 120 leper asylums, and 128 maternity clinics.

JAPANESE TROOPS, because of the Doolittle Tokyo raiders, looted and destroyed twenty-five missions of the Vincentian Fathers in the area of China where the flyers landed after the raid. Some of the missions centers, which couldn't be reached by ground troops were bombed by Japanese flyers.

WORD HAS BEEN RECEIVED FROM SHANGHAI via India that the three Canadian Jesuits, Fathers Dube, Bernard and Lalonde, whose death at the hands of the Japanese was reported in April were ignominiously treated by

native leaders. This would not in itself be too serious were it not for the fact that native leaders seem to be responsible only to the Tokyo government. There is some indication that after the movement has disposed of all "foreign elements" the next step will be to impose Shintoism on the so called United Church of Japan.

AN UNUSUAL MISSIONARY is Father Aloysius J. Wycislo of Chicago who will depart soon on a trip that will take him through some of the important missionary countries of the Middle East and Orient, including Iraq, Iran, India, Egypt and Africa. He goes, however, not to convert pagans but to take care of the material welfare of one of the most Catholic nations in the world—the Poles. Since the outbreak of the war thousands of Polish men, women and children made the incredibly difficult journey from their homeland to various points in the Middle East, Africa and India. They are now greatly in need of help and Father Wycislo is going to visit them and supervise the distribution of supplies now being sent to them from the United States through the NCWC War Relief Services under the direction of Msgr. Patrick A. O'Boyle. According to Bishop Gawlina, Chaplain Ordinary of the Polish Armed Forces, of the 22,213 children successfully evacuated from Poland the largest group 9,521 went to Iran; 4,962 to East Africa; 4,000 to Palestine; 3,000 to India and 3,000 to Egypt. These children are greatly in need of proper food, medical supplies, books and equipment for continuing their education. The missionaries in many of these regions have done much to care for them out of their lean supplies. Father Wycislo's mission, therefore, will be of immense benefit not only to the Poles but to the missionaries in these various regions.

ANOTHER DEATH AMONG THE AMERICAN JESUITS IN PATNA has occurred. Word has just been received that Brother John Pais, S.J. died suddenly in Patna City at the age of 42. He had been working right up to his death and was the superintendent of the mission press in Bettiah.

THE STORM OF WAR will be successfully weathered by the missions, according to Most Reverend Celso Constantini, Secretary General of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda and the President of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, in a recent message. He says: "The war is venting its fury upon the missions . . . but the missions like oaks will weather the storm and thrive once more. In the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda here in Rome are heard the lamentations of missionaries who groan at forced inaction in concentration camps, and the entreaties of others who suffer from hunger, but never a word of discouragement. . . . It is indeed fortunate that missionaries everywhere have established seminaries. With few exceptions the seminaries remain open and continue to flourish in the face of unprecedented sacrifice. This war serves to demonstrate the far-sightedness of the Popes and the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda who never ceased recommending the formation of a native clergy."

November Mission Intention

The Catholic Spirit in Private and Public Life

• The Holy Father has asked us to pray during November that in the missions a Catholic spirit pervade private and public life and even recreation. We know from our own experience how difficult it is to live a good Catholic life in surroundings that are non-Christian. If this is true in a country such as ours whose basic culture is Christian how much greater must be the hardship of Catholics living among millions of pagans in countries where public and private life have never been subjected to the influence of Christianity. A recent letter from an American Jesuit in India, Father Peter Sontag, S.J., lists a few of the many barriers to the free practice of faith that Indian Catholics must face. These are given in the form of actual cases and it can be seen that in each instance the obstacle arises from strong pagan customs in public or private life:

• "E—is a convert from Mohammedanism, a fine, lovable, young man, a tailor by trade. Generally our Moslem converts that are won are firm. But E—'s wife died two years ago and before E— had even begun to think of another marriage his Moslem father had completed all arrangements for a Moslem marriage. In vain I protested and pleaded. 'What can I do if my father insists on the marriage?' To you the answer may seem very simple. Not so to E— and to millions of Moslems like him. Parental authority is tremendous.

• "B— is a promising young Hindu lawyer. His sister is a Catholic and I know that he wants to be one. 'Mr. B— when are you going to take the big step? I asked him. 'Father', he replied, 'I shall be very frank. I know that I cannot be a true Christian and a successful lawyer. I owe it to my wife to be a successful lawyer and I don't want to be a hypocrite.'

• "H— is only one person but he represents a class numbering thousands. He was once upon a time a student in our mission schools, a very promising lad, clean, intelligent, lovable and most anxious to be a Catholic. I can still see him, a fine lad of sixteen, prostrate before me clinging to my feet and begging for Baptism in secret. He is now a mature man with a family and position. He still has a smile and a courteous greeting for his old teachers but not the smile and greeting of old. There is a gulf between him and the Fathers. The reason? The divinely beautiful religion of Jesus which so fascinated the adolescent youth, takes on quite a different aspect when social and economic claims of family life, when ambitions and passion and all the other snares of his surroundings, exert their influence upon his once beautiful, sincere soul."

• Catholics in mission countries sometimes have to rise to real heights of heroism in the fight against the demands of strong pagan customs. You are asked to pray not only that they may have the courage to surmount these obstacles but also that the work of the missionaries in attempting to establish Christian social conditions may succeed.

KATERI

a BRIGHT LIGHT



A modern Kateri, the white eagle feather symbolizes the closeness of the wearer to the Great Spirit.

ON the morning of January 3, 1943 a Pontifical Document was signed and published in Rome. It proclaimed officially that a native born American was entitled to be called "Venerable" because of her heroic virtues. The major portion of that Document follows:

"DECREE APPROVED BY HIS HOLINESS POPE PIUS XII DECLARING HEROIC THE VIRTUES OF THE SERVANT OF GOD THE VENERABLE CATHARINE TEKAKWITHA.

"Very truly is God wonderful in His sanctuaries, but far more wonderful in His saints, 'for the saints,' as St. Robert Bellarmine aptly remarks (Explan, in Ps. 67), 'are God's really genuine sanctuaries' since they are the living temples of the Holy Ghost, Who dwells in them, according to the Apostle: For you are the temple of the living God, as God saith: I will dwell in them, and walk among them; and I will be their God, and they shall be My people. (2 Cor. 6, 16)

"IN a special manner God appears wonderful in the Indian Virgin Catharine Tekakwitha, leading her by His grace amidst a people most corrupt and steeped in heathen errors; protecting her by His Providence as by a strong shield. On her part grace was not idle, for with her co-operation it led

her wondrously to acquire heroic virtues. In the life of this virgin this assuredly stands out vividly.

"The blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians', said Tertullian; no wonder, then, that after the martyrdom of eight missionaries of the Society of Jesus, who were put to death for Christ, between 1642 and 1649, after preaching to the Indians of those regions—among them Saints Isaac Jogues and John de Lalande suffered martyrdom in the very village of Ossernenon—no wonder a white lily should spring up there, flourish marvelously and suffuse with the sweetest fragrance of virtue, first her tribespeople, and then the Church.

IN the year 1674, Father James de Lamberville was earnestly engaged in teaching the people catechism at Caughnawaga. The year following, by a strange disposition of Divine Providence, this same missionary unexpectedly came across Tekakwitha. Admiring her exceptional mental gifts and her soul endowed with a Christian sense, he united her, ahead of the catechumens, with the body of the Church by the sacrament of baptism on the holy day of Easter, 1676, naming her Catharine.

These Indian girls re-enacted the scene with intricate designs in beads.



IT in a VAST DARKNESS

“AFTER carefully observing the fervent piety of the neophyte, he did all he could to further God’s design, by giving her a rule and way for leading a more perfect life, which Catharine began to follow most faithfully. This way of life aroused the envy and rage of the enemy of mankind, who strove by manifold temptations to discourage and allure her from the practice of virtue; but calumnies, continued scoldings in her home, ridicule, threats of death and starvation were all in vain, for confiding in God, lest she should lose her faith, this most valiant virgin overcame them all. Prudently, however, reflecting that to remain in that place would expose her faith and morals to too much danger, she took counsel with Father de Lamberville, left home secretly and betook herself to the Mission of St. Francis Xavier at the Sault, where there were none but Christ’s faithful. There, under the direction of Fathers of the Society of Jesus, she made such progress in the practice of virtue that, contrary to custom, she was permitted to receive for the first time the Body of Christ only twenty months after receiving baptism.

Catharine lived just three years after this; brilliant with the splendor of all the virtues, which in the last

Kateri Tekakwitha was once an American girl. All but the last three years of her life were spent forty miles west of Albany 300 years ago. She never remembered her mother and father; they died when she was a baby. The only home she knew was in a savage village filled with indescribable filth. Her guardians were degenerate savages. Her companions were vicious perverts. Yet this young girl, amid all that degradation and through all her growing years, kept herself pure and gentle. She was eighteen the first time she ever saw a missionary; twenty when she was baptized, twenty-one at her first communion. Three years later she died. Only twenty-four years of life were given her on earth.

Recently in Rome, a group of learned priests and Cardinals put aside for a while all the worries of the war to study her life. At the end, on January 3, 1943, the Pope proclaimed her virtues “heroic.” Now the little American girl belongs to all the world.

The girls in the accompanying pictures are American Indian girls of today on Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, So. Dakota, shown in scenes from a drama on Kateri’s life. Kateri is their Princess. They are the flowers she planted when she was just an American girl.

days of her life shone forth still more brilliantly. Tormented by violent pain in her whole body, often confined to bed for entire days, and consumed by burning fevers with no relief or comfort, she devoted herself to prayer and contemplation of heavenly things.

Finally on the 17th of April, the fourth day of Holy Week, in the year 1680, fortified by the most holy Body of Christ and Extreme Unction, repeating, “Jesus, I love Thee;” after a brief agony she breathed forth her most chosen soul.

“The reputation for holiness which Catharine had when living spread wonderfully after her death and keeps growing in our day, as appears by the very many letters from every group of the faithful.

“THE Most Reverend Cardinals, Official Prelates, and Fathers Consultors gave their votes, on receiving which the Most Holy Father deferred publishing his decision until today in order that after repeated prayer God might deign to bestow on his mind greater light.

“Wherefore, having summoned the Cardinal undersigned, after devout celebration of Mass, His Holiness proclaimed:

“It has been proved, in this instance and for the purpose under consideration, that the theological virtues of Faith, Hope, Love of God and neighbor, and the cardinal virtues, Prudence, Justice, Temperance, Fortitude, and subordinate virtues of the Venerable Servant of God, Catharine Tekawitha, were heroic.’”

“Kateri. Their beautiful gowns reveal excellent workmanship.



BLACKOUTS MAKE YOU THINK

Anthony J. Adams, S.J.

AT 9:00 p.m. Mountain War Time the tower bell at Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, rang its first blackout warning. In less than sixty seconds not a single light could be seen. To complete the blackout, low-drifting clouds masked the moon and dripped a bit on the lightless landscape.

The children of the Mission were already in bed. Only the appointed wardens kept watch out of doors. My station was not far from Chief Red Cloud's tomb on Cemetery Hill overlooking the Mission grounds. Behind me laughed the creek as it leaped over an irrigation dam; beyond in the hills rose the plaintive howl of a coyote; over in the cut there was a momentary splash of light and then the slam of a door as an Indian stepped from his cabin; peace—then suddenly, down the trail, came the pagan beat of a tom-tom, sign of a peyote meeting. The rhythmic beat of the tom-tom persisted, and in its pagan accent seemed to mock the silence of the chapel cross silhouetted against the broken sky—blackout, blackout, Mission blackout; and before my eyes tramped the heroes of foreign missions in the Philippines, China, India, Iraq, round the world.

IN itself the tom-tom had no connection with the practice blackout, in fact its very incongruity is what focused my attention. While hundreds of our own Mission boys at sea and on foreign soils were fighting to preserve our heritage, here at home one small group performed a ritual that makes travesty of the true Religion. That small group loomed in the darkness as a symbol of the pagan philosophy of life.

Blackout, blackout, Mission blackout thumped the tom-tom, and there

rose the vision of foreign missions reduced to rubble; years of labor blasted by bombs; youth behind guns instead of desks; brave missionaries too busy saving the present to plan for the future.

But why let all the lights go out at all? Under the silent cross one light burned on. It was not seen from the outside, but it was burning all the same in its crimson cup before the altar. If other lights are to brighten foreign missions, they will be taken from the flame of our light. Wherever that light burns, there will be prayers and sacrifices offered to God and a harvest of souls on earth in return.

IT may sound strange for a home missionary to plead the cause of the foreign missions—but are we not One Body with Christ as our Head? Have we not one Lord over all? Shall we lose graces for ourselves if we pray for others who are in need? I pray that your boys and our own Mission Indian boys will not have fought, suffered and bled in vain, when I pray that the Missions be not blacked out forever; that the Light of the World may shine in the hearts of all men.

(Top) In a religious pageant Indian boys draw light for the world from the Tabernacle lamp in the Church. (Below) An Indian teaches the other nations the story of Calvary, he heard the "blackrobe" preach to his people.





Mission Views and Horizons

Count Your Blessings

It happened after the fall of Hong Kong where the Irish Jesuits conducted themselves so heroically. Seven thousand living skeletons squat, where they can, behind the barbed wires of a Japanese prison camp. Emaciated, pallid, miserable, they wait for the Padre to speak. Eyes glazed with suffering stare up at him from that vast congregation. What message would he have for them this Sunday morning? His opening words startle them "Men look around you and count your blessings." Heads turn from left to right in amazement. Then drawn faces slowly relax, some even smile. The priest had brought home to them a half forgotten fact; they were still alive.

The above incident forestalls any accusation of behaving ostrich fashion as we deliberately turn our backs upon blackened mission ruins and pause for a moment during this season of Thanksgiving to count our blessings. In spite of damage and death and the war clouds still lowering over the mission fields there have been many signs of God's blessing upon our work.

Testament of Faith

It is true that four of our missionaries were killed. They gave the supreme testament of their Faith sealing it with their blood. Long after the ravages of war have disappeared from their land the memory of these priests will live and bear

fruit in the generations to come. It is true that about two hundred American Jesuits are interned as prisoners of war. These men could have escaped but they willed to stick to their posts and suffer with their people. The Testament of such love will not easily be forgotten even by pagans. When they will preach again as free men who shall measure the eager response on the part of their adopted people? These are God's blessings in disguise. The fulness of the Divine plan in these instances is unseen, as yet, by men.

A more recent and definite sign of God's blessing is the fact that twenty-seven American Jesuits arrived this past Summer in foreign mission fields. About half of them went through enemy waters and actual war zones to reach their destination. All came through safely.

Only two of our mission fields, China and the Philippines, were heavily damaged by actual war. The others, though some were threatened with invasion and all suffered economical hardships and shortages, have not only carried on but actually expanded their work. We are grateful that war with all its horrors by-passed these missions.

Our Armed Forces have met these soldiers of Christ in many distant ports. Through them they enjoyed the consolation of Mass and the Sacraments. Many of these American Jesuits have added to their missionary work by becoming auxiliary chaplains in India, in Alaska, in the Middle East and in

the Caribbean area. The missionary's knowledge of climate and land and people has been placed at the disposal of American soldiers, sparing hardship and saving lives. The reservoir of good will the missionaries have gained through the years reflects itself in the reception our soldiers are receiving in these foreign ports. By letter and by word of mouth these soldiers have sung the praises of fellow Americans whom they neither knew nor appreciated until the exigencies of global war carried them all over the world. Never before this global war had there arisen such an opportunity to present the "mission idea" to the American public. Their own sons, now tell them what American missionaries are doing in foreign lands.

People, burdened for centuries with caste system and social customs that militated against conversion are attracted to the American way of life, the way of free men. A gradual evolution is taking place there. Nations hitherto isolated and content with a life of servitude because they knew no other, are opening their eyes, as the armies of the West roll through their jungles and villages. Beneath the spell of this attraction and mutual exchange of ideas the Christian leaven may work without former restraint. From it may spring a new golden age for the missions. Such are a few of the blessings we foresee as the searchlight beams of God's Providence play across the night, across the darkness of a world at war. JOHN P. DEEVEY, S.J.

THE MEN of the ATENEO



THEY were the gay cadets, the Sunday soldiers,
Gold braid gallants, fierce in tarbucket and sabre,
Marching in the sunshine on fiestas.

They were the pride of Manila,
Men of democracy's last free fortress,
Men of the West Point of the Islands,
Men of the Ateneo.

These were the blessings that hovered over their banners:
Loyola's spirit, commando-strength of the Church,
Don Diego the Greater, Apostle and Knight of the West,
And Mary, Mother of the Spanish Artillery,
Queen of the Alcazar.

They were the men, two thousand of them, remember,
Who marched when the peril came,

(Two hundred of them under age, who should have
stayed with their mothers),

The small men with the faces of children,
And hearts of leopards under their shirts.
Remember Bataan, and who were first in the fighting,
Remember the Sunday soldiers
And the red blood fresh on the bayonets.
Think of the battle shocks of Corregidor
And the Aves shouted over the guns.

Keep them, Mother of the Republic,
Cover them with your mantle!

Bless their resolve and ours,

Oh! Queen of the Ateneo,
Lady of Victory.



• Afield WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES

FOUR IRISHMEN ARRIVE

• The biggest news of the moment from Baghdad on the Tigris is that of the safe arrival of the first contingent of the new men assigned to that mission during the past Summer. **Father Clement J. Armitage** describing the event says that "even in the dust filled air of Baghdad there still linger the strains of a week old *'Te Deum'*. I doubt if you could know the depths of our gladness" he continues "as we gaze on the beaming faces of **Fathers Casey, Connell, McCarthy and Shea.**

• "Our dream ship finally came in, three weeks ago, with its precious cargo of faculty. The boys are all looking fit and hefty and they certainly fill the empty chairs that we have been so sorrowfully pondering for so long a time. In fact they look so well that we can easily understand the report that the British officials in Basrah found a trifle disturbing. 'Four Irishmen with twenty tons of luggage have just arrived'. The tons should have read 'pieces' but the appearance of the men themselves certainly lends weight to an easy mistake. We had no idea that they were anywhere near 'the land between the rivers' until a telephone call came in one blistering morning. It came in several times and **Father Sarjeant** and **Father Madaras** took turns answering it. Finally they com-

plied notes and a wild thought burst upon them . . . so wild that they didn't dare give expression to it. One call from someone named Casey . . . another call from some McCarthy. Oh if it were only possible to ask a question or two before the contact was broken! Then suddenly a roar at the doorway and in walked the four long-lost Prodigal Fathers!

JUST IN TIME TOO

• "The uproar lasted for a good week at the end of which the new arrivals, with the exception of Father Casey, went on retreat for eight days ending yesterday, the feast of St. Ignatius. It was the only way to quiet them down . . . or it might be more truthful to say the only way that the rest of us could quiet down. After all, it has been four long years since any replacements have come and during those years we have lost five men from our community. We had just reached the point where we were telling each other's stories as if they had happened to us. That, my boy, is what you call a crisis.

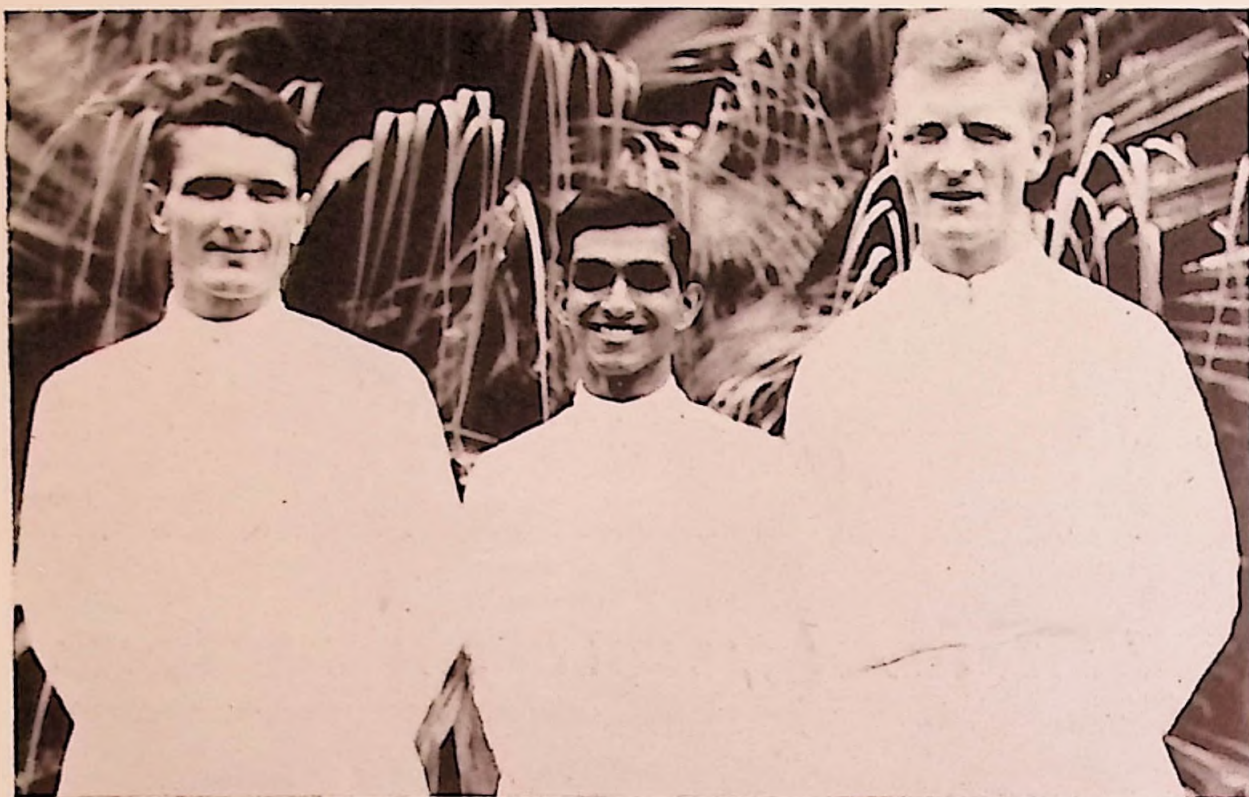
ROYAL WELCOME

• "Everything for the last month centers around the new arrivals. They have been out renewing old acquaintances, visiting the hierarchy, etc. Tonight the Alumni

of the school are running a 'Welcome Party' in their honor. In short, the school is taking on a new lease of life. I won't say just how much the new men are responsible but at the present moment applications for the coming year have been pouring in. If the three other Baghdadis on the status arrive I'm not sure how much room there will be for the boarders. Last year we had a separate house for a dozen of them besides converting several of the Fathers' rooms in the residence into a boarders' quarters. Now the extra house is gone and it looks as if it will be impossible to get another one. The additional Fathers will force us to take back the rooms used by the boarders and so we may not be able to accept any new boys at all. Much the same situation prevails in the school where the number of applicants as day students is mounting alarmingly . . . and last year we were strapped for room. We haven't dared send words to **Father Devenny** (who with **Father Mifsud** is quaffing the sea breezes of the Lebanon) about the situation for we fear he might refuse to return.

DON'T SPOIL THEM

• **Father Sargeant, S.J.**, Superior of the Baghdad mission, picks up the account from here. "Fathers Casey, Connell, Shea and Mc-



(Left to right) Revs. Joseph O'Brien, Ignatius Vellingat and Robert Wilkinson to be ordained this month at St. Mary's Kurseong, India, for the Patna Mission.

Carthy were looking fine and the welcome they received rather amazed the Captain who had transported them here, and who told us that he thought the welcome would be rather 'formal'. We had all been regaled for the past week with news from home, developments in the Province, and many of the best 'moron' jokes so popular in the States! The Fathers walked into some 'date' weather, breathless, humid days with high temperatures—'good for the dates' the locals say, but not very good for men who eat the dates. However, there is no use of spoiling the new-comers—they are due for a hard life! They have already been out to 'tea' (which also means 'talk') and to a fish-spit with one of their old students. Several of the old boys have been up to see them; and considering that we are some distance from the city and the temperatures are up, it would not be rash to say that the boys too are glad of their return. Besides the Masses of thanksgiving which were said, a TE DEUM was sung at Benediction on Sunday for their safe arrival in spite of all war obstacles. They will be much more useful here than floating in rubber suits on the briny deep.

Our three scholastics cannot be blamed for having mixed motives of joy at the arrival of the new men; for it means that, God granting them a safe voyage too, they will be able to begin their theology next year instead of postponing yet another year their ordination to the priesthood by a fifth year of regency. They are now awaiting news of the departure of their boat.

• "The angels still seem to be hovering over this work. There is no one here now—and we are not all irrational optimists—who does not think that God has great purposes to be fulfilled by this work here. Our chief concern now is not finding students, but finding men and money to seize the opportunities that are presenting themselves now and may never come again. But God will care for that too."

ONLY A SCORPION!

• And now a word from one of the new arrivals, Father Joseph Connell, S.J. "We are having the pleasure of Father Merrick's company for the nonce. Father Casey has packed off to take his place for a month. Fathers Shea and Sheehan returned from northern sections to celebrate the feast of

the Assumption with us. We wonder if Father Shea is slipping into the 'ma iukhallif' (nothing matters) attitude. One morning he put on his shoes leisurely, noticed one was very tight, removed it and out dropped a sizable scorpion. No damage was done. We trust that Father will shake his shoes henceforward before he puts them on.

JUST LIKE A NATIVE

• "One of the nicer things happened several weeks ago. We were invited to a welcome party by former students. Organization is not a well-developed quality in these parts. We expected to meet a handful of boys and listen to as many long speeches as there were boys. What was our surprise when we walked into the grounds of a grammar school (begun and conducted by former grads) to find that approximately one hundred young men were gathered to welcome us. All were former students; none of the present student body contributed to the number. We heard two flattering speeches, enjoyed a buffet lunch under a string of colored lights. Then Father Casey amazed all present by expressing our gratitude in a ten minute Arabic speech. The entire affair was most heartening. We have since twitted the rector about having sent Father Casey off to learn another language just as he has succeeded in getting a toe-hold on Arabic."

ALASKA

• King Island is a mountain jutting out of the Bering Sea. Around the base live the Eskimos who for forty years have been cared for by Father La Fortune, S.J. Recently the frost cracked open crevices so wide that huge boulders dropped off the cliffs, bounding, splitting, and carrying with them loose stones. They punched holes in the walls of houses, and the church, and knocked all the stations from one

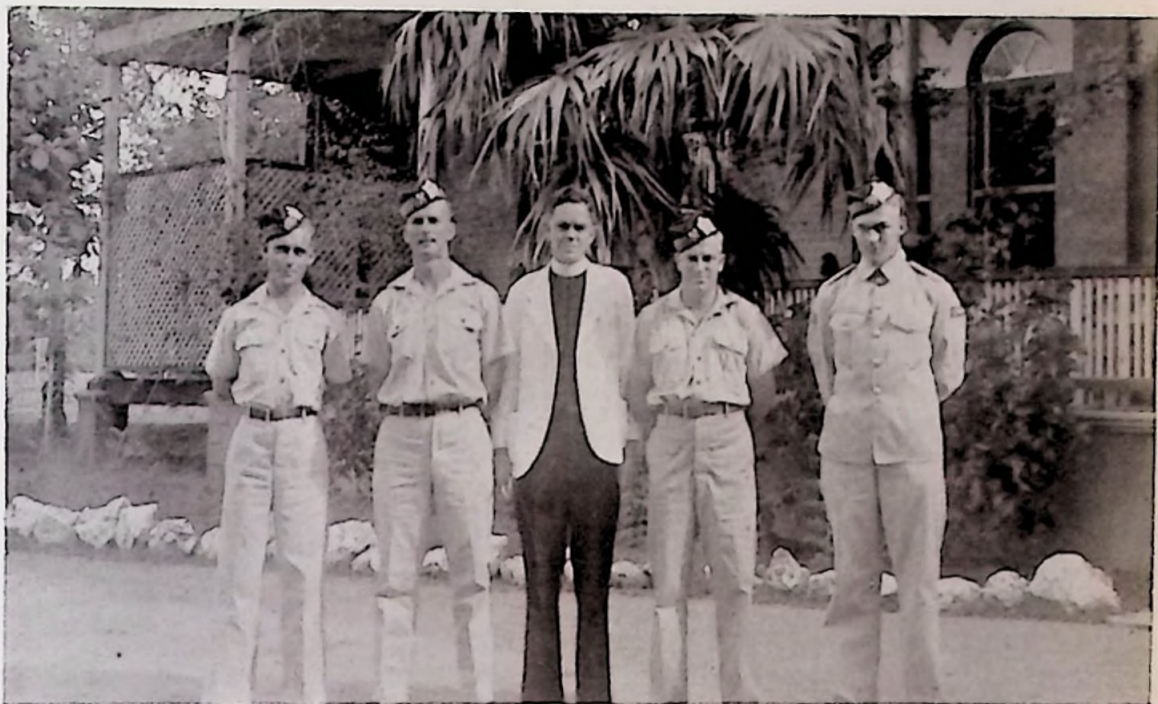
wall. If the disintegration continues, the people may be forced to move from their ancient home on the Rock.

A full blooded Eskimo with the first name of Ignatius has just entered the Novitiate in Oregon to become a lay brother.

Father Joseph A. Balfe, S.J., formerly pastor in Yakima, Wash. has been appointed pastor in Fairbanks."

BRITISH HONDURAS

• Father John T. Newell, S.J. is now at Corozal, B. H. in the heart of the country destroyed by the



Soldiers of a Canadian Regiment stop off at Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I., and meet Father Richard A. Drea, S.J., port chaplain.



(Above) Rev. Thomas F. Hussey and (below) Rev. John J. Williams, former missionaries of Baghdad, also ordained at Kurseong, India. The war prevented them from returning home in 1941.

hurricane last year and not yet rebuilt. He writes that two hundred dollars could do wonders at the mission. The town is beautifully located, facing the green Caribbean, with a long stretch of mainland visible across the bay. The houses are half hidden in the trees connected only by paths that wind from one to another. The shore is lined with coconut groves. The citrus fruit is indescribably luscious. The people are Yucatacans, of native and Spanish descent, from nearby Mexico, refugees, attractive and readily approachable. American Protestants and some communist agitators are trying to get in among the Catholics.

CEYLON

• The first word in a long time came from Father John T. Linehan, S.J. in Batticaloa, Ceylon. "Not for over a year have we had a scare from the Japs. With the new MacArthur offensive, there is little likelihood that they will try now, except in desperation. There is a delay in getting supplies, but the help you sent us has proved a godsend."

INDIA

• Five American Jesuits are being ordained at Kurseong, India, this November, two from the

Chicago Province, who are assigned to the Patna Mission, and two from New England who could not get home to the U. S. from Iraq. With them will be a native Indian now assigned to Patna mission. As is customary when men are ordained far from home, a commemorative first Mass is to be said in the home parishes of the five men; in Chicago for Father Joseph O'Brien, in Cleveland for Father Robert Wilkinson, in Mattapan, Boston, for Father John Williams, and in Worcester, Mass. for Father Thomas Hussey. Father Ignatius Vellingatt, the Indian priest, will have a commemorative Mass in his home parish of Palai, Travincore, celebrated by his uncle, assisted by his brother and a relative. Four of the five attended Jesuit High Schools or colleges.

• Father Bertram Ernst, S.J., one of our faithful correspondents, usually has a "snake story." This time he killed a very large and lively one, but was disappointed to have to relate that it was not very deadly. It was in his way as he went to Mass. Father Bonnot, S.J. and Father Welz-miller, S.J. both report that there is an ever increasing amount of looting going on, some of it accompanied with violence, because of the exorbitant price of food.



*“I have set thee for a light to the Gentiles
to be a means of salvation
to the very ends of the earth.”* (A. A. XIII, 47)

1,157,100,000 non-Christians in the world
22,000,000 Catholics in the United States
85% of Catholic missionaries are from Europe

*The eyes of the **WORLD** are upon **US!***

COMMUNICATIONS

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

A NEW APPEAL

To the Editor:

I was delighted to hear the magnificent response to your appeal for Chaplain subscriptions. It occurred to me that it might also be a part of Catholic Action to launch a campaign for gift subscriptions to be donated for public libraries. Certainly a large number of people visit the reading rooms. JESUIT MISSIONS would do much to instruct the world about the global campaign of the Catholic Church to bring the only true and lasting peace, the Peace of Christ the King.

I trust that my idea meets with your approval. I also hope you are most successful in your appeal to your zealous subscribers to sponsor this new project for fostering interest in the missions of the Catholic Church.

My prayers for your continued success.
Washington, D. C. E. S.

ST. ANTHONY, GUIDE

To the Editor:

Enclosed is ten dollars in defense stamps for my own renewal to the JESUIT MISSIONS. It is a "must" magazine in my house, as it keeps me right up to date with the truth of what is going on in the world—the only truth being what God is doing in this sorry world through His Church.

I am trusting St. Anthony to get this billet doux to you so that I can save the price of registration for the missions! How I do scrape and dig for my beloved missions!

With every possible blessing upon your missions and missionaries.
Hollywood, Calif. F. H. M.

FROM "DOWN-UNDER"

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find a draft on a year's subscription to your splendid journal.

Might I be permitted to congratulate you on your really excellent production and hoping for the continued expansion of the work.

The missionary appeal in Australia is very pronounced as it appears that after the war this country will be called upon to take an ever increasing share in the evangelization of the colored races of the East.

Wishing the magazine an ever increasing sale. . . .

Sydney, N. S. W. J. D. D.

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find one year's subscription for JESUIT MISSIONS. There was a slight inconvenience in sending this order. First, it was necessary to obtain permission of the Government Headquarters. Further, the price of the subscription has been doubled, because the dollar in this part of the world is now valued at 6s. 1d. I certainly do not regret this. JESUIT MISSIONS is worth more than that—since it fosters such a noble cause. I know of no higher one than that of helping to spread God's Kingdom. Luckily, all the copies reached here safely last year except one (February), which I'm afraid went into the depths of the deep blue sea.

Thanking you for the enjoyable reading afforded by JESUIT MISSIONS, and wishing it an increased circulation.

Wanganui, N. Z. M. Gerard

A SOLDIER'S TRIBUTE

To the Editor:

"... Our missionary priests have added a brilliant page to history here on this island. When the Japs invaded the island, the priests stayed with the natives to look after their spiritual needs and the Nuns stayed to administer to the sick and to teach the children instead of deserting the natives and fleeing for their own personal safety as did all of the missionaries of other denominations. For this heroic act two priests and two Nuns paid with their lives. I think there are about four priests and possibly that many Nuns back up in the mountains with the natives whom the Japs did not find. . . ."

Somewhere in the Pacific. J. F.

To the Editor:

I have just completed a perusal of my first copy of JESUIT MISSIONS. No one could be otherwise than immensely pleased with the excellent quality of the articles. I attribute this special quality to the complete education given to all missionary fathers of the Society of Jesus.

I now am ordering a copy of "Al Baghdadi." Also I would appreciate information on your educational work and progress of missions in the Near and Middle East.

Syracuse, N. Y. W. B.

CATHOLIC HERALD

(Published in London for the World)

A Subscriber writes:

"I am whole-heartedly in sympathy with the policy of your paper in its courageous loyalty to the Holy See, regardless of political unrests too often shortsightedly pursued by Catholics. This has enabled you to support the wise attitude of President Roosevelt to defend France, a policy which is far more certain to bring the kind of peace we all want than the one you, to your lasting honor, have steadily refused to follow. . . . I congratulate you on the admirable tone of your paper, and I hope it will continue to flourish."

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IT had been raining for a day and a night; it was still coming down; and the steadiness of this monsoon downpour gave one the impression that it would continue for a long time. The narrow mud streets of Bettiah, India, were a sorry sight; they resembled small rivers rather than the thoroughfares of this, at times, busy little town. Here and there were small islands, apparently safe stepping-stones over the ankle-deep pools; but they proved to be no more than heaps of mud into which the passer-by sunk shin-deep. The tiled or thatched roof houses huddled side by side, contributed their water to the abundance already in the street.

Glancing now and then into a house one could see pots and tins of various sizes catching the water which poured through a leak in the roof; and where sufficient tins were lacking one found a huge pool on the floor, and the perishable goods of the house piled high on a bed or a cabinet to avoid being damaged. Many a house could not withstand the heavy downpour, huge chunks of hard packed mud—the surface of the house—were washed away.

NOW and then an ox cart plugged along, its giant wheels sunk deep in the mud, while the oxen slipped and splashed, shooting sprays of mud and water against the houses on either side; nor did they spare the few unfortunate people who happened to pass in the street.

Few were those abroad this day. The merchants sat forlornly in their stalls chewing "pan" or smoking "birries," and bemoaning the rain and loss of business. The blacksmiths seemed less concerned as they huddled closer to their fires and hammered away at an axle-pin or an ox-cart rim. The carpenters, too, little minded the deluge of rain. As usual they were squatting on their verandahs or in their houses, working away at odd shaped pieces of wood which would eventually form a cart wheel as tall as a man—like those piled against the outsides of their houses. Yes, their business went on as usual.

HOW it poured! Never, since I arrived in India, had I seen

Hidden Poison

Joseph P. Martin, S.J.

it rain so long without let-up, and so heavily. But I was not complaining: a heavy rain meant no school.

Unbounded was the joy with which I hung up a large sign on the school door: "No Class Today—Rain." Some there were who found only displeasure in an extra holiday. But to me, looking at the matter objectively, it seemed a blessing, a most undisguised blessing. It gave me the opportunity of writing a few letters and studying Hindi. On this particular day I settled down to my Hindi novel, "Tam Kaka ki Kutiya," more commonly known as Uncle Tom's Cabin. Eliza had fled with her child and was having a tough time of it. (So was I, for Hindi will always be more or less a foreign language for me). So, Eliza and I were both pushing on; she hoping to escape from Haley, and I hoping to get her across the ice before lunch. She was just approaching the bank of the river when I heard a bang at the door.

"COME in," I bellowed, trying to make myself heard above the roar of pelting rain on the roof. In stepped Pascal. Since my first days in Bettiah we had been friends. He was everybody's friend. He began by being a friend of the Lord, a real pillar of the church, keeping up the family tradition which dated back 200 years since its conversion. It was most edifying to watch that man in church. When he received Holy Communion, his face used to brighten and he seemed to be completely in another world. He was the special friend of all the Fathers: he would go out of his way or stop his work in order to greet a Father passing down the street. "God's

friends are my friends, so I salaam them," he used to say. He was all things to all men; so simple and sincere that it was a real pleasure to converse with the kind old man.

"My heavens Pascal, what brings you out on a day like this? Is something wrong? Are you sick?"—all in my best Hindi.

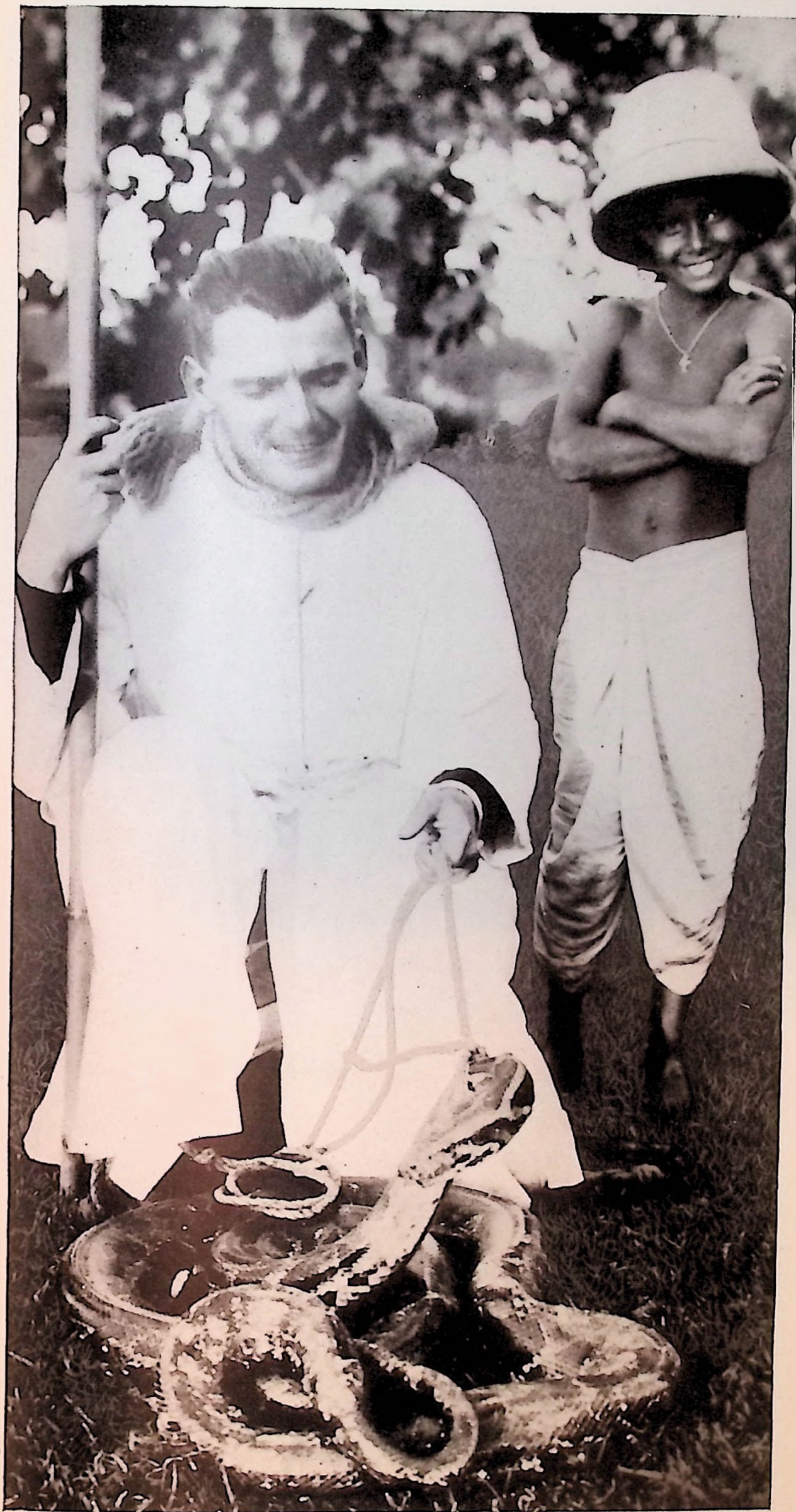
"Father, maybe something bit me," came his excited answer as he tremblingly pulled up his shirt sleeve. "Look, a wound, maybe from a snake; I don't know."

I LOOKED at the "wound" on his arm, just above the wrist. It was nothing but a tiny scratch. "I was carrying a log from my wood pile into my house. I saw no snake, but when I set the log down, I saw this wound."

Just then, Father Kevin Angelo, S.J., passing by on the verandah, saw Pascal and stopped in to inquire about the old man's daughter who was sick. But old Pascal gave Father no chance to speak; he at once began to tell him all about his wound.

Father Angelo was quite concerned, seeing the usually calm Pascal now so excited. He questioned him for symptoms of snake bite, did he feel any pain? any giddiness? any exhaustion? When Pascal answered all in the negative, Father was greatly perplexed. "Just a scratch from the log, Pascal; but, come; I'll give you some snake-bite remedy, just to play safe. But then, you run across the way to the hospital too; the doctor will be able to judge at once whether it is a bite or not."

What a day! The rain was still coming down in full-sized car loads. It looked like a second Deluge.



Father James R. Gibbon, S.J., examines a wicked looking snake, much longer than the deadly cobra which poisoned old Pascal.

Puddles had now become small lakes, and the dark clouds overhead gave no promise of a let-up. I was again deep in my Hindi novel, and had seen Eliza safely over the ice. Haley was giving vent to his anger caused by the disappointment of having just missed the young lass—when suddenly there was the sound of small feet splashing rapidly through the puddles of water on the church verandah, and then the excited cry, "Father! Father!" We all rushed out to find a small lad, thoroughly soaked and splattered with mud, wide-eyed with excitement and panting heavily.

"PASCAL . . . Pascal . . . he dies; he calls you; come now, come quick." In two minutes Father Angelo and I were splashing recklessly along the muddy road in the direction of Pascal's house. Others met us along the road, urging us to hurry, and pointing out short-cuts through the narrow water-filled lanes. Soon we reached the house, a small mud and brick affair with a thatched roof, an extremely humble house for the humble old Pascal.

We found him in great pain, gasping for breath, and making an heroic effort to retain consciousness. He saluted us as we entered, even managed a faint smile. "Father, I die now. You will hear my confession?" In a short time his confession was heard and the last Sacraments administered. A heavenly peace settled over Pascal's face. His pain seemed less. Smiling he patted the hand of his wife who knelt near him. Once more he looked at us and then closed his eyes.

His feeble hands slowly thumbed his Rosary, his lips moved ever so slightly. No one dared speak; we knew Pascal was communing with his Lord Whom he had so tried to imitate and Whom he would shortly see face to face.

Suddenly—a shout from the road, then, into the house tramped Pascal's brother, bearing on the end of his long stick a snake, the deadliest of snakes, a five-foot cobra—now quite dead. But Pascal would never see his murderer. The old man's breathing had ceased; kind-hearted, cheerful old Pascal had gone Home.



NEW BOOKS



The Apostle

A novel based on the Life of St. Paul
Sholem Asch

Sholem Asch's latest book should really be considered under three aspects; psychologically, from the author's point of view; artistically as a novel; and theologically as a book on Christian teachings and their origins.

Deep sincerity was required for a Jew to treat honestly the Christian claim that Jesus Christ is the Promised Messiah whose Kingdom is the fulfillment of Israel's long expectation. Of the author, I think it can be said that he was wholly sincere even if only partly right. If this book will lead other Jewish leaders and thinkers to seek *further*, seriously and sincerely, for the fulfillment of the Promise in Christianity then the book will have done a much needed good.

Unfortunately, that is the only thing that could make this long novel "important." It has too many defects to be a great novel: turgid, diffuse descriptions, digressions which really distract from the story, discussions which labor points without clarifying them (because they are not clear to Sholem Asch), inconsistencies of character which make the reader uneasy, and the glaring defect of not having a unified theme. Christianity was bigger than Paul; he was a vital, dynamic part of it, but only a part, and the whole picture simply could not be grouped around his life. There are some magnificent unforgettable passages in the book, superabundant information (and some misinformation), and from beginning to end, reverence for what he seems to believe is the Christian belief. Yet the many good points do not suffice to make it a great novel.

His primary purpose was not to write just a novel, anyway. His chief concern was theological, as his own epilogue clearly states. The novel was a convenient form in which to popularize his findings. It offered a certain freedom to add details of his own imagining and to omit details of history. The most significant omission is the key to the whole theological failure of the book: Sholem Asch began his story with Pentecost and left out the Coming of the Holy Ghost. From then on, he deals with utterly sincere, devoted, and reverent Christians who are left to grope as best they can in carrying out what they remember of Christ's teachings. And so the New Testament is not inspired by God but merely by their own devotion to Christ's memory. The Apostles are not guided by the Spirit of Truth who was promised to them by Christ but

are merely encouraged to hold fast to His teachings out of their wonderful love of and heroic loyalty to Him. They are unmistakably grand people, and are portrayed with unfeigned admiration of their heroism as few Jews in history have ever written about them.

But the initial error dominates the whole book. Christianity was the work of prayerful human minds, especially the forceful mind of Paul. Christianity is presented as a man-made fulfillment—and as such, persuasive, beautiful, and magnificently proclaimed—of God's promise to Israel and through Israel to the world. It is not—yet—in Sholem Asch's mind, God's own fulfillment of His own promise which is the only thing sincere Jews can accept. All because the author began his novel with Pentecost and left out the Coming of the Holy Ghost.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, N. Y., \$3.00.

Underground from Hong Kong Benjamin A. Proulx

If this were not the grim actual account of the fall of Hong Kong it would be a nightmare of unbelievable horrors. Overnight the barriers of civilization were down. Men who enjoyed a leisurely colonial life spending their time in official parleys and cocktail parties and sports and the simple pleasures of their family circle woke up one morning to hear the roar of bombers coming over the mountains. Before they knew it the Japs were swarming over them like locusts. Without leadership, with lines of communication broken all was confusion. The stand of the English was pathetic yet you have to admire the casual recklessness with which the civilians and soldiers accepted their fate, endured and died. Some survived. The author is one such. This is the story realistically told of what he saw and how he escaped.

E. P. Dutton & Co., Inc., New York, \$2.50.

God Infinite, The World and Reason

William J. Brosnan, S.J., Ph.D.

Like the two sister volumes "God and Reason" and "God Infinite and Reason" this third volume is a masterpiece of clarity of thought and fine chiseling of accurate ideas about God and His relation to all creation as ascertained by the intellect of man without recourse to divinely revealed truths for proof. In seven theses divided into carefully arranged prenotes, adversaries, proofs, corollaries, scholia and objections against each thesis, Father Brosnan, a veteran lecturer of Philosophy and Natural the-

ology for more than two generations, treats in strict scholastic form God's knowledge of the Future from every aspect, His creation of the world, His cooperation with the actions of creatures and His providence over the objects of His creation. Thinking readers will welcome Father Brosnan's masterly resume of modern thought on this subject contained in the Introduction.

Fordham University Press, New York, \$2.25.

Morals and Marriage

T. G. Wayne

Appearing for the first time in an American edition is this excellent treatise on a question openly discussed and written about by many who were incompetent to mention it. Against the background of Catholic theology sex is here mainly treated not as a biological or hygienic function but in terms of the deepest human friendship, penetrated in every part with the sacramental grace of marriage.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York, \$1.50.

The Eternal Purpose

Blanche Mary Kelly

Catholics are not too familiar with the Bible. Yet it is the inspired word of God, written for us and there are many beautiful passages therein to console and comfort us. The author has searched the Scriptures for these passages revealing God's eternal purpose for men in this excellent little volume, lest we forget.

Harper & Brothers, New York, \$1.50.

Welcome

Isabel C. Clarke

The tone of this Jamaican romance is soundly Catholic and to those who delight in introspection will prove intensely interesting. Due to this constant soul study the story does not move along fast enough for the reader who has little or no sympathy for the finer and delicately woven bonds of friendship and love. Only a woman with an eye for detail and responsive to the smallest breath of emotion could handle the theme so well. During the past three years Miss Clarke has absorbed much of the topography, tradition and ways of Jamaica. These she has woven well into her story.

Longmans Green & Co., New York, \$2.50.

Siberia

Emil Lengyel

A land of undeveloped and amazing potentialities is Siberia. In the time of the Czars it was considered a vast prison house, a wasteland of frozen steppes for political exiles. This book written by one who first entered Siberia as a prisoner

of war, then revisited it twice afterwards, lifts the veil of secrecy surrounding that land for centuries. It shows how Soviet Russia is intent upon developing this vast hinterland of five million square miles. Japan also has a vital interest in this Asiatic realm of Russia. Because this huge territory is only forty miles from Alaska, everyone interested in global strategy and post-war developments should know more about the land and people of Siberia. This popular history is a good introduction.

Random House, New York, \$3.75.

Tales from the Rectory

Francis Clement Kelley

"All that I have ever written . . . has for a definite objective the conquest of souls." This statement of Bishop Kelley needs no proof for readers of "Tales from the Rectory." Every story places in a new light the value of souls. The Moslem baptized on the edge of the desert, the worldly Father Ramoni, the Parisian martyrs, the man with a dead soul, the Vicar-General and the souls he failed to reach, the two pastors and a score of others—all dressed in the engaging style that sky-rocketed this book into a "Best Seller" within a month of publication and still keeps it there.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis., \$2.25.

Praying with the Poverello

Sister Mary Aloysi Kiener, S.N.D.

Sister Aloysi has amplified the lines of "Lord, make me an instrument of thy peace!" of St. Francis with her own meditative thoughts and quotations culled from recent utterances of ecclesiastical and civic leaders, thus forming a fragrant nosegay of spiritual reflections revealing the modernity of the Poverello. English versions of his "Praise of the Crucified" and "The Canticle of the Sun" complete the volume.

Frederick Pustet Co., New York & Cincinnati, \$1.50.

Chats with Jesus Vol. II

Rev. W. H. Russell, Ph.D.

This little companion volume to "Chats with Jesus Vol. I" will be a great help to those who feel that they can not meditate and will offer many wholesome reflections on the Sermon on the Mount to those who make mental prayer a daily exercise.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, \$1.00.

Africa: Facts and Forecasts

Albert Q. Maisel

After sketching Africa's part in the war and interpreting the Atlantic Charter in the light of African problems, in part three Albert Q. Maisel outlines Africa and its people by countries. Throughout this section he drones his theme: Africa has been exploited by the European powers to the detriment of Africa and Europe. Credit is given to the missionaries for their contribution to medical and educational progress, even though the bibliography appended reveals that his knowledge of mission activity is

drawn from non-Catholic sources only. The personal political views of the author injected into the Facts and Forecasts of the first and second parts of the book detract from its value.

Duell, Sloane and Pearce, New York, \$2.75.

Lighting Up Liberia

Arthur I. Hayman & Harold Preece

If one judges Liberia from the accounts of Messers Hayman and Preece it is to be feared that they will be looking at Liberia through liberal leftist lenses. That Liberian natives have been exploited needs little proof, but that the co-authors have found the solution is to be doubted. The chapters dealing with

Liberian customs are graphic, at times sensuous; those treating sociological questions are bitter and patently anti-British.

Creative Age Press, New York, \$2.50.

This Man Was Ireland

Robert Farren

Columkille was one of the great saints of Ireland. The author goes further, saying that "This Man was Ireland." To prove his contention he gathers up all the stories of the deeds and miracles of his hero and tells of the life of Columkille using the epic mould. In the telling he does impart the spirit of the golden age of Gaelic Christianity to his reader.

Sheed and Ward, New York, \$3.00.



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(Continued from page 257)

master "This is a beautiful country" or some such phrase in Spanish, a flying fish about as large as his arm, flew up from the sea and landed on the deck. Spanish went overboard during the next few minutes.

At last land was sighted. Everyone crowded to the rail to feast their eyes on the green hills of South America. Columbus and his men could have been no happier than our weary voyagers. Much to their surprise when they cast anchor they learned that they had been checked off by naval authorities as "sunk by the enemy."

For the first few days crew and passengers were confined to the ship. But our traveller bribed the guardian of the port with two pack of Camels. No sooner had he set foot on shore than a barber, standing outside his shop waiting for business, greeted him with open arms. He was whisked into a chair not unwillingly, for his locks were long, and "got the works." The barber thought he had just another Americano in his shop.



Had Mr. George Hoyt, S.J., appeared in South America in this Oriental clerical dress, common in the Middle East, he would not have been taken by mistake to a Protestant Cathedral instead of to a Jesuit residence.

He would fleece him well. The clippers clipped, the scissors clicked, the razor scraped industriously. Now pomade, powder and a brisk massage. The bill, a mere five pesos or two dollars and fifty cents! But the barber could not have known that here was an Americano from Baghdad. This American had seen shrewd merchants bargaining and haggling over prices in the market place of the City of Peace. In the end the barber settled for the customary price. Next came dinner. Our wayfarer ordered a nice juicy steak. Down there it is only twenty two cents a pound and no points are needed!

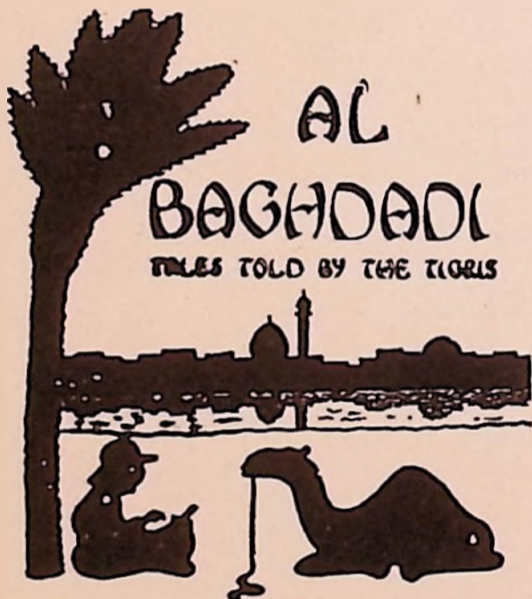
South America had many attractions to a Jesuit who had lived for four years on the banks of the Tigris. Its Cathedrals, and monuments steeped in Catholic tradition were like a breath of fresh air after the paganism of a Moslem world. In his best Spanish he inquired his way to a Jesuit Church. Either his Spanish was faulty or, more likely, due to the fact that he was not wearing a soutane, he was mistaken for a Protestant minister and directed to the Protestant Cathedral. This was rectified and soon he was welcomed by his brother Jesuits in South America. With them he celebrated the feast of St. Ignatius on July 31st.

During his brief stay he met an American, a graduate of St. Louis University, who introduced him to the American Consul and the rest of the English speaking Colony. Our young Arabissant, through

his knowledge of that tongue, was able to straighten out a misunderstanding for the American Consul with some Syrian Arabs in the city. The two weeks' delay was all too brief.

Word of numerous sinkings in Northern waters sent our voyagers on other wide detours as they left South America. One day they spotted a flight of planes coming toward them. Fear like a strong wind in the tree tops shook their hearts. Had they come so far only to be sunk when they could almost see the mainland and the shores of the United States? With a cry of joy they recognized the American star on the wings. Farther northward American balloons appeared overhead. Just outside New York Harbor they saw the wreckage of a ship, a grim reminder of what might have happened to themselves, anywhere along that 20,000 mile journey. As they passed through the submarine nets of New York Harbor the Captain turned to them and said, "you can throw your lifebelts away now." They had worn them night and day throughout.

It was dinner time when they were passing the Statue of Liberty. The Dutch Captain stood up at his place and with a voice filled with emotion said "Gentlemen, yah we will now sing 'God Bless America.'" Believe it or not, this was the first time that our American Jesuit from Baghdad had ever heard the song.



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