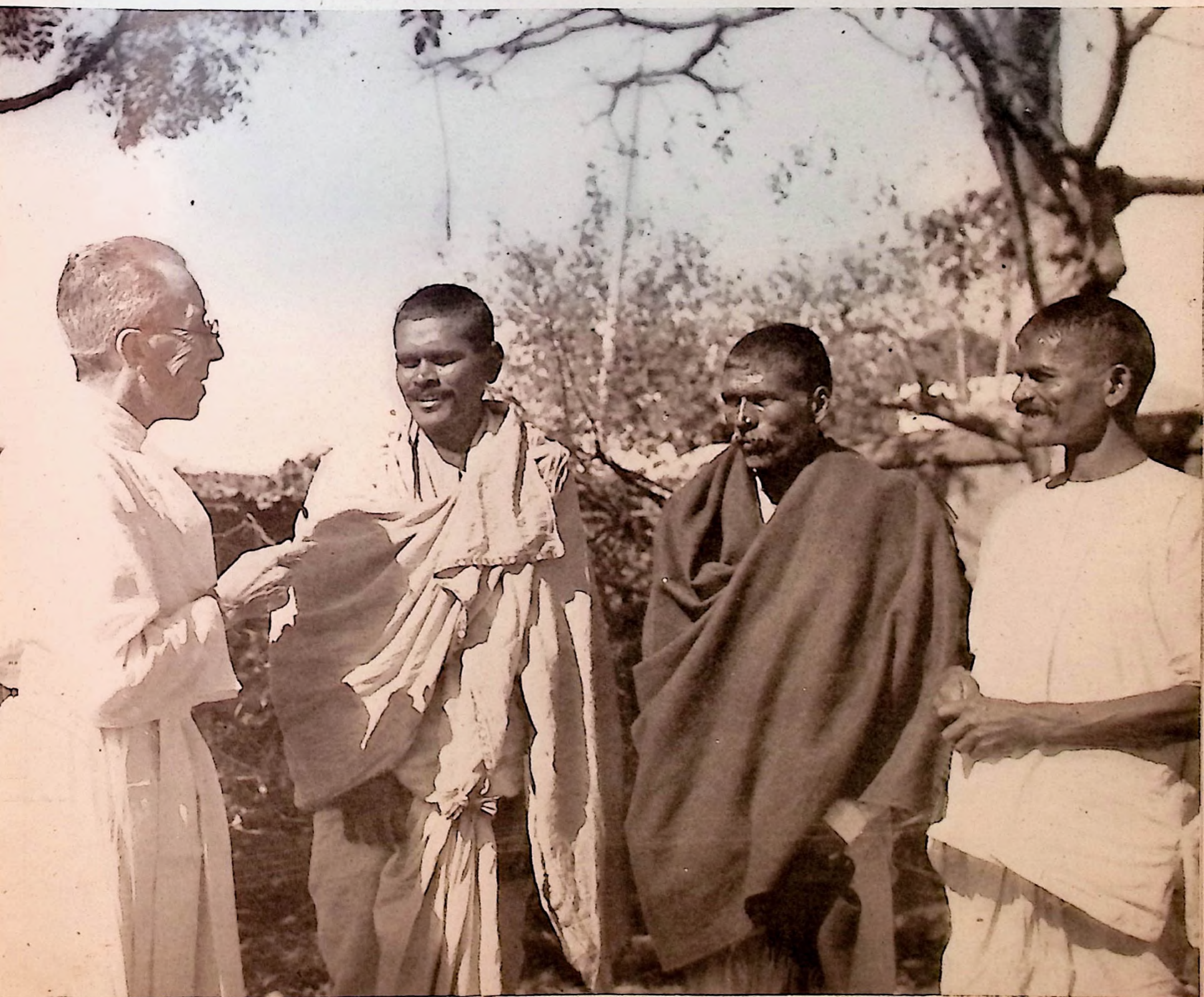


# JESUIT MISSIONS

February, 1944

Ten Cents



Mission Vocations



Even with four hands, Kali-Ma,  
Indian pagan god, can never help

# PATNA

## Our Mission of the Month

See page 50

but

Many Catholic hands can lighten the burdens  
of these India Mission Procurators

Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J., and Rev. John J. O'Connor, S.J.  
1076 West Roosevelt Road  
Chicago, Illinois

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THIS MONTH

■ Shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor, Arthur Batchelder left New York for Iran. The two years he spent there "did a great deal of good for him, but he would not care to repeat the experience." We hope soon to have an article from his pen which will tell us more about his two years in the Middle East. For the present we are grateful to him for his collaboration with Ensign Humphreys in praising the work of our missionaries in that area.



Arthur Batchelder

■ There is something awe inspiring about Mass at sea. An American went over to win the war before we actually got into it. His ship was torpedoed and he was taken prisoner. Escaping, he returned to this country and told of his experiences. Among other things he remarked that if any Catholic was losing his appreciation of the Mass he should attend one at sea. There was a congregation, bearded, dirty and unkempt. The vestments were soiled and wrinkled. An old table served for an altar and God came down into the hold of that ship. That Mass at sea meant more to him than many a one he had heard in St. Patrick's Cathedral here in New York City. Father Paul O'Connor had a like experience. He said Mass in the middle of the Arctic Ocean and describes it as one of the greatest thrills of his missionary life in Alaska.

■ If you want to find out something and don't know where to look for it consult Father Schirmann, S.J. Inside of five minutes he will place as many different authorities on your desk. He spent four years working on the colored missions in Southern Maryland. His present article is on Mission Vocations.

■ There's a picture in our mind of a redhead skimming over the hard snows of the Stockbridge bowl in Western Massachusetts. That was sixteen years ago. Father Richard Drea is now well into his fourth year as missionary in Jamaica. He spent two years at Spanishtown and one year in Kingston. He is now establishing a new parish in the suburbs. He won't find any snow for skiing in Jamaica, but in his new venture he must find some tough sledding. His present interest is in Lay Apostles. They take some of the burden off a missionary's shoulders.



Richard Drea, S.J.

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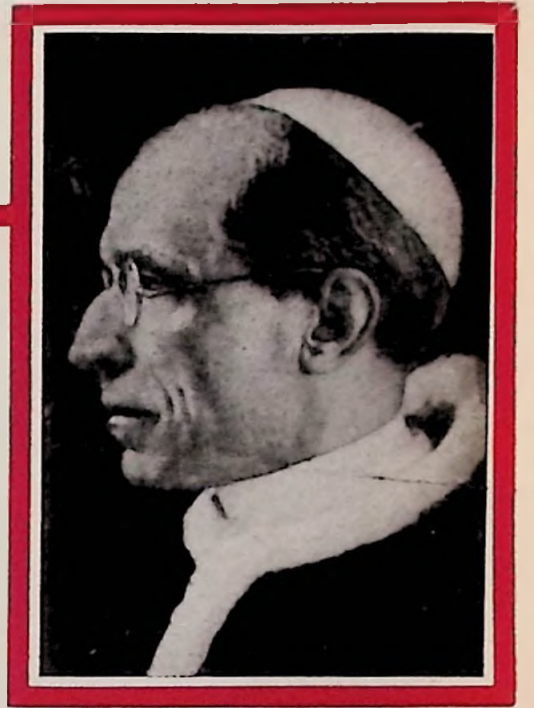
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COVER—Father Peter Sontag, S.J., veteran of the Patna mission in India, consults with three of his catechists. These men who are for the most part converts from paganism are real apostles among the Untouchables. Familiar with all the ways and customs of their people they break the ground for the priest. They form a life line of the Gospel reaching into the interior of Patna. Because of the hate of Hindu landlords they are sometimes called upon to suffer for the Faith that is in them.

# VOCATIONS

for the

## NEW WORLD



**"—Courageous Souls Ready for Anything..." Pius XII**

As we go to press word has been received from Manila that more than fifteen Filipino young men entered the Jesuit Novitiate during last year. Under the war-time conditions prevailing in the Philippines this is an amazingly large number of vocations.

PEOPLE are coming more and more to see that the Papal voice on Vatican Hill has given the world of the modern time the truest and most prophetic interpretation of the nineteenth and twentieth centuries. The encyclicals and other pronouncements of Popes Leo XIII, Pius X, Benedict XV, Pius XI and Pius XII challenge the studious attention of the finest minds of our age.

They do this not only because they teach or interpret, praise or condemn, analyze or propose, but also because they point forward to turns not yet reached in the long road ahead. Like the great classical dramas of Shakespeare they delicately foreshadow the action to come. Prophecy in the encyclicals or allocutions of the Papacy may be the prophecy of emphasis, stressing a great good or a great evil in prophetic anticipation of what has not yet come to pass. The prophecy may be more direct, as in the response of His Holiness to the assembled Cardinals of Rome on last Christmas Eve. His Holiness said: "If it be allowed us to penetrate the vision of God's designs on which the past gives light, the hard and cruel conditions of the present hour are nothing else than a prelude to the dawn of a new development in which the Church, with her mission to all peoples and for all times, will find herself faced with tasks unknown to other ages which only courageous souls ready for anything can carry to a successful conclusion."

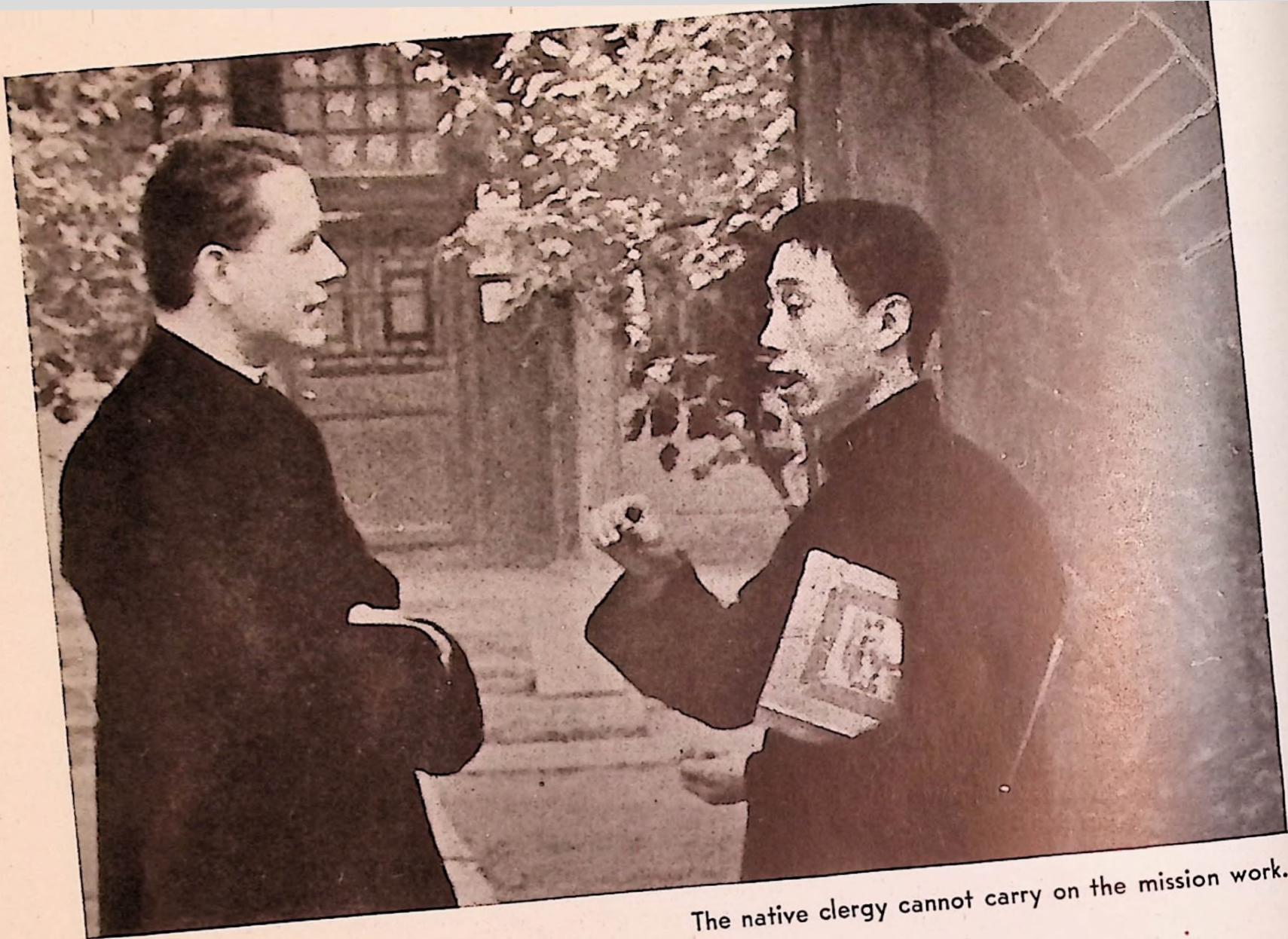
In the light of all this it may well be asked why the great modern Popes, together with Cardinals, Archbishops, Bishops and Catholic leaders of every rank, have sounded a trumpet-call for vocations to the priestly and religious life, for new auxiliaries in the marching

armies of Christ. It is not altogether that the dust of vacancy has settled down upon our churches, schools, hospitals or orphanages as upon some ghostly mansion abandoned by the dead tenants of yesterday. The Seers of the Vatican, looking down the long corridors of Tomorrow, see the clear realities there. They would seem to see the bursting forth of a great new Christ-life on almost every world front. The most significant newer front is probably the Orient. But they see not only new and wide geographical fronts. They see also a new intensity of Catholic life on the old fronts and a fuller development there of the creed of Christ into the culture of Christ.

IT may be truly said, in the light of Papal emphasis and prophecy all through the nineteenth and twentieth centuries, that the Catholic of the new order will be more of a "social Catholic," in applying more and more of his Catholic energy to the Church's patterns of social action. This might almost be a modern paraphrase of the term "vocation." Contemplative nuns exercise this vocation when they pray for society and the groups who compose it, as pastors and teachers and brothers exercise it when they labor to make strong the Mystical Body of Christ. Lay-people exercise it when they serve in the ranks under their bishops and priests.

Since the Reformation the social expression of Catholic life has been very much shortened. The genius of the good Catholic as a "social Catholic" has been somewhat restrained in its exercise. But, now, the Reformation is over. Indeed, the counter-Reformation is over.

Under the guidance of God, men and women will throng to His armies as priests and religious in the crusade of Christ's Tomorrow. Now, as then, there is social darkness and social light and the light is Christ. In the foggy days to come the bearers of His flame will move across the face of the earth "like so many lighted candles, the light of the world."



The native clergy cannot carry on the mission work.

## FAR EAST REPORT

J. J. O'Farrell, S.J.

**K**EEPING in mind the censorship regulations and exercising a prudent regard for those about whom we write, we shall attempt to give in what follows a general report on the impact of the Pacific War upon the Catholic Missions. Obviously all that space permits is to sketch an outline of the picture, to dissipate some exaggerations, to indicate a few possible trends.

In Free China, (China not occupied by the Japanese) excepting the brief internment of some Italian and German missionaries, apostolic activity has not been hampered. There has been some periodical and threatening annoyance from the Communists in North China. Besides the lack of regular and dependable communication with higher Ecclesiastical Superiors, the more serious threats to the missions in Free China are runaway inflation, lack of sufficient financial help to

hold the mission structure together and the complete stoppage of new missionaries.

Occupied China presents a much more complex picture, definitely grim and, at the moment, rather tragic in places. There is not sufficient evidence to say the Japanese are persecuting the Church, but they are unnecessarily interfering with its ordinary functioning.

**I**N justice we should refer to the thin distinction between the Japanese Consular Officials and the Nipponese Militarists. The former have tried with some risk to themselves to obtain a limited apostolate for the missionaries or at least to defer their internment or to have them interned under more favorable circumstances. The Japanese Militarists have since made them practically impotent.

Most American Catholic missionaries in China were finally concen-

trated and interned in Shanghai on April 13, 1943. Many had been held in various forms of "protective custody" for nearly a year before this date. Sisters were divided between the convents of the Religious of the Sacred Heart and Helpers of the Holy Souls, while Priests, Scholastics and Brothers were distributed between the Vincentians in Shanghai and the French Jesuits at Zikawei. For this "privilege" of being interned in some religious house rather than in a factory or some vacated school house, the missionaries were expected to support themselves even though they are isolated from external financial aid. This state of affairs presents a very grave problem that has not yet been solved.

**T**HE internment or repatriation of United Nations' Catholic missionaries means that hundreds of thousands of Chinese Catholics

**The Mission picture in the Orient is somber. The missionaries are cheerful and hopeful and in some places are doing magnificent apostolic work.**

are without Pastors. The collapse of the schools, hospitals and Orphanages of the various groups of Sisters is too painful to enumerate. The added burden upon the Native Clergy and the missionaries of non-United Nations' countries is extraordinary, in fact, impossible to bear.

**A** WORD about our American Jesuits in the Province of Kiangsu. Father Magner, Mr. Brown and Brother Finnegan were confined to their mission compound at Ricci College in Nanking from Pearl Harbor till Sept. of '42. When French Jesuits had replaced them to keep the College going they enjoyed six months of liberty in Shanghai before the general internment. Gonzaga College in Shanghai has never closed; in fact, today, has an enrollment of over 300 students. Chinese and Spanish Jesuits are in charge. Christ the King church and its various branch activities like the *Catholic Review* and the Catholic Radio Program continue to function under the direction of Irish Columbans and Irish Jesuits. These "neutral" Irish missionaries also staff the two schools for Russian boys and girls. Fathers Phillips, Magner, McGreal, Le-Sage, Thornton, Milner and Deward are working as Chaplains in the various civil internment camps. All the other American Jesuit priests are working within the confines of Zikawei, while all of the Scholastics are engaged in the study of Theology.

Many of the Catholic mission centers in both occupied and unoccupied China have suffered severe material damage. Other painful things have happened, too; but, then, prudence says that writing in detail about them will not of itself



Japanese bombs scarred the city of Shanghai. Many were left homeless and destitute. Now grim famine is catching up with the victims and finishing the work of destruction. The interned missionary cannot go to his people.

effect repairs much less protect them in the future. Fortunately much of Indo-China was quickly occupied and thus spared the results of prolonged resistance. Most of the missionaries working in these areas come from neutral countries of Europe. Such cannot be said for the islands of the Pacific.

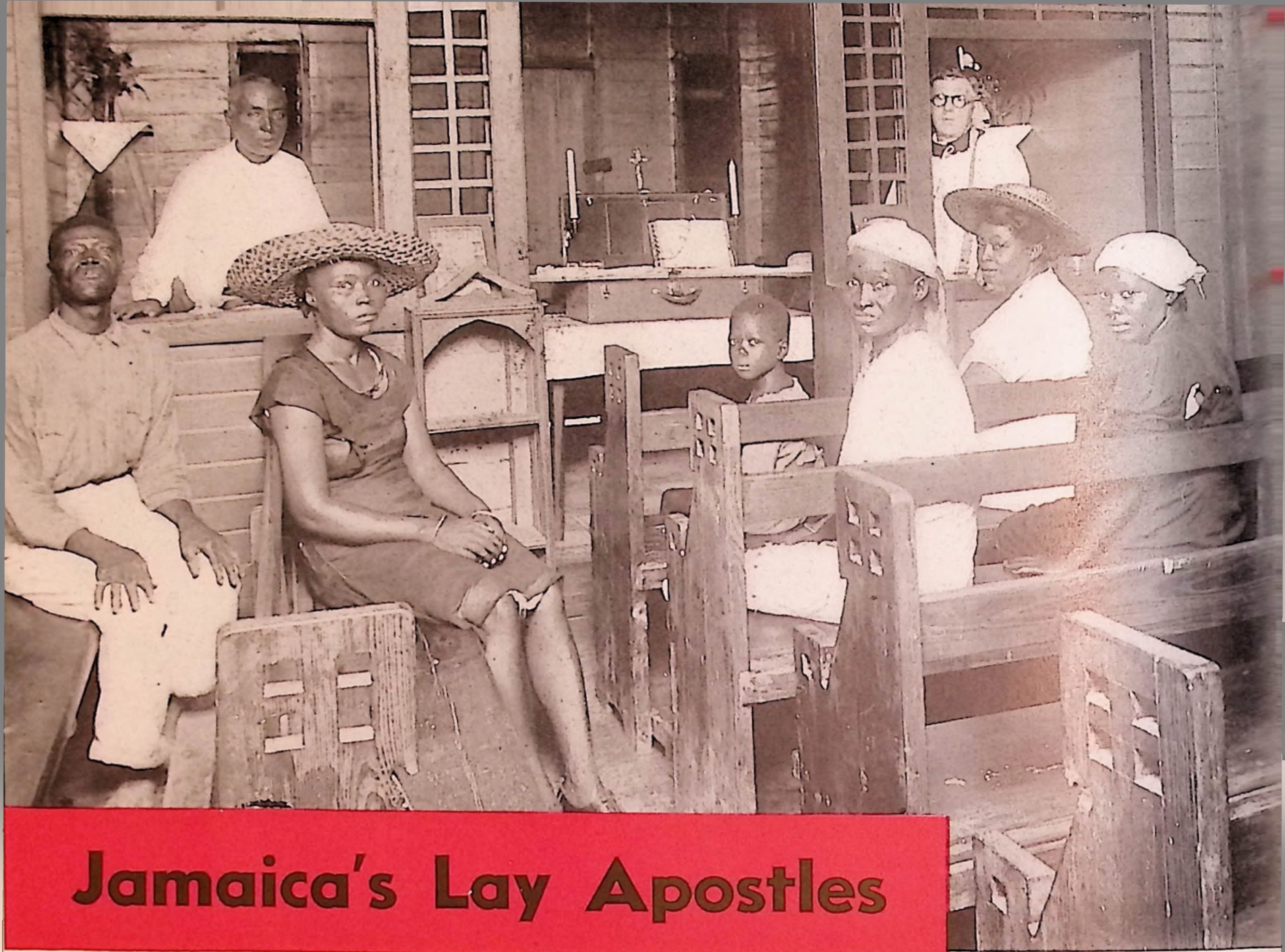
**E**VEN before the invasion of the Philippines the Japanese Consular Service had formed a Government Department of Religions to deal with missionaries and to try to win them over to the idea of the Army's "defensive war" of invasion. Such a department was designed to propagandize the Catholic Filipinos into cooperation with the "peaceful" intentions of Japan. It functioned till last summer when the Japanese Army became impatient with its efforts and concessions to the missionaries.

In January of '42 the Jesuit institutions at Naga and Novaliches were taken over by the Japanese and their occupants were held in protective custody at the Jesuit university—the Ateneo de Manila. In August of '43 this university was confiscated by the Jap Military and

converted into a base hospital. All American Jesuits on the island of Luzon were interned about October 1st, 1943 in four religious houses including La Ignaciana, Jesuit Retreat House—although officially their mail is directed to the University of Santo Tomas. Scholastics began their theological studies soon after the occupation of Manila. Even the youngest of them hope to be ordained by March of next year. As for the rest of our missionaries all we can prudently say now is that they are safe and doing magnificent apostolic work.

Suffice it to say that those who know Japan, who can see through the fanatic nationalism of the people, and who love the potentially great qualities in the Japanese, take an extremely somber and pessimistic view of the position of the Catholic Church in Japan. Unless the war ends quickly they fear the worst.

Imitating the courageous faith and cheerful hope of our interned missionaries we expect that apostolic hearts here at home will today begin to gather the spiritual alms, the financial means and the volunteers that must be on hand the very day of liberation.



## Jamaica's Lay Apostles

**A** TOURING American Bishop had donated sturdy rocking-chairs to the porch of Winchester Park in Kingston for just such a moment . . . a time of reminiscence for a veteran of fifteen years on the hill-country missions of Jamaica, now about to depart.

Reminiscences of his experiences poured forth as ready as the moving pictures on the screen . . . of the days when his mission comprised a dozen stations, scattered in the hills, of the strenuous journeys here and there, of sick-calls which were "just over the hill," but many times meant a whole day's toil, long mule rides, with perhaps the last lap on foot over goat-paths, all but impassable; of the Communion brought to souls living in places so inaccessible that they could be reached only a few times a year, of the consoling death-bed scenes; humorous tales too . . . of the day that he stood on the bank

of the storm-swollen stream, wistfully looking across, when to his amazement a rather large Jamaica market woman picked him up bodily in her arms, waded across and deposited him on the other side. . . .

**A**LL these snaps of mission life were interesting, but perhaps what struck me most was the note of regret as he spoke of the coming of his successor: "I wouldn't feel so badly about it, if I were not losing some of my best catechists. At one station the head-teacher has just left to get married; at another station the family, which used to put me up for the night and conduct the catechism class, has taken up residence in the city."

Much is said these days about Catholic Action and the Lay Apostolate . . . but in the words just quoted is indicated a glorious page in the history of the Jamaica Mis-

sion, namely of the work done here, especially in the hill-country missions by the lay apostles who have devoted much time and energy to the aid of the Fathers.

**W**ARTIME transportation difficulties have evoked many a story of the mission warriors of old, who made the circuit of the mission stations on horseback, stopping three or four days in each place, visiting the sick, baptising, hearing confessions, saying Mass for the Catholics, who gathered from miles around, . . . indeed the visit of the Father was a spiritual holiday in which all joined and gained the spiritual lift that must carry them through until the Fathers came again. The visits were few and far between, but the surprising fact is that in spite of it there grew up in the hills, centers of Catholicity that are vigorous and flourishing today.

**No mission can be successful without zealous lay apostles. Jamaica has some whose work should be an inspiration to many others.**

**Richard A. Drea, S.J.**

And from these Fathers of old comes the same comment: "Much of the growth of the missions depends upon the spirit and the zeal of the Catholics themselves and on the unceasing labors of the catechists."

That "head-teacher" of whom Father had spoken had been carrying on the tradition. She was a Catholic teacher, was present on the spot all the time and in after-school hours taught catechism, instructed converts, visited the sick and when necessary, sent a hurry-call to Father, warning him that he must come and administer to the dying.

**T**HIS head-teacher and many others throughout the Island are the right-hand of every Father who has distant mission stations . . . especially in these days of curtailed travel. In any district the "teacher" is a strong influence, powerful far beyond the classroom, for with his knowledge he becomes doctor, lawyer, judge, agricultural adviser; and he can become a catechist for the spread of the Faith, a wonderful help to the Father, an instrument of grace for the spiritual life of the mission.

Perhaps it isn't the teacher. Perhaps it is a Catholic on a plantation, for the history of many missions is linked up with the presence in the district of good Catholic families who sow the seeds of Faith. At first Mass is said occasionally in their front room and all their neighbors are invited; converts are made and instructed, and then later a church is built. This is Catholic Action in action . . . an active lay-apostolate.

Recently I had the opportunity of conducting a three-day retreat for a small group who have banded themselves together under the patronage of St. Peter Claver. Following the example of their patron,

most of the group work among the poor and underprivileged of the city of Kingston, conducting catechism classes in the "yards" of the city. Actually this was their fourteenth annual closed retreat, which is made every year at Gordon Town, where the Sisters of Mercy conduct a country school.

On Sunday some twenty members joined in the retreat exercises, but only eight were free to continue for the full three days. No more serious retreatants could be called together than this little group, who listened attentively, plied their questions, made discussions, talked and planned for the future work. Their past spoke for itself . . . their combined years of labor for the spread of the faith was more than impressive. Four or five could boast of over twenty-five years of apostolic work, teaching catechism in the "yards," making regular visits to various institutions, plodding over the hills to cover the distant stations week in and week out.

**W**E must give particular mention to one of these catechists, Charlie Ellis, who is at present in charge at one of the missions of our departing missionary. When he was coaxed to talk of himself and his work, he proved a walking encyclopedia of the missions in the hills above Kingston. His many labors could not be enumerated, but a mere catalogue of his years runs as follows: born at Avocat, one of those famous Catholic settlements in the hills where everyone is Catholic, as a young man he moved farther afield and for twenty-five years he walked fourteen miles over hilly country to conduct catechism class at Mt. Friendship; the following six years it was at the Tom's River Mission that he labored, followed by three

years at Cassava River, and now for the past eight years he still possesses enough of his youthful vigor to cover six miles on Sunday morning to his present station, Pinto at Cavaliers. Add them up . . . over forty years during which his Sundays have been dedicated to the service of God. Shining must be the crown of glory that awaits him and others like him for their efforts in the vineyard of the Lord!

**T**HESE are a few examples of the Lay Apostolate . . . all the Fathers have their stories and all the missions have their legendary heroes and their traditions of those lay men and women who have contributed so much to the cause. Just in passing, there are other fields of labor within the scope of the lay apostolate . . . for example, there is the accomplished Catholic violinist, who for thirty years has been devoting his talents to the help of the Church and the Fathers, traveling the length and breadth of the Island, and few have been the sacred concerts in aid of a church, school or mission over the period of these thirty years which have not had the benefit of his talent and services. He would be filled with a holy anger if one even tried to pay expenses.


And there is too that Catholic travelling salesman, possessing a flair for the spectacular and a ready tongue, together with a zeal that has made him a financially-successful attraction at most Garden Parties conducted for the churches anywhere in the Island.

Examples could be multiplied endlessly of the work of the Lay Apostolate, of the many labors, of the many hours devoted, of the energy and zeal of good Catholic men and women . . . they all bring out the one unchanging fact that in a mission country a good portion of the success of the mission depends on the laity, upon the men and women, who give their energy, time and talents to spread the Faith.

First the grace of God, and after that the work of the Fathers and Sisters plus an active Lay Apostolate, and we have a working formula for the successful mission.

# There's Work to Be Done!

J. F. MacFarlane, S.J.



On the Alaskan mission hunting is not a pastime but a necessity to supply meat for the missionary's table.

**B**EHIND the scenes all over the mission world there are men who seldom receive glory and who never seek it. Theirs is the "Silent Service" of God. They do not preach or teach in schools, but they are as indispensable to the missionaries as the ground crew is to pilots and bombardiers; as the men below decks are to officers on the bridge. Without them the missionaries' activities would be cut immeasurably. We call them "lay-brothers" because they are not priests and are not required to study and to preach as the priests are; or "coadjutor brothers" because they help with all their talents and skill the full program of activities which real mission work calls for; or usually just "Brothers" because they are real fellow members of the Jesuit Order, sharing in full the spiritual benefits of religious life.

Being a brother is a special vocation, a high calling. A special spiritual training is given to them to help them live up to it; three Vows of Poverty, Chastity, and Obedience are taken by them with the same binding force as the priests' to protect them in their vocation. Their lives are just as truly consecrated to God as are the other's in the Order. But what they offer to God



Brother Beck founded this studio and home for orphans in Shanghai.

in the way of service, instead of administering the Sacraments and preaching, are the useful, practical things they know how to do for the human needs of life.

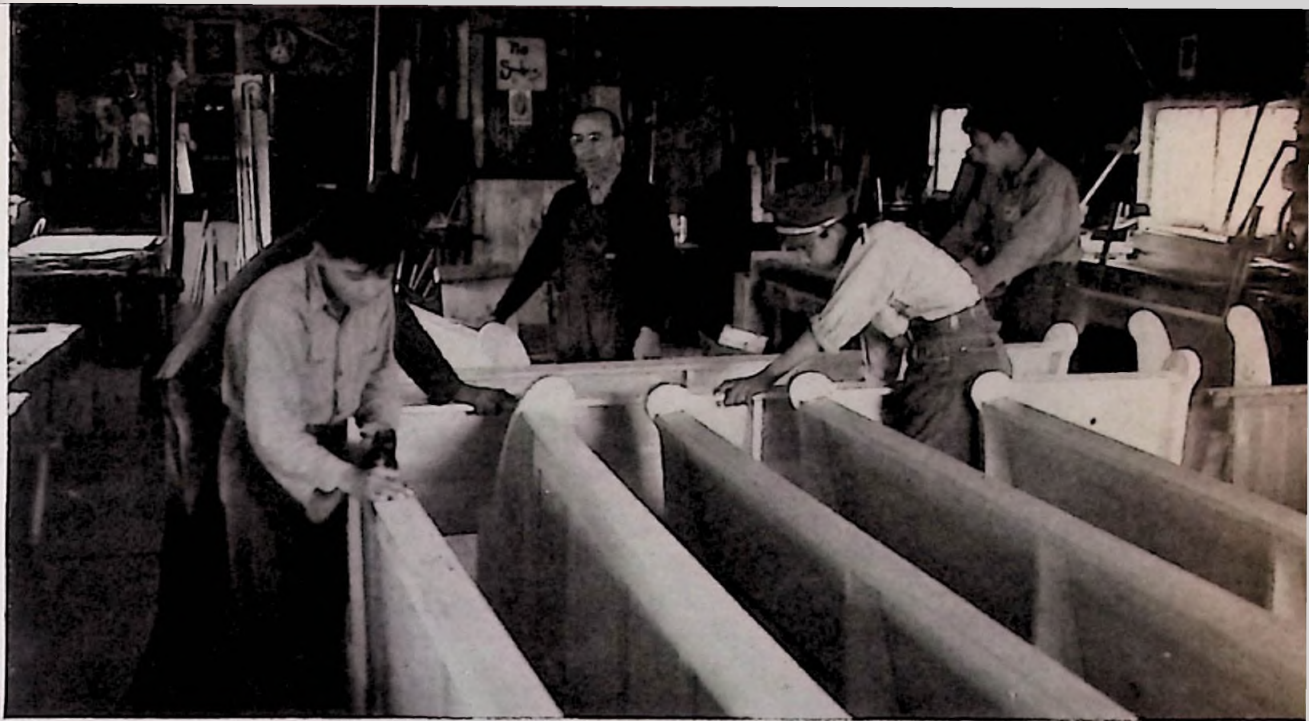
**P**ERHAPS nowhere are they more needed than on the missions. Surely nowhere do they have so many useful and practical things to do; training natives in trades, printing and painting and building and caring for the mission chapels and schools, maintaining and supervising supplies, machines and electrical equipment, helping as infirmarians, and not least of all, being companions and friends of the

missionaries on trips and at home.

For 400 years they have been heroes on Jesuit missions. 153 of them have died for the faith. Several are saints, many, many more are beatified. 16 were martyrs with Azevedo in Brazil, 2 with Segura in Florida, one with Aquaviva in India, and so on in France, America, Japan, and almost wherever missionaries have died.

But the vast majority, literally thousands of them, have lived long lives of useful service of God, devoted to their work and beloved by all who knew them. Some of them had high positions such as personal infirmarians to Emperors of China.

Chef, artist, craftsman, carpenter, missionary and man of God, a Brother's life is far more eloquent than a thousand sermons. Indian boys (right) make pews for their mission church. (Below) Brother Murphy instructs an Eskimo boy in the use of a lathe.



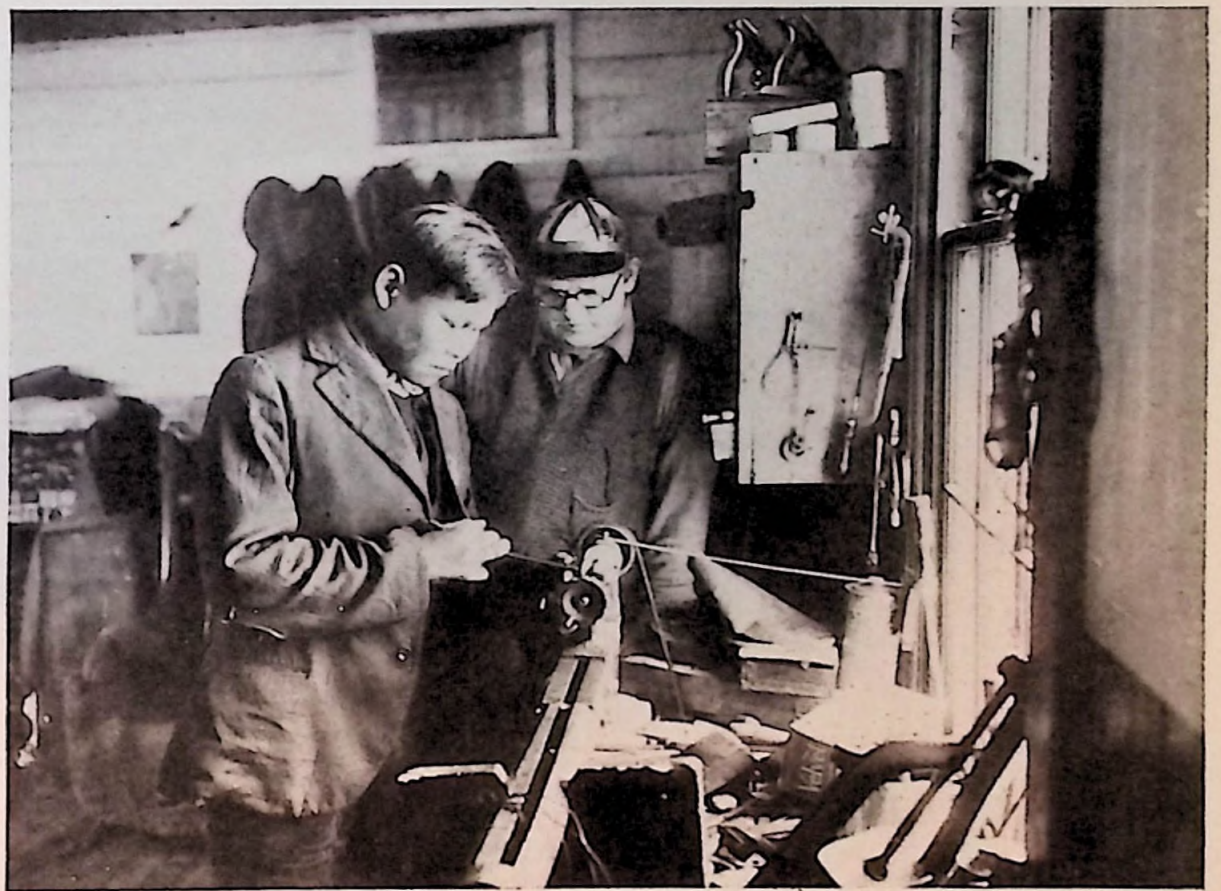
Brother Baudino in his 24 years of royal service was so well thought of that he alone was able to prevent violent persecution of the Church. Brother Rhodes who served both poor and wealthy for 16 years so won the Emperor's gratitude that he gave \$40,000 to the Jesuit mission in Peking. Brother Da Costa, for thirty-two years the doctor of the poor, was among the earliest, if not the very first to introduce medical dispensaries as part of missionary work in China.

There were mechanical geniuses like Brothers Brocard and Stadlin, whose skill and selfless kindness was often the only thing which prevented persecution or was able to check it.

**A**RTISTS were among them, too, like Brother Castiglione who for 50 years won the respect and protection of the missionaries by his extraordinary skill. Others decorated churches, made stained glass windows and carved statues which are still to be admired in China today. Brother Beck opened craft schools for orphaned boys to enable them to support themselves in later life, teaching them wood-carving, inlay work, painting, metal working, cabinet making etc. and the results of those orphan boy's work were exhibited at the Panama Exposition in San Francisco in 1915 to the amazement and wonderment of all who saw them.

Add to them the long list of pioneer trail blazers, builders of mission chapels, farmers who fed orphans and Sisters and missionaries, boatmen who kept supplies coming, and all the useful crafts which make life possible and livable and missions progressive, and you have but a faint picture of the tremendous contribution of this Silent Branch of God's Service, the Jesuit Brothers.

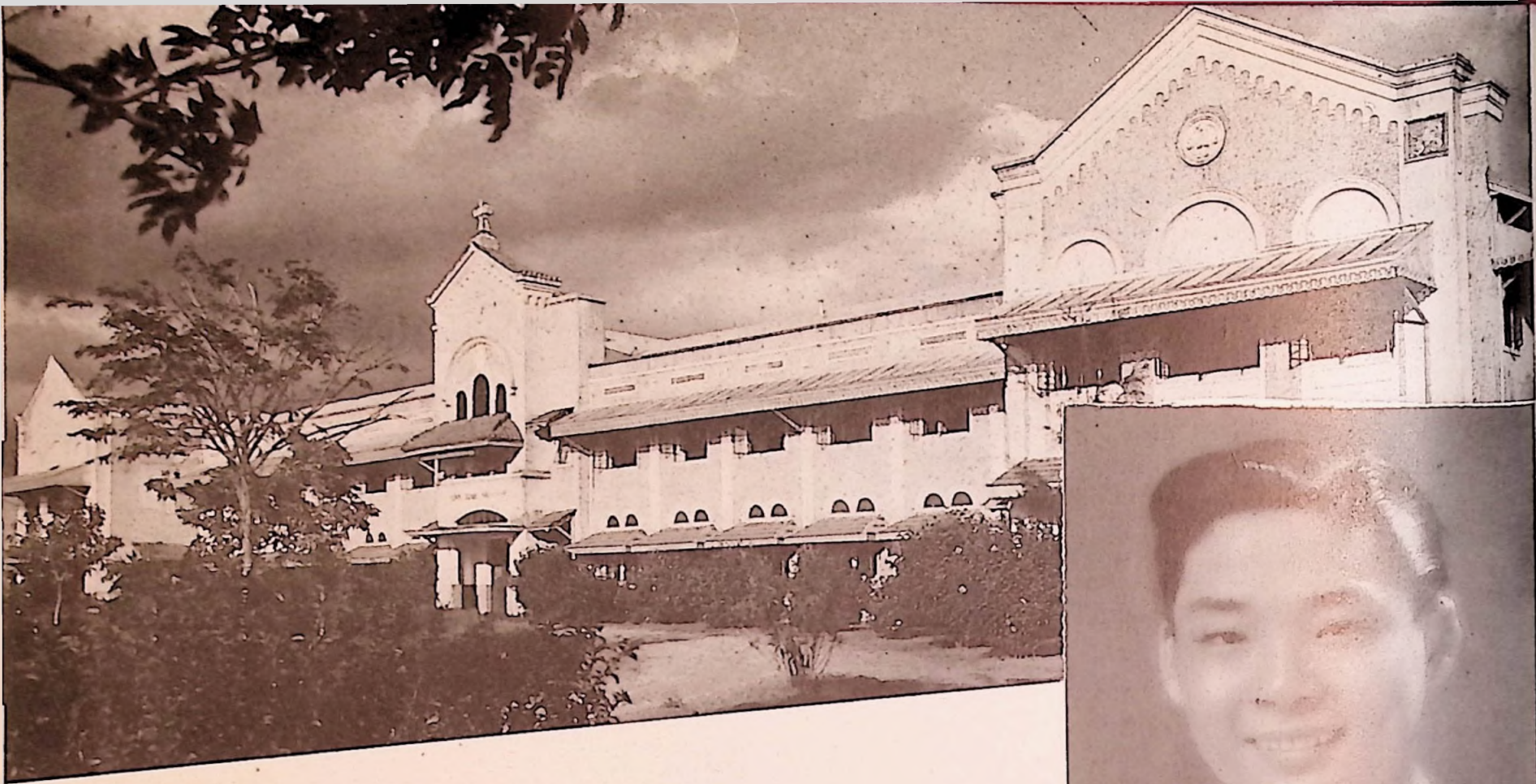
Some of them could have been



priests but did not want to be; they offered to God instead the work of their hands with all the love of their hearts. Some of them missed the chance for study in their early years and were late in finding their true vocation. Most of them for years had wanted to do something generous with their lives without any fanfare, without personal greed or ambition, without any desire to escape from life, but merely from a generous impulse they couldn't explain which had helped them to live good lives in the hopes someday of being able to accomplish something worthwhile for God. The desire was down deep; they didn't talk about it; but they felt it keenly from time to time. Then came the light from reading, or from a ser-

mon, or from conversation, "God can use my work; God can use me as I am for His work." And thousands asked for that service as Brothers the hard way, the very generous way, on the missions.

Today, in almost every mission in the world, there is work waiting for such men to do. Millions of young boys in mission countries are backward and will remain so because there are not enough Brothers with all the practical, good-natured, willingness of Americans to help them find their place in life. Now is the time to think of this high calling and to pray for this vocation. For the missions are calling clear across the world for men willing to give back to God the talents God gave them.



# FILIPINO YOUTH HEARS THE CALL

Lorenzo M. Guerrero, S.J.

**R**AFAEL was a harmless looking chap. The fellows loved to tease him for his dimpled smile. They nicknamed him *Aying* (which means 'little Rafael'). No one really thought he would amount to much until . . .

Very early one morning he put in a sudden appearance at the Ateneo de Manila. He had a canvas bag in his hand. A young Jesuit scholastic, making his early rounds about the patio, bumped into him under the dim-lit arches.

"What are you doing around here so early *Aying*?"

"Fader, I run away from home."

"You, what?" The scholastic rubbed his eyes and looked at his watch. It said five-thirty. The altar boys would soon be piling in for the early Masses. *Aying* was one of them, but he had not been appointed to serve Mass this week.

"Fader, I am going to the novitiate. I told my parents I was going to serve very early Mass but I had no intention of going back. I brought some clothes with me in this bag."

A few hours later *Aying* was speeding to the Novaliches novitiate in the Superior's car!

The young man's parents were frantic. They called up the school; no, *Aying* was not there. That same evening, the Superior telephoned Rafael's father and notified him that his son had entered the Society of Jesus, and was safe in the novitiate.

**T**O appreciate the reaction of the parents at this news, the story behind the scene must be known. It was a series of arguments, refusals, postponements. *Aying* had wanted to enter the novitiate two years before. His parents said:



Rafael ran away to become a Jesuit. A new generation of Filipino youth is on the march to the priesthood.

"No!" He went to college and took up the Pre-med course. After graduation he asked them again. The answer soon came—he was "exiled" to the family *hacienda*—country house.

A long struggle followed. *Aying* determined that it was up to him to decide the issue. It had to be done in absolute secrecy. Not even his own spiritual father would know. He was going to just walk off . . .

**W**ELL, when the news reached the grief-stricken parents that evening, they broke down in tears . . . but wonder of wonders, they were tears of pure joy! To climax it all, the mother's comment later was: "I am so glad that my boy has chosen to become a priest." What a strange ending indeed!

But really, this was a wonderful



The old prejudices of their parents vanish when Filipino youths meet their Jesuit teachers in class and extracurricular activities at the Ateneo de Manila. (Right) These have answered the call of Christ the King; Filipino Jesuits in training at Novaliches.

beginning. It marked the start of a new chapter in the history of vocations in the Philippines.

What had taken possession of Filipino youth—a vocation-mania? This sudden resolve to follow the call “cost what may” did not square with the known history of native vocations in the Islands.

**T**WENTY or thirty years ago, *Aying* would not have dared to do what he did. It was inconceivable for a Filipino lad to dare thwart the paternal will in such matters. The word of *tatay* (father) is law in a Filipino home. Rather than disobey his parents, a young man would forego a career of his own choosing.

Even as recent as ten years ago, if a boy expressed his desire to be a priest, he became the object not of praise but of sarcastic raillery.

It is interesting to note in this connection that some years ago a group of Filipino Jesuits got together to canvas the vocation situation in the Islands. They, among other definite conclusions, were agreed on this point: one of the *big* obstacles to priestly and religious vocations had been parental opposition rooted in prejudice and ignorance of the sacred character of the priesthood.

Historic factors explain this mental attitude quite well. These parents are the product of the

great Revolution of 1898. They are the grandchildren of a people who saw the political and social abuses of the country at their height. The Church was closely allied with the government; it depended on the Spanish crown for its financial support. Soon the Church and the State were identified, and cassock and cross were blamed for the greed of Spanish officials.

After the clash of bolos and Spanish muskets had died down, the Church, for the first time in the country's history, was ripped apart by a schism. A priest, the infamous Aglipay, led the apostacy.

In the midst of these deplorable conditions, with the country stirred to white-heat with hatred for the friars, the Aglipayan *pari-pari*'s (mock priests) had their field day. They were able to deceive many of the unwary. For how could one tell a *pari-pari* from a Catholic priest, when this mockery of the priesthood dressed like his Catholic counterpart, and kept all the Catholic ceremonies in his Aglipayan church? By a sort of natural transition, the misbehavior of a *pari-pari* was imputed to the Catholic priesthood.

However, there is no denying the fact that in quite a number of cases

the Catholic native clergy itself did not live up to its ideals. Much of this can be attributed to the haste and lack of care in the selection of candidates for the priesthood.

Parents of today are children of the Revolution that brought freedom from oppression but a freedom in which the Church broke in two. Today they are witnesses of another revolution in which modern youth has made a bid for freedom to follow the King.

This revolution has come to stay. The average Catholic Filipino has changed his attitude towards the



priesthood. Whereas ten or fifteen years ago a seminarian walking through the streets of Manila was made the object of disparaging remarks, today the candidate to the seminary excites the admiration of those about him.

It is the grace of God working in the hearts of Filipino youth. Since 1937, when the International Eucharistic Congress was held in Manila, the growth of native vocations has made gigantic strides. In 1930 there were 1,067 vocations to the different seminaries throughout the country. Within ten years the number rose to 1,675, a 50% increase. In 1933 there were 812 native secular priests. Today there are about 1,094. Vocations to the Society of Jesus leaped from 9 in 1931 to 19 in 1941.



**CANADIAN MISSIONARY EXPOSITION.** A large map at the Canadian National Mission Exposition in Toronto, which was attended by more than 60,000 persons showed that 18 Jesuit Priests, 7 Coadjutor Brothers and 3 Scholastics attend 144 Mission Stations in Northern Ontario, ministering to more than 10,000 Indians. A number of the mission stations were administered to by the North American Martyrs.

**GOOD NEWS FROM NATIVE BISHOP.** Most Rev. T. Aguiswami, S.J., native born Bishop of Kottar, India, writes that in spite of the many and unprecedented difficulties of war two new convents have been established and six missionary Brothers of St. Francis, a native foundation, are helping the missionaries in instructing the catechumens and neophytes.

**NEW CHINESE CATHOLIC BIBLE.** Word comes from Rt. Rev. Msgr. Romaniello, Superior of the Maryknoll Kweilin Mission that Dr. John C. Wu, a convert to Catholicism is now preparing a new Catholic translation of the Scriptures in more attractive popular language for Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. Dr. Wu is a noted scholar and jurist who attributes his conversion to the reading of the autobiography of the Little Flower.

**FIRST ARCHBISHOP OF SIMLA DIES.** The Most Rev. Anselm E. J. Kenealy, O.S.F.C., who was the First Archbishop of Simla in India died on December 19, 1943. In 1910 he was named the first Archbishop of Simla serving there from 1914 until 1935.

**FRANCISCAN BISHOP, JAP PRISONER, DIES.** Word has been received of the death of Most Rev. Fortunatus Spruyt, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Launfu, China, while in custody of the Japanese and being taken to a concentration camp. It is known that Bishop Spruyt had been suffering from cancer of the stomach.

**THE CHURCH IN INDIA.** According to Most Rev. Thomas Pothacamury, D.D., Bishop of Bangalore, there are about 4,500 priests in India of whom about 1,500 are foreign missionaries from 28 European and American nationalities, and 9,000 Sisters of whom roughly one-third are of foreign nationalities.

**MAN BITES COBRA.** Father Creane, S.J. of Patna, India, gives an Indian version of the "Man Bites Dog" story. Wishing to commit suicide a native of the Rajmahal jungle, killed a cobra, made a stew of it, ate it but did not die. Scientists have discovered that cobra venom has certain therapeutic qualities as a substitute for opium and morphine.

**HOLY CROSS FATHERS IN BRAZIL.** Father Lionel Corbiel and two other members of the Holy Cross Congregation left Montreal for pioneer mission work in Sao Paulo, Brazil.

## February Mission Intention

### Conversions in South Africa

• Roughly speaking South Africa embraces that section of the African continent south of the meridian 16 degrees below the Equator. Basutoland, Swaziland, Southern Rhodesia, Bechuanaland, British Southwest Africa and the Union of South Africa are situated in this mission field which is about one half the size of the United States of America with a population of about 12,796,000 souls of whom only about 516,000 were Catholics in 1941. Except for a very few Moslems the natives are for the most part Animists who use fetishes—objects in which they believe dwells a spirit that has influence over their lives. The white Christians living there are chiefly Dutch Calvinists or members of the Church of England.

• Although discovered a few years before America (1486) by the Portuguese explorer Bartholomew Diaz, it was closed to Catholic missionary activity until the beginning of the Nineteenth century. The first Catholic missionaries arrived at the Cape Colony in 1804 and after pioneering for more than thirty years Bishop Patrick Raymond Griffin was appointed Vicar Apostolic by Pope Gregory XVI.

• The last hundred years unfold a record of slow but steady growth of the Faith in South Africa, and that in the face of grave difficulties. In 1923 the Catholic population numbered 176,617; in 1933 it had risen to 315,720; in 1941 there were about 516,000. At this rate of increase there should be approximately 550,000 Catholics in South Africa today. In 1923 there were a little over 300 missionary clergy and no native priests. There are 750 foreign missionaries there today. 1934 saw three native sons ordained deacons, while 1939 witnessed the ordination of the first South African native colored priest. Other natives are students in the Junior and Major Seminaries and vocations to the native Sisterhoods prove fruitful for the Church.

• The social segregation of the colored from the whites offers a real barrier to the work of conversions. However, it is hoped that the native priests and Sisters will be able to penetrate those districts which are practically closed to the white missionaries. The Communist activities which have been active in South Africa since 1919 have been considerably counteracted by the social teachings of the Catholic Church imparted through the Agricultural Schools conducted by the Marianhill Missionaries. These agricultural schools and other social undertakings of the Church have done much to win the good will of the natives who chafe under the forced education and obligatory labor often performed under unsanitary conditions imposed by their non-native rulers.

• Our Holy Father urges us to pray this month that the natives of South Africa may recognize that the Church while seeking their souls does not neglect their bodies but seeks through the Faith a harmonious development of the Mystical Christ in South Africans.

# MISSION VOCATIONS

Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.



But the missionary likewise teaches and social problems. Father J. Credit Unions for

times: "The harvest indeed is abundant but the laborers are few. Pray, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to send laborers into His harvest."

Yes the laborers are too few—and this despite the fact that there are certainly more missionary organizations in the world than ever before and there are probably more missionaries in the field than at any time in the Church's history. What has happened is that the mission world has expanded. It is true no new continents have been discovered as in the days of Columbus but the modern inventions, the airplane, the steamship, the automobile and the railroad have brought large areas of the world and millions of people closer to us. Lands, which formerly could be reached only by long and difficult journeys are now within a few days trip by airplane. Once inaccessible "interiors" have been opened up by the railroad or the bus. The laborers are few because a larger field is within our reach and with this

The Catholic missionary is first a spiritual Father to his people. Father Edward Scott, S.J., offers the Holy Sacrifice with his people in Patna, India.

AS long as there will be a single spot of land that has not heard the gospel of Christ, so long will there be need of missionaries. "Go into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature" said Our Lord. And in the light of this command we can understand why the late Pope Pius XI declared that "The Catholic priesthood is essentially a missionary priesthood."

This same missionary character belongs to the Catholic brotherhood and sisterhood for they are

the auxiliaries of the priests in developing Christ in the lives of men and keeping Him there. Regardless of race or color all men must be engrafted to the living Vine, become living members of that Mystical Body of which Christ is the head.

Many priests, brothers and sisters are today badly needed to reap the harvest of souls in many places of the world. So great is this need that Our Lord's urgent plea for workers has a contemporary ring and seems directed especially to our

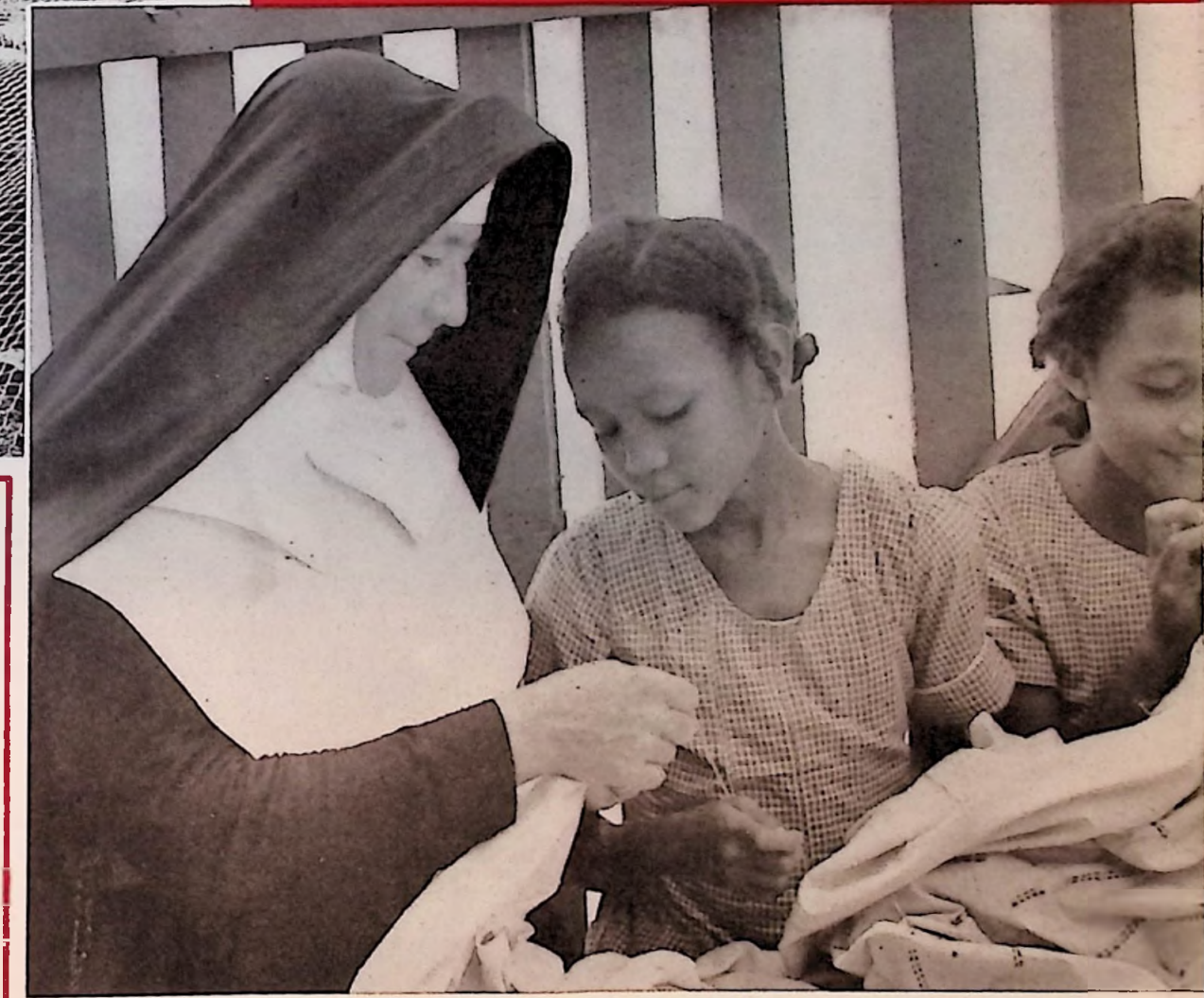


People how to solve their economic  
Sullivan, S.J., explains his plan of  
fishermen of Jamaica.

greater accessibility of souls has come the opportunity and the obligation of preaching Christ to many more people.

**I**F Our Lord's plea for workers to reap this more abundant harvest seems directed particularly to our times, it has a special urgency for the Catholic youth of the United States. It is perhaps not quite fair to compare our record in staffing the foreign missions with that of countries where Catholicity is older and more established. However, it helps very much to know the facts so that we may see what we have done and what there is to do.

It is estimated that there are at present approximately 75,000 Catholic missionaries in the foreign mission field. The Missionary Index of Catholic Americans reveals that 47 religious orders and congregations of men and 84 congregations of women have in the missionary field little more than 5,000 laborers but only 2,693 of these are in for-



The missionary sisters and brothers are the right hand of the priest in his missionary work. Sister Alphonsa, called "Mama Alphonsa" by her charges, is a real mother to the orphans of Alpha in Kingston, Jamaica, B.W.I.

foreign countries. This means that America with a population of 22,000,000 Catholics furnishes 5% of the Church's foreign missionaries. Before the war France, with a Catholic population of 29,000,000 furnished 15%; Germany with a Catholic population of 21,000,000 furnished 8%, and Belgium and Holland, with a combined Catholic population of 10,000,000 furnished almost 10% of the foreign missionary personnel. Clearly, we must step up our missionary enterprise.

**A**N indication of the number of missionaries that America must send to the foreign fields in the future can be gathered from the fact that the war will seriously cripple the ability of France, Germany, Holland and Belgium, as well as that of other European countries, to continue the pre-war supply of foreign missionaries. Due to the last war which seriously affected mission personnel and also the present conflict many missions are now staffed (Turn to page 55)

Many of our young people today are warriors. Tomorrow many of them will be missionaries. They will carry the Cross as bravely as they now carry a gun. To their generous and courageous spirits this article is dedicated.

# Arctic Priest

⊙ Thrills that few men know are his, as he brings Christ to souls in the lonely Northland.

PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J.

THE life of an Arctic priest in Alaska resolves itself around a few fundamentals. His material concerns are drab and commonplace, but must be attended to. Two or three meals a day, whatever they may be, pop around with startling frequency. Preparing them slashes a few hours from the missionary time table.

One can, of course, go in for a few stream-lined lunches and get away with it for two or three days. But I, for one, have found that a cold country combined with household and missionary chores somehow or other arouse a wolfish appetite. If one could hibernate like the Alaskan bear, it wouldn't be so bad. But ice for water and fuel for heat must be daily attended to. The sick, catechetical instructions, and incessant demands of old and young keep him on the move. Wading through deep snow, or skimming along on skis keep a man in trim condition, but unfortunately stimulate an enormous longing for food.

THE spiritual phase of the Arctic missionary in guiding Eskimo souls along the path of sanctity has its moments of deflation as well as inflation. He is inflated when in an ecstatic moment he hears the sweet voices of his flock blend in resounding melody at a feast-day Mass. He is deflated when church services are dropped with a

thud in favor of an all night dance. When soldiers or sailors come to town, systematically blow it up and paint the pieces red—the Eskimos docilely fall right in line!

Be this as it may—there is always a thrill in store for the priest at Mass. It may be on a lonely, blizzardly morning. Without the elements war with satanic fury. Within all is peace and quiet as Arctic angels hover around the Eucharistic Presence. It happens also when the missionary travels along the bleak Arctic coast. With his magic power he brings the Holy Eucharist, perhaps for the first time, to many a Northern outpost.

RECENTLY, I covered the entire coastal area by boat between Kotzebue and Barrow—the furthest tip of Arctic Alaska. To jump on the ship's derrick loaded with gas drums and drop unceremoniously into an Eskimo skin boat; to bounce over rough Arctic waters on a surprise visit to a lonely nurse, school-teacher, wireless operator, and bring our Eucharistic Saviour to these spiritually famished souls—is indeed a thrill and possesses a charm all its own.

I believe that the biggest thrill of all was to say Mass in the chart room high up on the ship and just off the bridge. I did this at Barrow



Faith is the alchemy the author uses to make missionary life in Alaska not merely tolerable but thrilling.

overlooking the entire expanse of the Arctic ocean. This was done for the ship's crew just before we turned South after unloading the biggest cargo ever unloaded at Barrow. I was delighted to see the Catholic members of the crew newly shaved and in their sailor's best devotedly assist at Mass.

Thus high up on the ship with very many of the men sleeping a well earned rest after three trying days and nights, these veterans of the sea and the war knelt in prayer. It was early morning and the Northern lights played a silent melody of color in the skies. Need I add that I was thrilled as only a priest can be, as I blessed those warm hearts and then those icy waters that stretched unimpeded to the North Pole and around the world beyond. Out on that broad expanse of water God was very near. The reality of His Presence flooded your soul and overwhelmed you. It was good to be a priest of God.



## MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS

■ It was late afternoon. Father and son were on their way home to supper. The son's eyes roved this way and that, as a child's do, taking in everything. The father had only eyes for his son. These days were precious. Soon they would be gone. Any week now the father expected a call from his draft board for reclassification.

Two service stars hanging in a neighbor's window caught the eyes of the boy. "Daddy why are those stars in the window?" "Well son, those two stars mean that two members of that family have gone to war. They left home to serve their country. In every city of the United States service flags are hanging in homes which men have left to defend their nation against the enemy.

■ "When war clouds come and darken the world and threaten our homes men have to make sacrifices; they have to leave mothers and fathers, wives and children to fight that their land may remain free. Those who cannot go, do everything in their power to help the cause. They buy war bonds, give their blood, join Red Cross groups. They hold themselves ready to serve wherever and in whatever capacity they can. These families are proud of their soldiers. They honor them by placing those blue stars in their

windows until they return home when the war is won. Many will not return. Their stars will be changed to gold. These the nation will honor as her heroes."

■ The sun sank quickly in the West. Evening cast her dark mantle over the neighboring hills. The child looking up saw the evening star. "Daddy, what star is that?" "That is God's star, son, Watch closely now. As it gets dark you will notice more stars. The darker it gets the greater the number of stars that appear in the Heavens. Each star is believed to represent a Saint who left his home and family to serve God."

Call this a pious belief if you will but it is not far from the truth. At every crisis or challenge the Church has faced in history men and women have appeared, eager to defend the Church, to lay down their lives in the Cause of Christ. Straightway there comes to mind the picture of the Crusaders marching forth to drive back the crescent from the gates of Europe. To single out individuals would reveal a litany as numerous as the stars in Heaven. They were the heroes of yesterday whose stars will shine for all eternity because they dedicated and consecrated their lives to the service of God. Stars in the sky are but symbols of their glory.

■ Today the Church is facing another crisis. She is suffering great damage and loss of life both in Europe and in her mission fields. Her churches are in ruins, her priests interned, her missions neglected. As soon as possible she must rebuild, the ranks must be filled in, the missions must be restored. Europe may be able to recover of itself but certainly she cannot staff or support the mission fields half so splendidly as she did in the past.

■ This task will devolve upon the Catholic youth of America. There will be a call for many generous men and women to go to the foreign missions after the war. America will play a major role in the work of reconstruction in mission lands. There are thousands of men and women too young to defend their country or, even if they have defended their country, still eager to do something more for God. Their lives may be the stars whose light and brilliance this world has been expecting for centuries. There is still a place for them in the Heavens. To them we direct our message. "And their stars will shine for all eternity." It is good to serve one's country. It is far better to serve one's God.

REV. JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



Ensign Humphreys is now on active duty "Somewhere in the Pacific."

SOMEWHERE during his years at Loyola High or Brooklyn Prep, perhaps at First Friday services, Ensign Thomas Humphreys must have heard his Jesuit teachers speak about Jesuit missionaries and their work in the far corners of the world. Be that as it may, Tom never dreamed that in five years time he would be on the other side of the world. The war picked Tom up out of his home in Brooklyn and dropped him in a little desert place in Iraq in the Middle East. There he met the Jesuits again. He saw with his own eyes what he had heard about in the school chapel. So impressed was he by their work that he did something about it.

"When in Iraq," he writes, "I met a Jesuit who treated me extremely well. In appreciation for the kindness shown by him I would

# "Thank God for the Missionaries!"

John P. Deevy, S.J.

like to do something for his school. They need chalk and writing tablets very badly. Soft balls could also be used and it is very difficult for him to get candles for the sanctuary lamp. I am enclosing a check for fifty dollars. Cash it and get these items. Father Merrick will be pleased to receive them. If you put a line in the 'Blue Jug,' the preppers would be glad I am sure to do something for this chapel and school in the midst of a pagan country."

TOM HUMPHREYS was not the only one who appreciated the work of these missionaries. Another American, at the time a non-Catholic, met the Jesuits for the first time in the Middle East. "Pass on the word to Baghdad" writes Arthur H. Joseph Batchelder, who lives in California "that I was confirmed last June in St. Patrick's Cathedral by Bishop O'Hara and tell them I remember them with affection and sympathetic understanding. Ever since I returned to America from Iran I have to tell the Jesuits at home of my appreciation of the Baghdad mission. I owe my instruction and reception into the Catholic Church to the Fathers of the Baghdad mission. Fathers Sheehan and Merrick helped me in those difficult days in Iran. I made my profession of faith in the Chaldean Church at Ahwaz. I can truly say it was only then I began to live.

"It was Father Shea, I believe, who baptized me but I'm not certain now. Strangely enough (or maybe it isn't so strange) the individual personalities of those mis-

sionaries have merged into the one personality of the Priest, the representative of Christ who was to be found even in that land, when a man was in need.

"I never tire of telling about the hardships, the fortitude, the wonderful deeds of those particular Jesuits. In the terrible heat of Iran they travelled hundreds of miles in trucks over deeply rutted roads, received insults from non-Catholics, quickly improvised altars, heard confessions under difficult conditions. We always knew that somehow, someday our Father would arrive. The Catholics tried to find better accommodations for them but it was quite a league let me tell you. How rich did the Church seem in that bleak pagan country when we had to catch the Sacraments on the fly so to speak. This all comes home to me forcefully now each time I kneel at Mass in my parish church.

"I USED to think missions were not necessary; that we should concentrate more on our own home people. That thin argument was discarded especially when I was away from home and realized that, no matter where one went, no matter under what terrible conditions one lived, the Church was always there. No matter what hardships they had to undergo priests brought the Sacraments to us. When this fact percolated through my head and heart, my conversion began. I realized that the Catholic Church was really universal. Thank God for the missionaries. Many American servicemen echo my prayer for them."

# A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



## INDIA

### REV. FRANCIS XAVIER, S.J.

"The people down in the plains are beginning to feel the effects of the war. Food is scarce; floods are threatening. In Bengal and near Ajmer in Central India people have perished by hundreds and thousands. Charitable institutions in the affected areas are trying their best to bring help and relief, and in the face of such misery and poverty how one wishes for more missionaries and for more material means to alleviate such acute suffering.

"The Communists are not slow in taking advantage of the prevailing conditions. Last year the Communist party in India, which up till then, was mainly underground, was legalized by the Government. Consequently they lost no time in organizing themselves on an all India basis and in intensifying their propaganda. The first All India Communist Conference was held in Bombay early this year and drew up a definite and comprehensive plan of action. They are past masters in exploiting the misery of people, and in winning over to their side the eager and misguided youth, all fired with enthusiasm. It would surprise you to see the sympathy and enthusiasm which our rising generation shows towards Russia (especially now) and the Communist ideals. Poor misguided youth! They are crying for bread and are given stones and worse, instead. We must shed our smug

sense of security and wake up to hard realities! I hope India, the first and largest of the Jesuit Missions, will have a large share in your prayers. It needs them very much."

### REV. JOHN MORRISON, S.J.

"Lots and lots of water has flowed down the Ganges since I wrote my last letter. India and Patna Mission were spared an invasion when the Japs stopped on the Indian-Burmese frontier. Last year's civil disobedience campaign, the sky-rocketing of prices and this year's acute food shortage have figured largely in the news. We can thank God that the invasion didn't reach us, and though we felt the results of the civil disobedience campaign, and are feeling the high prices and scarcity, we have a great deal to be thankful for and our work is still going ahead, if slowly.

"Snakes are creatures that we have always with us, and not long ago the victim of a deadly krait was brought to Poreya Hat. A Santal woman, the mother of nine children, the youngest only one month old, got up very early in the morning when it was still dark and put her hand on the bamboo door of her thatched house to open it. In the darkness she didn't see the deadly snake coiled around the door post and it bit her in the finger. Others killed the snake, but they took the woman to a sorcerer and they brought her to Poreya only when his magic failed to cure her. She was dead when she reached here.

They brought the snake too, the same kind that I killed on my verandah last summer and keep pickled in spirits as proof of at least one snake story.

"The price of food began going very high about a year ago. It was partly due to poor crops in places, partly due to the fact that rice could not be brought in from Burma as usual, and partly due to hoarding. When those who had rice saw the turn that things were taking they refused to sell, in the hope that they could get still higher prices later on. And as a result, the suffering of the poor had been intense. Bengal, the province to the east of us has been very badly hit. There thousands have died of starvation. This district has not been as badly off, but things were made harder by local people sending away the rice they had, to sell it at fabulous prices elsewhere. People have gone hungry while rich money lenders had their store houses filled with rice that they could not sell, except at prices that average men could not afford. For a time there was danger that looting might break out. Fortunately it did not, though some would have received small sympathy if they had been looted. The lying subterfuges that some money lenders resorted to, in order to save their rice, while the poor went hungry would have been comical—if they had not been tragic."

## INDIAN MISSION

### REV. JOSEPH A. ZIMMERMAN, S.J.

"Four hundred of our Holy Ros-



Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., of Patna, has celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit after twenty-seven years in India. He once worked among the American Indians of South Dakota here in this country.

another close call when the Japs came in numbers (and nearly succeeded) to 'get the bomber' that had strafed and bombed their stronghold at Kiska so regularly. At the finish there were two motors gone, three of the crew dead, three seriously wounded. Jumping Eagle and his pal, the radio man, piloted the limping bomber to a safe landing.

### **JAMAICA, B.W.I.**

**REV. FRED OWENS, S.J.**

The ordinary discomforts and miseries of mission life, even if a World War did not bring added burdens, are enough to try any missionary's patience. Let's spend a day with Father Owens in Kingston, Jamaica, and see for ourselves. "Thank God, the rainy season is past. It usually lasts from September to January. During the rainy months each day may bring you anything from a very heavy shower which comes down in a deluge for about an hour in the later afternoon to a continuous downpour, which lasts for days, which the natives call 'dew.' This means floods and trouble especially in the mountain districts.

"Perhaps you would like to tag along with me on my second Sunday of any month. I leave Kingston at 6:00 a.m., travel about twenty-two miles, climb a few hills, distributing Communion to the aged and sick, hear confessions, then Mass, instruction and catechism. At eleven o'clock I start on my second round of confessions, Mass, instructions and exhortation at another station. Mass finished about one o'clock, then comes a procession. The forty or fifty parishioners taking part. We trip over stones, slap at mosquitoes, step into puddles of yesterdays' rain and brush off the ants which seem to multiply out of thin air down here. We have gone completely around the Church and now return to the sanctuary to close with Benediction. It is now nearing two o'clock and as yet I have had nothing to eat. I'll have some coffee as soon as I have distributed some Catholic papers and maga-

zines and discussed the weather with my parishioners. At that moment, I could ask the residents of our little cemetery just outside the sacristy window to make room for me. Some coffee and an egg sandwich make me feel better.

"Then I get down to business. I make out some papers to get someone into the nearest hospital. Another wants a note to the judge because a man's cow walked into his garden and ate up some plants. A couple wants to be married. Papers civil and religious must be filled, signed and sealed. At five o'clock the choir is supposed to have a rehearsal. Only two members show up. I try to pick out a few tunes for them with my one good finger on an organ which has long since lost its tone. Finally my congregation departs and I prepare to spend the night at Tom's River. Since I do not enjoy the company of rats I gather some boards and cover up a large hole in the sacristy so I can have a little privacy. Ten



Brother Bernard Hinderhofer, S.J., veteran Indian missionary, who died at the age of eighty-three at St. Francis Mission, South Dakota.

o'clock comes. The night is very still as the last drops of kerosene are used up and the lamp sputters out. My office is finished and perforce I must call it a day. The bed sinks about a foot in the middle but beggars can't be choosers you know. So clothes and all I'm off for a few winks if the mosquitos allow me.

"This mission station at Tom's River is surprisingly damp because two streams flow almost by my door. I say early Mass then make a few more Communion calls. Some of the houses are well off the road and the approach is steep. The last house to which I took Communion was a descent. When you come out of the house you look up straight over your head and there stands the Ford perched on the road looking down at you. You get back to it by walking up the side of a wall. Climbing second stories was never my strong point. By the time I reach the car it is nine o'clock, the sun is high and hot, and perspiration is running down from under my sun helmet.

"For two reasons I must go on another mile to the summit of this road. The first reason being that I couldn't turn the car here even though I wanted to. The second being that I don't want to because I have to visit one of my bush schools farther on. In first speed we proceed. Sometimes I can drive almost to within a hundred yards of this particular school. Unfortunately the recent rains have caused a landslide at the fork in the roadway, so we must park the car here for an hour or so and leave it, lock it and hope that those precious tires are still on it when we return. It is another mile walk into the school from this juncture and like the Pied Piper I gather ten or twelve children with me before the end of the walk is in sight. So, we marched into the school, ancient and dilapidated whose life term is drawing to a close, but in a lovely spot looking out to the blue Caribbean, fifteen miles north. I tried the children in singing, I tried their



After serving for a number of years as Master of Novices in the Ranchi Diocese of India, Father August F. Wildermuth, S.J., of St. Louis, has returned to the Patna Mission in India, where he will be assigned to special work.

spelling, I tried their reading but not 'rithmetic because I always fail in that anyway. The cup of coffee I had from my thermos this morning is beginning to lose all its effectiveness and I am seeing a dinner back in Kingston. Now the mile walk back is immediately before us and soaking wet with perspiration we arrive back at the car. Yes, it is all there but as hot inside as an oven. I must pick up a few pigs, real live ones. Two suckling, squealing runts have their legs tied and are deposited on the floor in back and off we go again. Kingston with a shower and a meal is before me. Wait, one more stop before that; at Christmas we had a small raffle. One of the prizes was a large pig. Some young lad

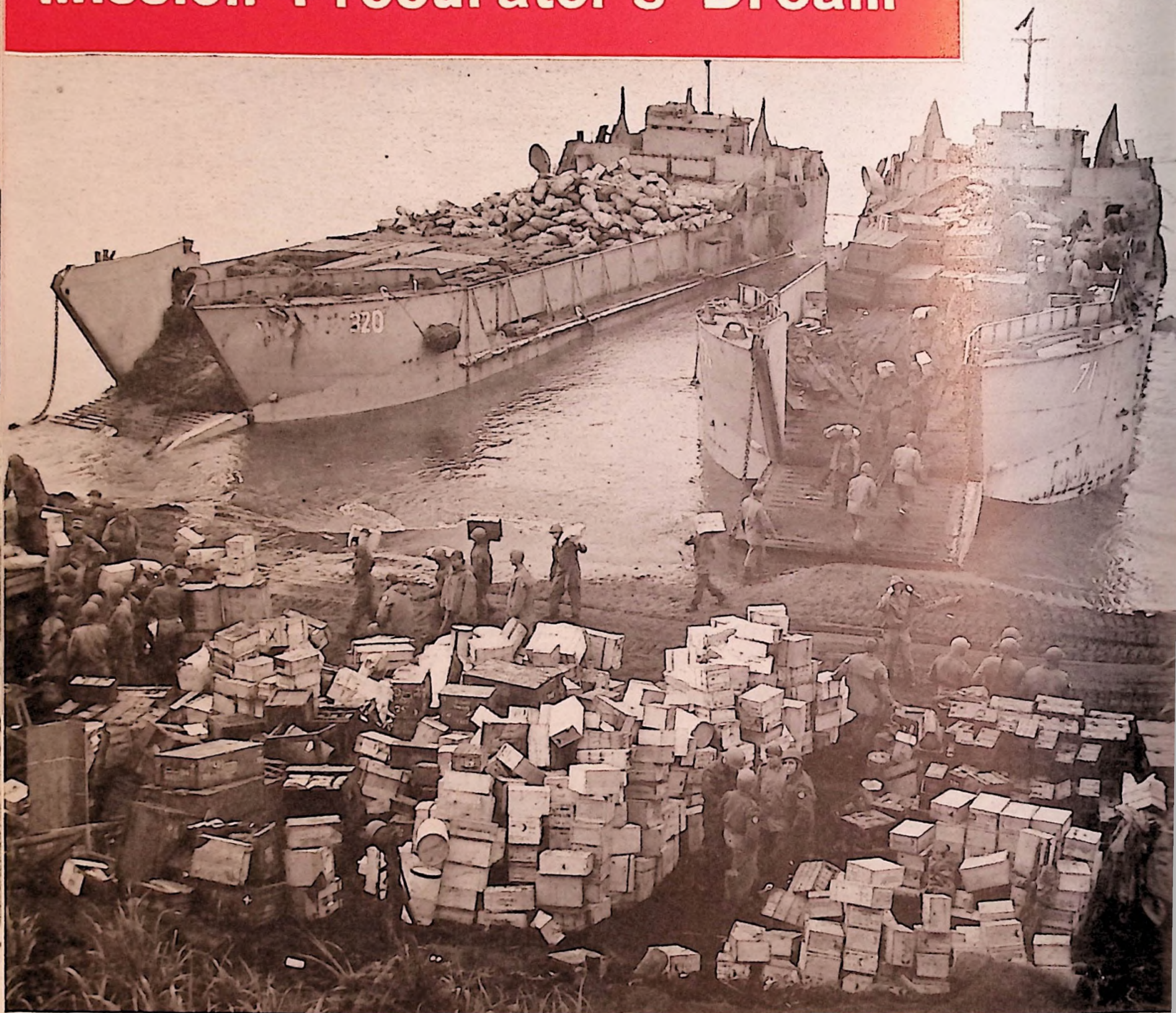
in Kingston won it for the price of a thin dime and instead of taking five dollars for it preferred his animal. So, I had to put that also in the car and cart it the fifteen or seventeen miles back to the metropolis. That makes how many pigs? Three, one large, two small. Luckily they were very quiet because my nerves were frayed by this time and again I might have been arrested for thieving somebody's stock."

**REV. CHARLES EBERLE, S.J.**

"We hired a deserted night club in Kingston and began saying Mass in the building. The place was packed to capacity, being small, so we looked around and found a nice piece of land which an agent told us the owner was only too willing to sell. We had plans drawn and applied for a license to procure the materials to build,—a war time measure. Everything seemed rosy, when suddenly the people who owned the land decided not to sell; the people who owned the night club decided to run dances again; so we have been put out on the streets, altar, benches and all.

"This is a real classic. We have a handy-man around the grounds here who is a jack-of-all-trades and master of none. Thompson by name. He repairs the car, cooks, changes tires, and is at present engaged at digging a new pit at Whitehall and packing the same with stones. He caught a cold and a friend of his decided to rub his chest with white rum, which is practically pure alcohol. His hand was cold and in order to heat it he held it over a candle. He is a laboring lad and has a tough hide on his hands. He never noticed that the white rum had caught fire and he proceeded to rub Thompson's chest with the burning hand. Thompson of course got quite a burn and was ready to kill the man! Yours truly was called in. Vaseline was administered and the pain alleviated. Thompson went back to the pit at Whitehall on Monday, but when he returned he bathed his wounds with hot water. He is now in the hospital.

# Mission Procurator's Dream



OFFICIAL U. S. NAVY PHOTO

*With over 100 Missionaries and their multiple activities in Patna, India, to care for one can readily realize how Fathers Kilian and O'Connor could dream of SUPPLIES for their Mission. Now that the grim spectre of famine is stalking across their mission territory they need immediate assistance. You can help them to realize their dreams by sending your contribution for the India Relief Fund to either of the following agencies:—*

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New York 21, N. Y.

# COMMUNICATIONS

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

## "Kudos" and a Suggestion

To the Editor:

Some new photographs surrounding the life of St. Francis Xavier in Father MacFarlane's "Xavier and Japan" article, were a gift of heaven; so many of the stories and so much of the Xaverian data are so staid and often pietistically monotonous. That gallant Saint will now seem a little more real to me; more human and not too thaumaturgic. A bow, likewise, to the gleaner of those delicate Chinese paintings in connection with Father Roger Fortin's production: "The Promised Madonna."

We would like more space to "Mission Makes the News." Could some be "stolen" from that devoted to the review of books, which seems to color with too much literature a very representative Mission magazine.

Albany, N. Y.

Mrs. R. L.

## Classical vs. Practical

To the Editor:

I've known JESUIT MISSIONS for years and have ardently but calmly "missioned" it among my friends. It sets a fine mission tone and is usually in season with the Church's Calendar.

The December 1943 number has been the first "seasonal" disappointment I have ever observed, for there was nothing on the cover to indicate the spirit of Christmas; the body, too, lacked the holiday verve. Do not some, not all, of your ads at times strike a discordant note to the classical pitch of your thoroughly mission magazine?

Best and holy wishes to the Staff and Office-force.

Las Vegas, Nevada

L. M. B.

## Pleasant Discovery

To the Editor:

The writer, for the present is in a hospital, but anticipates an early discharge.

During my stay here, it has come to my notice that the followers of St. Francis Xavier have more than a slight interest in various missions. Please accept my congratulations upon the fact of so much interest taken by the Jesuits in missionary work in various parts of the world.

Would I be asking too much for a back copy of your mission book? Thank you.

Asking remembrance in your very valuable priestly prayers and with every good wish, I am,

W. J. M.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

## Keep Us Posted

Dear Father:

I feel you would like me to pass along what a few of my Catholic buddies said after reading the November issue of the Jesuit Missions magazine. As you know I have an uncle in China as a missionary and several of the Jesuits I have known in New Jersey and New York are now in the Philippines.

Well, I don't know whether it was "Mission Views and Horizons" or that very forceful ad about the eyes of the world upon the United States or maybe just the variety of missions and the awful amount of work to be done in each that got us thinking, but we all felt we ought to do something definite about it. Guess we would need a retreat to show us just what we could do.

Maybe you could write something in the magazine to keep us posted.

A. P. O., New York

F. C. L.

## I'm in the Jungles

To the Editor:

I have just noticed on the October issue which has just reached me that you do not have my new address (not new, but correct one). The wrapper has been torn off in a hurry before, and we haven't seen the old address. My correct address is in the upper right hand corner of this V-blank. Thank you for changing it, and for the steady stream of your fine little magazine which continues to come to us, so far from home; the men read it at once.

My prayerful Christmas wish for you is that the Blessings of Peace and the Grace of Redemption, brought into the world by the Christ Child, may abide with you this Christmas Day and throughout the coming year.

c/o Postmaster, N. Y. Rev. G. E. S.

## A Privilege

To the Editor:

I am happy to be able to continue my subscription and thus be privileged to assist in establishing God's Church throughout the world. I thoroughly enjoy the contents of your magazine, JESUIT MISSIONS, and after reading it from cover to cover, I then pass it along to the boys.

Pfc. F. J. B.

L. M. Area, La.

## A Desire

To the Editor:

Two years ago, while in a critical mood, I wrote you at some length about the makeup of JESUIT MISSIONS. I believe at that time I maintained that short, isolated accounts of so many different missions would not make for sustained reader interest or for a sufficiently clear grasp of any one mission and its problems.

Since that time global warfare has somewhat altered my criticism. Many of your timely, informative articles on the effects of this war in the Missions have helped me immeasurably in my work. Would that you could publish more of them.

The enlarged Book Review section has called my attention to many a good mission background book that otherwise would have escaped my notice. I would like to say more about these reviews, but I know you will pass along my congratulations.

San Francisco

M. K. F.

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# The Warrior Race of Ma-Yaquob

Leo J. Shea, S.J.



In Ma-Yaquob (left), a tiny village lost in the mountains bordering on Turkey, a warrior race of Christians has lived for centuries. Gorgis (above) their leader, linguist and raconteur.

**G**ORGIS is actually, though not officially, the leading man of Ma-Yaquob. To know him and his story is to get a quick insight into the rest of this little Christian village that lies hidden like an eagle's nest up in the mountains of Kurdistan.

Slight of build and like all the men of the village well-browned with not an ounce of flesh to spare, he has shy glancing eyes that open wide and light up at things humorous, but close to a narrow slit when scanning the distant valley or mountain-side to see whether some figure is friend or foe. Indeed, you don't know Gorgis at all if you don't realize from the start how much of his life is concerned with questions of friend and enemy. Life in Ma-Yaquob has been a conflict the whole of the 300 years that Gorgis' family has been there, and

more—practically since the 14th century when Tamerlane ended with a copious blood-purge the happy days of Christian freedom. His own father after 46 years of service in behalf of the Dominican mission there died from the blows received on the head because he insisted that he was not in any way a traitor to his country.

Gorgis succeeded to his father's place and for 17 years now has filled the multiple role of custodian of the mission property, sacristan, school-teacher and interpreter. For one who has never lived in an English-speaking environment he would astound you with the choice vocabulary and the grammatical correctness of his English. His French is very fluent. He uses both of these languages to gather stories with which to regale the village-folk during the winter when the

snow and the rain prevent them from stirring abroad and they must sit for days and nights at their winter-industry of pipe-making. For dealing with neighboring villages, Kurdish and Turkish are also necessary. Arabic is the national language and Surath the colloquial language among the Christians, while Chaldean is their language at prayer. In none of these seven languages is he ever at a loss. And to top it all he solos in Latin with a wide variety of hymns for Benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament. His linguistic ability alone would seem sufficient reason for the others, 150 in all including men, women and children to accept orders from him.

**Y**ES, they are only a handful of people. But they hasten to assure you that if it were not for the contributions of rugged individuals that they have made to many other towns and cities, theirs would be a good-sized community. There are some dozen or more children of ages up to ten, five or six boys of about 14 years, a dozen or so



Rarely do the men of the village relax their vigilance ever since the day when Tamerlane ended the happy days of Christian freedom.

only a short way when they came to the edge of a sheer precipice. They found temporary shelter in a cave nearby. The quick-witted natives then took their position on a ridge that was off to one side and in front of the village, and from there they shot into the cave, while the womenfolk rolled stones down from above. In true Homeric fashion taunts and threats were hurled back and forth between the two groups until finally the villagers, having felt that they had taught the culprits a good lesson, let them sneak off one at a time back to the valley where they had come from.

Three hundred caves like that of the robbers' hide-out dot the mountainside. Numerous graves hewn out of the rock may also be seen. Add to them a large number of water-cisterns in places handy to the caves, some narrow strips of soil on level places for gardening, and a church that must have once been sturdy but now is mostly stone ruins; people them with 300 hardy Nestorian monks and you have a picture of Ma-Yaquob as it was hundreds of years ago.

**E**LSEWHERE in the vicinity you can still see traces of prehistoric human existence. Flints and stone blades have been unearthed in long tunnel-like caves, inside which you have to crawl around on hands and knees; the men of Ma-Yaquob actually took refuge there after the last World War when there was a general looting of Christian villages throughout the mountains. If you make the arduous climb to the top-most peak, you will be rewarded not only with a view across into Turkey over long and lower ranges that fascinate the eye with the red tint of their rocky slopes, but also by the sight of vestiges of very ancient if not prehistoric sacrifices.

Many more landmarks will Gorgis point out to you, ranging in date from the wanton killing of two of their young men five years ago, back over centuries over the long period of 200 years of the Dominican mission there. This is the subject most dear to him.

girls of marriageable age, that is between 14 and 18, and the rest grown men and women, mostly approaching or past middle age. You may have noticed a gap on the male side of the account; even this tiny and remote village has felt the war; seven of its young men are serving with the British troops in the Middle East. A son of Gorgis is among them. Small wonder that when strangers like ourselves stray into their midst, the men sit around in informal reception, light up their long-stemmed, Ma-Yaquob pipes, and all but forget to smoke them as Gorgis translates for them news of Allied advances on every front. Naturally they're proud of their little roll of honor.

But their pride is not without cost. They have never lacked danger to their homes, their vineyards and their flocks. Perhaps that fact accounts in some measure for the attraction the place holds for them. It certainly must help to keep them from parting company from one another as seems such an easy possibility every time they indulge in one of their many neighborhood squabbles. In any case now that their manpower is diminished, the danger is still greater of trouble from outside. What few of them own rifles or revolvers sleep with

them under their pillows, ready for the first notice of invading trouble-makers from the other side of the steep and craggy mountain. Or perhaps the call will come by day from the mountain-top that their vineyards are being raided. Or it may be that one of their number has failed to return after riding off earlier in the day by mule to do business with another village. Then after a general hubbub of excited consultations you will see a little file of armed men treading their way up the mountain, wholly intent on their heroic errand of rescue, without so much as looking back to wave goodbye to their families.

**T**HEY tell of one scare they had just a year ago. The moon had just gone down. In the black of the night, because no light of any kind is left burning and much less anything like street lights, one of the women heard someone trying to steal her large water-jug of beaten bronze. A shriek—and the whole village was awake and preparing for defense. Someone fired a shot into the air. They gradually uncovered the presence of a band of four evidently out to plunder what they could. The way uphill would be slow and open to rifle fire. So the thieves started down but got



# NEW BOOKS



## **Pius XII on World Problems**

**James W. Naughton, S.J.**

To have quoted all the public utterances and writings of Pope Pius XII from his election until today and to have indexed them all would have created a volume unhandy for general usage and too expensive for many. And yet there was a need of having a handy reference book of papal pronouncements. Father Naughton has given us just this. He has dissected the papal documents, grouped them under general headings and picked out the salient passages which he connected in narrative style using his own words as sparingly as was consistent with clear statements. The result is a comprehensive digest of the sayings of Pope Pius XII in his own words with carefully edited footnotes.

Not content with that Father Naughton added a bibliography of the pontificate of the present Pope enriched with his balanced critical notes, a brief index of papal documents cited in the book and a comprehensive index of subjects and names cited in "Pius XII and World Problems" so that in a few moments one knows just what the Pope said on a given subject.

The entire work is a credit to the scholarship of James W. Naughton, S.J. who has made accessible to students, study clubs and thinking readers the words of the Pope on problems of the world.

The Preface written by the American Assistant to the General of the Society of Jesus is a literary gem reflecting the glory of His Holiness, Pope Pius XII.

*American Press, New York. \$2.00.*

## **Gilbert Keith Chesterton**

**Maisie Ward**

There is an obvious symbolism in the size of this bulky book. It would have seemed incongruous to squeeze the mountainous G. K. C. into a slender volume, and a more than superficial critique of his life and works demands space, because of the richness of both. Maisie Ward has combined a Boswellian thoroughness with warm affection and admiration for her subject.

She lets him speak for himself whenever that is possible and hence merges the objectivity of biography with the authenticity of autobiography. Her own comment is uniformly sound, singularly free from hero-worship, though many

will disagree with this or that appraisal.

Chesterton emerges as a thinker of stature sufficient to evoke the praise of the scholarly Gilson, as a great-hearted gentleman whose death was mourned by the common man, as a sincere searcher for truth who at last found peace in the Catholic Church, as a social crusader of fearless and tireless conviction, as a poet of penetration and power, a political prophet of amazing acumen, a philosopher whose logic often joined hands with laughter.

The chronological and logical development of his thinking is made clear, though one might wish that the author had somewhat briefed her treatment of his early days and of those formative factors in his adolescence to which she gives much space and importance. But she has made G. K. C. live again and that was a real service. For his death was a sad blow to humanity.

*Sheed and Ward, New York. \$4.50.*

## **A Book of Unlikely Saints**

**Margaret T. Monroe**

Modern studies of the sanctity of five Saints—Aloysius Gonzaga, Benedict Joseph Labre, Rose of Lima, Gemma Galgani and Therese of Lisieux—offered by Margaret T. Monroe. She finds them achieving sanctity in a most unlikely way for their time and circumstances. The first four studies present Saints whom we feel we must admire but normally cannot imitate. But she makes them most attractive amid all their queer austerity which in Divine Providence seems to be a reproach to the public sins of their particular age. In the last study, briefer than the others she reminds the reader that he can become a Saint by going straight to God by the little way that He points out to us even as he pointed it out to the Little Flower.

These studies should help to renew in our own day devotion to Saints who have lost some of their appeal and remind us that God has His Saints for every generation, unlikely though they be.

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

## **The Ten Commandments: Ten Short Novels of Hitler's War Against the Moral Code.**

**Edited by Armin L. Robinson**

This book is high-pressure propaganda by top-flight writers against the evils of Nazism. Taken by themselves, without

the backdrop of Mount Sinai and the Divine Law, these stories would be impressive writing. The names of the contributors assure that: Thomas Mann, Rebecca West, Franz Werfel, John Erskine, Bruno Frank, Jules Romains, Andre Maurois, Sigrid Undset, Hendrik Willem Van Loon, Louis Bromfield. This is an impressive array of talent.

The failure of the book, for we do consider it a failure, is in its attempt to arouse the moral indignation of "Christians, Jews and freethinking humanists" on the basis of offenses against "the Moral Code" and to call God to witness, as it were, on the iniquities of our enemies. But the catch is that each author seems to have a different God in mind and each one seems to have a different idea of a "moral code." There is too much of the attitude of "Oh my God, if there is a God, strike down these bad men who break your moral code whatever that is."

Thomas Mann starts the confusion in his fictionalized treatment of the Exodus and the giving of the Ten Commandments by going out of his way to de-supernaturalize the whole scriptural account. One gets the clear idea that Moses thought up God and the Ten Commandments and a New Order for Israel. The only difference between Moses and Hitler seems to be that Moses was a better man.

Even from a literary point of view, the book is hampered by its set theme of hate, but the real failure of the book is the absurdity of ten writers, no two of whom seem to agree on their views of God or morality, trying to get together an appeal to horror, in the name of an uncertain divinity, at the breaking of an uncertain morality. The only unity in the whole thing is hatred and vilification and that is too overdone in two or three of the stories to be convincing.

A good-try—but one cannot unite orthodoxy, agnosticism, skepticism and rationalism, by merely enclosing them in the covers of a book.

*Simon and Schuster. \$3.00.*

## **My Name Is Thomas**

**Mary Fabyan Windeatt**

A book for children in the language of a child about the Patron of Catholic Schools and Scholars comes from the facile pen of Mary Fabyan Windeatt. The story of St. Thomas of Aquin is told in the first person as if "the dumb Ox of

Sicily" were himself telling his tale to a little child who keeps saying, "Go on tell me more!" Cleverly concealed in the narrative are the seedling thoughts on vocations and the ideal of purity placed in the mind of the reader. This is a book that we believe children will want to read again and again attracted not less by the narrative than by the exquisite pen sketches of Sister Jean, O. P. which breathe a spirit of youth and reverence.

*The Grail, St. Meinrad, Ind. \$1.00.*

### From the Morning Watch

Lucille Papin Borden

St. Ignatius Loyola in his "Spiritual Exercises" describes what he calls an application of the senses to the life of Christ. After considering some mystery the exercitant is to reconstruct the scene as it is perceived by the various senses, to contemplate the scene and to draw fruit. This Lucille Papin Borden has done with scenes from the life of Christ, particularly the Passion and the Risen Life, and quite successfully, for she has the happy faculty of blending the historic, the legendary and the meditative in a harmonious whole. Besides the chapters which present "random thoughts" on the Life of Christ and those who came in contact with Him during life, Miss Borden offers a reflective chapter on St. Francis of Assisi which is a spiritual gem and a most unique consideration on the Magnificat.

*Macmillan Company, New York. \$2.50.*

### Two Basic Social Encyclicals

Leo XIII and Pius XI

Benziger Brothers have made a noteworthy contribution to studies in the Social Order by their publication of the encyclical "Rerum Novarum" of Pope Leo XIII and "Quadragesimo Anno" of Pope Pius XI. In the even pages of the volume appears the Latin text and on the odd pages the approved English translation of the same, thus offering to the diligent student a handy reference to the original text where ambiguity might arise through the medium of translation.

Particularly appropriate is the publication of these two basic encyclicals on the condition of workers and on reconstructing the social order at a time when thinking minds will be pondering post-war reconstruction and rehabilitation.

### The Path of Love: Counsels and Spiritual Directions of Father Page

(Gerald M. C. Fitzgerald, C.S.C.)

In these letters Father Page inculcates a consciousness of the Trinity within us through grace and through the unitive way. The letters have lost their personal touch through the necessary omission of names, dates and at times places but the reflective reader lay as well as religious will find in them stepping stones to perfection.

*Frederick Pustet, New York & Cincinnati. \$2.00.*

### MISSION VOCATIONS

(Continued from page 40)

by elderly men and women who must be replaced soon. It is evident that many of these replacements cannot come from the European countries which formerly sent them.

Monsignor Freking has well stated that this is "America's hour in the missions." Certainly today is the day for American youth to turn its eyes to the mission fields at home and abroad and to prepare for future fields of conquest. This preparation must consist in prayer and the attentive listening to the Divine call. It must also consist in studying. For missionary work today requires specialists of various kinds, especially in the fields of education and social work.

Some have found their missionary apostolate in the classroom and on the campus of mission schools. It is estimated that last year well over two million students have been given free Catholic education. Others have found their apostolate in hospitals.

Our soldiers who have seen the Isles of the Pacific and the lands of the Orient will be able to recount, when they return, the accomplishments of the missionaries in the fields of social work and economics. They know from actual contact that the missionary has raised the status of the catechumens by developing the native talents and native resources. The credit unions begun by Father Constantin Lievins, S.J., to protect the natives of Chota-Nagpur, India from Oriental usurers, are today at work half way around the world in Jamaica. In the orphanage of Zikawei, China, there are a first class printing press, a goldsmith shop, a foundry, an electroplating laboratory, a school of carving, stained glass work and sculpture with much of the instruction entrusted to the missionary. Then there are the radio apologetic guilds, the lay apostolates for catechists and a variety of consumer and marketing cooperatives. All these demand young men and women equipped for new fields of missionary enterprise. Will they answer Christ's call?

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