

# THE WOODSTOCK LETTERS

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## ON THE CENTENARY OF THE APOSTLESHIP OF PRAYER

*A Letter of Very Reverend Father Vicar-General  
to the Whole Society*

Reverend Fathers and dear Brothers in Christ,  
*Pax Christi.*

The third of December this year will mark the hundredth anniversary of the day on which Father Francis Xavier Gautrelet was inspired to lay the first foundations of the Apostleship of Prayer. Father Gautrelet was a man well aware of the power of united prayer and convinced that every son of the Society ought to be an apostle. On the feast of the Apostle of the Indies in 1844 he gave a memorable exhortation to the scholastics in the College at Vals. In it he proposed to them a plan for propagating the Faith even while they were engaged in studies. They were to offer daily their prayers, all their actions, and their entire lives for this apostolic purpose. Among the scholastics at the time the missionary spirit was aflame, and they welcomed this suggestion of their spiritual father; for they saw in it a most effective way of feeding the zeal for souls that burned within them.

This devout union soon expanded beyond the walls of our college; now, after a hundred years, we find the grain of mustard seed grown into a giant tree that extends its branches to every quarter of the globe.



As we all know, the Apostleship of Prayer reaches to the wastelands of Alaska, the islands of the Pacific, and the missions in the heart of Africa. Religious houses and congregations have joined it; more than 860 of them have asked to share in its merits. Not only has it attracted men and women of every age and walk of life, but it has made its way into hospitals, shops, military camps, and even prisons. As a result, this marshalled host outnumbers the armed forces of the nations, and counts 35,000,000 soldiers in its ranks.

Such a remarkable growth is clearly due to a special providence of God. But we ought not to forget the human instruments that Our Lord in His kindness willed to use in conferring this grace on men. First of all there was that man of zeal, Father Henry Ramière, who gave the League its finished form and by his writings made it world-wide. Many other Fathers have used various means, among them the radio and especially the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart* published in almost every language, to popularize it ever more and more widely.

It was inevitable that a tree so vigorous and fertile should put forth fruitful branches. In every country we see the Apostleship of Prayer promoting many works for the good of souls. Among them I cannot omit mention of the consecration of families to the Sacred Heart. This, in the words of Benedict XV, is related to the Apostleship of Prayer as a species to the genus, as a part to the whole.<sup>(1)</sup> Again, there is the Eucharistic Crusade, "which, in order to lead the faithful, both children and adults, nearer and nearer to the Holy Sacrament of the Altar, was by an Apostolic Letter of August 6, 1932, given primary rank as a section of the Apostleship of Prayer."<sup>(2)</sup>

Who can count the spiritual benefits which the Sacred Heart of Jesus has poured out on us through the spread and activities of the League? I shall not elabor-

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(1) Allocutio ad Romanos Moderatores et Zelatrices Ap. Or., habita d. 22 iun. 1920 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. III, 1920, p. 20).

(2) Pius XII, Epist. ad P. G. Venturini, d. d. 25 apr. 1939 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. IX, 1939, p. 338).



ate the graces and blessings which not only faithful Catholics but also schismatics, heretics, and heathens receive through the daily prayer of the Apostleship. Only in the next life shall we realize how many and powerful these are. But among its own members it has, according to Pius XI, "from its very beginning produced a rich and continuous harvest of spiritual good."<sup>(3)</sup>

This will not surprise those who know what the Apostleship of Prayer is. Its effectiveness is assured by its combination of soundness and simplicity.

It is obvious that the Apostleship of Prayer is a sound and fundamental form of piety. It is based on the efficacy of prayers offered in common, and to these Our Lord has promised His special help. And so it unites all its members with the Heart of Jesus ever living and beating in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. They are alive and eager in the Holy Sacrament of the Eucharist. In Him they pray unceasingly for the eternal salvation of their fellow-men, and devote their every action, their whole life, to this apostolic end.

Moreover, for the attainment of this object, the League offers its members no novelties, none of those trivial and rather suspect devotions which at times lead to false mysticism. It fosters, in the first place, devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, from which it draws life and the chief efficacy of its prayers. It sees in the Sacred Heart the perfect example and most powerful motive of apostolic prayer, and regards it as the divine, indissoluble bond uniting all its associates.<sup>(4)</sup> It also fosters devotion to the Holy Eucharist. This is shown by the formula of the morning offering, made for the intentions for which the Heart of Jesus "in the Most Holy Sacrament of the Altar" perpetually offers Himself. It is shown, too, by the Communion of Reparation, proper to the third degree, and by the Eucharistic

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<sup>(3)</sup> Pius XI, Litt. Apost. *Apostolatus Orationis*, d. d. 6 aug. 1932 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. VII, 1932, p. 58).

<sup>(4)</sup> H. Ramière, S. I., *La Dévotion au Cœur de Jésus et l'Apostolat de la Prière* (*Messenger du Cœur de Jésus*, vol. XII, 1867, pp. 1-11).



Crusade. Again, it fosters devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary. The Apostleship grew up in the shadow of the shrine at Annecy; consequently, from its earliest days it has associated with the Sacred Heart of Jesus the Immaculate Heart of Mary, through which its members daily offer their good works. It has had a constant care that associates especially of the second degree should show this filial devotion in all the ways "which the piety of centuries has introduced in honor of the Virgin Mother of God."<sup>(5)</sup> Finally, it fosters devotion to the Roman Pontiff. The daily works are expressly offered for his intentions, and in the present calamitous times his fatherly heart finds much solace and encouragement in that devout invention of the Apostleship of Prayer known as the "Mass Clock."<sup>(6)</sup>

But, as we have said, the League is simple as well as fundamental. It is simple and direct in its whole organization and procedure. The duties of the three degrees are easily adaptable to all ages, all circumstances, and all grades of perfection in the interior life. And nothing could be simpler than its nature and purpose, which is the conversion of a man's whole life to God.

It is no wonder, then, that the Apostleship of Prayer has often been praised and recommended by the Popes and by the Bishops.

As early as 1849, Pope Pius IX, then in exile at Gaeta, enriched it with indulgences,<sup>(7)</sup> and often thereafter showed it special marks of esteem. Leo XIII called it one of the confraternities dearest to his heart, a new plant adorning and fructifying the garden of the divine husbandman.<sup>(8)</sup> Pius X did not hesitate to say that there was "nothing more useful" than the

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(5) *Manuale Apostolatus Orationis*, Roma [1934], n. 92; cf. nn. 83-102.

(6) Cf. *Acta Rom.*, vol. VIII, 1937, pp. 653-654; vol. IX, 1940, pp. 484-485; vol. X, 1941, pp. 5-6.

(7) *Litt. Apost. Ad augendum*, d. d. 19 aug. 1849.

(8) *Allocutio ad Socios Ap. Or. Italos*, habita d. 11 oct. 1893 (*Il Messaggiere del Sacro Cuore di Gesù*, vol. LIX, p. 151); cf. etiam epist. ad P. H. Ramière, d. d. 23 sept. 1878 (*Messenger du Cœur de Jésus*, vol. XXXIV, pp. 484-489).



Apostleship of Prayer "for curing the many grave ills with which human society is afflicted."<sup>(9)</sup> Benedict XV expressed his desire that no one should remain aloof from a share in the Apostleship.<sup>(10)</sup> Pius XI repeatedly approved, recommended, and praised it, and declared that he counted upon much help from this army of impetration. He spoke of it as "a work of strength and beauty, well fitted for the needs of the present, and most satisfying to the desires of the Sacred Heart." Again he called it "one of the most admirable achievements of our time," an irresistible army and "an apostolate at once the easiest and most effective, one urgently recommended to all."<sup>(11)</sup> Finally, our present Holy Father, Pius XII, has used every occasion of showing how dear he holds the League. It is, he says, "an enterprise of robust faith and vitality, by means of which a fervent and fruitful Crusade is being waged for the propagation of the heavenly kingdom among all classes of society."<sup>(12)</sup> More recently, in the Encyclical Letter on *The Mystical Body of Christ* he stated publicly that he was glad "to extol this League as most pleasing to God."<sup>(13)</sup>

To these may be added the frequent testimonials of Bishops, who, in the words of Pius XI, are ardent in love and enthusiasm for this work, esteeming it a valuable aid in all the good works that are their constant care.<sup>(14)</sup>

All this, Reverend Fathers and dear Brothers in Christ, makes it incumbent on us to thank God fervently for this outstanding gift of the Society to us. Our divine Leader wants us well armed and equipped

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(9) Epist. ad P. I. Boubée, d. d. 9 apr. 1911 (*A.A.S.*, vol. III, 1911, p. 345; *Acta Rom.*, vol. II, 1911, p. 21).

(10) Epist. Apost. Maximum illud, d. d. 3 nov. 1919 (*A.A.S.*, vol. XI, 1919, p. 452); cf. etiam *Acta Rom.*, vol. III, 1919, pp. 17-26; 1920, pp. 205-209.

(11) Cf. *Nuntius and Nuntios*, 1939, pp. 69-115, praesertim nn. 13, 35, 62, 80.

(12) Epist. ad P. G. Venturini, d. d. 25 apr. 1939 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. IX, 1939, pp. 9-11).

(13) *A.A.S.*, vol. XXXV, 1943, p. 246.

(14) Allocutio ad Socios Ap. Or. Italos, habita d. 25 apr. 1925 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. V, 1925, p. 255).



to fight the battle for God's glory and the salvation of souls. Let me recall only two of the most effective weapons He has provided for us. He gave us, first of all, the Spiritual Exercises of our Holy Father Ignatius, to form his sons for the spiritual warfare and to win many others to the standard of Christ. Then He gave us "the welcome task . . . of sowing, cultivating, and propagating devotion to the Divine Heart."<sup>(15)</sup> He intended us through the Exercises to penetrate intimately into the life, Passion, and Person of Christ, and then, through devotion to His Sacred Heart, to draw deeply upon the treasures of mercy and grace hidden there, and apply them freely to the needs of souls. But there is a third implement for sanctifying ourselves and others, which He reserved as a gift to the Society at its rebirth. This is the Apostleship of Prayer. Although not actually a compound of the Spiritual Exercises and the devotion to the Sacred Heart, it can be said to flow from these two, and in a sense to complement and confirm them.

In the Exercises we see "Christ the eternal King" inviting men into His army, and planning to wage total war on His enemies so as to come into His own as ruler of the world. Now the same Christ calls to Himself the members of the Apostleship of Prayer and proposes that they ally themselves with Him in this holy war. They respond with the cry, "Thy kingdom come!" They devote themselves and all they have without reserve to the service of their King and Lord. This they do every day, and so they preserve and increase the effect of the Exercises. We know by experience that the Apostleship of Prayer is the best assurance of fidelity. Especially is this true of those who are led to add to the morning offering, proper to the first degree, the practices of the third degree, monthly recollection and Communion of Reparation.

Devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, it is true, is not itself the purpose of the Apostleship of Prayer. But it is so suited to it that Pope Benedict XV called the

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(15) Coll. Decr., d. 223 (Epit. n. 851 § 1).



Apostleship of Prayer "a most noteworthy form" of that devotion.<sup>(16)</sup> In the worship of the Sacred Heart, as Pius XI points out, the predominant element is the consecration "by which, giving back ourselves and all we have received from the charity of the eternal Godhead, we devote them to the divine Heart of Jesus."<sup>(17)</sup> Nevertheless, this consecration is for the associates of the Apostleship of Prayer their primary and essential exercise.

The Society received this new gift of the Sacred Heart in an eager and grateful spirit. Father General Roothaan, so dear to our memory, on reading Father Gautrelet's book at once granted an interchange of the merits of our Society with the members of the League.<sup>(18)</sup> Later the Fathers of the 26th General Congregation, "on the threshold of the second century since the Society's restoration, . . . urgently reminded all of Ours, Superiors especially, to be zealous in assisting and promoting this League of the Sacred Heart."<sup>(19)</sup> We all know, as a result of this decree, how much our beloved Father Wlodimir Ledóchowski achieved for the advancement of the Apostleship of Prayer in numbers and above all in its true spirit. As milestones in this advance we may point first to the two conventions held at Rome in 1919 and 1925 by the editors of the *Messenger of the Sacred Heart*. Next the general organization was transferred to Rome, and finally the Eucharistic Crusade was definitively made a primary section of the Apostleship of Prayer.<sup>(20)</sup>

Now, however, as we round out the first century of this extraordinary blessing, our gratitude to the divine

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(16) forma principalissima della devozione al Sacro Cuore di Gesu. Allocutio ad Moderatores Ap. Or., habita d. 17 oct. 1920 (*Acta Rom.*, vol III. 1920, p. 205).

(17) Pius XI, Litt. Encycl. Miserentissimus Redemptor, d. d. 8 maii 1928 (*A.A.S.*, vol. XX, 1928, p. 167).

(18) Cf. *Epistolae Ioannis Phil. Roothaan, Romae*, 1940, vol. II, pp. 127-128.

(19) d. 21 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. II, 1915, p. 20); cf. *Coll. Decr.*, d. 223 (*Epit. n.* 672 § 1).

(20) Cf. *Nuntius ad Nuntios*, 1943, Jan.-Febr., Supplementum: In memoriam A. R. P. Wlodimiri Ledóchowski.



Goodness ought to find some special mode of expression. Directors and Promoters in various parts of the world will, of course, arrange fitting celebrations. Beyond this, I wish that a triduum be held in each of our houses, especially in novitiates and scholasticates, so far as the difficulties of the time permit. During this triduum due thanks should be given to the Divine Heart, and all of Ours should strive to appreciate more and more the gift with which It has enriched us.

Above all, we must show our gratitude in deeds. This will be done if our constant effort is to promote the Apostleship of Prayer with a new fervor in ourselves and others.

The first advance is to be effected in ourselves. The League had its origin in Colleges of Ours and among our scholastics, with the particular object of "offering to the young men, while engaged in the hidden toil of study, a way of exercising their zeal."<sup>(21)</sup> It would be sad, now that it has spread among many religious congregations and among all classes of society, if the Apostleship of Prayer were to be neglected by Ours. As a result of the communication of merits, you are well aware, Ours no longer need to inscribe their names, and have only to make some other external sign of membership.<sup>(22)</sup> Still it is possible that some, under the false impression that the Apostleship of Prayer is some sort of association for externs, may fail to apply themselves to this eminently apostolic work. Superiors, then, are to see to it that our young men from the noviceship onward are instructed in the organization and practices of the League. The present anniversary offers the best of opportunities. Instructions by experienced Fathers and appropriate readings will serve to increase that knowledge in everyone.

Above all, the spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer, so agreeable to the spirit of our Society, must influence us more and more. In this spirit the scholastics and

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<sup>(21)</sup> H. Ramière, S. I., *L'Apostolat de la Prière* Lyon, 1861; Préface.

<sup>(22)</sup> *Rescriptum* d. d. 13 maii 1875 (Cf *Manuale Ap. Or.*, nn. 196-197).



coadjutor brothers will find a means of attaining the apostolic end to which all of Ours, and not merely those active in the ministry, are called. In this spirit all of Ours will find a means of fulfilling the prescription of our constitutions which obliges us to help our neighbor "by holy desires and prayers in the sight of God for the whole Church." (23) In this spirit all of Ours will find a means of persevering in the right intention which our Holy Father Saint Ignatius ardently wishes all his sons to have "not only in their state of life, but also in all particular things." (24) Whoever goes beyond the practices of the League and endeavors to "live" the Apostleship of Prayer, makes a prayer of his whole life, and we can justly say of him what was said of St. Francis of Assisi, that he "is, rather than makes, a prayer." Since this prayer is apostolic, it can be truly asserted that his life becomes a continuous apostolate. In the spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer, furthermore, all of Ours will find a means of cultivating devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The reason why the Fathers of the 26th General Congregation commended the Apostleship of Prayer is, they tell us, because experience had shown them that it was "excellent for furthering this devotion." (25) In this spirit, finally, all of Ours will find a means of daily renewing and strengthening that devotion to the Sovereign Pontiff for which our Society is, by the will of its holy Founder, conspicuous in the eyes of both friends and foes.

Our gratitude for this exceptional gift obliges us further to promote the Apostleship of Prayer among the faithful, as "a work preeminently spiritual and social, and proper to the Society." (26) Some of Ours attempt at times to establish new activities, destined to be short-lived, and full of the risks that attend those who strive after novelties in religion. But the same

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(23) Const. P. VII, c. 4, n. 3.

(24) Const. P. III, c. 1, n. 26 (Summ. Const., reg. 17).

(25) d. 21 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. II, 1915, p. 40).

(26) R. P. Wl. Ledóchowski, Epist. de constituendis in Italia coetibus propagatorum Ap. Or., d. d. 26 nov. 1920 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. III, 1920, p. 347).



men overlook or neglect the Apostleship of Prayer, "approved by long experience" (27) and founded with the same or similar aims.

Nevertheless, in our direction of the Apostleship of Prayer among externs, we must have special care for men. (28) This was a decree of the 27th General Congregation. I earnestly recommend to our Superiors and parish Fathers, but especially to Directors and Promoters of the League and editors of the *Messenger*, a project that Father General Ledóchowski in his last years had most at heart. This is, that we launch and favor separate sections of the Apostleship of Prayer composed of men alone. Under various names—such as "League of the Sacred Heart", "Apostleship of Men," "Fellow-sufferers with the Sacred Heart", and so Men," "Crusaders for the Sacred Heart", and so places. (29) Our late Father General clearly realized two important facts. The first was the need of bringing men to the Holy Eucharist, to draw from that divine fountain of grace the supernatural life that is absolutely necessary to turn back the present apostasy of nations from God. The second was the aptitude for this task of the Apostleship of Prayer, especially through its Eucharistic Crusade, which the Holy Father wishes not restricted to boys and girls but extended to youths and men. (30)

The editors of the *Messenger* might consider what a powerful weapon of the apostolate they have in their hands. Let them ponder how much good they can accomplish for souls simply by explaining the general intention. Each month they clarify and urge, in more than forty distinct articles for hundreds of thousands

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(27) R. P. Wl. Ledóchowski, *Epist. de Missionariis Ap. Or. Intentionibus*, d. d. 3 dec. 1927 (*Acta Rom.*, vol. V, 1927, p. 701).

(28) Cf. *Coll. Decr.*, d. 223 (*Epit.*, n. 672 § 1).

(29) Cf. *Apostolatus Orationis Conventus quem Directores Nuntiorum . . . Romae celebrarunt*, Toulouse, 1925, pp. 45-54; [Jos. Boubée, S. I.], *Eclaircissements sur notre Croisade Eucharistique*, n. 4; *Nuntius ad Nuntios*, 1939, pp. 118-120; *Annuaire Ap. Or.*, 1940-1941, pp. 72-74.

(30) Cf. *Acta Rom.*, vol. VII, 1932, p. 59; 1933, pp. 379-380; vol. IX, 1939, p. 338.



of the faithful, whatever point of faith or morals the Holy Father judges that the conditions of the time demand. Let the editors therefore have a high esteem for their task, and strive with all diligence that the *Messengers* be true channels of the Apostleship of Prayer. Let them abstain from novelties and less approved devotions, and chiefly promote devotion to the Sacred Heart of Jesus and to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. After the example of Father Ramière, let them nourish their readers on wholesome Catholic doctrine and avoid as far as possible all secular matters as ill suited to the *Messenger*, which is a spokesman for the Sacred Heart.

This, Reverend Fathers and dear Brothers in Christ, is the importance of the Apostleship of Prayer for us in this critical time. It is a work divinely ordered to obtain the graces of which we see men most in want. This army of intercessors will do violence to the loving Heart of Jesus, so that at length He will mercifully grant to the nations that peace "which the world cannot give." In this harmony of petitions, for the intentions of the Holy Father and in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus ever interceding for us, there will arise that unity of hearts which is so grievously torn in the enmities of wartime. And, last of all, the League will furnish us with a most useful instrument for infusing the Christian spirit in all its vigor into industrial unions and agricultural groups. These form the part of the Lord's vineyard that in our times is most needy <sup>(31)</sup> and most in demand of our special care.

To conclude this rather lengthy letter, I urge all of you to endeavor by your prayers in this jubilee year to obtain from the Sacred Heart of Jesus, through the Immaculate Heart of Mary, a resurgence of the true spirit of the Apostleship of Prayer in all of Ours. May this excellent gift of the divine Goodness not lie dormant in any of us, but bear rich fruits of holiness

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<sup>(31)</sup> Cf. Const. P. VII, c. 2, litt. D.



both in ourselves and in all the faithful entrusted to our care.

I commend myself to your Holy Sacrifices and prayers.

Rome, March 12, 1944, on the anniversary of the canonization of our Father Saint Ignatius and of Saint Francis Xavier.

The servant of you all in Christ,

ALEXIUS AMBROSIUS MAGNI,

*Vicar General of the Society of Jesus.*





## THE EXCHANGE AT GOA

An account written for Ours of the visit to Goa and to the Tomb of St. Francis Xavier by Father PIUS MOORE, S.J., returning from China as a repatriate on the *S. S. Gripsholm* in October, 1943.

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News coming to our concentration camp in Zikawei, Shanghai, in August 1943, that the next Exchange of enemy nationals between Japan and the United States would take place in the Portuguese colony of Goa, India, brought to our repatriates the hope of a pilgrimage to the tomb of Saint Francis Xavier. The writer recalled his joining at Shanghai, in February 1937, the "Pilgrimage Ship" bound for the Manila Eucharistic Congress and scheduled to make a call at Sanchan Island where Xavier had died at the gates of China. Keen disappointment awaited the passengers to the Congress as the sea about the small Island was considered by the Captain too rough for a safe landing of the pilgrims. Little did the writer know that a kindly Providence had in store a far greater privilege six years later,—that of visiting the tomb of Xavier and of saying Mass but a few feet from the miraculously preserved body, brought from the lonely island of Sanchan to Old Goa 390 years ago.

The Zikawei library provided material for a review of the labors of the great patron of the missions,—of his travels, of his sojourning and of his final resting place in the Church of the Society in Goa, on the western coast of India. The Catholic Encyclopedia afforded a good map of Goa of 400 years ago, and the "Memorabilia Societatis" provided a full account of the largest pilgrimage ever held at the tomb of the Saint, 1922,—the third centenary of his canonization. Hopes and enthusiasm grew with study, so it was not hard to conceive our sea voyage to Goa as a devout pilgrimage. Many prayed it might be. Reports from Shanghai of the first repatriation held in August, 1942, in Portu-



guese Africa brought word that our Americans had been allowed ashore two or three days in Lorengo Marques. Were a like concession given us in Goa, a pilgrimage to the Shrine of Saint Francis Xavier might easily be arranged. On his way to and from Japan, Xavier had passed the gates of China, As our ship crossed the China Sea and entered the waters of the Indian Ocean, we crossed again and again sea-lanes familiar to the great Apostle of the East. Thoughts of his voyaging and labors were daily in our minds.

A little disappointment was ours when, because of mines laid in the Straits of Malacca, our ship did not take the usual shorter route from Singapore to India; thus depriving us of a view of Malacca the city of which the Saint made frequent mention during his missionary life, and where many miracles were wrought after death whilst his body rested there for a year on its way to Goa. It was at Malacca the Saint had met the Japanese, Anjiro, who later in Goa, became Paul de Santa Fé. Word of a proposed pilgrimage passed from one group to another of the ninety-four Sisters aboard our ship, and one of the Sisters of Notre Dame de Namur even wrote a hymn to Saint Francis Xavier, set to a familiar air, and it was sung after the "Ave Maris Stella" by our Catholic Missionaries—160 strong—at eight o'clock each evening on the open deck as we approached the Goanese port. Fellow passengers became interested, particularly the Protestant missionary group, and the writer was asked by the Chairman of the lecture committee of the ship to give a talk on Saint Francis Xavier in the large dining room.

We were to arrive in port Friday, October 15th, and the lecture was given on Wednesday evening. It was not possible to accommodate the crowd that came to hear, (we numbered 1500 passengers), but no mention was made of a pilgrimage to the Shrine. A complete picture was drawn of the life and labors of the Saint—a brief reference made to his tomb and miracles. For seventy minutes, the audience listened in rapt attention. Many afterwards said that they had never thought there was so great a man in the missionary



world as Francis Xavier. The day after, however, Brother Finnegan, while sitting on deck, overhead a group of Protestant missionary ladies discussing the lecture. Most of them commended it, but one when asked what she thought of it, declared it to be "the greatest assortment of fairy tales she had ever listened to."

Our ship was routed southward from Singapore (renamed Shonan by the Japanese) through the Banda Straits separating Java from Sumatra, and we thence pointed northward towards Ceylon. At this island we came to the first mission field so dear to St. Francis, and skirted the Malabar coast where he had spent nearly three years reclaiming the native Christians after the zealous apostolate amongst the Portuguese of Goa. Along the Malabar coast we now find the well known cities of Mangalore, Poona and Bombay. Malabar will be represented at Sanchan Island in the closing scenes of Xavier's life, for India along with China, will kneel at his death bed, in the person of the Malabar boy called Christopher, who begged to follow his Father in the Faith even to China.

From the calm, blue waters of the Arabian Sea we came into the large harbor of Marmugao, Goa's commercial seaport. The city of Goa, called also Panjim, and the capital of Portuguese India, is not visible from this port, but lies hidden from view by tall groves of cocoanut palms on the promontory where it is located. It is about twelve miles across the bay and peninsula where it nestles in dreamy warmth on the right shore of the Mandovi River. Marmugao is of recent development as a port and is located on the north side of a big promontory, its warehouses, cranes, and pier built at the foot of a frowning old Indian fortress that commands a clear view of the approaches to Portugal's Indian Colony. In 1510, Duke Alphonso Albuquerque took Goa from a Hindu Rajah and added a cross and Chapel to the old fortress of Marmugao. Goa was a stronghold of Mohamedanism and at the time of the European Conquest had been in existence about thirty years. It was at that time the port of embarkation for



all Mohamedan pilgrims bound for Mecca; for the entrance to the Red Sea is in a direct line across the Arabian Sea from Goa.

Our repatriation ship arrived at Marmugao on schedule, but the exchange ship Gripsholm, from New York, was some two days late. We spent just a week in port. As supplies of Mass wine and hosts had to be replenished, I was asked a week previous to our arrival to procure in Goa, through our Jesuit Fathers, these supplies. The Swiss representatives accompanying our ship, and our mediators with the local Portuguese officials, promised to do all in their power to secure shore leave for our proposed pilgrimage to Goa and the Shrine of St. Francis Xavier. They advised me to put the petition in writing. It would be presented to the local international board as soon as the business of "exchange of nationals" was completed. Carefully the request was prepared and mention made of the historical nature of Old Goa's place of pilgrimage and the large number of passengers aboard our ship eager to avail themselves of the occasion to visit the Shrine. Hardly again could 160 Catholic Missionaries revisit Goa or hope for such a privilege. Besides authorization from the civic authorities, a request would have to be presented to the Patriarch, Archbishop of Goa, for the "exposition" of the body of the Saint. It would be necessary to call personally upon his Excellency at the episcopal palace. Goa. In the request, therefore, to go ashore and to enter Portuguese territory, the writer asked that Brother James Finnegan, S.J., be permitted to accompany him, not so much to enhance the embassy to the Archbishop's as to help carry a dozen or more bottles of Mass wine we were to procure at our Jesuit Institute. No mention, however, of these reasons was made in the petition.

For three days we waited in earnest prayer, and the hymn to the Saint was sung with increased fervor each evening as we assembled on deck, facing Goa, looking yearningly across the soft waters of the bay, much as Xavier had gazed from Sanchan across to the dim lights of China's mainland. First fears shadowed our



prospects when on Tuesday morning (we were in port since Friday (a report reached us that very unfriendly relations had developed between Portugal and Japan following the concessions given our allies in the Portuguese Azores. The Gripsholm harbored the Japanese Exchange repatriates. Neither group of repatriates would be permitted to land. The petitioner called upon the consular authority handling the matter. He assigned an American member of the board to communicate to me their decision. A pilgrimage, as such, could not be allowed by the Portuguese authorities, since the Japanese repatriates in port might ask similar landing privileges for their people. The officials could not permit this. He argued that allowing us privileges not granted the Japanese might interfere with the next repatriation of our nationals from enemy territory; so at this, the pilgrimage was considered as definitely cancelled.

The possibility of shore-leave in small groups after the departure of the Japanese ship was mentioned by the officials; so some hope still flickered in our hearts as we concluded the interview. I pressed the petition for myself and Brother Finnegan to land and call upon the Archbishop. The American Official promised to use his influence to obtain me a pass to go to Goa. The time was getting very short and should shore leave be given at all, many would flock to the Shrine. Would the Archbishop expose the holy relics on that particular day?

About eight-thirty Tuesday evening our American official met me on deck and calling me aside told me he had secured me a pass and that I might go ashore the next day. Keeping to their order of "no passes" to any save those in official capacity, (so he whispered to me) I was much surprised when he handed me a pass extending the courtesies of the port and Portuguese India to the "Honorable Consul of Venezuela, Senhor Alberto Delfino!" I whispered back my thanks, and he told me I was allowed to use this pass since the honorable consul of Venezuela had somehow missed the boat, but that my "powers of representation" would come



to an end on my return to the ship! The horizon brightened and Brother Finnegan was easily won over to accompany me in the capacity of my secretary, though it meant hurrying with his breakfast in order to catch the first launch across to Goa early Wednesday morning.

We told no one but the sacristan, and we were off. Only once were we stopped by Portuguese police guards as we hurried along the wharf, in and out between freight cars and Goanese coolies, to the launch-landing. This police sergeant, with a broad flourish of his "billy", as he glanced at the official stamp on our extended pass, indicated for us the freedom of the port. From Marmugao across the bay to the landing at Dona Paula took about twenty minutes. Here the bus to Goa awaited us. In paying our fare we had our first experience with Portuguese money, colonial currency: rupees and annas. Happily the Portuguese Consul from Shanghai, who had come with us as far as Goa,—(he was retiring as Consul), had obtained for me a few days before about thirty rupees when he went ashore to dine with friends. The fare for each of us from the ship to Goa amounted to twelve annas; there are sixteen annas to one rupee, the Indian dollar.

Though we noticed six or seven other foreign passengers from our launch, also with consular passes, taking hired cars from the Dona Paula station to the City, Brother Finnegan and I travelled with the "common people" in the city bus. We were the only foreign passengers, but all the natives seemed happy to see us, offering their places in the bus that we might be comfortably seated. Over ninety per cent of the Goanese are Catholic. We inquired about schedules and noted the exact hours of bus and launch communications with Marmugao where our ship was berthed. These details would be important in the event that shore-leave was granted and our missionary passengers wanted to get to Goa and back. We felt quite at ease when we were told that our bus would pass in front of the Instituto San Francisco Xavierio and stop at the door.

The view from the bus was charming. What a



change from one whole month on a very crowded ship at sea, not setting foot on land even once at San Fernando, (the Philippines), at Saigon, Indo China, at Singapore. We were now greeted with the luxuriant growth of waving palms and tropical vines, the various hues of green shrubs and fragrant flowers and trees, to say nothing of a Christian people whose smiling faces portrayed the welcome their unintelligible tongue could not express to us. The houses in Goa are built of stone or adóbé. Cocoanut trees and banana palms are numerous and shade the houses and overtop the walls surrounding the dwellings. We passed by several churches and chapels on our twenty minute ride across the promontory and, besides, three or more cemeteries in the outskirts of the city, each of which, as a passenger told us) has its parish Church located within the walls of the burying grounds. The place used by the pagan people of Goa for the cremation of their dead was pointed out to us near a Hindu temple. At many street crossings both within and without the city, one observes a quadrangular pedestal topped by a cross, bearing the name of the streets. The appearance of some of these reminds one of tombstones; whilst others are more elaborate, approaching a wayside shrine.

Our bus slowed down as we came into the more populous section of the city and we soon found ourselves under the arching palm trees of the Jesuit Institute, where we recognized the Jesuit cassock (though white) of two Fathers who seemed to be waiting the arrival of the bus. Their eyes opened widely when they saw two strangers alight, also in Jesuit apparel (I wore my cassock in India as we do in China) and they gave us a joyous welcome, rather surprised that we had forestalled their call; for we soon learned that they were on their way to Marmugao to call on us aboard ship. They had heard from some Goanese priests that many missionaries were aboard the repatriation vessel.

The two Fathers, though Portuguese, spoke English quite well and hastened to offer us hospitality, assuring us that they were very happy that we had come to



Goa. Some of their workmen were busy above our heads, cutting cocoanuts, and the Father Superior ordered a servant to bring in some of the nuts that lay on the grass. We soon felt as much at home as Jesuits do in any part of the world, and the dining room with wide open corridors on two sides was a delightful place to await the proffered refreshments. Before each of us was placed a tall glass of fresh cocoanut milk, whilst a Brother prepared for us a cup of hot coffee and placed before us tempting cookies. When the Fathers heard how brief would be our stay and that I wished to call on the Patriarch-Archbishop with a very special petition, they thought it best that we go at once to the Palace which is located on Goa's highest hill. Father Abranches, the Superior, would accompany us. We walked to the nearest taxi station to get a car to go up the "Alto Patriarcál". The Archbishop's full title is "Patriarch of the East Indies and Primate of the Orient".

During the monarchy (up to 1910) the Archbishop of Goa wielded large influence in the colonial government, being vice-chairman of the Assembly, and even ruled the colony in the absence of the governor-general. Today he has no seat in the Council or affairs of State, and cannot even expose the body at St. Francis Xavier's tomb without the Governor's consent. They all say that Salazar will improve conditions when he comes to reorganize Portugal's colonies. The present Patriarch is Archbishop José da Costa Nunes, who in 1941 was promoted from the Bishopric of Macao, in China, to the See of Goa. Our auto ride up the "Almirante Reís" brought us past the Church of the Immaculate Conception, Patroness of the City of Goa, and built far back in 1541, the year before St. Francis Xavier reached India; the first Church in what is now New Goa. An elegant flight of zig-zag stairs leads up to the eminence in front of the sacred edifice.

A charming picture is the large bronze statue of Our Lord, "Salvator Mundi", which looks down upon the city from the entrance to the Patriarch's Palace. I had prepared in Latin the petition to present to the



Prelate in the name of the 160 priests, Brothers and Sisters, and upon our arrival we were given an audience at once by the Archbishop. His Excellency was very gracious, read attentively the petition, placed it open on his desk, sat back in his chair and looking up said: "Much as I would like to grant this petition, it is absolutely impossible. You know", he continued, "three keys are required for the exposition of the body of St. Francis; the Governor has one, I have one, the Guardian of the Shrine has the third." Emphasizing the negative, he said: "I *cannot* ask the Governor for his key." He did not explain further, but turning slightly to his right, he drew out the tray of his large, elegantly carved desk, and taking out a folded piece of heavy, lined silk, seized his scissors and cut off a generous portion of the cloth, saying: "I give part of this vestment in which the body of our Saint was clothed for many decades as relics for the missionaries." He then spoke affectionately of China and dwelt briefly upon conditions of his former diocese of Macao. He brought us to see the spacious halls and rooms of the Palacio; the historical portraits of many prelates of Goa's patriarchal see; the chancery, where records of four centuries are kept and finally to the tribune of his private Chapel. The Archbishop was clad in white silk, bordered with purple, wears a short beard and is about sixty years of age. He speaks English with precision. He was very cordial in his good wishes and said he hoped that all the missionaries would visit the Shrine if shore-leave were granted.

We asked for his blessing as we parted and went away trying to fathom the meaning of his denial. We had hardly passed the purple and white Monsignors on the broad stairway, near the parlors and at the office door, when our Jesuit guide, Father Abranches, began to speak of the Governor and his "power of the keys." "Our poor Archbishop", he said, "has much to bear from the unfriendly attitude of the Viceroy." We took another sweeping view of the lovely city and as we looked across hill and dale, the Father pointed out the Governor's Palace at the Cape, the entrance from the



Arabian Sea to Goa. "That edifice," said he, "is still called by us 'Our Lady of the Cape'. It is the old Franciscan Monastery, built in 1594, with a pretty Chapel dedicated to our Lady de Cabo (of the Cape)." The Monastery was confiscated by the Portuguese Government and made the Palacio as well as the Cabinété or Cabinet-Room of the Governor General for Portuguese India. The Governor is nominated for a term of five years. "We hope," said the Portuguese Father, "that Salazar will do much for religion in Portugal and its Colonies." As we had dismissed our hired car on arrival, we decided to walk down the hill and get a nearer view of fauna and flora and the comfortable Christian homes of Catholic Goa. The city numbers less than twenty thousand, but it is predominately Catholic. Cocoanuts and canned fish are the main export from the city. Cashew nuts also bring them considerable revenue.

The Jesuits are the only religious order now in Goa, and only secular and mission priests have charge of parishes. Our Fathers about two years ago opened the Institute of San Francisco Xavierio for High School students. There were then nine of ours assigned to Goa. But, the Father informed us, the registration of students was very small; so the Superior of the Goa Mission which numbers but thirty-six members, assigned all but four to other work. There are two Fathers and two Brothers now at the Institute, the two Fathers being engaged almost constantly in giving retreats and country missions. In the Old Society there was a "Provincia Goana," and Saint Francis Xavier was the first Provincial. A large Convent of native Carmelite nuns, uncloistered, is the chief religious community of Goa. We returned to the Jesuit Residence after purchasing on the way some postcards and photographic views. We had not long to wait for the noon-day meal at which both fish and meat are served and a platter of delicious native fruits for dessert.

We were joined at this time by a young Goanese priest, living next door, who frequently drops in to recreate with our small Jesuit community. His full



name was Father Andrea de Santa Rita de Vaz and he had been informed of our presence in the city by the Father who remained at home while we were at the palace of the Patriarch. He had come over to be our chaperon for the afternoon, and we were fortunate in having him with us. Father de Vaz has a brother a Jesuit, now a Theologian, to be ordained at Poona in 1944. We made up our program for the afternoon. All were to take the ordinary siesta, or midday rest. But as I needed to supply many of the missionaries back on the ship with rupees (Goanese money) in view of shore-leave the following day, I asked about money exchange. This could be done only at the bank, not far from the Institute, so the Goanese Father offered to go with me. Brother Finnegan, suddenly recalling our pass and his capacity as "Secretary to the honorable Consul of Venezuela," offered to go in my place, and having ably transacted the business, in twenty minutes he and Father de Vaz were back for a little rest.

Again at 4, the Portuguese Brother called us to take a cup of their excellent India coffee, along with spiced cakes and Goanese bananas. We then left in a hired car for Old Goa, the Shrine of St. Francis Xavier, located inland about twenty minutes by car. The Superior urged Father Mathias, the other priest of the community, to take the trip with us. We were thus able to gather more of Jesuit history as the various sites were pointed out. Father de Vaz wished us to call with him on his parents whose home lay on our route. It was a peep into a truly model Goanese home, I would say, of the wealthier class, a grown family of six sons and three daughters, all educated in Catholic schools, three sons, besides the priestly vocations, already following professions. They were so happy to learn that we were on our way to the Shrine—for all India loves St. Francis and rejoices in his glory. They made us promise to stop for some refreshments on our way back.

Just across the street from the Vaz home flows the small Ribanda River spanned by a stone bridge lead-



ing outside of the city to Old Goa. We were interested to hear it called the "Jesuit Bridge" and thought the name might bear remembrance of the architect; but no, "the bridge was built in a single night," said our little mission priest, Father de Vaz, with feigned assurance, "and is attributed to the supernatural powers of the Jesuits!" They wanted a short cut to Old Goa, and had waited vainly and long for city authorities to act; so in a single night, it is said, with the light of a small lamp of cocoanut oil, all Jesuits in Goa joining on the night shift, the bridge was built and appeared at sunrise fully completed. The construction is an elegant piece of work. Built of red stone, it has some twelve Gothic arches, diagonally placed and jutting out on either side beyond the driveway. A pillar at the entrance to the bridge has an inscription stating that the construction dates back to 1633. The Jesuits were certainly in Goa at that time, but the real name of the bridge is given as the "Ribandar," which would probably satisfy historians better than the name "Jesuit Bridge."

Crossing the mysterious bridge, with a smile of family pride, we were soon speeding along the well built highway on the right bank of the Mandovi River, which gives a good harbor to new Goa. Two miles outside the city, the Mandovi divides into the Naroa and the Goa Rivers, the latter passing the Old city of Goa to which we were bound. It is hard to describe the pilgrims' feelings, when coming from the extremities of the earth to Goa's sacred shrine, they realize they are approaching the holy sanctuary, the place of a miracle extending across three hundred and ninety years, the preservation of the body of St. Francis Xavier. How many devout pilgrims; nobles, officials of government, the rich, the poor, the sick, the blind, the halt, have passed this very way, along with prelates, bishops, missionaries, to beg of Xavier, our elder Jesuit brother, his powerful intercession with God. But for the Jesuit pilgrim the approach is a fitting first prelude,—his second prelude will be made at the Saint's side.



The scenery is superb. The Western Ghats in the blue distance form the background for Old Goa. In the foreground the sacred landmarks are hidden by tall palms till you come beneath their shade. Across the Goa River on the left is the mission field of Salsette, where Jesuit missionaries in Xavier's century shed their blood for Christ. High above the river bank as it nears Goa is the Mount of the Pieta, where a lovely old Chapel of the Sorrowful Mother looks down upon the pilgrims approaching the city. All these prepare the soul for entering upon the contemplation of the life and merits of a Saint so dear to every member of the Society. A small fishing village nestles on the river bank just outside the walls of the old city. One recalls that fishermen were dear to Saint Francis. We drive between two stone pillars where once hung the massive gates of Old Goa. Crumbling walls, overgrown with moss and ferns, and festooned with tropical vines border the properties that four centuries ago enclosed the homes of natives and Portuguese, free men and slaves, churches and monasteries. Quick-growing tropical vegetation seems to make an attempt, almost human, to hide from men the ruins of what was once a luxurious city of two hundred thousand souls, the capital of the far-flung Portuguese empire in Asia: Goa, the Lisbon of the East, once basking in military, commercial, and ecclesiastical splendor. The sepulchral gloom hovering over the deserted city is appalling, did not the religious pilgrim come hither for some purpose other than to see this vast sepulchre of departed glory.

But there still stands in perfect repair and in the very center of the ruined city the memorial Church of Bom Jesus, enshrining the miraculously preserved body of St. Francis Xavier, who by countless miracles has attracted to his feet every generation since the sun shone on Portugal's Indian Capital. In the midst of ruin and the ravages of time, he lives on, changing Old Goa into the "City of St. Francis". There is only one street now, a rather modern highway, and it seems to pause at but one place, the "largo" or square of St.



Francis. All that remains of habitable buildings are within a square block of the old Jesuit Church, but only grass covered, unbeaten paths lead to these; the great cathedral, the Franciscan Church, and the monastery attached.

As we two American Jesuit pilgrims were to have part of two days visiting Old Goa (Wednesday afternoon and Thursday morning) the writer will first give expression to external impressions, confining these to the first days' visit.

One realizes at once as he gets out of the car that he is at the goal of his pilgrimage, for the massive church of Bom Jesus faces him. He walks across the stone-paved approach to the former professed house of the Society built in 1586, now the residence of Monsignor Franklin da Sá Guardian of the Shrine. The "Casa Professa" adjoins the Church. We must ask permission to see the Church. As we enter under the stone archway, two large doors lie open before us, and we see in the wide corridor supported on a bracket a large statue of St. Francis Xavier. For the first time in their lives these two American Jesuits walk into a "Domus Professa Societatis Jesu!" But one does not call for the "Prepositus" or Rector. The College is no longer ours, though St. Francis seems to smile us a greeting, as with humble feelings we wait to beg leave of the secular priest to visit this former Church and house of the Society.

Monsignor Da Sá is a native Goanese priest, who has for thirty-nine years been Guardian of the Shrine of St. Francis. Our clerical chaperon, little Father De Vaz, introduced us as American missionaries from the repatriation ship (then in port) and when he mentioned that we were Jesuits, Monsignor Da Sá grasped my hand again, his face brightening, and said: "O, I am so happy that you have come. There must be a special welcome here to all Jesuits." And when he had escorted us up the broad stone stairway to his abode on the second floor, he whispered to his dark-skinned servant a few words which, interpreted, proved to be an order to bring out a bottle of port wine that had



been waiting thirty years for us! "When I was in Rome," said our friendly host, "your Father General called on me—what an honor for a simple native Indian priest," he said, parenthetically, "and because he had heard that I love St. Francis Xavier and all the brethren of the Saint, your Father Ledóchowski gave me an embrace saying: 'Monsignor Da Sá, amantissimus Societatis Jesu'."

With such a welcome we felt sure we would be shown all the privileged pilgrims enjoy at the Shrine. We three Jesuits were in the "Domus Professa" which three hundred years ago housed over eighty members of the Society. The three-story building with the large sacristy of the Church forms a quadrangle, enclosing a lovely, well-kept tropical garden with cocoanut palms and flowering vines reaching above the third story verandah. On each floor verandahs run around the entire building, giving cooling breezes in the hot climate of central India. Though more than a third of the building was destroyed by fire after it passed from Jesuit hands, it contains more than fifty private rooms. At the time of the Suppression of the Society in Portuguese dominions (1759) the Professed House was made the Diocesan Seminary and placed in charge of Italian Vincentians. After nine years, they too, were expelled and the Seminary handed over to the Oratorians of St. Philip Neri. But since 1775 the House has been administered by a Canon of the Cathedral appointed by the Patriarch-Archbishop. He is supported by the Government. Canon (or Monsignor) Da Sá told us that thirty-nine years ago he said his First Mass at the altar of Saint Francis Xavier—and the next day was appointed by the Archbishop as Guardian of the Shrine.

As we walked along the long corridors, we looked for names on doors, pictures of Generals, and other landmarks usual in Jesuit habitations; but found only a few large pictures, mostly paintings of our Saints and Martyrs. The Jesuit refectory, it seems, was destroyed in the fire that occurred under secular care. The writer, with no library or access to books abroad ship, can merely recall to the minds of his readers that Goa's



main residence was for one hundred and seventy years the headquarters of the Society in India, and often the stopping-off place for Jesuit missionaries to China and Japan. To mention but one, it is certain that Brother Benedict de Goës resided here at the "Casa Professa", (1602) before setting out at the order of the Superior of the Mission to find a short overland route from Goa to old Peking in China. History assures us of the residence here, for possibly a year and a half, of Venerable Father Marcellus Mastrilli, S.J., (we can only guess that his room was near the sacristy) who on his way to Japan stopped at Goa and superintended the building of the shrine of St. Francis in the church of the Bom Jesus.

The story of Father Mastrilli's cure and of the origin of the "Novena of Grace" is sufficiently familiar to our readers to be omitted here. But other facts are not so well known. Father Mastrilli, out of love for his devoted patron, Francis Xavier, collected funds in Europe and later in India for the magnificent shrine that does such honour to the Saint in the church of Bom Jesus. It was in 1633, some eighty years after the death of Xavier, that the Saint appeared to Father Mastrilli at Naples, curing him and bidding him renew his appeal for the foreign missions. Mere reference is made at present to the shrine which will be described in its proper place. The life of Father Mastrilli is singular. Saint Francis Xavier seemed to want a substitute; having been unable to secure for himself the crown of martyrdom, he commanded Mastrilli to go to Japan. One would expect that this Father, so wonderfully favored by the Patron of the Missions himself, would have had a remarkable missionary career in Japan. Instead, he scarcely set foot in the mission to which the Saint had guided him when he met with martyrdom. Father Mastrilli suffered the torture of the pit at Unzen near Nagasaki and after four days was decapitated. This was on October 17, 1637, the year he completed his work in Goa. He has been declared Venerable.

We were now to visit the Church, the Shrine and the Sacristy. The writer hopes not to be monotonous in



his description of an edifice that, next, probably, to St. Peter's in Rome, has had the greatest number of devout pilgrims write of its dimensions and architectural form. It is a large impressive structure of dark granite in Doric-Corinthian style, adorned with some striking relief work. Three arched doors form the front entrance, above which are the three square windows of the choir, and above these, smaller circular windows. Crowning all is a quadrangle adorned with fine arabesque, beautiful and stately, the whole surmounted by a cross. The church has a single cruciform nave 170 by 50 feet, about 60 feet in height. The windows are in three series (none of stained glass) and give good lighting to the church proper. There are five tribunes, reserved on solemn occasions for persons of distinction. The church has no pews; a dozen or more chairs at the altar of the Saint suffice for pilgrims outside of times of exposition of the body.

As one walks up the center aisle, the massive dimensions of the richly gilded main altar appear in excellent light. In the right transept, Epistle side, and outside the sanctuary, is the altar (or more correctly four altars), of the shrine of our Saint. In the opposite transept to St. Francis Xavier's is the altar which for some years was dedicated to St. Francis Borgia, but is now called the Altar of the Blessed Sacrament, though outside of times of pilgrimage the Blessed Sacrament is not reserved. This is another reminder that Old Goa is a deserted city. The main altar is dedicated to St. Ignatius, with an eight-foot statue, richly gilded, representing our holy Father in ecstasy, looking up to heaven. The church, however, is dedicated to the Infant Jesus (Meniño Jesus) or as they say in Goa, "Bom Jesus"—Good Jesus. Lower down on the main altar, just back of the crucifix, is a small statue of the Infant Jesus dressed in red velvet and ermined cape. There is no tabernacle on the main altar, the Blessed Sacrament being reserved in times of pilgrimage at the transept altar outside the sanctuary rails. The entire church furnishings are rich and elaborate.

It is interesting to note that the church of Bom



Jesus was erected at the expense of the "Captain of Cochin and Ormuz", Don Jeronimo Mascarenhas, a devoted friend of St. Francis Xavier, who over thirty years after the death of the saint, gave this monument to the Society in memory of Xavier. The church was erected in 1587. It became the fourth and final resting place for the miraculously preserved body of the Saint, the first being at Sanchan Island where he died; the second at Malacca for about a year, when the Portuguese ship, Santa Croce, was enroute back to Goa, where it arrived in 1554; the third at the College of St. Paul, Goa, for about eighty years until the elegant shrine of Father Mastrilli was ready to receive it in the Church of Bom Jesus, 1637.

Words fail one to describe a Jesuit's feelings, as, before examining the elegant shrine of our Saint, he closes his eyes, falls on his knees at the very side of his elder brother and makes his second prelude, a prayer so full of affection, so deep in reverence, so extensive in petition. But our devotions at the altar were planned for the following day, so we arose and stood back to view what is reputed to be the richest tomb in all India, and even with few rivals throughout the world. The sarcophagus is elevated about twelve feet above the table of the altar, the altar itself being of Italian marble, resting upon a four-faced marble structure of various colors, on each of the four sides of which is an altar facing the body of the Saint, with representations in *bas-relief* of some incident of his life. The precious marble of the shrine, including the rich Corinthian columns ornate with acanthus leaves, was given by the Italian Grand Duke of Tuscanny, Ferdinand II, who had received from Goa a cushion upon which the head of the Saint had rested for many years. The sarcophagus, elaborated in Florentine style, is made of copper with silver and gold superbly wrought and set with precious stones. The body, clad in priestly vestments, lies upon a metal couch which can be removed, much like a casket from a hearse, at times of "exposition." The metal door at the feet of the Saint has three keys. When the shrine was com-



pleted in 1636, the Queen of Spain gave the rich gold vestment to clothe the holy body. How happy Father Mastrilli must have been as he gazed upon the completed shrine! He had seen St. Francis in vision; here in Goa he saw his patron much as he was in life, and then went on his way to martyrdom in Japan. How soon was he to present to the Saint in heaven the glorious palm of martyrs he bore from the mission field!

On the altar facing the body of the church which might be called the main altar of the shrine—and on the same level as the sarcophagus, and placed on a bracket in front of the saint's body is a silver statue of St. Francis, four feet in height, given by a Genoese lady, the widow of Don Urbano Durazo in 1670. The statue wears, not a biretta, but a crown of gold set with precious stones. The saint holds aloft the crucifix in his right hand, whilst in his left, resting upon his breast, is a silver baton. The baton is a local adornment to the statue of the Saint. A hundred and thirty years after our Saint's death, that is in 1683, Goa was in danger of falling into the hands of Sambaji, an Indian Rajah. The pious viceroy, Count of Alvor, hastened to the shrine and placed his vice-gerent baton, symbol of power, in the hands of the this statue, entrusting the Saint with the defense of Goa. The city was not attacked; and since that time it was the custom of the Governors-General of Portuguese India to take charge of their exalted office by exchanging a new baton with the statue and taking the one held in the hand of the Saint. The pious custom prevailed for over two hundred years. In 1910 Senhor de Costa, the first republican governor, was the last official to take the staff of his office from the hands of the statue.

One loves to linger about the great shrine, the focal point of universal veneration for so great an apostle. One feels, however, that the side chapel is too dark and too cramped for such a shrine. Only at times of exposition of the body, so Monsignor Da Sá told us, is the church of Bom Jesus illuminated. On the occasion of expositions, twenty altars for pilgrim priests are avail-



able, the celebration of Mass being allowed from one o'clock in the morning until two in the afternoon.

One expects to find a spacious sacristy for these great occasions; but it was probably provided likewise for the large number of our own Fathers, forty or more, who once resided in the Professed House. From the sanctuary, Epistle side, one passes by the altar of St. Francis, on to the sacristy, said to be the largest and finest in all the East. It has a high (three story) vaulted ceiling with three large arches, well-lighted, the walls adorned on two sides with a double row of paintings, many said to be valuable, one an original Murillo, representing St. Mary Magdalene in ecstasy.

The long rows of vestment cases on either side are of hard wood, inlaid with variously colored wood. The color and class of vestments are written in letters of brass uniformly one inch in height. The sacristy was built sixty years after the church of Bom Jesu, the expenses borne by Baltazar de Veiga who requested to be buried in the chapel of the Saint (1659). Near the House entrance to the Sacristy—that is from the garden—there still hangs a Jesuit notice board on which is printed in large type the list of Masses and Prayers to be offered by members of the Society for Benefactors and for other intentions. It bears the date of 1671. The other part of the notice board contains a list of Communion Days allowed to the Scholastics and Brothers in those days. The list of Communion days we examined more closely and Father de Vaz asked me, temptingly, why the feast of St. Michael, Archangel, was especially observed by our Scholastics and Brothers. "Was he a Jesuit Saint"? he asked! . . . What hallowed memories hover about this holy place; church, professed house, and cloistered garden! But tomorrow we will return and conclude our pilgrimage.

It was raining gently as we left the "Casa Professa" and stepped out into the fragrant air. The clouded sky, too, seemed to conspire to hide from our gaze the ruins of the once opulent metropolis of Portuguese India. Now only an occasional pilgrim is seen where two or three square miles of city enclosed (so says



a guide book), 150,000 Catholics and 50,000 Hindus and Mohammedans. Here classic grandeur survives in only a few elegant churches, grouped within a quarter of a mile of Bom Jesu. But even ruins can appear beautiful. Silhouetted against the rain-clouds and fringed by waving palm trees, is the cupola of St Cajetan's and the crumbling belfry of the Augustinian monastery. Trying to hide the dark jungle of tamarind and impassable, tropical growth, is a ruined arch of the Viceroys, built by Alfonso Albuquerque, who took Goa from the Mohamedans in 1510.

Goa's earthly greatness long ago passed away. Today it has no streets, its byways are deserted, its houses in ruins, its few remaining Churches unattended. Only once every ten years does it come back to life. Then the lonely forest of palms waves a welcome, as again the city is peopled with human beings; "there is clatter in the public square, the noise of many feet, the babel of many tongues and tens of thousands of people come to venerate the relics of St. Francis and to beg his undying intercession." Goa seems clothed again in its former life. The devout Albuquerque also built a Chapel and dedicated it to St. Catherine, Virgin-Martyr, for it was on November 25th, 1510, that he entered Goa as conqueror. The Chapel has been kept in repair as it is the oldest Christian edifice in the city. The Misericorda Hospital, though now in ruins, bears witness to the charity of the conquistador and recalls the first lodgings of St. Francis Xavier when he arrived in Goa. Frequently in his letters the Saint refers to the "Confraternity of Mercy", a laymen's organization responsible for the care of the sick and the poor. The oldest Church, that of St. Francis of Assisi, built in 1520, sets a remarkable standard for beauty and elegance. Its interior is mentioned in the city's history as one of the best ornamented in Goa. The Franciscan Bishop (Joa Albuquerque) ruled the See of Goa when Xavier arrived and humbly offered to that dignitary his zealous services. Part of the large Franciscan Monastery adjoining their Church is now the residence of fifteen priests, canons of the Cathedral



hardby. A museum gathered from the ruins of the old city preserves many interesting relics of the past on the ground floor of the monastery.

But the largest edifice, though its exterior is not imposing, is the old cathedral of Goa, built in 1570. The Divine Office has been chanted here without interruption for over three hundred years. The full number of canons is thirty-five; but vacancies have reduced them to fifteen at the present. We arrived just after vespers and were cordially received by the Monsignor, head of the Cathedral Chapter, who took us to see the great edifice. The Sanctuary with choir stalls elegantly carved, is the largest I have seen. Besides the obligation of chanting the Office, the Monsignor told us, there is a solemn High Mass daily at eight o'clock. There is seldom anyone in attendance save the canons. Under the sanctuary are buried all the Bishops and Patriarch-Archbishops who have ruled the see since the erection of the cathedral. There are fifteen altars in all. Outside the sanctuary and before the side altars lie buried those viceroys and government officials who died in communion with Holy Church. One seems to be treading everywhere on memorial slabs and inscriptions. We were brought at once to the Jesuit altar where a four-foot silver chest contains the relics of the Jesuit martyrs of Salsette, Bl. Rudolph Acquaviva and companions, who won their crown a few miles from Goa in 1583. Their feast is kept on July 27th.

As mentioned above, the Archbishop resides in New Goa. He comes to the cathedral only for the Holy Week Services. Ordinations are held at the Seminary. Nearly all of the religious orders of the time had houses or churches in the old city. If it is true there were 150,000 Catholics, native and Portugese, within its walls, a large number of churches was necessary. Our guide book says that there were at one time four hundred and eighty-six religious in Old Goa. At present there are sixteen priests: the Canons of the Cathedral and Monsignor Da Sá, Guardian of the Shrine. These are all native Goanese secular priests. In Old Goa and



New Goa there are to be found today no religious men, save the four Portuguese Jesuits at the Institute. St. Francis Xavier had several good friends among the canons of his time and these he mentions with affection in his letters.

We were eager to visit St. Paul's, the first College of the Society in all Asia, so we bent our steps towards the ruins of the College. The College was given to the Society some two years after the coming of Xavier and was also called the College of Santa Fé. Nothing remains but the crumbling walls surrounding the property. The undisciplined jungle romps over the old campus; but here and there one sees portions of high arches of former buildings and stone steps that lead to nowhere. They still stand, however, and one hopes they will never fall—what may have been the gateway of the elegant façade to the college that our Saint could call "home" when voyaging for Christ in the Orient. Here at the College of St. Paul, Francis wrote those many letters dated from Goa; letters humbly written while kneeling in imagination before the "Father of his soul", St. Ignatius. Hither came all the recruits sent him by St. Ignatius from Rome—thirty-six men in those ten years of the early Society. Here came Anjiro, Paul of the Holy Faith, preparing for Baptism, before leading the Saint with him back to Japan. Here also was Antonio, the Chinese, whom he would take with him back to China, but whose dialect was unintelligible at Sanchan. Here, too, was little Christopher from the Malabar coast, "who wished to follow his beloved Father everywhere he went", and who also knelt at his feet when he lay dying on China's lonely island. And what worries the administration of the College cost Xavier, until good Father Gasper Baertz was placed at the helm to keep the "Collegio" from changing its policy every time the Saint sailed out of the harbor.

Xavier wished St. Paul's to be primarily a seminary for the training of native priests. After his death, San Paulo became the Novitiate; the College was transferred to Mont Rosario. There remain in the grounds



two wells, the waters of which are said to be miraculous. The year 1859 is mentioned in the Guide Book as the year of many miracles at the wells.

It was now getting late and we had promised Father de Vaz, our chaperon, to call with him at his parents' home at the other side of "Jesuit Bridge"; so we returned, with sweet memories of Xavier's old home, to the Casa Professa. We had to arrange with Monsignor Da Sá for the hour of Mass at the shrine Thursday morning. The rain clouds had parted, only to gather in the west to make the October sunset a path of glory for us back to New Goa. The Vaz family was now complete with the exception of the Jesuit son, and besides the treat of coffee, cakes and native fruits, their father presented to us some of the precious souvenirs which he had long kept of the Saint and shrine.

We arrived back at the Institute about seven-thirty. Father Mathias told us that Litanies would be at 8:30, so there was time for my breviary and for Brother's prayers and spiritual reading. Every Jesuit chapel in India has, no doubt, a statue of St. Francis; but the one in the neat little chapel of Goa seemed very life-like, particularly when seen at Litanies. "Jesuit night prayers" over, we went to the rooms assigned us and presently heard the community bell ring again—do they ring here for points? A rap at my door and an announcement from the Father Minister: "That's the bell for supper, Father," and it was a quarter before nine! More for sociability than to satisfy a hearty appetite, we assembled in the refectory, much as we do during major vacations in our colleges at home. More interesting Jesuit history was rehearsed with the evening meal of fish (Goa exports fish), several native vegetables and, for dessert, stewed lanciones, I think they called them, but they tasted like fresh California figs. The "magnum silentium" followed immediately after visit and it was a welcome quiet, though the songs of crickets sounded loudly through the windows, opening on to the tropical garden.

We were to leave by auto at 6:30 in the morning for seven o'clock Mass at the altar of the Shrine. One does



not sleep soundly dwelling upon so unique a privilege. I was awakened at midnight and again promptly at three, by the cock-crow that is so distinct in the deep silence of the Oriental nights. I first thought the second call was dawn, but in a few minutes the chorus of cocks grew silent and I turned out my light. But around five, flocks of small Indian crows began their raucous chant and all early risers were grateful for the call of a new day.

Fathr de Vaz with our hired car was at the door at six-thirty. I told the driver we would keep him for four hours and asked Father de Vaz to arrange the price for the time. He spoke a few words in his native Goanese and the young man replied: "I am a Catholic and whatever the Father wants to give will be satisfactory." We were soon on our way. As our return last evening was in the golden glow of the sunset, so now an even more enchanting scene greeted us outside the city and along the quiet river drive. The sun was rising over Old Goa, gilding distant mountain tops, palm trees, and the nearby waters of the river. It was symbolic of the glory of Xavier's tomb where so many miracles have been wrought to brighten lives shadowed by sorrow and to be a promise of eternal glory to those whose "faith wavers not".

In twenty minutes we were at the Church of Bom Jesu. We entered by way of the "Casa Professa" and found Monsignor Da Sá in the sacristy, laying out for us special vestments and alb. We prayed awhile at the altar of St. Ignatius; and then entered the sacristy where so many of Ours of the Old Society had vested for their Masses each day, served by their dear Coadjutor Brothers. I with Brother Finnegan attending me, put on the elegant Spanish style vestments. They were like those worn by our Holy Father as represented in the richly gilded statue. Father de Vaz and two Canons from the Cathedral prepared to say Mass at the other three altars of the shrine, whilst Monsignor da Sá accompanied us to the altar facing the body of the Church, beneath the silver statue of our Saint. He marked the missal for December 3rd, since, as pil-



grims, we had the privilege of the mass of the Feast with Gloria and Credo and one Collect. It was truly our greatest feast of St. Francis Xavier; and though one formulates his intention—first, second and even third—for mass, these all seemed to converge into one; for our Society, our Province, our Missions, Relatives, Benefactors, Friends. Would that one could combine at this holy altar all the reverence and fervor of pilgrims since March 12, 1622, when Xavier, whose holy body lies before us, was raised to the altars of Holy Church! But the mass itself was the fountain-head of his sanctity,—his towering holiness; and the most appropriate prayer of the mass seemed the “*Nobis quoque peccatoribus*”, when, hoping in the multitude of His mercies, we beg fellowship with His holy martyrs and apostles, into whose company we beg to be admitted, not for one’s merits, but solely by the lavishness of His pardon.

No one attended the Mass save my server and one poor Hindu cripple who sat on a mat in the nave. This privacy only added to one’s devotion as he saw associated with him and present in spirit all those dearest to him in life, that October morning. Nor could one deny the lame man his crumb of comfort, for I was told he comes every morning, kneeling tailor-fashion before St. Francis’ altar, waiting for the Saint’s heart to be moved in pity for him and to obtain his cure. Another Mass followed and we made our thanksgiving during the mass of a native priest, in a measure satisfying our devotions.

Monsignor was awaiting us in the sacristy and motioned to us to come over to a teakwood chest out of which he took a monstrance-shaped reliquary. “You can see here at least a humble part of St. Francis’ body,—a phalange (joint) of the toe of the right foot.” We kissed the relic and noted the toe-nail was still well preserved. In expositions of the body, pilgrims are allowed to kiss the feet. On one such occasion, an over-ardent client of the Saint bit off the fourth toe of the right foot, intending to take it away as a relic. Blood flowed from the foot and the rash deed was discovered



and the relic left in the casket. A portion, a phalange, of this toe was sent in 1902 to Maria del Carmen, Duchess of Villahermosa, in Spain, a relative of St. Francis Xavier in the thirteenth generation. The Duchess, in 1901, had restored the ancient castle of Xavier in Navarre, the birthplace of our Saint.

Monsignor had prepared breakfast for us on the sacristy porch adjoining the lovely garden, and during the repast wherein fried bananas, prepared Goanese style, took the place of bacon,—the eggs were associated with the bananas,—we asked many questions and heard, from the lips of our gracious host, things interesting to relate.

The expositions of the body, when it is placed before the main altar of Bom Jesu, take place now every tenth year. Earlier in the history of the Shrine the body could be seen every year on December 3rd, the feast of the Saint. The holy body had to be constantly watched to prevent people taking away relics. Even later, when expositions were allowed only to the clergy and to persons of distinction, some recklessly cut away large portions off the vestments and even disfigured the head by cutting off locks of hair.

Feeling now still more disappointed that we and our group of 160 foreign missionaries were not granted by the Patriarch the favor of seeing the body, I asked Monsignor Da Sá if "private expositions" such as we had asked for were ever granted. "Only once in my forty years at the shrine" he replied. "One day," said he, sitting back in his chair (and draining his coffee cup), "a young priest with several cameras strapped over his shoulder, called at the 'Casa'. As I greeted him, he said simply: 'Monsignor, I have come to see the shrine.' As I moved immediately in the direction of St. Francis' altar, telling him he was very welcome, he asked me: 'Have you the keys?' Possessing the bunch of heavy old keys I am accustomed to carry when showing pilgrims about, I answered: 'Oh, yes, my Father.' 'But I wish to see the holy body and everything', said my clerical visitor. 'But impossible', I replied, stopping suddenly to express my surprise. Swinging aside the



strap of a camera, he took from his inside pocket an envelope and handed it to me, signifying his desire that I read it. I had before read letters recommending pilgrim priests for special privileges and expected some such request as I hastily glanced at the unfolded page before me. To my utter surprise I saw that it came from Rome, signed by His Holiness, Pius XI, 'given at the Vatican' etc., as such letters conclude." Monsignor smiled as he continued: "I noted from the corner of my eye the triumphant pose of my visitors as he perceived my honest reaction, and I saw him take from the opposite pocket of his coat another letter which he smilingly handed to me. He awaited my expression. I opened it and saw on the letter head the seal of the Society of Jesus, and a signature no one could imitate, I think, 'Wlodimir Ledochowski, Praepositus Generalis Societatis Jesu'." We laughed heartily with Monsignor Da Sá, who, to climax his story, raised aloft both hands, saying: "With letters such as these, what else could I do but send messengers for the keys!" The young priest had been given these official letters in Rome, whither a report had come indicating that the body of St. Francis was going the way of all flesh and fast returning to dust. The priest was not only provided with photographic equipment, but even with microscope and magnifying glasses with which he had come to examine and to give a thorough report on the condition of the miraculously preserved body. Brother Finnegan afterwards remarked that the next time we come to the shrine, we will know what letters to carry with us!

On the subject of "expositions" there was still much information we sought. The Monsignor had seen five public expositions, spread across fifty years (since he was a boy) and he willingly gave us his time. "The greatest and most solemn," he said, "was in 1922, the 300th anniversary of the canonization of St. Francis." The exposition lasted thirty-five days from December 3 to January 7. The pilgrims were the most numerous in the shrine's history, exceeding five hundred thousand according to official reports of newspaper men sent



from Bombay, Madras, and Calcutta to cover the event. Special railway and steamship rates were granted to pilgrims. For the first time, women were permitted to kiss the feet and this concession attracted many more. An all-India Catholic Congress was to follow the exposition. The writer, before leaving Zikawei, read in the *Memorabilia Societatis* for 1922, a report sent to Rome of the great and remarkable miracles wrought by the Saint at that time. Amongst others, two instantaneous cures were granted to Protestant pilgrims on kissing the feet; whilst a follower of Zoroaster obtained a miracle in the healing of paralysis. Persons of all religions flocked to the shrine and devoutly venerated the body: Mohamedans, Buddhists, Protestants and those of every Hindu cult kissed the feet, asking the powerful intercession of the Saint.

During the exposition of 1932, a Protestant woman, Jean Armstrong, who afterwards came to Shanghai, was miraculously cured. She is a writer of some note and became a Catholic soon after her cure and in Shanghai established the *CATHOLIC REVIEW*, a monthly, managed and edited since 1941 by our California Jesuits in China.

May 6 to 20, 1942, was the most recent exposition. Though the date chosen was to commemorate the four hundredth year since the arrival of St. Francis Xavier in Goa, an important date in Mission history, pilgrims to the shrine at Goa were comparatively few. Due to war and its accompanying hardships, not many could come from a distance to honor the Saint. I asked Monsignor if there were any miracles last year (1942). He replied that there were none at the shrine, but that many were reported from various parts of India, granted during the two weeks' exposition. I asked again: how do you account for this, as most of the wonders are wrought at the feet of the Saint? "Oh", he said, "St. Francis doesn't like curiosity—many people come here only to see miracles, so he works them far away from here for those who ask his intercession."

Certain formalities precede the expositions. The day previous to the opening of solemn ceremonies at Bom



Jesu, the Patriarch-Archbishop with notaries, the Viceroy or his representative, the Guardian of the Shrine and two invited physicians are present for the breaking of the seal set ten years previously and for an official examination of the holy body. The examination takes place behind barred doors after the holy relics have been taken from the sarcophagus to the sacristy. The doctors carefully examine the miraculously preserved body as to color and condition of preservation. They make a brief oral report to all present. Then a notary reads aloud the attested document, dated, signed and sealed at the previous exposition ten years before. They agree to another exposition and themselves kiss the feet of the Saint. The Custodian of the shrine unlocks the Sacristy door, where heralds are waiting to carry news to the expectant pilgrims, some in New Goa, many en route. The eight bells of the Old Cathedral proclaim aloud the glad tiding and all the churches in New Goa and the surrounding country ring in jubilation. News travels to other parts of India—for such events are of national interest: St. Francis is “the Father and Protector of India.”

At eight o'clock the following morning, priests bear the body to its place in the sanctuary before the altar of St. Ignatius, and another time of grace and heavenly blessings begins, Francis, as it were, humbly waiting at the feet of his Holy Father (*Pater animae meae*) to bestow his favors. Those who have kissed the feet of the saint say they are soft and pliable. How many thousands and tens of thousands have pressed their lips to those feet that tread so many lands and brought him, yet unwearied for Christ, to the very gates of China!

Our last question to the patient Monsignor might well have been our first: In what state of preservation is the body at present? Monsignor answered us: “I am so certain our Saint’s body will always remain as it has been for three hundred years and more, that I do not observe it very closely.” Historically speaking, since 1616, when gradual dessecation (drying up) set in, no perceptible change has been recorded save that



shrinking up of the body. In that year, by order of the General, Father Claudius Acquaviva, the right arm of the saint, amputated at the elbow, was sent to Rome. Plans for the approaching canonization in Rome (that ceremony took place March 12, 1622) were in progress and the centre of Christendom wished a first class relic of the Saint. The Fathers in Goa, it is said, hesitated to carry out the order. But when they did, the body of the saint began to shrink and today it is fully ten inches shorter than in his life-time. The ligaments of the joints have contracted and the florid complexion has darkened. Was it a gentle protest to the pious mutilation of his body? But one must not expect the whole appearance to be like that of a person recently deceased. The body has been miraculously preserved intact for three hundred and ninety years (he died December 3, 1552).

The exposition is most impressive. There lies the Saint clad in rich gold vestments of a reddish brown hue, embroidered with pearls. Centuries have not effaced the heroic features of the Apostle of the Far East. The head is gently raised on a rich pillow, the lips slightly open. The left arm with maniple is resting on the breast, with fingers evenly separated. The right arm lies at the side covered by the sleeve of the alb. Both feet are exposed. Though somewhat shriveled, they have kept their shape, the veins quite distinguishable. As Monsignor Da Sá significantly remarked,—the vestments decay and fall to pieces after sixty or seventy years and become relics, but the holy body, always the same, is clothed again to provide relics to his clients.

Without our knowing the import of this last remarks, he called the sacristan and handing him a key, told him to bring out on the porch (we were still at the breakfast table) several metal boxes. Unlocking a casket he said: "You must have some relics to take with you". He cut a ribbon from a piece of silvery cloth saying: "This is the oldest relic we have. It is the lining taken from the rich casket in which the body of the saint was placed at Malacca in August 1553". From another



box he took ribbon-like tape: "All that remains", he said, "of the elegant vestment given by Queen Sophia of Portugal to clothe the body of St. Francis in 1684, so it is about two hundred and sixty years since the vestment was new." We expressed our appreciation of the Monsignor's generosity to us and he responded by adding a silk handkerchief that had been touched to the body last year and gave us a red ribbon on which was printed in Portuguese: "Official measurement of the holy body of San Francisco Xavier, taken in May 1942." This ribbon I found to measure exactly four feet and eight inches, the actual length of the body today. Allowing for the ten inches shrinkage since 1616, the total length or height of St. Francis in life was approximately five feet six inches, a fair stature for a Spaniard.

We selected a few rosaries and medals made relics by being touched to the body, and noted that our previous hours at the shrine had swiftly passed. A final prayer before the sacred tomb and we tore ourselves away. On leaving, we stood for a moment in the hallway before the life-sized statue of our Saint that had attracted our attention on our first arrival at the "Domus Professa". The crucifix raised aloft is unusually large and we noticed for the first time the gilded lettering on the bracket supporting the image. Monsignor told us the inscription recalls that incident in the saint's life, on one of the savage Moluccas (Spice Islands), when a cannibal tribe on his approach, rushed out to attack him with knives and spears. He raised aloft his crucifix and the savages fell on their knees before him. Gazing again at the statue one seemed to read a parting message from our elder brother: "Our victory is in Christ crucified", and as we stepped outside the stone doorway and gazed again at the lovely church of Bom Jesu, the refrain beat upon my mind: "And he knows how to glorify His friends."

We told Monsignor Da Sá that we could never forget our pilgrimage nor his exceeding great kindness to us. He took me by the arm as we walked towards our car, and said with an interrogative inflection: "But will you



come again? We hope so, for the greatest exposition ever to take place will be in 1952, hardly ten years from now. It will be the 400th anniversary of his death. I will count on you for one of the sermons." We laughed at his bantering, but maybe he thought that all my questioning he so patiently answered, gave promise of a thorough knowledge of the subject! But Brother and I both felt that having been granted so great a privilege, we could now hope for most anything. We sped along in our car to New Goa, apologizing to our dark-skinned Catholic chauffeur for keeping him waiting nearly three hours with his car. He smilingly replied: "I do not mind the waiting; we have plenty of time in Goa and use no gas while we wait" (there's a shortage of gasoline in Goa). We stopped at the Institute to bid adieu to our Jesuit brethren and to get the small supply of Mass wine we had requested. It was all we could do to decline the invitation of the Brothers to take some refreshment before returning to our ship. We could hardly, however, refuse the basket of fruit which looked almost as big as a bunch of bananas and proved to be an assortment of that best fruit of the season in Goa.

We talked with Father de Vaz as we sped over the four miles that brought us to the small steam launch-landing at Dona Paula. How suitable a place of pilgrimage was Old Goa, we remarked. It seemed chosen by Xavier himself; it was the city of all the Orient he loved most. The Saint would not forget his children in the Farther East, his first resting place; but Sanchan was not suited to enshrine his incorrupt body. A wind-swept Island, difficult of access, raided time and again by bandits, frequently the rendezvous of Chinese pirates, was not to be his glorified shrine. But Goa, centrally located on the west coast of India, easily reached by steamship and railway, would afford him a secure resting place,—so secure that one marvels at the apparent lack of fear of looting or robbery of the richest tomb in India, wherein his body lies in a deserted city. But his glory in death is all the greater, set against a background of ruins, where temporal greatness has



crumbled and the voice of a once populous city is reduced to sepulchral silence. Here Xavier lives on, in spite of the ravages of time and the decay of all things mortal, "for what will it profit a man" he seems to say, "to gain the world should he, in doing so, lose his soul." A lesson this, in the vanity of human hopes and the emptiness of earthly greatness!

When we had reached the west coast of the promontory, we noticed the incoming launch was approaching the pier and we bade a grateful farewell to good Father de Vaz who had truly shown himself the brother of a Jesuit. Our chauffeur was well satisfied with the price we paid him, and we were soon comfortably seated on the crowded launch for Marmugao. Out from the shore, we got an excellent view of the Governor's palace at the head of the promontory. His abode, the former Franciscan Monastery of three hundred years ago, took on new interest as we recalled that it was due to his unfriendly attitude toward the Patriarch that we were not permitted to see the body of St. Francis. We said a prayer to Our Lady of the Cape to protect Goa and its precious shrine. Brother remarked that the next time we come to Goa that particular Governor-General won't be here!

Returned to the dock of our ocean liner, my impersonation of "Signor Alberto Delfino" of the honorable state of Venezuela came to an end; but before returning our pass, I helped my "secretary" in lugging a heavy basket of extra large bananas and three bottles of Mass wine to the gangway of the Gripsholm. Though we had purposely returned to the ship before noon, in view of the hoped-for shore leave for all passengers and to supply rupees to all who desired Goanese money, we soon learned of their deep disappointment: There was no shore-leave. But a Malabar Indian peddler appeared on the ship with a large assortment of souvenir postcards and some guide-books of Goa and so profited by the presence of so many Catholic missionaries, whilst affording a crumb of comfort to our Catholic passengers. Though we had endeavored to keep our visit to Goa a secret, our absence had been



perceived and we were welcomed everywhere on our return to ship and had to promise to tell in another lecture what we had seen and heard.

The next morning as our great ship moved from the quiet harbor of Marmugao into the blue waters of the Arabian Sea, we stood long and prayerfully on the deck, gazing toward the palmwooded hills of Goa, till land faded in the oriental haze. It was almost like seeing one's native land vanish from view, and bidding farewell to a dear brother. We had been to Goa, to the Shrine of St. Francis Xavier,—and that meant more than words can express to Jesuits,—to missionaries.

We had been exchanged at Goa for an equal number of Japanese repatriates and had changed from the Teia Maru to the spacious ocean liner Gripsholm, that would take us back to our native land. Goa had brought side by side to the same pier citizens of two warring nations. I thought of Xavier and of Paul Anjiro who had left from this same port to go to Japan, hoping to make the people of that nation citizens of the heavenly Kingdom. Xavier, the "Patron of the Missions", will not forget his missionaries on land or on sea, and when peace dawns for the sad world, those who, for a time, have left their field of labor will return, renewed in spirit, and, we hope, with many new recruits to carry on the great apostolate.

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## THE SOCIETY OF JESUS IN AUSTRALIA

The history of the Society of Jesus in Australia began on December 4, 1848, when two Jesuit priests landed on Kangaroo Island, South Australia.

The name of the leading priest was Kranewitter, and you may wonder in a hazy way how his name is to be pronounced—difficult names can so often be a barrier to closer acquaintance. Actually, it is Kran-ev-itter, and, that obstacle removed, you will surely begin to be interested in the man himself when you hear, as I heard from a South Australian friend, that his old father had worshipped the very ground on which Father Kranewitter and his fellow-Jesuits trod, and that all the people who had known them had done the same.

Father Kranewitter had sailed from Europe as chaplain to such a party of immigrants to Australia as all are agreed we shall have to encourage after this war to help settle our problems of population and development. The leader of these settlers bought land near Clare, about eighty miles north of Adelaide, and with this leader's family lived Father Kranewitter, in a single story house of five rooms which "dispensed with the luxury of glass windows". By the middle of March Father Kranewitter found himself the only Jesuit in Australia, his companion who had worked for two or three months in Adelaide having been forced to return to Europe on account of ill-health.

Man proposes, but God disposes. Already there had been other disappointments. On the voyage out the supposedly Catholic band of immigrants had been found to be in reality "Christian heathens." The plan had been that they should form a Catholic settlement together, ministered to spiritually by the two Jesuits. But at their arrival the immigrants, ignoring their agreement with their leader, Weikert, scattered far and wide, mingling with earlier Protestant colonists of their own nationality—and this though Weikert had with high idealism spent the then very large sum of



over a thousand pounds on his emigration scheme. Father Kranewitter had as yet no horse, and had to travel far and wide on foot to search for his flock. Weikert was lame, his children very young, finances low, and the farm falling into neglect. In the midst of all this the solitary Jesuit lived his religious life—Jesuit, priest, farm and household assistant!

But God is faithful, and will not suffer us to be tried above that which we are able. Sterling Jesuit lay-brothers arrived from Europe to join the priest, and they were soon doing all the work of the farm for the distressed Weikert. We read that "Brother John had often to carry butter, etc., on his shoulders a distance of 25 miles, and that in the great heat of summer, to procure necessities for the household" from the nearest market. Apparently horse and cart could not yet be afforded, or were not available in the young colony.

Sheep farms were extending to north and west, and Father Kranewitter's missionary journeys became ever longer and more arduous.

At last, in 1851, the priest was able to buy land near Clare, on which was eventually built St. Aloysius' College (1856) and Church (begun in 1863, solemnly blessed in 1875). The priest and the two Brothers now had a house of their own—the first Jesuit house in Australia. It was a thatched pine cottage, erected by the indefatigable Brother John. In 1852 Brother John planted the first vines of what were to become the famous Sevenhill Vineyards, which were to supply altar wine to many churches throughout Australia for many years and still continue to do so.

Not till the end of 1852 was the heroic Father Kranewitter joined by a fellow-Jesuit priest, and not till 1856 did another arrive.

In 1856 St. Aloysius' College was opened at Sevenhill with a few students, and a little later in the year a young man began there his studies for the priesthood, Julian Tenison Woods, destined to achieve fame as priest, scientist, and part-founder of an Order that would play a tremendous part in Catholic Primary



Education in Australia, the Sisters of St. Joseph. How the three Jesuits found time to conduct their extensive missions and their parish churches, and at the same time act as school teachers and seminary professors must remain a mystery. It is obvious that they must have been men of heroic mould. We have mentioned the Sisters of St. Joseph, and we cannot pass over them without recording the fact that their chief counsellor and rock of support during their difficult early years was the Jesuit, Father Tappeiner.

The Jesuits had had committed to their charge an enormous district, stretching from Adelaide northwards well beyond the Flinders Range over 250 miles away. Discovery of copper in various localities led to the appearance of new centres of population in this vast area;; but somehow the Jesuits managed to stretch out their thin ranks, and built an amazing number of new churches, presbyteries, schools and convents. They added to the extraordinary variety of their work at St. Aloysius' College, Sevenhill, the training of novices for the Society.

The vast suburb of Norwood, near Adelaide, was entrusted to the Jesuits. By 1870 they had built there a new church, and eventually they had founded and built no fewer than seven subsidiary churches throughout the district, not to mention innumerable schools, convents and residences.

The Jesuits in South Australia had built for themselves a spiritual edifice in the hearts of the people, and a material one in more than 20 churches, not to mention schools, convents and presbyteries throughout the extensive district of Norwood and the vast territory north of Adelaide. In a sense their work was done. The Society is essentially a body of free-lancers—pioneering work its speciality. Settled parish work in small and isolated places is not the ideal goal of Jesuit training. Once the Church had been brought to these districts, the parish built up and well established, the Jesuit work was done, and so in 1890 the Society began to seek opportunity to withdraw and hand over its parishes to secular priests. It was a slow with-



drawal, as, of course, secular priests were not immediately available for all the churches founded by the Jesuits. By 1901 the process had been completed in the territory north of Adelaide, where the Society retained only the central churches of Clare and Sevenhill. The Society continued to conduct its eight or more churches throughout the Norwood district until 1934, when all were handed over to the charge of the secular clergy except the central Church of St. Ignatius.

### *In Victoria*

Meanwhile, in 1865, Jesuits from Ireland had landed in Melbourne. Within a few days they were conducting St. Patrick's College. The newly-arrived Jesuits taught about 30 boys there for the last three months of 1865. By April of the next year the number had reached one hundred—a remarkable increase when one considers the size of the population of Melbourne then, and one which bears witness to the esteem in which the Jesuits were held.

In 1866 three more priests and two lay-brothers reached Melbourne, and soon, in 1867, there was begun on the heights at Richmond the great, new church whose spire is now visible far and wide over Melbourne, and also the church at Hawthorn, which was scarcely less magnificent in its proportions. Though these two churches were built to hold great congregations, every inch of their room is required today, and one marvels at the foresight and breadth of vision which saw to their being built in proportions which even today seem truly magnificent.

In 1878 a new college, to become known as Xavier, was opened by the Jesuits in extensive grounds near what was then the country village of Kew, four miles from Melbourne. Xavier was to be the Jesuits' boarding school, and with its opening St. Patrick's became exclusively a day school, as it was not suitably situated for a boarding school. Eventually, Xavier would become recognised as the representative Catholic College among the Public Schools and as one of the great



schools of Australia. Its magnificent white stone chapel, built within the last 15 years, is, with its great dome and pillared portals, architecturally unique among the school chapels of Australia. Distinguished names figure on the roll of Xavier's old boys, and many are the names it has given to the honor rolls of this and the last war. Today, with its two preparatory schools, its numbers are higher than ever before in its history.

In Easter Week, 1878, the Jesuits came to work in Sydney, at the invitation of Archbishop Vaughan. Father Joseph Dalton, far-sighted founder of the Richmond church and of Xavier College, and especially beloved and regretted by his flock at Richmond, came, accompanied by Father James Kennedy. The Archbishop handed over to them the charge of the parish of North Sydney, at that time extending from Wiseman's Ferry to The Spit. The Jesuits took up their abode in a four-room house with a front of corrugated iron, and built, at the rear, of kerosene tins! When tall, Archbishop Vaughan dined with them, his head touched the ceiling.

Before the year was out they had rented a house in Woolloomooloo near St. Mary's Cathedral as a day school, which was to be the second Jesuit College in Australia named for the young Jesuit, St. Aloysius; they had also purchased a house and 98 acres at River-view, then in their own parish, as a magnificent site for a boarding school, and signed a contract for the building of a newschool at Lavender Bay for £4000. The Society was fortunate in having received a generous bequest in the will of Archpriest Therry, Australia's pioneer secular priest. When one remembers the house in which Father Dalton and his companion took up their first abode in Sydney, one is struck by the contrast between the provision made by these great pioneers for the training of young Australians, and that which they made for their own comfort.

St. Aloysius' College opened at the beginning of 1879 and by the end of the year had 115 boys.

In February, 1880, St. Ignatius' College opened as



a boarding school at Riverview, overlooking the Lane Cove River, in the house already there. In April a new building was begun. In July the Independent Church at North Sydney was purchased by the Jesuits, to become the Catholic Church of Milson's Point. It was a year of extraordinarily rapid expansion.

In 1883 St. Aloysius' College moved from Woolloomooloo to Bourke-street Surry Hills. By 1885 it had 151 pupils. In 1903 the college was moved yet again—this time to the North Shore, on the edge of the Harbour directly opposite Circular Quay, next door to the charming little Independent Church, which the Society had acquired, and which could henceforth serve admirably as school chapel as well as parish Church of Star of the Sea. Here the college still flourishes, with its jubilees, golden and diamond, well behind it in the past.

Seven Jesuits took part in the great Plenary Council of Austral-asia, presided over by Cardinal Moran, in 1885.

In January 1887, appeared the first number of the popular Jesuit monthly, the "Messenger of the Sacred Heart," a magazine which has become beloved throughout the length and breadth of Australia, and which has the extraordinary record of having had only two editors during the long 56 years of its career.

By 1891 there were 120 boarders at Riverview. Its rowing regattas were already becoming features in the social and sporting life of Sydney. The Governor of New South Wales, visiting the college along with his Eminence Cardinal Moran, praised it as an establishment "engaged in the great work of education—an education, too, founded on religion, which is the foundation of all true culture"; and he told the boys that their opportunities at Riverview prepared them "for taking a foremost place in shaping the destinies of this great nation." And in 1904 Lord Carrington remarked with homely colloquialism, that hearing and seeing all that took place at Riverview fairly took his breath away!

As the population of North Sydney grew, the area



ministered to by the Jesuits, of course, gradually became more restricted. They still conducted the Church of St. Mary, North Sydney, and St. Francis Xavier's Church at Lavender Bay. In 1938 a magnificent, white stone church was completed at Ridge-street, in place of the old St. Mary's.

In 1916 Dr. Dunne, Archbishop of Brisbane, invited the Jesuits to take over the parish of Toowong in his diocese, and so yet a third church in Australia was named for the founder of the Society, St. Ignatius. The Toowong foundation, besides providing parish work for the Society in Brisbane, serves as a centre for retreats, missions and lectures in Queensland.

Works of far-reaching importance undertaken by the Society in Australia in still higher branches of study were the world-famous observatory and seismography station, in a reserved area of Riverview's extensive grounds; the conducting of the Catholic University College of the University of Melbourne, Newman, and of the Victorian Diocesan Priests' Seminary of Corpus Christi College at Werribee, where for over 20 years now Jesuit Professors have been training men for the priesthood in several Australian dioceses—a work of quite unique importance. There is similar work in abundance awaiting the Society in Australia, but always the lament of the Jesuit Superiors is that they have not enough men to answer all the calls on the Society.

A great step to remedy this deficiency in spiritual man-power was taken in 1931, when the General of the Society of Jesus declared the Jesuits in Australia to be no longer a mere "Mission" of the Society governed from Ireland, but an independent Vice-Povince. An essential need, if the Society was to expand in Australia and the Pacific world, was houses of study, in which Australians and others could receive the long, expansive, and thorough training which are essential to the making of a Jesuit. With wonderful courage and energy, the newly-appointed Vice-Provincial, Father John Fahy, set about building these houses, and today, 11 years later, the great building which



comprises Novitiate, House of Training in University Studies, and Week-End Retreat House for Laymen, stands conspicuous in its broad and hedge-lined acres on the slopes of Watsonia, in Victoria; while in Sydney, among the beautiful trees of Pymble, on the North Shore line, is Canisius College, as yet incomplete, but this year sending out 19 priests after a thorough course in theology under its roofs. Both these buildings are monuments to the zeal and courage of Father John Fahy.

And so the Society of Jesus stands today fully equipped to train men to take their place as Jesuits in the great work that is opening up before the Church in a new Australia, in a new Pacific world. It seems certain that Australia will emerge from this war as the bulwark of Christian civilisation in the Eastern Pacific. For years the missions to China, Japan and the East Indies have been staffed from far-away Europe. All are agreed that Australia must grow in population, and it will surely be to a greater Australia that these eastern missions will turn, while Australia itself, so inevitably a part of the eastern world, will want gradually to mould that world according to its own Christian culture.

It is a happy augury for the Society of Jesus in Australia that already in these war years the Irish and Dutch Jesuit missions to China and the East Indies have looked to the Australian Vice-Province to finish the training of their young missionaries, prevented by the war from returning to Europe. The Jesuits in Australia today number 254, of whom 125 are priests, 103 scholastics and 21 laybrothers.

(From *The Catholic Weekly*, Australia.)

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## LETTER FROM A JESUIT AIR FORCE CHAPLAIN

Dear —————:

Am now situated on Pantelleria, a five-by-eight-mile Island in the Mediterranean. Volcanoes have at one time or another gone through the usual antics of these fire-spitting monsters and in their time have poured molten rock and brimstone off into the sea. A thin layer of dirt—in places there is a bit more—has fallen over most of this volcanic rock, and on this the Islanders raise their wheat, tomatoes, melons, squash, raisins, grapes and capers. The latter three they export to the continent. In order to save this thin share of dirt the entire Island is completely interlaced with terraces bound by three foot rock walls. Certainly some people, perhaps prisoners (they tell me that this was Italy's political prison) worked hard for years and years to wall these small terraces.

In the process of fortifying the Island, the population has grown considerably in the past five or six years. There are about ten thousand inhabitants here at present. All are Catholics.

These people are a charming lot. Quiet, extremely simple in their way of living, and deeply religious. Their nerves are a bit ragged yet from the terrific siege of bombing they went through. For thirty or thirty-five days they lived as best they could in the caves in the hills. The bombing and shelling must have been hell on their nerves. The cave-dwelling must have been hell on their bodies. Finally when we came in to take over they thought it was all up with them, for the propaganda served out had them believing that the American Army was principally made up of gangsters and super-demons. Eventually some had the nerve to crawl out of their holes. They met some of our Italian-speaking soldiers, and then rushed right back to spread the good news about the wonderful Americans. However, the fear of the Germans returning to bomb would not permit them to give up their cave dwellings. Actually Jerry did come over



a few times, but soon found it much safer to stay away. Finally, cautiously emerging into the day-light, they came down into the settlements to inspect their homes. Those houses near the airfield, the docks and heavy fortifications had been demolished. The major portion of the Island remained untouched.

Several days after our landing most of the prisoners were sent off to Africa. Those who had families on the Island were detained here. Food was immediately distributed to the populace and after the prisoners were properly registered they were paroled to their homes and permitted to set things in order. Such an abundance of food, as the Island Pastor remarked, they had not had in years. Such freedom they had not enjoyed since the Facisti had come into power. Doctors are checking their health. Even dentists are checking their teeth. And as these people go about repairing their devastated areas or performing the tasks assigned them by the military authorities, their health is slowly coming back to normal. Most evident is it in the children. Their little faces are losing that drawn look, the color is returning to their cheeks, the light is once more evident in their eyes, and the smile jumps quickly to their little lips. The American soldier as usual has a piece of candy for them or some chewing gum, and so it seems they are always on the alert for the jeep to pass by and when it does they are standing by the cottage with two little fingers in V shape raised aloft. They and their parents are happy in their new found freedom.

The Italian soldiers are deeply religious. Not only here on the Island but also in Tunis and on Cape Bon where they surrendered we found crucifixes, holy cards, many prayer books among their personal effects, which the men had to leave behind in their hurried departures. It was also noticeable from the pictures on the Christmas and Easter cards they received from home that the spiritual note is still predominant in these feasts.

Ten Army and Navy Chaplains were on the Island. They, with the encouragements of the Island Pastor,



an Oblate of Mary, a Marine Chaplain for the duration, had the soldiers build small attractive shrines along the roadsides to which the chaplains could come and offer Holy Mass for the men when they were on duty at their gun positions. These shrines now are precious keepsakes to the Islanders who when passing by reverently lift their hats, curtsy or whisper an ejaculation. One, quite attractive in its pink finish, which contained a large picture of the Child in the arms of St. Anthony, was situated by the airfield and was somewhat shaken by a bomb which fell close by. Our boys have just finished repairing it.

On the Island there are nine or ten churches. Most of them are without a resident priest and stand waiting for the weekly visit of the Father. A venerable gentleman here, whose stepson lives in New York and whom he was accustomed to visit every year, told me the Island once had twenty churches and was the proud possessor of over fifty priests, all native to the Island. Now four priests service the Island. Two are Oblates of Mary Immaculate and have the main church in the town of Pantelleria; the other two priests, attending two other churches having large parishes, are native to the Island. They are borne down by the weight of years and ill health, which throws the weight of things on the two younger priests of Pantelleria.

The ten holy days of obligation (Corpus Christi and Sts. Peter and Paul are the additional ones) are celebrated with unusual splendor. The day opens with solemn religious services and closes with vespers at eventide. Before the sun is very high in the heavens the older folks are up and about preparing for the solemn procession to the church. Each family has its own banners, which during the year adorn the walls of one room or another in the home. The children are then prepared in their finest—something we all know can never be accomplished in a minute or two—to take their places in the procession which soon wends its melodious way about the entire section and on to the church. The last strains of the Processional almost blend into the choir's Kyriale as the



Missa Cantata begins. These people live with God and never is it more clearly manifested than on such an occasion, as they solemnly consecrate their day, their home and all contained therein, their fields and crops, their animals, and their all to God for a *continuation* of his benedictions upon them.

For the past several months many sections of people in the hill country have not received the services of the priest. The jeep is perfect for moving in those areas so I have been going about during the week offering Holy Mass. Several days ahead of time zealous individuals would visit the homes announcing the day and hour of the Mass. When I arrived practically the entire congregation would have assembled. My first experience in that regard is typical of most of them. With an altar set up out in front of the shrine (the shrine is a bit small to move about in) the people gathered out in front. Chairs were brought for the venerable aged, and placed in front. The others stood about. Late-comers paused on mounds of earth outside the crowd, giving them a view of the altar. A deep reverence was manifested by the adults, a calm and serene happiness was manifested by the older folks, a hushful reverence by the younger ones. The children were as usual unpredictable. Underneath the altar arrangement there was the step of the shrine. A two year old and one just toddling along went in under the altar and sat there throughout, enjoying the shade. A little fellow of four years stood on the topmost shrine step and with elbows on the altar gazed on throughout the entire Mass, his eyes wide with angelic wonderment. Not even the sound of the bell seemed to distract him. Infants moved out of reach of their parents into what would ordinarily constitute the sanctuary. There, out of harm's reach, but in full view of parents, they played in the sandy soil. Hesitating for fear of irreverence, I just couldn't help feel the similarity of that scene with one in the Gospel where the children gathered about Christ and felt so much at home in His presence.

And so life goes on here. As is the case throughout



most of the world these people have been rudely jolted out of their peaceful way of life, but strong spiritual energy seems to give them the power to place all their troubles in the lap of the Lord and go right on living quite happily in the warmth of His ever-pervading presence. Truly they are God's loved ones.

Sorry I haven't written you before this. Have been kept very active on this little strip of land. Much work had to be done with the civilians and assistance to the priests. Managed to get back to Africa for supplies for them, and then also to Sicily to obtain other things needed from there.

This Outfit I am in at present was formed for this operation. I hold temporary rank of Major with it. Now it is being dissolved, and I am due to go back to Headquarters. A promotion goes with it. But I don't belong behind a desk so I am trying to get back with my old Outfit—the 41st. I'm not worrying about promotion.

Devotedly in our Lord,

JAMES A. MARTIN, S.J.





# OBITUARY

**MOST REV. ANTHONY J. SCHULER, S.J.**

**FIRST BISHOP OF EL PASO**

**1869-1944**

*Sermon Delivered on the Occasion of Bishop Schuler's Funeral, June 13, 1944, by Most Rev. Sydney Matthew Metzger, D.D., Bishop of El Paso.*

"Ecce Sacerdos Magnus, qui in diebus suis placuit Deo."

"Behold the high priest who in his day was pleasing to God."

How often has our departed Bishop heard these beautiful words set to triumphant sacred music when on solemn occasions he entered this very Cathedral where today we honor his remains. In the case of Bishop Schuler, we consider these same words of the "Ecce Sacerdos" appropriate in death because they are what he lived by and are a summary of his mortal life. He was pleasing to God because he loved God.

You well remember that in December 1936 Bishop Schuler celebrated his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. It was therefore in the year 1886 as a youth of 17, that he began his first consecration to the service of God. This consecration was officially complete and accepted by the Church when he pronounced his first vows as a Jesuit on December 8, 1888. Passing through the various stages of preparation that are part of a Jesuit's career, he finally attained his second consecration to the service of God when in the year 1901 he was ordained a priest.

The field of his priestly labours was educational and parochial. Immediately after his ordination he returned to his beloved Denver, the City of his youth. He served as Assistant Rector and then as Rector of Regis College, Denver. In the year 1907, our community of



El Paso was first blessed with his kindly presence when he became Pastor of old Holy Family Parish and Chaplain of Hotel Dieu. He remained in our midst until the year 1913 when he returned to Denver to become Superior and Pastor of Sacred Heart Church. Thus his sacerdotal career was entwined between Denver and El Paso which two cities he loved as ardently as they love him.

It was during his pastorate at Denver that a new era in the history of the Church in the Southwest was in the making. On March 3, 1914, the new Diocese of El Paso was created by the Holy See. The creation of a new Diocese means the beginning of a new epoch of spiritual labour and blessings to be dispensed under the guidance, teaching and administration of a Bishop. He who is elevated to the exalted office of Bishop is selected and appointed by the Holy Father, successor of Peter, the visible head of the Catholic Church and Vicar of Christ upon earth. The lot of divine destiny fell upon the shoulders of Anthony Joseph Schuler. Thus the culmination of his triple consecration in the service of God was fulfilled when on October 28, 1915, he received Episcopal consecration as the first Bishop of El Paso. By his episcopal consecration he was forged as another link in the chain of apostolic succession unbroken since the day on which Christ first said to Peter: "Thou art Peter and upon this rock I will build my Church." Because of his union with the chair of Peter, his episcopal office made him the accredited representative of Christ upon earth to exercise spiritual jurisdiction over the souls entrusted to his care in the Diocese of El Paso. And in obedient loyalty to Him who governs the Church in the Chair of Peter, as the Bishop of all Bishops, Bishop Schuler the first Bishop of El Paso, spent himself in apostolic pioneering from October 28, 1915, until December 1, 1942.

Those who were here when Bishop Schuler came can appreciate the difficult beginnings that were his lot. They too can see in true perspective his many achievements and his unrelenting zeal for the salvation of



his flock. Long and arduous were the journeys of those first years over a missionary field of 63,000 square miles. Although his flock was dispersed over this vast area, there was no sheep in place so remote, there was none so humble that he would not visit. The humble and the poor were dearest to his heart and they in return loved him dearly as their Bishop, their Father, their friend, their Shepherd. The achievements of his Episcopate are more numerous and important than our poverty of language can portray; nor is it necessary to review them because you know them so well and are deeply grateful for them. After twenty-seven years of devoted service as Bishop of the Diocese, Divine Providence permitted him to lay aside the burdens of office that had grown so heavy.

With the approbation and deep gratitude of the Holy See for so many years of work well done under difficult conditions, he retired on December 1, 1942 to Regis College, Denver, to rest amid the fond recollections of his first priestly labour. But the number of his years, more than the proverbial three score and ten, and the hardships and sacrifices of many years made the approaching sunset of his earthly life inevitable. And so on June 3rd, God took him unto Himself as gently and peacefully as He had sent him to us many years ago.

Grateful as we are for the inheritance of Bishop Schuler's labours, we are even more grateful for the inheritance left by his sainted personality. Imbued with the motto of the Society of Jesus "*Ad maiorem Dei gloriam*" and inspired by the motto on his own episcopal escutcheon, "*Unus Magister Christus*," the love of God and therefore living in the presence of God, became the one force which dominated his whole life. Out of the unity of that force were forged all his undertakings for the eternal salvation of souls. And of the unity of that same force was developed the lovable personality that belonged not only to the Church but to the entire community. For it was because he so loved God that he had a personal affection for all his fellowmen who love God and are God's children. His



charming simplicity, gentleness, and kindness all radiated from a soul that lived in union with God. That these qualities endeared him to all is well evidenced by the eloquent tributes that were accorded him during his years, by our citizenship. Today we have further evidence of the affection in which he is held when we see present here so many who are not of our faith but who have come to honor our departed Bishop and to share their sorrow with ours. Both Catholic and Non-Catholic alike will recall that whenever Bishop Schuler spoke, in his own simple manner, he never left unsaid the love of God. His union with God grew ever more ardent with time. During his retirement he spared no effort to offer up the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, even though he was suffering the affliction of infirmity. And when during his last illness his faculties were fading from this earth, he still kept repeating the prayers of the Mass. His soul was communing with God whose glory he was soon to see and so he fetched for himself Life Eternal.

If the Bishop's lips could move today, he would again exhort us above all else to persevere in the love of God. He would tell us that Bishops die, but that the Church must live and that she lives through the Episcopate which is immortal. Bishop after Bishop comes in the long line of apostolic succession, each with his separate task and separate work and ever building upon the structure of those who have gone before. The faith must be kept sound and strong and the bond of love for God and neighbor may never be severed, whoever wields the pastoral staff. He would tell us to lay aside all human pettiness and be of one heart and one soul in our divinely appointed task to continue God's work.

The memory of Anthony Joseph Schuler will be always enshrined in the hearts of our people as the First Bishop of El Paso. But he is more than a memory. The exalted office he held in the Church militant upon earth he lays aside for the livery of eternal glory of the Church triumphant in heaven. In the life of eternal glory his love and intercession for the Diocese



will continue and will bring us untold blessings. For his mortal life was such that we are confident it merited for him Eternal life.

It is therefore with this confidence and spirit of Christian fortitude that we bear our loss and extend our condolences to the family and relatives of the Bishop.

But the Church begs you to pray for him. Let us pray that his soul may rest in peace. And this solemn hour I dare add one humble request. When in your charity you think of the good Bishop now at rest, do not forget him upon whom the burden of the Episcopal office has fallen and pray that he, too, in his days may be pleasing to God.

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The following account of Bishop Schuler's life, character, and death is gathered from the many tributes published in the El Paso newspapers on the occasion of his funeral.

Not in the memory of any living El Pasoan has the city witnessed such an expression of genuine sorrow in tributes from thousands of men and women of all creeds, in all walks of life, as during the week of requiem culminating with the solemn Pontifical Mass in Saint Patrick's Cathedral for His Excellency, Bishop Anthony Joseph Schuler, S. J., first bishop of El Paso.

The Most Rev. Edwin V. Byrne, archbishop of Santa Fe, officiated at the services. He was assisted by the Most Rev. Robert E. Lucey of San Antonio; the Most Rev. M. S. Garriga of Corpus Christi; the Most Rev. Lawrence J. FitzSimmons of Amarillo and the Most Rev. Sidney Matthew Metzger, bishop of El Paso. A large group of priests from El Paso and other parts of the diocese took part.

Deacons of honor were the Rev. Fathers Walter Caffery of Las Cruces and E. P. Geary of El Paso. J. I. Driscoll, Knight of Saint Gregory, was near the altar.

The combined Franciscan choir from St. Anthony's



Seminary and Roger Bacon College sang the Requiem Mass by Korman.

At the Mass, His Excellency Bishop Metzger paid touching and eloquent tribute to Bishop Schuler in a eulogy which was broadcast by station KROD.

Funeral services began at 9:30 a. m. when clergymen of the diocese formed in procession and marched from Schuler Hall to the Cathedral to chant the office of the dead. Later they formed in front of the Bishop's residence and escorted Archbishop Byrne and other dignitaries to the Cathedral for the Mass.

The body of Bishop Schuler rested in state in the Cathedral. Thousands paused to pay final tribute to his remains guarded by Knights of Columbus and Boy Scouts.

Following the funeral services active pallbearers, preceded by priests, carried the casket from in front of the altar to the cathedral door, where final church blessings were said. Outside a procession formed to accompany the hearse to Texas and Campbell Streets.

An Army band from the Anti-aircraft Training Center and the Musicians' Union band played funeral dirges as the hearse moved through downtown El Paso.

In the procession were church dignitaries, priests, Knights of Columbus, Boy and Girl Scouts, members of Catholic lay societies and others.

The National Conference of Christians and Jews participated in the ceremonies. Members of the police, sheriff's and fire departments directed traffic.

Bishop Schuler's body was placed in a temporary steel and concrete vault in Concordia Cemetery, pending further arrangements to place it in a permanent mausoleum beneath the altar of St. Patrick's Cathedral.

Bishop Schuler was born in St. Mary's, Pennsylvania, on September 20, 1869. At the age of seven his family moved to Georgetown, Colorado, where his father worked in the gold mines of Chicago Creek.

When fourteen, his father died from an injury received in a mine cave-in. With the help of the parish priest, Father Matz, young "Tony" secured two part



time jobs, laboring in the mines and the other clerking in a store. Each morning the fourteen-year-old lad arose at 5 to serve the six o'clock Mass at the village church. In the evening he studied under the direction of Father Matz.

In 1885, Father Matz was transferred to St. Anne's Church at Denver and young Tony Schuler followed him to serve as sacristan, janitor and usher.

In 1886, Anthony Schuler entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Florissant, Mo., where he studied philosophy and science for 4 years. In 1893, he returned to Denver, where he was professor and then prefect for five years at Sacred Heart College, now Regis College. He then completed four years of theology at Woodstock, Maryland. In June, 1901, he was ordained by Cardinal Martinelli, returning to Sacred Heart College as President.

In 1907, Father Schuler was missioned to El Paso, then Franklin, Texas, to assist Father Roy in Lenten work. While there, he was assistant pastor at Holy Family Church and Chaplain at Hotel Dieu. In 1911, he returned to Denver to serve as assistant to Father Barry at Sacred Heart Church.

In 1915, Pope Benedict XV selected J. J. Brown, S. J., Rector of Sacred Heart College, Denver, to serve as Bishop for the new Diocese of El Paso. Father Brown's health not permitting, the Holy Father in June, 1915, chose Father Schuler instead.

Bishop Schuler was consecrated in the Cathedral of the Immaculate Conception, Denver, by Archbishop Pitival of Santa Fe, New Mexico, on October 28, 1915. This was the twenty-eighth anniversary of the ordination of Bishop Matz of Denver, who was to have officiated at the ceremony, but who, because of illness, was merely able to be present in the sanctuary as his young friend and protege was consecrated Bishop.

The sermon at the services, which was to have been preached by the Rt. Rev. Joseph Patrick Lynch, Bishop of Dallas, who had been shot in the leg just a few days



before the consecration, was delivered by the Rev. Michael J. O'Connor, S. J., former editor of "America" and president St. Louis University.

Banquets, dinners and all varieties of fetes were given in Denver in honor of the new Bishop. A purse of \$58,000 was presented to him for the construction of a new Cathedral in El Paso.

On November 11, 1915, he was installed at El Paso in the Immaculate Conception pro-Cathedral. Many dinners and entertainments were given the new Bishop by Catholic and non-Catholics as well and the entire city welcomed him.

The task before the new Bishop was not an easy one. His diocese embraced an area of 110,000 square miles—three times the size of Ireland—and included, at the time, most of West Texas and Southwestern New Mexico. To administer to the needs of this vast area, Bishop Schuler had but 34 priests, 20 churches and 51 missions.

Immediately the new Bishop began the construction of new churches and new schools, practically all of those now functioning having opened during his episcopacy and under his direction and sponsorship.

During his many years of service in El Paso, Bishop Schuler worked hard and devotedly to further the growth of this Diocese. He himself became one of the outstanding leaders in this district.

His tolerance and understanding, friendliness and love of his fellow man made him many friends among Protestants and Jews, as well as Catholics.

Bishop Schuler founded the Western American, El Paso Daily, and was instrumental in bringing the "Revista Catholica" from Las Vegas to El Paso.

He was a member of the Knights of Columbus, El Paso Council, No. 638, since 1907.

In 1936, Bishop Schuler was honored with a testimonial banquet in Hotel Hilton to celebrate the event which marked the 50th anniversary of his membership in the Jesuit Order. Many prominent El Paso church and civic leaders were in attendance.

Death came to Bishop Schuler only a comparatively



short time before the annual celebration of Corpus Christi Day on June 18. This was inaugurated in El Paso by him in the year 1919.

Bishop Schuler retired in 1942, when he returned to the Regis campus to spend his declining years. Several days before his death he was stricken with paralysis. He died Saturday, June 3, after receiving the last rites of the Church.

The Western American, leading El Paso daily, which was founded by Bishop Schuler, summed up the feelings of the citizens of that city in the following tribute.

Bishop Schuler's death calls on us to pause and offer a word of homage and a sorrowing tear at the passing of a faithful friend, a helpful citizen and a worthy prelate.

His friends in our Community and throughout this section are countless. In number and quality they are testimony of his fine personality, his sincerity of purpose, his sense of justice and fair play, his kindly toleration for the opinions of others. The City of El Paso will remember him always as a builder of good will and understanding. He cherished and respected all men, irrespective of their religious convictions and from this came the corresponding esteem and high regard which the citizenry of El Paso hold today for his person and the exalted office of Catholic leadership which he so helpfully filled during the twenty-seven years of his incumbency. To his priests and the people of his flock he was never failing kindness at all times and under all circumstances. He loved the poor and befriended the persecuted. His forgetfulness of self, his simplicity and frugality of life, his enlightened and fervent zeal for the cause of the Master marked him as a follower of the best traditions of the episcopal leaders of the Catholic Church. From the beginning of his episcopate he set before himself the Pauline motto: "The charity of God and the Patience of Christ." He fulfilled this ideal in a notable way, leaving behind an enviable record of achievement in material building and spiritual organization and ministrations. He also leaves to us who dealt with him the inspiring conviction that



we have seen and known a saintly priest, a man of God who loved his fellow man in word and deed.

It is singularly appropriate that his remains will rest in our City, where the mountaintop statue of Christ the King, his dream and achievement, the symbol of his faith and hope, mounts guard to remind us of the Kingdom of Heaven and the way that leads to it. May he rest in peace.





# V A R I A

## ARMED FORCES

**Jesuits in Chaplains' Corps.**—As of July, 1944, more than 233 Jesuits had received their commissions as Chaplains. Of these 172 are serving in the Army and 61 in the Navy.

The New York Province leads the eight provinces of the country with 56. New England follows with 46; then Missouri with 34 and Chicago with 28. Closely bracketed are the smaller Provinces of California with 21, New Orleans with 18, Maryland 17 and Oregon with 13.

The 233 Jesuit Chaplains represent slightly more than 9 $\frac{1}{4}$  per cent of the total priestly personnel of the American Jesuit Assistancy, exclusive of those on the foreign missions or completing their studies. Both these groups would not be available for Chaplain service or as replacements for others detailed to such work. Practically all of the eight Provinces are this month assigning still more of their members to Chaplain duty.

Four Jesuit Chaplains have died in service. Two others have been injured. Their services have won eight decorations and citations. At present, more than 110 are serving overseas.

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**The American Assistancy.**—

## CHICAGO PROVINCE

**Detroit U.**—The Jesuit Social Action organization is making plans for the opening of a College of Chemical Engineering in Sao Paulo, Brazil, under the direction of the Rev. Sabola de Medeiros, president of Social Action in Brazil. Members of the faculty of the Uni-



versity of Detroit will be advisers. To conform with the law of Brazil, most of the members of the faculty must be Brazilians, and Brazilians in the United States equipped to teach in any of the departments of such a college, including these of economics and business management are being sought by the Rev. George J. Shipley, S. J., director of the Department of Chemistry of the University of Detroit.

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### MARYLAND PROVINCE

**Georgetown U. and Japan.**—A Maryknoll missionary, Father Harold Felsecker, who spent 10 years in Japan prior to the war, heads the Japanese language department in the Foreign Service School at Georgetown University.

Special classes designed to acquaint students with Japan, first of a series of studies on "Know the Enemy," started at Georgetown on July 3, with the opening of the summer term. Language studies are a part of this interesting course on Japan.

Father Felsecker is assisted in teaching the language by three expert linguists. One of them, Professor C. Yorksen Chen, a native of Canton, is a former Chinese diplomat who has spent many years in Japan. The other two are Japanese-Americans.

Dr. Edmund A. Walsh, S. J., regent of the Foreign Service School, said that Father Felsecker had been in Japan for ten years and in keeping with custom, had returned to this country for his first vacation in that period, shortly before Pearl Harbor. Before coming to Georgetown he had been engaged in morale work at Japanese civilian camps on the West Coast.

The new Japanese courses at the school are attracting a large number of students. They are patterned largely after similar courses given under Army auspices. The Japanese area studies are given by Halleck Butts, former student of the school who was commercial attache in Tokyo for 13 years.



In Professor Chen the school is fortunate in obtaining a distinguished Chinese who is thoroughly familiar with Japan by both residence and professional duties. From 1935 to 1942 he was Chinese minister to Panama and special envoy to Nicaragua, Costa Rica and several other small Latin American republics.

For a number of years Professor Chen was in the Chinese Ministry and was sent on missions to Japan and Geneva. He first went to Japan as a child and lived there for a number of years. He has written extensively on Japanese subjects.

The other two language instructors are Prof. Robert Hiroshi Furudera, a native of Hawaii, and Prof. Arthur T. Miyakawa, who was born in Los Angeles, Calif., of parents long resident in this country.

He holds a Ph.D. degree from Columbia University, where he specialized in Japanese history and government. In 1940 he won honors in economics and international trade studies at Harvard University.

Professor Furudera is a graduate of the University of Hawaii, where he majored in political science and engineering. He also attended Waseda University in Tokyo and obtained a law degree from Hogakushi University.

He was engaged in export trade before the war and assisted in compiling a Japanese-American engineering dictionary. Last year he served as an assistant in the Japanese department at Columbia University.

**Jesuit Heads Biblical Association.**—The Rev. William H. McClellan, S.J., Professor of Hebrew at Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md., was elected President of the Catholic Biblical Association of America at its annual meeting held at St. Mary's College, Notre Dame, Indiana.

Father McClellan was formerly an Episcopalian minister. He was received into the Church in 1908. He is the eighth President of the Association.

He began teaching at Woodstock in September, 1920, three years before a Roman degree in biblical science



was required of all seminary teachers. Although a Doctor in Theology of the Gregorian University, he has no degree in the scriptural sciences. He had his first grounding in Hebrew at the University of Pennsylvania and at the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church.

After his entrance into the Society of Jesus in 1909, he made his studies in Philosophy and Theology at Woodstock. He was ordained to the priesthood in 1918.

Returning to Woodstock in 1920 Father McClellan taught Hebrew and Old Testament Exegesis, except for a year's absence in Europe and Palestine. Since 1932 his teaching has been in Hebrew only, most of his work being literary.

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## NEW ENGLAND PROVINCE

**Jesuit Scientists and the Navy.**—Two chemistry professors of Holy Cross College have developed an apparatus which illustrates on a screen in black and white the fundamental principles governing molecular activity—such as the action of air pumps and safety valves, the secret of cubing ice in a refrigerator, the reasons why chemicals form plastics, explosives or nylon stockings and what propels a rocket through the air.

The Rev. Bernard A. Fickers, S.J., who has been developing the model for almost four years, was joined in the work last year by Mr. Gardiner S. Gibson, S.J., and together they perfected it for use with Navy classes at the Holy Cross chemistry department.

Navy education largely is visual and the approximate 400 Navy men in training watch the pantomime of the particles with fascination. On a screen are reflected the shadows of bicycle ball bearings set in a small transparent plastic frame atop a lighted platform. Father Stricker will fasten the interchangeable frame, start the electric motor and suddenly the sha-



dowed ball bearings on the screen start to roll and quickly are crashing from side to side, smashing against one another and pounding against the walls.

By the use of differently shaped frames vibrated at varied speeds, the ball bearings are activated to mimic antics of molecules to illustrate many laws of chemistry, such as the Brownian movement or the law of energy dissipation.

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## NEW YORK PROVINCE

**Fordham U.**—Thirteen Sisters who teach music in Catholic schools attended a course given by the Rev. John W. Ziemak, musical director of Cardinal Hayes High School, at the University, and formed an all-nun orchestra there. At the completion of the course they gave a concert in Collins Auditorium, showing a marked proficiency in the music of both classical and modern authors.

"This is the first time anything of this sort has been tried," Father Ziemak explained. "The real purpose is to give the Catholic schools more opportunity to go into instrumental music. In their schools these Sisters are teachers of music mostly; one is a teacher in a girls' college. This course tried to keep up with the trend of the times by bringing them up to date with stock arrangements of modern orchestras.

"It was a functional class, not theory," Father Ziemak said. "We tried to take the fundamental knowledge and transfer it to a rapid course in trumpet, also horn, barytone or tube, then a clarinet. Through the fingering they also learned the saxophone, flute and piccolo. Their violin ability was transferred to the viola, 'cello and bass."

The nuns heartily agreed that their diversified instruction will be of great value to them in their school classes this year.



**Site for College in Syracuse Acquired.**—The Most Rev. Walter A. Foery, Bishop of Syracuse, has announced the purchase of a fifty-room residence by the Society of Jesus. This marks the establishment of a Jesuit house here for the first time in 290 years.

The purchase is the initial step in the establishment of a college for men which the Society of Jesus is planning to open here immediately after the war.

**Food for the Needy.**—The Rev. Francis A. McQuade, S.J., pastor of St. Ignatius Loyola Church, Manhattan, was among those taking part in a mass meeting in Carnegie Hall, New York, on Sunday afternoon, June 11, at 5 o'clock, under the auspices of the Temporary Council on Food for Europe's Children. Former President Herbert C. Hoover, Senators Robert F. Wagner, Guy M. Gillette and Francis Maloney, and President William Green of the American Federation of Labor spoke.

A resolution urging child feeding immediately in the occupied countries was made, and suggestions were presented for the manner in which this can be done. "If help does not reach them and Hitler continues to destroy and weaken the freedom-loving peoples," the committee's announcement said, "the Nazis by mere survival may inherit Europe."

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## OREGON PROVINCE

**Negro Leader at Mt. St. Michael's.**—Mr. A. Philip Randolph, international president of the Brotherhood of Sleeping Car Porters and one of America's great intellectual labor leaders, addressed the community on Interracial Relations. Mr. Randolph spoke warmly of the Catholic Church and her work for his race throughout the United States. He was presented to the community by C. L. Dellums, the west coast vice-president of the A. F. of L. brotherhood which he founded.



**From Other Countries.—****CHINA**

**Jesuit Ordained in Jap Prison.**—Word has recently been received that Philip Oliger, a Jesuit scholastic born in Newark, N. J., was ordained to the priesthood in the Japanese internment camp at Zi-Kai-Wai near Shanghai on June 3. Bishop Auguste Haouisie, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Shanghai, also interned at the camp, officiated.

The scholastic went to China in 1937 to teach at Gonzaga College in Shanghai, arriving in the harbor on a French destroyer. The city had just been bombed and 2,000 Chinese killed. He taught at Gonzaga until 1939 when he went to Peiping to complete his theology course. He was interned on April 17, 1943.

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**ITALY**

**Vatican City.**—The Most Rev. Francis J. Spellman, Archbishop of New York, was celebrant at a Pontifical Mass of Requiem Saturday (Aug. 5) in the American Church of Santa Susanna for the late Manuel L. Quezon, President of the Philippine Commonwealth.

The Rev. Vincent A. McCormick, S.J., of the Maryland Province, who preached the sermon, said: "It was a worthy cause for which Manuel Quezon consecrated and exhausted his powers. He was a very young man when, with enthusiasm, youth and zealous patriotism, he espoused that sacred cause as his life work; the cause which was the independence of his 14,000,000 people, who constitute by far the oldest and largest Catholic group of the Orient, having a centuries-old civilization.

"The Philippine Islands are rich in gifts of nature but richer still with the beauty of God's creation, so



that they have with every reason been called the 'Pearl of the Orient.' Why should these people not possess also the gift of freedom? This was the thought of Manuel Quezon through the passing years. His youthful enthusiasm, keen comprehension and calm judgment as a statesman won him the confidence of his generous-hearted fellow citizens. Thus equipped, despite his weak physical constitution, he continued over forty years with untiring labor to advance the cause of his people and to bring it to the very threshold of success.

"God called him at a moment when the cause he loved and worked for must have been weighing heavily upon his sensitive soul. His sacrifice, we may assume, was a final contribution to God, asked from him for the cause he had espoused forty years earlier, and from his people, who are soon to enjoy the liberty he had been preparing for them and who will ever hold his name in benediction.

"The tribute of a grateful people will be solace to the gentle lady whom President Quezon has left to mourn his soul. Valiant, yet gentle, Mrs. Quezon is known to be a veritable angel of peace, administering always to the needs of the poor and destitute; always ready to support and encourage every movement for material and spiritual improvement in the Philippines. To her across the sea we send our heartfelt sympathy."

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# *Books of Interest to Ours*

**De Rome a Montreal.** By R. P. Archambault, S. J., ed. by Ecole Sociale Populaire, Montreal, 1942.

The subtitle of this book clearly indicates its content: Catholic Action Around the Globe. The book is a factual examination of how Catholic Action, fundamentally one movement, has to be changed and adapted to meet different conditions; or to use the words of Pius XI, of how it has grown 'differently according to differences of time and locality.' From so many illustrations—there are a dozen and more countries visited—the reader has to draw the common norm, but it is plain to see. Fr. Archambault complains that: "There exists in English today (1942) no manual nor doctrinal work on Catholic Action.' Pamphlets there are and a fine news bulletin published by the Archdiocese of Chicago on Catholic Action. Since then Mgr. Civardi's book, *A Manual of Catholic Action* has been translated and published by Sheed and Ward.

Far and away the greatest emphasis is laid on French, Belgian and Italian organization of Catholic Action. Certainly France's and Belgium's specialized movements have pioneered for the rest of the world, and in Italy the whole movement has grown under the direct control of Rome. These three then are well chosen as types. Almost everywhere the twofold groupment has arisen: specialised movements and general. This is both natural and explicitly proposed to us by Rome. In countries like the United States where class distinction is at a minimum, general movements assume the larger role; elsewhere, as in Belgium and Picardy, Jocism springs up, a spontaneous growth. Whether we are better off here, where a carpenter and a lawyer belong to the same Holy Name Society and feel no class-consciousness, or whether occupational groupings should be set up for each, no one can say. Usage is the law to follow. The value of the 'apostolat du semblable', the very core of Jocism, is beyond dispute; the question is, how wide will you consider your milieu.

This book is meant for priests and lay leaders. It brings home clearly the catholicity of the Church by showing the common crusade being waged on so many different longitudes and latitudes. It is to be regretted that no mention was made of Spain, especially in view of the many charges leveled at the clergy there, so 'divorced from the people.' Germany and Austria, too, are not mentioned, though Catholic Action there has much to teach us.

EUGENE K. CULHANE. S.J.



**In Towns and Little Towns.** *By Leonard Feeney, S. J., America Press, New York, 1944.*

This first book of Father Feeney's which was originally published in 1927 needs neither introduction nor review. After seventeen years, the inhabitants of *Towns and Little Towns* are too well-known, the sights and sounds too familiar; after seventeen years, so many have walked with the author *In the Evrelasting City* (the second section of the book) that a reviewer's comments are superfluous.

This latest edition of Father Feeney's work, however, has three interesting additions: a new format, a preface by the author, and a third section of seventeen later pieces.

The book is artistically designed,—blue-gold cover, deckle-edged, cream paper, easily readable eleven point type. All bibliophilistic admirers of Father Feeney will find much to please them, especially if they contrast the present edition with the first.

The author confesses in the preface that he, too, has undergone a change since 1927. He now writes a different verse. "I have become somewhat shy of personal emotion, and extremely diffident about my own enthusiasms. I was not in the least so, when this volume was written." At present, he considers verse as a more ontological thing than he first conceived it to be. Which is the better verse? His only admission is that "it is different".

*Later Poems*, the new third section of the present edition, contains "later things in which something, at least, of the spirit" of Father Feeney's earlier work is retained. *Guess Where, Silver, Child's Challenge, A Rhyme for Tony, Holiness*—would undoubtedly be dated 1927 were the author's *opera omnia* to be judged solely on the norm of internal evidence. Sections of some other poems seem the products of an author who has conceived a different viewpoint of verse, yet strives to write as if this intellectual conviction did not exist. The results of this melange are occasionally, but seldom, infelicitous.

This wholly enjoyable book is strongly recommended for reading or re-reading. It is rare that a poet's prayer is:

"Lord, make me laureate  
In towns and little towns."

This is Father Feeney's prayer. We feel that it has been answered to the enjoyment of the reader.

E. F. CLARK, S. J.