

**YONDER?**

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649737956

Yonder? by T. Gavan Duffy

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Cover @ 2017

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**T. GAVAN DUFFY**

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BY

REV. T. GAVAN DUFFY

OF THE PARIS FOREIGN MISSIONS SOCIETY,  
MISSIONARY APOSTOLIC OF PONDICHERRY, INDIA.

*FIFTH THOUSAND*

First Edition, May, 1916

Second Edition, December, 1916

Third Edition, February, 1917

BOSTON  
SOCIETY FOR THE  
PROPAGATION OF THE FAITH  
25 GRANBY STREET  
1917

NIHIL OBSTAT

REMIGIUS LAFORT S. T. D.  
*Censor.*

IMPRIMATUR

JOHN CARDINAL FARLEY,  
Archbishop of New York.

New York, April 13th, 1916

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1917

THIS THIRD EDITION

(and the proceeds thereof) I hereby affectionately dedicate to

THE MISSION OF PONDICHERRY, INDIA,

which, on the night of November 22d, 1916, was well-nigh obliterated by the ravages of an unprecedented cyclone. And now, with old helpers and new friends, with new mortar and old bricks, with old patience and new energy, it will be our joyful duty, beneath the Eye of Providence, to start all over again, and create a new Mission with the spirit of the old.



ONE OF YONDER'S OWN.

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## PREFACE

THE divine adventure of Redemption and the part therein open to us all is, by our matter-of-fact contemporaries, taken altogether too much as a series of truths, spoiled of romance and relegated to the domain of things known once for all and set aside. It is the System now to stuff the child (pardon me—Child) with facts, not facts as distinct from lies (would they were more so) but facts as distinct from ideals; and, as it is troublesome (not to say impossible) to reach the infinite by following up the process of putting two and two together, we of today are apt to remain very much in the concrete; our interests are rather keen than world-wide. The enormous energy of the midgets dancing in a wild cloud of a summer evening is entirely parochial; it knows nothing of the Great Plan; but happily there is another energy, of the restless winds and the free things that range over the expanses of nature, learning to know and to obey its harmony and its laws and to enforce them afar off. So

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## PREFACE

is there another love than that which is hemmed in by the limits of the trim parish, another life than that of this or that academy, a life calling to be lived, lest the Church herself die of not growing.

This book has two ambitions. First of all, to open up an avenue of thought in a region all too rarely trod. Secondly, to operate the transfusion of a little blood, from soul into soul and from purse into purse, according as strength is wanted.

Its question-mark has been much challenged. But it must stand, until such time at least as it be frankly met with an avowal that we are, too many of us, slow in knowing, loving, helping, going *Yonder*; and that the slogan of parochialism, "plenty of work at home," is still carried on the lips of all too many Catholics. A body must grow in all its parts, not consecutively but simultaneously; nor must the extremities be strangled, to give the heart more growth; so charity, the life of our religion, must flow out to the furthest member of the Church, for the normal growth and vigour of the whole.

The chapters have been dubbed "hap-hazard," "scattered," "disconnected," "incomplete"; and not without some reason, although

## PREFACE

the book is, as it stands, consecutive, if only in so far as it offers a passing glance at the changing moods of the same few souls. It would have been far easier to write a treatise, far harder to find readers for it; but of human beings men tire not to hear.

And life, too, is, after all, when one looks back on it, a strangely disconnected progress from thought to thought and from deed to deed, under the guidance of a Hand unseen working to make light within us. It is the glimmers of this light that we have sought to catch in the scant pages of this book, chiefly at three decisive epochs. In the early chapters we see God's inspiration flashing its first spark, with a raw glare, from some inadequate impulse; then we observe it, under training, become a flame, to be protected lest it devour too much; in exercise, in the field, we see it first delighted, then astonished, then discouraged — until at last it shall attain its poise high up among the stars, very near to heaven and not so far from earth but that it sheds on the four ends thereof its light of love.

T. GAVAN DUFFY

1917: Propagation of the Faith, 25 Granby Street, Boston, Mass.

1918: (Please God) Catholic Mission, Pondicherry, India.