

JESUIT MISSIONS





Crib-side Whisperings

DO you behold how sweet the Child,
 How bright His Face, His eyes how mild?
 How tight He clings to Mary's breast
 His chubby cheek on hers imprest!
 And note when'er He seeks to nap
 A-resting on His Mother's lap
 How calm He smiles; and smiling seems
 To talk to God within His dreams.
 But when He cries—how sad a sight!—
 It seems the earth and heavens might
 Be moved to soothe His baby fears—
 To pacify our God in tears.

*Christ's sweetest blessings may
 they fall
 Abundantly upon us all!
 And may His tiny hands caress
 Each one of us with tenderness.
 May Jesus' star beset our ways;
 And lead us by its kindly rays
 Unto the cave of endless bliss
 To live always—our hands in His!*



"Glo.....o.....o.....o.....ria.....!"

Firecrackers and Christmas Joys

CORNELIUS PINEAU, S.J.

"**A**MERRY CHRISTMAS" is the joyful greeting that leaps to the exultant lips of millions of people on Christmas morn. Although in every land Christmas has the same deep meaning, its celebration differs with peoples and climes.

In the missionary regions of far-away China, the celebration much resembles the first Christmas that dawned on earth. The place our Lord deigns to visit is often little better than the lowly stable of old; the poor simple peasants of the hillside still come in edifying, simple Faith to see in the crib the Infant who brings "good tidings of great joy to men of good will."

No Christmas Rush in China

Unlike our extensive preparations that precede Christmas, the Chinese, who have not yet commercialized the

idea of the feast, are not, months ahead of time, awakened to the fact that "Christmas is coming"; nor are they greeted with signs of "Do your shopping early." There are no tinsel-covered shop windows, in which stand bluff "Santas" amidst hoards of toys or Christmas gifts. No unusual bustle in the streets disturbs or enlivens the humdrum life of any little town. Where Christmas is known at all, preparations for the feast are altogether unostentatious, and often limited to a long tramp to the distant church, very much the same as the journey St. Joseph made with his precious charge, when, on the first Christmas eve, he wended his weary way to the little town of Bethlehem.

New Christians

With the approach of the much loved feast day, the catechumens, youths, men, women and old grandmothers even, often forty or fifty in number, are working very intently,

trying to commit to their stubborn memories the prayers and the essential truths of our religion. The missionary has promised to baptize the deserving, those who would know their catechism well. The only fear of the catechumens is that the Sacrament they so much desire will be denied them until the Easter feast, while their more fortunate brethren are baptized on Christmas Eve.

Their zeal is only equalled by that of the missionary himself, who strives with all his might to bring more sheep into the fold, even if his cares must grow in proportion. It is for him the greatest joy of his apostolic life to wrest souls from the bondage of Satan, and to give to God fervent Christians, lost but yesterday in the maze of superstitious practices of idolatry.

Willing Souls

Very fond of the *Ye-Sou cheng tan*, as they call Christmas, the Chinese



Even the old men are happy to join in the singing of Christmas hymns.

Catholics willingly devote themselves to beautifying the church for the great event. The church is often little better than a barn, and a dilapidated one at that. A plain table is the only altar; there are no marble floors, no comfortable pews, no lofty arches, no majestic swells of harmonized music; and, instead of several rows of altar boys in bright red cassocks, stands an old catechist in white surplice.

But where Christian generosity has been more lavish, Christ Jesus has a more fitting shelter. There are banners of every hue and chains of colored paper on every pillar; the altar and the crib are decked with flowers. A brilliant star throws its rays on the Chinese characters that encircle the crib and convey the good tidings to the Christians: "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." The whole decoration, lighted up by Chinese lanterns of varied colors and designs, is often of a gaudy appearance; but it is the gift of simple hearts to the Divine Infant.

A Pagoda Full of Catholics

Despite the cold, the snow, and sometimes the sleet and the consequent bad roads—and roads in China are never very good—the Catholics come from every part of the sur-

rounding country often from villages thirty or forty miles away, to assist at the midnight Mass. They come streaming in and the church, even though there are no pews, is soon so crowded that a good portion of the congregation has to stay at the door.

Presently the iron bell of the church peals the midnight hour and announces the birth of the Saviour. The whole vicinity is awakened by the sound, and some pagans come from their homes, curious to see what is happening. They see that the "pagoda of the European," as they call the church, is all lighted up, and is filled with people gathered there as to a special feast. They never see anything similar in their cold inhospitable pagodas, where hearts do not learn to love one another.

With the last peal of the bell, the priest makes a solemn entry into the sanctuary, accompanied by the altar boys in red soutanes and white surplices. Immediately preceding the priest, four altar boys, wearing beautiful little bonnets, carry on their shoulders a sort of palanquin on which lies the Child Jesus. The procession halts in front of the crib and the priest places the Infant on the straw.

Firecrackers

A salvo of firecrackers greets the priest as he enters, rousing the tired head of many a tired school-boy who has spent long nights with the missionary, rehearsing Christmas hymns to the Infant God. All eyes brighten up with eager expectation, and faces beam with joy and devotion as the priest lays the smiling Jesus in the manger.

Now, under the direction of one of the catechists, the choir hushes the noisy firecrackers with the "Adeste Fideles," sung in Chinese and accompanied by the flute and hautboy, in the air familiar to us all. Other well-known hymns follow, and even the old men and women, enraptured by the beauty of it all, make attempts to mix their plaintive voices in the chorus.

It is consoling to see the fervor of these Christians who confess they have never seen such a beautiful sight as these simple yet touching ceremonies. Amongst his people the missionary forgets all his fatigues and pours forth his thanksgiving to God, and solicits graces for his flock.

At the Consecration the finest and best firecrackers the faithful have brought from their homes, are set off, telling the slumbering city or village of the great event: "A Child is born unto us."

Religious Feast

Christmas is not for these Catholics a mere worldly feast. The missionary has heard Confessions the whole afternoon of the 24th and during the long hours that precede the Mass; and now every one approaches the altar-rail to receive the *Cheng-Ti* into their loving hearts.

Immediately after Holy Communion, the beautiful acts of thanksgiving are recited, or rather chanted with fervor and great earnestness. A catechist leads the prayers while the priest begins the second Mass, to which all attend with untiring piety.

In the meantime, other Christmas hymns are sung, and the oft-repeated

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A Christmas Crib in China, a land where four hundred million people know not the loving Christ Child.

Balik-

Balik!



Come again, Padre!

ROBERT

E.

HOLLAND, S.J.



HE Bisayan host and hostess after entertaining visitors in their home bid farewell to the departing guest with the words: "Balik-balik!" and that means "Come again!" The departing guest is not the only one who hears this invitation oft repeated. I, scarcely a guest, have heard it many times: "Balik-balik, Padre, ug puyon mo dinhi uban kanamo!" ("Come back, Father, and live here with us!") Such was the farewell given me frequently during a month's trip along the "West Coast" of Misamis, called "West" because from here one travels West to reach it. Due to the fewness in the number of the clergy in this poor diocese, the West Coast has been practically priestless since 1919. Father Gabriel Font, S.J., indefatigable in his zeal, has done the most to keep alive the Faith in those parts, for he makes trips to that section as often as he can leave his own station in Iligan. For the last two years there has been one Filipino Father at Clarin, Father Nicolas del Carmen, of our diocese. These two men are one element, and the heritage of three hundred years of Filipino Catholicism is the other element in the preservation of the Faith of our Fathers among thousands of poor people.

A Missionary Trip

On April 4th, last, Father James G. Daly, S.J., and the writer, left Cagayan on the inter-island steamer "Ysidoro Pons." Father Daly was to go to Jimenez, and I to Oroquieta for Easter. We left Cagayan Monday

It is an inspiration to follow the American Padres fighting an uphill battle against the threat to the Faith in Mindanao. Ramshackle churches and flimsy conventos are bad enough, but the real enemies are Protestant propaganda and Aglipayanism. This article presents a clear-cut picture of the battlefield. Given an even chance and the home-fires kept burning, the American Padres will win.

o'clock, we had to wait to see Misamis until we reached it later by auto. Next morning we were in Jimenez and there said Mass for a number of people who for the first time beheld an American Padre. They could hardly believe their eyes, it seemed: for Protestant propaganda has told these simple souls that at best there are but few Catholics in the United States, which is a Protestant country. In fact the natives have been told that Catholicism is an impediment to their national independence. A number of Aglipayanos actually came to my Mass one day in Oroquieta with the especial mission of watching how I said Mass, to see if actually the three ideas, Catholic, priest, and American could be verified in the same person.

At Oroquieta

I left Father Daly at Jimenez and continued to my own station at Oroquieta. I landed at about 3:30 that afternoon, Wednesday. Speaking of landing, you may suppose that I stepped from the steamer to a gangplank and crossed to the wharf. You are wrong! I went down the stairs alongside and perched atop of several cases of freight in a small boat. Then we were towed by a launch to the shallow water and transferred to a human chair consisting of two powerful young Filipino sailors, for it would never do for the Padre to wet his feet. And while they are thus solicitous for the Padre, at the same time they would make awfully dry faces if he failed to give them five centavos each for their charity. In very few places on our Mindanao coast have

evening at ten o'clock and after a cool night on cots placed on deck, reached Iligan, the port of Lanao's capital, Dansalan, early next morning and said Mass. By seven that evening we were in Kolumbugan, where there is an immense lumber mill. We went ashore and wandered around. We discovered here a tiny bamboo chapel where many devoted people were gathered making a novena. Even without priests the Filipinos are always found in sufficiently large numbers to gather in their churches for a novena to recite the Rosary or on Sundays to recite the Patron. Across the bay is Misamis, formerly the capital of our Province. As it was now long past dark, which descends almost without twilight about six



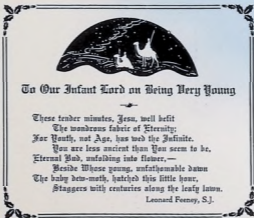
Convento and Church at Oroquieta.

we any wharves, and in some instances they are not used in order to avoid paying wharf charges.

Bats and Rats

Oroquieta consists of one street about a kilometer long with a village at each end; the church and the convento are at the far end, that is, about a kilometer from the landing place. I was met by hundreds of surprised people who like those in Jimenez had never before seen an American priest. A young Spanish merchant got me an auto, and with my baggage I soon reached the church. The picture does not show all the leaks in the church's nipa roof, nor yet the bats which have made their homes there. The picture of the convento will not give you any idea of the rats which hold their athletic meets every night over your head as you try to get to sleep. Perhaps you think it is pleasant to sit on the porch and enjoy a view of the sea dashing in upon the beach a hundred and fifty yards away. All right, but be sure to place your rickety chair on a solid part of the floor if you can find one. One advantage is that it is now the dry season; so why worry about the leaks in the roof? Another advantage is that the kindness of the people has furnished a table and a solid chair from which to take one's meal which Blas will prepare in his nipa hut. Pretty curtains, too, have been hung in the doorways, and as the boy servant puts down your suitcase and you turn around for a moment of inspection, you see that all your friends, young and old, have followed you indoors to see how you like your home. Naturally, therefore,

you break into an exclamation: "Maimindut caayo!" ("Very pretty!")



The universal smile tells that you have bestowed an appreciated reward.
Gregorio Antido, a young tailor,

who speaks English, now takes you for a walk around town. In the course of your ramble you learn that there are perhaps 2,500 people in the "centro" of Oroquieta, and nobody knows how many in the surrounding barrios. Of these, very many are Aglipayanos, or followers of the "Iglesia Filipina Independiente" founded by the apostate priest, Aglipay, who now an old man has sported as a Bishop since the days of the revolution. Falling to be a Bishop in the Catholic Church, Aglipay made himself a "bishop" and ordained his own "priests." If a "model" is a small imitation of the original, then these are indeed model priests. While in external form they go through all the motions of a priest, except sacramental confession of sins, they preach to the people a "national Church," a

Filipino Church for Filipinos, so that the term "Romanista" is odious. At times even the national hero, Dr. José Rizal, is spoken of as *San José Rizal*, and his name sometimes used in their formula of Baptism. One motive alleged for not being a Romanista is that the Church of Rome has never canonized a Filipino and really teaches that there is no room in Heaven for the man with a black-skinned soul! In Oroquieta, "Reverend Padre Juan Kijano," is pastor and has a better church than the Catholic and more communicants by far, for "we" are only about three hundred or so. He is proprietor of the "Bagong Magbalantay" ("New Watcher"), a sheet devoted to the vilification of the Romanistas. This year

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Father J. G. Daly, S.J., and men of Jimenez.

Bettiah by the Way

PAUL DENT, S.J.



The "Big Father Sahib," Father A. Pettit, S.J., explains to Bettiah maidens the love of the Sacred Heart.

BETTIAH, by the way, is in India, in Patna Mission, and has a sturdy little Christian community in the heart of a vast pagandom. It is the home of the Christian-log, of the folks who have no knees to bend to the pagan Lord Krishna. Twenty hundred these are, from merry little bachchas (youngsters) to budhas and burhiyas, those wrinkled and aged great-grandfathers and grandmothers.

Bettiah city is quite old, and a bit too noisy with clanging bells from a dozen pagan temples, and a little too warm now, and much too dusty. You may call it an "Indian" city, for you may look on its thirty thousand faces and see none but the "Father Sahib's"—priest's—and the "Mama's"—European Sister's—who ever so much as knew land or sky beyond matri-bhumi, the Motherland of India. And again, you may elbow your way along the narrow, dusty bazaar streets, and it will be borne in on you that automobiles and street cars, and even electric lights and telephones are strange-

IT was an ambition of long standing with the writer, an American Jesuit Scholastic from Missouri, to spend himself for the salvation of souls in the foreign missions. His ambition was realized last year, when he sailed for Patna Mission. You will follow his account with interest, for there breathes through it an air of enthusiasm and zeal, as the writer shows you the sights of the mission where he is stationed. "Bettiah, by the way," he writes, "is a happy, happy home for three missionaries from 'The States.' Do you doubt it? Come on over!"

ly absent. Indeed, if you are facetious, as I hope you are, you may at once adopt a new definition of electricity, declaring it to be "a natural force used in thunder storms . . . in Bettiah."

Arriving at Bettiah

You arrive at Bettiah after a long night's travel, at ten in the morning. If you are fasting in preparation for Mass and Holy Communion, your mental outlook will have two points of focus, Mass, and then, water, the wetter, the better, the sooner, the quicker. Meanwhile, a coolie will carry your baggage—kindly coolie, give him two annas for that—to a rickety ekka, a vehicle that should have fallen to pieces the day before yesterday. You climb over the axle and dangle your legs over the road. Fifteen minutes later you enter "Christendom," and if you are wearing a white cassock you are met with "Jesu ki barai!" (Praised be Jesus!) from tiny lips of tiny little bachchas, as well as from lips as far away from the ground as men of six feet can carry lips. You reply, of course, for

where else but in Christendom is Christ being praised!

Where the Sacred Heart Reigns

Then you come to a high gate with a surmounting statue of the Sacred Heart, holding out arms of blessing over all who come in and go out of the church compound. You look beyond the gate and see a large stone church, whitewashed and with a colonnade verandah enclosing it. You notice, too, the large and well designed Lourdes Grotto to the rear of the building, and probably you will see half a dozen or so Christians of Christendom kneeling in prayer before it. But pass on quickly now, and receive a missionary's welcome from the "Big Father Sahib" and the "Father Sahib" and the "Little Father Sahib," Fathers Pettit and Sontag, and Mr. Dent. They are the three American Jesuits in charge of the work at Bettiah.

A High School in a Storage Room

But we must hurry now, for there is so much to see. What is that noise coming from this room? Why, this is just the storage room in Father's house. In January it became the beginnings of the first Catholic High School at Patna Mission for Indian children. Twenty-one lads are here, bending over their books, wrinkling noses over the mysteries that have wrinkled down the ages on the school-boy nose, over Caesar and Euclid, over Angrezi (that strange, strange English language), over Sanskrit and over Hindi.



A taxiab meets you at the station.

Thirteen of these lads are Christians; eight are of the "other sheep." Of the former, six are giving the "Big Father Sahib" every reason for counting them future priests of the future Greater Patna; three, at least, of the "other sheep" are on the way to following out a vocation, too, that leads from Krishna to Christ. You will find these same two groups, the one of promising vocations, the other of promising conversions, down among the one hundred and twenty boys in the classes below High School. The fact is not surprising. No congregation can send so many voluntarily to daily Mass, or have so many among young and old, among men and women, daily at the Communion railing—the average of Communions this year is one hundred and seventy daily—without having its youth see the bright word "vocation" written on the skies, or its "other sheep" taking to heart the lesson of example.

Opposite the High School is the Catholic Mission Press, presided over by our energetic little Father Alban,

a secular priest, born in Bettiah itself. Under Father's charge, the Press is carrying on the apostolate of printer's ink. Bible Histories, Prayer Books, Hymn Cards, "The Imitation of Christ," pamphlet lives of the Saints, all in Hindi, come forth here from the dark recesses of the ink pot. From the same place comes also the monthly reminder to so many of our friends, of Patna Mission's existence. *The Patna Mission Letter*. Patna Mission never sends out its "remember us" without itself remembering that there are still twenty-five million too many pagans here in Patna Mission.

The Sisters of the Holy Cross

But now, you must see the work of the Sisters of the Holy Cross. At the two hospitals built and maintained by the native prince of Bettiah, there are five Sisters, caring for more than the bodily health of their charges, as their records of over five thousand baptisms these last twenty-five years testify.

The Convent is next, with its seven Sisters in charge of primary and middle schools for a hundred of Bettiah's girls. Here, too, is the girls' vocational training school, a place where in little hands learn the needle work that will assure independence in years to come. Here, too, the Mother Superior carries on the spiritual and religious formation of the Indian Sisters of the Sacred Heart. Only last December, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Patna instituted this new congregation, and already eight novices and two postulants are looking forward to imitating the Sisters of the Holy Cross in caring for schools, for hospitals, or orphanages, or traveling dispensaries (by bullock cart or elephant) to bring medical relief to the thousands of pagan villages of Patna.

A hurried cycle trip brings us, as the "Father Sahib" explains to you, to Fakirana. The large house amid the palm trees is the girls' orphanage where three more Sisters of the Holy Cross care for the homeless infants in the name of another Infant for Whom there was no room. Just now, Fakirana is rejoicing, for one of its orphan girls has lately gone to be a postulant in the new Indian Congregation. There will be others, too.

Jesu Khrist Raja! Tera Raj Awe!

But it is getting late, and we must hurry back to the large Lourdes

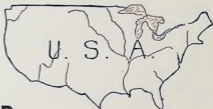


Where the Sisters cure ills of body and of soul.

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TWO
CUPS
of



GOLD WATER

A Story of a Sacrifice That Linked Continents

NEIL BOYTON, S.J.

NATURALLY, when they foregather in their own high Hall, the Angel Guardians' conversation turns on the infinitely kindly ways of the Master in His dealings with their charges, the Mortals. The old, old stories are retold and listened to with ever enkin-

mortification may help another Mortal. Sister pointed out the Western window through which the sun was pouring to illustrate her lesson.

"Children," she told them, "none of us get our happy arrival to the acts of unknown friends. That will be one of the joys after our arrival—meeting those unknown benefactors whose self-denial aided us along the way up. When you have come safely Home you may learn that some unknown soul out there,—she waved her hand again towards the golden-flooded Western windows,—'maybe, in Japan or the Philippines or China denied himself. And it was through that act of mortification that God gave you the grace you stood in need of. So this afternoon I want every boy of my class to deny himself and offer that act for a boy over there, where our setting sun is soon to rise—say, for a poor, pagan boy in danger of death.'

"The class nodded eager heads as Sister finished. She noted with pleasure the earnest look on the face of my Mortal. Wesley was the lone lad in her room to whom Faith had not been given. My Mortal pondered over his teacher's words. He was attracted with the new idea—he could help other boys the space of the earth apart: boys whom he had never seen and never would see and they might help him. . . .

"The bell rang for recess and Wesley filed out with his classmates. Quickly he was the center of a riotous group in a game of football. When the next bell rang, hot and perspiring, he dashed for the school well.

Wesley grabbed up the battered tin-cup and filled it with delicious, icy water. Then as he was about to put it to his lips the suggestion of Sister came back vividly to his mind. '... for a boy over there . . . for a poor, pagan boy in danger of death.'

"The cup of water sparkled, cool and refreshing in the sunshine, and Wesley's throat was very dry. The long last hour of afternoon class was ahead of him. He raised the cup to gulp down the tempting drink. Then he shook his head, muttering: 'I said to myself I'd make one of those acts for a kid out there and, by jiminy! I will.'

"My small Mortal tossed the untasted cup into the trough and raced for the door as the bell ceased to ring."

The fair Guardian paused momentarily and his Bright Brothers waited. There was pride in his countenance as he resumed:

"And about that time in a sad land where Christmas Eve had not yet dawned, there was a missionary riding in his rickshaw towards a tall dark-walled town, where his tiny native flock awaited his Mass. It was the bitter cold before day-break and the missionary shivered and drew his furs close

about him. Then his coolie veered violently and the rickshaw tilted as a wheel passed over something in the roadway.

"The bobbing yellow light on the rickshaw shaft showed a bundle of rags, that moved and was still. The coolie drew back the rags and disclosed the frozen fea-

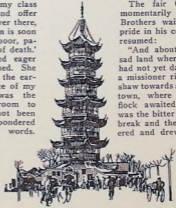
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dled interest. Though as many as the stars are these paths that the Mortals trod, following the Kindly Light that leads them to their "fast happy end of bliss everlasting," there is a similarity in their variety that the winged Guardians always recognize and love.

Now a Guardian of an Ancient Mortal had concluded and his listeners were silent, till the Angel of a Newly Arrived took up the conversation.

"My Mortal had a similar experience, Bright Brothers. For him it began on a snowy afternoon before the Eve of the Master's Birthday. My small Mortal was seated in the Eighth Grade classroom and at my inspiration was listening attentively as Sister explained how an act of



TO "them that sit in darkness and in the shadow of death"—what does Christmas day bring?

To us it is the day of days, hallowed beyond all others by recollections long stored in childhood's memory. Toys there were, and sweetmeats also, and tree aglow with many a light; yes, and mother and father, too, who kindly bore our messages to dear old Santa Claus. But someone else was there,—someone who, even our childish thoughts told us, was back of it all and gave it all a meaning richer and deeper and truer than a mere gift-bringing day. That someone was the Baby Jesus. Christmas was His birthday; and because He was our little brother we, too, were made happy on that day. Our party was His party. Into the very warp and woof of our lives was woven the thought—

*"Little One; who straight has come
Down the heavenly stair,
Tell us all about your home
And the Father there."*

*"He is such a one as I
Like as like can be.
Do His will, and by and by,
Home and Him you'll see."*

From Christmas morn to the octave of Epiphany, we knelt each day at His Crib and we were taught to ask the Baby Jesus—

*When Thou wast so little, say,
Couldst Thou talk Thy Father's way?—
So, a little Child, come down
And hear a child's tongue like Thy own;
Take me by the hand and walk,
And listen to my baby-talk.
To Thy Father show my prayer.*

It brought the great God of Heaven and of earth very, very close to our tiny selves to kneel by Mother Mary and see that "She had all Heaven safe in her hold . . . all Heaven, and It was one hour old."

We lisped our prayer and asked a blessing, and then—back to our toys and cakes and every-where the Baby Jesus went with us.

That was years ago; and as day stretched into day, and the months ran into years, the deeper reality of Christmas buried itself more and more into our lives as the trinkets and gew-gaws of time were stripped of



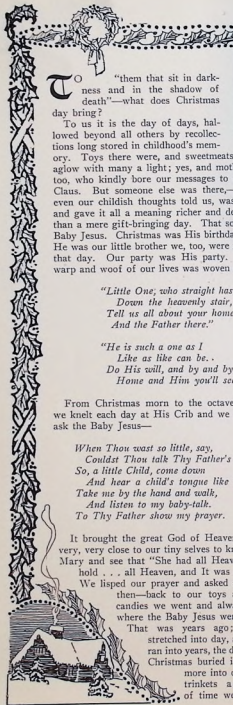
Your Christmas

Francis P.

their tricking appeal and shown as ultimately unable to satisfy immortal souls. Gifts still came; yes, and freighted heavily with love and true devotion, from those in whose hearts we really hold a place; but all that only brought home to us the fleetingness of earthly joys. Christmas had grown more and more to us as Christ's own day, the birthday of our Changeless Friend, of whom we always stand in need and who so graciously comes to our assistance always. To us Christmas means Christ, the dear little Baby Christ, weak yet all powerful, "one hour old" yet timeless as eternity; and at His Crib we pray:

*Then, dear Lord, for Thy great grace,
Grant us the bliss to see Thy face,
That we may sing to Thy solace,
In Excelsis gloria!*

This is Christmas day to us. But to "them that sit in darkness"—what? Go out to the frozen North where men see no sun for half the year and no darkness for the other half; go to the wind-swept steppes of Siberia where so many hearts have grown, through cruelty, as hard as the ice-bound earth they tread; cross over into Russia where a hundred thousand children lead the wolf-pack life and roam in marauding bands. Stop and ask the twelve-year-old urchin, swaying on the tar-vat's edge with the bottle of vodka to his lips, ask





Christmas Heritage

Le Buffe, S.J.



him—no, do not ask him what he thinks of the Baby Christ this Christmas day, for his blasphemies, taught him by his atheist elders would mar the air that once wafted the Angels' song. Hurry South before the evening darkness grows apace and hasten within the African bush and see if the Baritu child can tell you why your heart is so full this day and whether its own is happy. God is very real to it—for He is the Maker and the Owner of the world—but of Bethlehem it never heard nor ever did it learn the prayer—

*Jesus Christ, Thou child so wise,
Bless mine hands and fill mine eyes,
And bring my soul to Paradise.*

Cross the ocean again and come to the islands that dot the leagues of water and look deep into "those wild eyes that watch the waves in roarings around the coral reef," and see if you

can pick up a gleam of response, as you tell of the Angels' song that surged over the battlements of Heaven and beat in upon our little world that we might learn to grow lonelier each day for our Father's home. Were we thus without knowledge and love of the Baby Christ, we should be lonely indeed. But these poor folk are not lonely. They simply do not know the joys of which their lives are void. They are as men blind from birth who never knew the dance of the sunlight.

Go up and down the length of China and see

its hideous idols before which men grovel, and summon its myriad children few of whom know Christ and few, it would seem, gain His heavenly home. Japan, too, challenges us as its old gods give way to the worse god, human reason enthroned in Rationalism. There little hearts are hungry for the God who made them. Does Christmas, can Christmas mean anything to them? Yet for each of these Christ came; for, as the priest-poet Tabb sang:

*When Christ the Babe was born,
Full many a little lamb
Upon the wintry hills forlorn
Was nestled near its dam.*

*And, waking or asleep,
Upon His Mother's breast,
For love of her, each mother sheep
And baby-lamb He blessed.*

He, the Lamb of God, came and died for the lambkins of the world, East and West and North and South—yet they know Him not.

But what can we do? Wherein can we help? First, pray. "Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest, that He send forth laborers into His harvest." Let us pray, pray for the men and women of God actually in the mission-fields that their hearts may be stout and their shoulders strong to bear "the burden of the day and the heats"; pray, too, that more laborers may go into the fields which have whitened unto the harvest.

*"Must I be giving again and again?"
"Oh, no," said the Angel (his glance pierced me through)
"Just give till the Master stops giving to you."*

Then let us make sacrifices for the mission-fields. If a loved one—son or daughter, brother or sister—wants to go into the vanguard of Christ's army, down on our knees let us fall and thank God that our family is privileged to number among its members one who will follow the Xaviers and the Damians. If we hear the appeal that comes from missionaries and can aid them, let us reach the helping hand. Let us give of our wealth if we have it; give of our books and papers and magazines, if they be needed; give of our labors, if, by toil of our own, we can further the harvestings afar.

That is what Christmas ought to do in the lives of all of us for the mission of which Christ came.



FROM MANY CLIMES

Alaska

Father Francis Menager, S.J., late professor of philosophy, is now an Alaskan missionary. He has been appointed to open a new mission on the Bering Sea, as he writes, "right in the heart of Eskimo land." The new station is in the Kashunuk country, just below Hooper Bay. For the time being, Father Menager will be the only white man in the district. As he is not acquainted with the language spoken in those parts, he will have an interpreter until he can talk to the people in their own tongue. Surely, a missionary could not begin his life of sacrifice for souls under more lonely and trying circumstances.

Japan—Hiroshima

Bishop Henry Doering, S.J., until recently Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima, reports that prospects for a good number of Japanese secular priests are very bright, in spite of the fact that there are only 1,324 Catholics in the mission among 5,000,000 pagans. The first candidate who presented himself on the very day of the missionaries' arrival in Japan, February, 1922, is now in his third year of theology at Innsbruck, Austria. Five other young Japanese are at the seminary of the Tokyo archdiocese; two more are in the Franciscan seminary at Sapporo.

Albania

A corps of thirty-nine Jesuits, working in the rugged mountains of Albania, is known as the "Flying Mission." Besides those engaged in the educational work at Scutari, there are groups of Fathers and Brothers who attend to the spiritual needs of the poor Christians in the mountains. They hurry through the hills, recalling the Christians to the practice of their religion, acting as peacemakers among the tribes, especially by putting an end to the "sanguit," the bloody feuds which divide families and entire populations. A house is being opened in the capital of Al-

bania, Tirana, which will be the center point for missionary activity among the Mohammedans and Greek Schismatics.

Egypt

"The Mission of Upper Egypt," writes Victor Chevrey, S.J., "is very

JESUIT MISSION DATES



St. Francis Xavier

December 1st—St. Edmund Campion, S.J., a brilliant Oxford scholar who died gloriously in defence of the Faith at Tyburn in 1581. He was an intellectual giant and leader among the English Martyrs during the Elizabethan persecution.

December 3d—St. Francis Xavier, S.J., universal Patron of all Catholic Missions, who, by his lengthy journeyings and mighty efforts, carried the Faith to many points of the Far East, including India and Japan. Hundreds of thousands of pagans were brought into the Church by his greatest of modern apostles. Pray for the spread of the mission spirit and for the missionary Priests, Brothers and Sisters laboring in the missions.

December 4th—St. Jerome de Angelis, S.J., and Simon Junco, S.J., who, at Yendi in Japan, were burnt alive through hatred of the Faith. Blessed Jerome had converted thousands to the Church.

promising. Even among the rich class, which is schismatical, more through human respect than through conviction, Catholic influence is being felt. The young people are converted, and even the old folks die in the arms of the Catholic priest. One of the most prominent schismatics said to his bishop:

"Our situation is like a palm tree whose ripe fruits dangle outside the enclosure. All who pass by (Catholics and Protestants) gather them."

"Over 25,000 Copts have been brought back into communion with Rome."

Philippine Islands

Father Joseph McGowan, S.J., writes:

"At my back there is a class going on, my workboys, the army of ten that I keep in the convento; downstairs there are about six boys and eight girls, the first pupils of my 'Little Flower' full grade school; it is the first, and so the only Catholic grade school in the mountains of Bukidnon. A great advance!

"My companion has been taken away from me, after seventeen years' riding over these mountains in all sorts of weather, during the day and even through the entire night. He had made a promise with himself that he would lay his bones down for the Bukidnon poor. He and I were and are very much attached to each other; that made our separation a very sad one, I can assure you. The day before he went off we were talking about my plans. I'll risk being called a dreamer and say that my plan is a gift from Heaven given because of the hunger and thirst, heat and cold suffered in those long years by my companion. You see, where we are is a perfect Paradise. I have told my companion that I think this is the place Scripture scholars are looking for, the place where God started off the world. But we are out of approach from the main road; you must go through two canyons before you can reach Sumilao. For that reason we were seriously thinking of establishing ourselves in Malaybalay, the Capital city of the Province. There there is a full grade school—the only one in the mountains—and a high school and a Baptist preacher. I do intend to erect there a dormitory for the girls. But my first plan is to build a great school right here. Walking is no consideration for the Montesco. They will walk for miles.

"If we carried out our plan, we would have to abandon our orange grove and coffee, which support the mission, bringing about \$500.00 a year. But, by bringing the people to us, we can reach in a most effective way most of our mission stations, about seventy, because the children will come to the Father's school and they will go back as catechists to their barrios. When I mentioned this to my companion, he grew fervent over the idea and at once we selected our site for the building, then went downstairs to figure on the number of beams we would need for the outside frame: thirty of these, at a cost of about \$200.00. The men must go to the mountains and find the subub tree and molave, then split it with wedges and trim it with their bolos.

"That night the last of a most pleasant nine months together, Father Contin and I sat by the window while the dear Brother, very sad in heart, went about preparing the supper. We agreed that the Society of Jesus asks for difficult partings of friends, but he said to me: 'I shall see you again.' He told of the former days and the work of the Society in these mountains, in the times when the priests were taken captive by the savages. In those days the Spanish soldiers were approaching Bukidnon from the South, through Cotabato, with the intention of closing in on the Moro tribes. That part does not concern me; this does: immediately behind the advancing army were our brother Jesuits of the Aragon Province and a congregation of nuns. These latter built an orphan asylum for the children that were made fatherless by the Manobos and Moros in their wars with one another. There were in the home some 300 children taught and cared for by the best of teachers."



Fathers Contin, S.J., and Joseph McGowan, S.J., in the church at Sumilao.



Church and convento at Talisayan, Misamis, where Father F. W. O'Hara, S.J., is stationed. Father J. T. Hayes, S.J., was in charge, but he is now at Cagayan, as Superior of the Mindanao Mission.

Father Joseph Garriga, S.J., died at San José College, Manila, on the 14th of August. He was Superior of the residence of Caraga in the Eastern section of Mindanao. Father William Llobera, S.J., died suddenly, August 19th, at Dapitan, Province of Misamis. He was seventy-four years of age. Many Jesuits in the United States were shocked to learn of the death of Father José Grimal in Mindanao on October 21st. He was comparatively young, had made his studies at Woodstock, Md., and had a wide circle of friends.

Practically all the letters from the American missionaries in Mindanao, stress the need of parochial schools. Dormitories to house Catholic boys during their high school days are only makeshifts after the harm has been done. The parochial school with five hundred children which was started at

Talisayan is already bearing fruit. The problem the American Jesuits are tackling with their limited resources is a difficult one. Parochial schools of concrete figure at 3,000 pesos per room or \$1,500.00. Wood construction is much cheaper, but involves a maintenance problem. Catholic high schools must be erected, if lasting results for the Faith are to be realized. Here, as in the United States, the Faith is bound up in Catholic education. The American Padres are approaching their task with vigor and cheerfulness. The stakes are the saving of the Mindanao Filipinos to the Faith.

The Medical Missionary

Under the direction of Doctor Anna Dengel, the Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries, founded in 1925, has begun the publication of a modest little paper called "The Medical Missionary." Jesuit Missions wishes a long and fruitful life to the little magazine as it does to the organization which sponsors it. Catholic medical mission work is still in its infancy and needs all the encouragement possible, for it has before it a wonderfully promising field of labor. Who can count the good that this Society of Catholic Medical Missionaries is destined to do for the salvation of the downtrodden women of the Orient! The headquarters of the Society are at 16th Street and Bunker Hill Road, Brookland, D. C.

India—Poona

Rt. Reverend Henry Doering, S.J., beloved Vicar Apostolic of Hiroshima, Japan, has been transferred back to his former See of Poona, In-



Father Benedict Celestine with the boys of the Apostolic School at Patna, India.

dia. The Jesuits of the Lower German Province will have charge of this mission which was in the care of the German Fathers before the War.

Patna Mission

The Mission suffered a heavy loss in the death of Father Benedict Celestine, a native Indian secular priest. He was still a young man when the last call of the Master came, but it found him ready and resigned to do God's will. "Oh! I am not afraid to die; and I shall be most happy to answer the call of God."

The eleven years of priestly life were years of intense activity for Father Benedict. He knew his people as only a native son can know them; and he made the most of his knowledge. A missionary must be priest and father, teacher and expert mechanic and a hundred other things. Father Benedict was all this, and hence was invaluable to the Mission. For the last three and one-half years, he was Director of the Apostolic School, an institution founded by Bishop Van Hoek, S.J., for the formation of future priests and catechists of Patna Mission. The boys loved their Director, and were in turn loved by him. He was proud of them and lost no opportunity of inviting any distinguished visitor to pay a visit to the small ramshackle building, the rented house which was the home of the Apostolic School. A splendid proof of the training he had given the boys was evidenced on the day of the funeral. Reverently their little group had taken part in the solemn church services and had chanted the *Libera* for the departed. Then they had accompanied the body to the grave; and, as the last rites were finished, when they were unable, any

longer to suppress their tears and sobs, they retired into the church, and there, kneeling before the altar, wept and sobbed and prayed for the soul of their beloved Father.

The eyes of all the Fathers working in the Patna Mission are focused these days on Father Kilian, S.J., and the mission station of Our Lady of Victory. Mention was made in the November issue, about the persecution going on at Victoria. The trouble still continues. Time and again, Father Kilian's life has been threatened. A new plot was recently discovered. There was to be a night attack and the Father was to be taken; an iron bar was to be fastened to his neck and then the good missionary was to be "laid to rest" in the cool waters of the adjacent lake. Even the government watchman was found to be a helper in the plot. Fortunately, Father Kilian found out

about the scheme. In his fearless way, he said to the watchman:

"By the way, Jungli, just what night are you going to drown me? I want to know, for I don't want my fierce dogs on the scene. Tell me, and I'll send them away for that night."

Taken aback, the fellow confessed everything, giving also the names of the plotters. He does not know by what strange power the Sahib discovered the plot, and now he worships the ground Father Kilian walks on. No chance, however, is taken at nights now. A guard is kept to hinder pagans from burning down the industrial works where the Christians find work, and watch is also kept over the crops of corn and mulberry and castor beans, so necessary for the upkeep of the mission.

When one of the police officers was asked what charges were brought against the Fathers by those who are openly causing so much trouble, he gave four charges:

1. They wished revenge for the punishment of a former non-Christian servant who had been seized in the very act of assault.

2. The Father had loaned money to the villagers, and thus cut the profits of the money-lenders. (These money-lenders at times charge over one hundred per cent interest.)

3. The Father had been converting people to the Christian religion.

4. The Father had been applying a secret charm called Baptism.

Father James Creane, S.J., has begun a station among the Santals, who have villages some distance from Father's station at Champanagar. Work was begun in the village of Simra. A teacher and a catechist were sent out, equipped with school books, slates and medicines. A school was imme-



Two European Sisters and a native Nun doing dispensary work outdoors for the poor of Victoria, Patna.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 2. Syria and Lebanon.

THIS Mission was founded in 1831 and was later entrusted to the French Jesuit Fathers of the Lyons Province, who in the midst of the most difficult circumstances, contradictions and persecutions, have succeeded in carrying out their ministry of religion and education with great fruit for souls. In 1860 during the invasion of the Drusi, five missionaries were cruelly murdered in the neighborhood of Mt. Lebanon.

The most important centre of the Mission is the University of Beyrouth which began as a College in 1841 and was raised to the rank of a University in 1875; a faculty of medicine was added in 1882, and one of Biblical study and Oriental literature in 1912. Since 1906, many learned works on Oriental subjects have been published by the members of the University, who are now recognized both by Turkey and France. At present the University numbers 1,200 students.

Communions in 1926.....	337,253
Churches and Chapels.....	13
Native Seminarians.....	49
Jesuit Missionaries:	
Priests.....	88
Scholastics.....	22
Brothers.....	45
	155



Native Seminarians at Beyrouth.

diately opened in a sort of shed. About a dozen children were enrolled at once. There are prospects of many more as soon as the rice is planted. Catechism and prayers and hymns are taught from the very beginning. Some of the adults have learned the prayers quickly, and gave Father Creane a surprise during a recent visit he made to Simra, when they recited the "He Pite Hamare" and "Pranam Mariya" by heart. It will be a long time, though, before Baptism can be administered to these pagans.

Brazil

This year, after a long and serious preparation, 120 Japanese were baptized. It was a real triumph! Even the Brazil newspapers praised the missionary endeavors of Father del Toro, S.J. This Father is working almost single-handed among the Japanese immigrants. On the occasion of the Baptism of the large class of converts, a telegram from Cardinal Gasparri was read: "The Holy Father bestows with great joy the Apostolic Benediction upon his 120 new Japanese children, wishing abundant graces for themselves and for their Fatherland."

After more than fifteen years' faithful service in the mission of British Honduras, Father Allan A. Stevenson, S.J., is visiting in the States.

FIRECRACKERS AND CHRISTMAS JOYS

(Continued from page 204)

Ya lay-lu-ya expresses the feelings of hearts brimming with joy.

No Place to Rest Their Heads

With the sounds of the music still ringing in their ears, the people leave the church and go to take a few hours' rest. Those of the immediate vicinity repair to their homes; the strangers very often go to a nearby barn where they unpack their bedding. With a block of wood for a pillow, the Chinese can take a good rest on a bare floor.

At the break of day they are up again, and all assist at the morning Mass, which is as solemn as the midnight one and accompanied by the same manifestations of exterior joy for the Chinese, the burning of firecrackers.

Such is the Christmas feast for the Chinese Catholics, perhaps not so cheery as ours from a worldly point of view, but who would say that the joy of their hearts is less than ours?

Yet for over 400,000,000 of China's sons there is no Christmas; no special joy on the 25th of December breaks the sameness of their lives. Christmas has no meaning for them. Let us pray hard at this season that these lost sheep may find the fold.

BETTHIAH BY THE WAY

(Continued from page 208)

Grotto before which one of the nightly May processions is coming to a halt. "He Sant Mariya!" That is the "Holy Mary" of the rosary. How our little Christendom thunders it forth! Over in the bazaars pagandom will hear and wonder. Thunderous, above all, will be the grand cry of militant Christianity, sung five times on the echoing air and closing the act of public devotion, "Jesu Christ Raja! Teru Raj Awe!" "Jesus Christ, King! Thy Kingdom Come!"

Apostles of the Greater Patna

That, Visitor to Betthiah, will be enough for one day, though Betthiah cannot be "done" in one day, even by an American visitor with the habit of "doing the sights" on the run. Enough, however, has been seen to keep you from the distressing necessity of recurring to Webster to find the meaning of Betthiah. You will, I am sure, have already understood that its definition is none other than "that mission in Patna Mission which has two thousand Indian Christians and whose chief significance lies in the fact that out of its youths and maidens are being fashioned the men and women who seem surely destined to be the apostles of the Greater Patna of Tomorrow.

TWO CUPS OF COLD WATER

(Continued from page 209)

tures of a young beggar boy. The kindly missionary got out of the slanting rickshaw. In the dialect of the district he asked a few questions but there was only a muttered response from the boy. Sending his coolie to the nearby canal to fill the little tincup he had in his bag, the missionary poured the tiny stream on the cold brow and made this lad an heir of our Heaven. The priest concluded in the vernacular: "And as this is the blessed eve of the Master's Day, I give you an appropriate name. So go to God, little Noel."

Again the fair Guardian broke off to gaze beyond his attentive audience to the vast grandeur of the high Hall.

"But little Noel was no 'Thief of Paradise.' He had a debt to pay before he came among us. The good missionary lifted the light bundle into his rickshaw and ordered his coolie to hasten to the Holy Child compound. Here the Sisters warmed and fed and nursed the beggar boy back to health. Early he showed intelligence and a sturdy piety. In a few years Noel was the missionary's favorite altar boy and it was while he served within the sanctuary our Master Himself chose Noel for higher things."

There was a reverent hush and almost a tinge of jealousy in the Guardian's tones as he repeated, "chase Noel for higher things."

"A decade,—so our Mortals call it,—passed and half another one had spun out, and my own Mortal had come to man's height. Like many another lad, whom the lure of adventure attracts,

Wesley found that the horizons of his drowsy home town were too low, too narrow. So he drifted up to a big city, where he soon knew many things that it were well for him not to have knowledge of and he forgot much that it were better for him to have remembered.

"One day my Mortal enlisted in his country's Marines. Duty sent him

across the blue Pacific. Now he was attached to a Legation Guard. A periodic quarrel was going on and the ancient walled capital was falling prey to another victorious General. There was fighting of a sort going on in the lower city. This afternoon a group of olive-drab Legation Guards climbed up onto the broad-topped city

swept the top of the wall and Wesley was struck.

"His fellows caught my Mortal and they carried him, all unconscious, to the ground. Out of gasping pain that seared his side he opened his eyes and he kept calling for water. Some one stepped forward from the curious native crowd and kneeling held a cup to the burning lips of Wesley. As the cooling water flowed down his throat, there came into my Mortal's mind an incident, long forgotten, and yet now it had the remembered brightness of a sunny yesterday.

"He was back in his boyhood's schoolyard, standing before the well. He was holding the battered tincup and filling it with delicious icy water. As he raised it to his craving lips, he heard again Sister's words: 'I want every boy . . . to deny himself . . . offer that act for a boy away over there . . . for a boy in danger . . .'

"Then a strange voice was saying in chipped English: 'Melican soldier, you're badly hurt. I am a priest.'

"My Wesley looked up over the rim of the cup and saw before him the kindly features of a native, who was helping him hold the cup. He exclaimed: 'You a Cath'lic priest in this heathen burg!' The native nodded and told him again he was badly hurt.

"My Mortal's words came with effort now. 'Fix me up—then. I never—was—anything—but—by jiminy!—I—want—to be—like—Sister.'

"Agonies dimmed my Mortal's eyesight. He stretched rigid in the arms that supported him and as he did the native priest hastily poured the last drops in the cup on my Mortal's brow. He concluded with the words, 'And so, Melican soldier, I give you my own name.'

The Guardian finished his story with the remark, "And that name was, Bright Brothers, Noel."

If you are pleased with this issue of Jesuit Missions ask a friend to subscribe.

The IRON HORSE and the MISSISSIPPI BLACKROBE

To the many thousands who visited the B. & O. display was brought home most strikingly that from tiny things great locomotives grow; and the possibilities of the tea-kettle, if somehow wheels could be got to operate under it, were demonstrated with great satisfaction.

In minute detail and apparently at great expense, the Baltimore & Ohio traced methods of travel and transportation; and the pageant which culminated in the locomotive of the Capitol Limited was a unique testimony to the courage and industry of the men who brought these marvels here for inspection.

In this vivid history of travel development there was probably no detail so impressive as that which portrayed the Mississippi Blackrobe, Father Marquette, S.J., coming down the waters of the majestic stream.

He who said, "Go preach the Gospel to every creature," knew that the divine ardor of love for Him would bring His apostles to the ends of the earth quite independently of any method of travel. And so it came to pass that, in those days before railroads were known or dreamed of, this great missionary, burning with the Holy Spirit, brought the light of the Gospel into the darkness of savagery and incidentally opened what we now know as the West, to the world. For this reason his name is written large on the first pages of this country's history and a statue of him stands in the Hall of Fame in the National Capitol.

The great figure of Father Marquette on his journey, depicted at the Baltimore & Ohio pageant, seemed to say to all, "They for a corruptible crown, we for an incorruptible."

wall and the leader of the idle group was my erect Mortal.

"There, where they could watch the fighting in which they had no part, the Marines stood. And as it often happens—by chance, the heedless Mortals say: by the kindly desigens of our Master's Mercy, we who light and guard and rule and guide His Mortals know—stray shots

BALIK - BALIK!

(Continued from page 206)

also he has begun a grade and high school.

Aglipayanism Losing Ground

The ordinary Filipino who is an Aglipayano is so because he knows no better. With marvelous logic some simple souls have told me that they see no difference between the Aglipayan religion and the Catholic religion, and when, therefore, I asked them why they had changed, the idea did not penetrate at all. Of course the reasons for Aglipayanism are many, varied and intricate. Gregorio Antido and several others came and told me that many wished to return to the Catholic Church and said they would do so if I came to be their cura parroco. It is my impression that Aglipayanism, as much as I have seen of it in a year here, is losing ground.

Protestant Propaganda

But Aglipayanism is not the only anti-Catholic element in Oroquieta. With Gregorio I passed the Protestant church, which boasts about a hundred members. It is small, but well built and nicely painted and well kept around the outside. There is a Filipino pastor, who operates under a sort of General Agent of the

Evangelical Union in these parts. The agent is engaged, if you please, in making the Filipino people Christ's, teaching them the Christian life and showing them how to put into their own, the abundant life of Christ. Under his guidance, the Filipino must first forswear his Catholic Faith, and then he becomes what? A Protestant? Not at all: he becomes the only thing that even the devil himself could make of him: a bad Catholic.

There is also in Oroquieta the "Mindanao Academy," a non-sectarian high school for boys and girls. One of the teachers is the Filipino Protestant pastor. Though non-sectarian, in this school subjects for debate are introduced with Catholic students ranged against Protestant. The Protestants are well coached on the old-time and worn-out calumnies against the Church, while the Catholics, having no one to coach them, are left to their own slender resources to answer. Thus shamed, some have weakened, while others have only fought back the harder. An example of this kind is Zacarias Rivel, whom I have here in Cagayan now as my secretary. Zacarias never failed an examination, nor did he fail to defend as best he could the Faith that is in him.

Oroquieta is only a type of the kind of fertile field for a missionary which exists everywhere on the West Coast. There are seashore and mountain barrios to visit, should he run out of work at home! What the people want to know is who is going to "balik-balik" and live with them. He will not have a comfortable house or a decent church, until he can raise funds to build one. The people themselves have been saving and have put away seven hundred pesos already against the day when they will have a priest to lead them. The priest who will come to live at Oroquieta will never starve; while I was there I had more eggs and chickens and bananas than I could eat. The following Wednesday I left Oroquieta.

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