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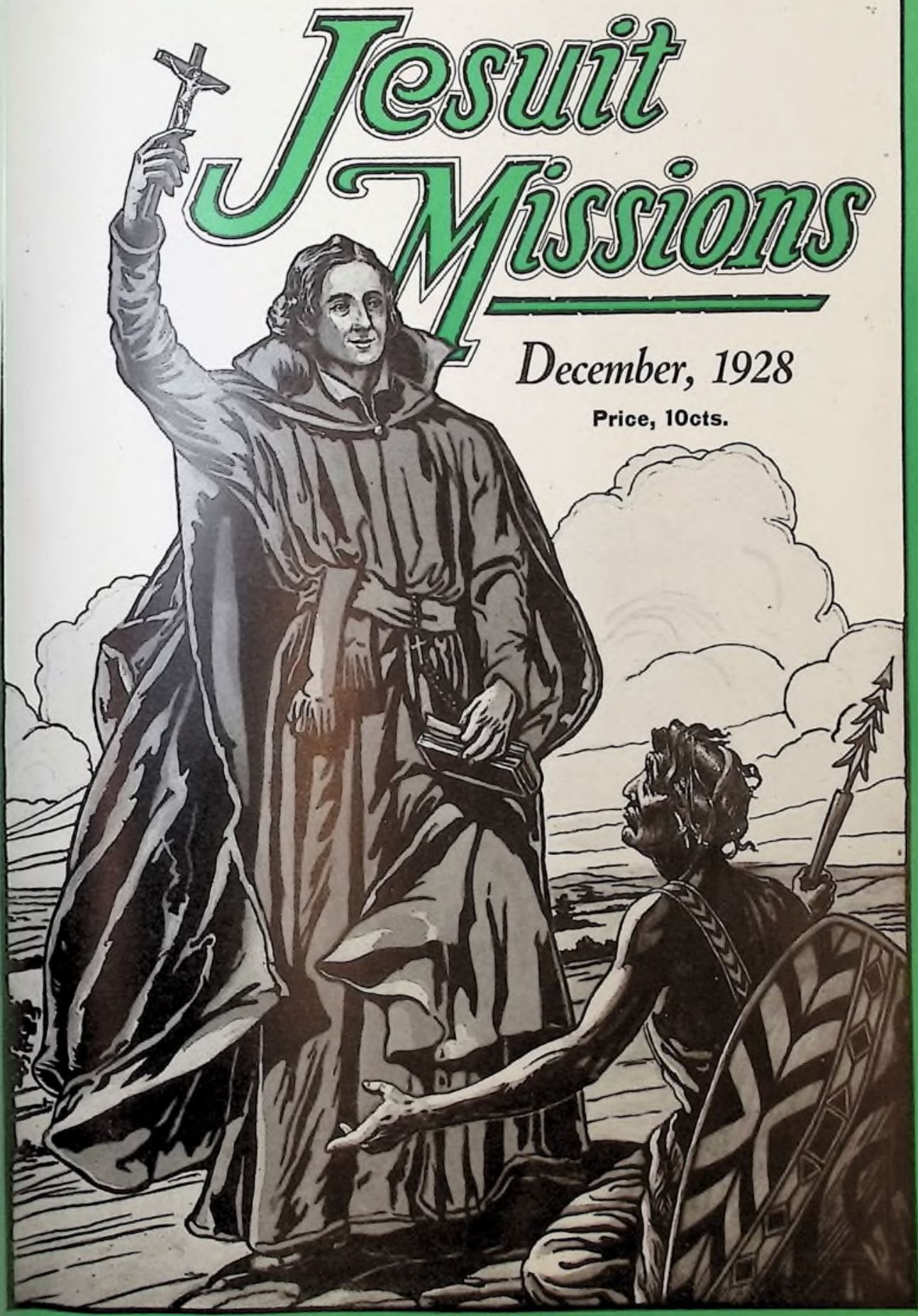

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Because There Was No Room

J. E. Murphy, S.J.

Baby, in whose hand there lies
All the heavens, all the earth,
Baby-King, who made the skies
Cradle-coverings for Your birth:

Baby, for whom angels bright
Sang their heavenly lullaby,
Baby-King, whose cradle light
Came from countless stars on high:

Baby,—men were not unkind
Speaking thus, "No room for Thee."
Baby-King, how could they find
Room for Thy Infinity?

An *Open* Christmas in *Sioux Land*

LEO C. CUNNINGHAM, S.J.

WE had an "open Christmas" here in Dakota last year. That means, there was not much snow to block the roads nor was the weather bitterly cold. In consequence, we were able to keep Christmas in glorious style. The Sioux Indians started early to ggather into the various dis-ttricts of the reservation for ttheir Christmas tree cele-bbrations and religious serv-iices. At many of the mis-ssion chapels tents were in eevidence for days before tthe great day itself. The mmissionaries were able to ttravel many miles over copen roads to bring the gglad tidings of this holy sseason to the assembled ppeople. Over long, rolling ttrails came many an In-odian parent to the mission aand to the government bboarding school to be with tthe children for Christ's bbirthday. Altogether, I tthink, it was a happy and a holy Christmas at Pine Ridge reservation.

You would have laughed to see my car full of bag-gage as I started out from the mission on Friday, December 23. Piled high on it were my bedding, food box, Mass kit, a small talk-ing machine, an axe and shovel, and four large boxes of toys and clothing for the people of the four districts I was to visit. My Mass Saturday was at Pine Ridge where two devoted workers are custodians of the Blessed Sacrament and friends to the Indians.

St. Anthony's chapel is near Wolf Creek and is fifteen miles from the mission. Here I stopped first to unload one of the Christmas gift boxes. Simple store they contained. What I was able to give was only a collection of little toys and useful trinkets that friends had sent me. The Indians take up collections among themselves for Christ-mas and purchase presents to be placed on the tree, but the poor people are delighted when the missionary can add a little to their supply of good things. There is not one of them whose heart is not made glad in receiving a present from the priest who serves them.

Christmas Pets.

AT Wounded Knee battlefield twenty-three miles from the mission is the Sacred Heart chapel. I arrived there about noon on Christmas Eve. Already many tents had been pitched near the chapel under the approving eye of Alex Two-Two, my catechist. I had a little present for him and his wife. This and the box of good things for the tree made Alex very happy.

Ten miles of trail running over the high Porcupine Butte bring one from the battlefield to Porcupine station where is Our Lady of Loretto's chapel. As I had no catechist here some of the Catholic men took charge and made arrangements for Christmas. They were much pleased with the beads and caps and trinkets that I was able to add to their own simple presents.

I had to travel ten miles further north to get to St. Paul's chapel where I was to celebrate midnight Mass. St. Mary Magdalen's chapel is only fifteen miles farther away but I had been there on the eighteenth of the month, and so, I could not visit it on Christmas. At St. Paul's a large crowd of Indians was awaiting my coming. Their tents were pitched up close to the chapel, and men and women were gathered about a comforting fire in the "Meeting House." Even the older Indians have learned to say "Merry Christmas"; and it was with these familiar words they greeted me on my arrival. I saw evidence of careful preparation on all sides; and homely stars, and a cross of pine and streamers decorated the chapel and the "Meeting House."

AT St. Paul's, until midnight, the Indians held a meeting. Speeches were made and hymns sung, while, one by one, men and women kept coming over to the chapel for confession, a consoling but most absorbing occupation for the missioner up to a few minutes before twelve o'clock. The church bell announced the hour for Mass and from "Meeting House" *(Turn to page 260)*

Father Edmund Walsh, S.J., and a band of scholastics and one Brother en route to the Philippines.

Across the *Pacific* to *Manila*

THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J.

DINOR Orders on May 20, from the missionary Bishop Joseph N. Dinand, S.J., then from Weston to five various homes for ten crowded, happy days before our trip west to California—and further west beyond Hawaii and China to our present Manila. We gathered again in New York on May 30, for our simple farewell service and then we were off for good—and God.

Eighty friends and relatives waved to us from Hoboken station until our train turned a bend and hid them from view. On for Buffalo. At Buffalo, other old friends waited for us, among them our Master of Novices. They took us to see Niagara Falls by night—a vision, under kaleidoscopic illumination, of multi-colored loveliness and majesty.

The next morning we met Brother Edward J. Bauerlein, who made the sixth Jesuit of the party; Messrs. J. J. Coniff, J. Rosauro, J. A. Martin, John Trinidad and T. B. Cannon being the other five to date. At half-past eight that evening we reached Chicago. Two Jesuits were waiting for us at the station to take us out to Loyola University. Mr. J. E. Haggerty joined us there that evening, and Father Edmund Walsh of the New Orleans Province the next day. From Chicago we traveled by night to Omaha; a few hours' stop, then we entrained for Denver. Sunday morning, June 3, we arrived at Regis College, Denver. Here we spent Sunday and part of Monday, getting a little much-needed exercise and some real thrills, from our trip up Lookout Mountain, by Lariat Trail, to Buffalo Bill's grave. Back to Regis, then to our train. "Community" Mass Tuesday morning was heard in the Cathedral of Salt Lake City. At half-past four in the afternoon of June 5, we left Salt Lake City, and a twenty-six hours' ride brought us to San Francisco. At St. Ignatius College that evening, June 6, we met the last member of our party, Mr. John P. Delaney, S.J., whom we had not seen for the last three years.

Thursday, June 7, we had a trip through the Santa Clara Valley, to Maryknoll at Los Altos, and the Jesuit Novitiate at Los Gatos, and Stanford University, and our own Santa Clara University, famous as one of the old missions, and scientifically prominent because of the observatory of Father Jerome Rickard, S.J. Santa Anna, the laymen's retreat house, was also visited, and the day finally came to a close—our last in the U. S. A., for a few years at least.

"Translate!"

NEXT morning, with a blowing of whistles and shouting of dock hands, and much running to and fro, the good ship *President McKinley,* of the Dollar Steamship Line, steamed, with us on board, out of the harbor of San Francisco, through the Golden Gate, and out to sea, leaving behind it a motley multitude upon the pier. We were started on an ocean voyage of nearly ten thousand miles.

The life on ship proved to be a great deal more agreeable than any of us had expected. We had Mass daily in the Social Hall, using the piano for an altar, the ship's Mass-kit providing all the sacred articles necessary for the Holy Sacrifice. A notice announcing Sunday Mass was posted each

week in the smoking room, and we had fair attendance, the Captain and the Purser being our most prominent parishioners.

ON the sixth day out, we reached Honolulu, and immediately drove to the bishop's residence. Bishop Stephen Allencastre, of Hawaii, was very cordial, and could not do enough for us. He personally made half a dozen telephone calls to arrange to have us meet the Maryknoll Sisters who were at Heeia. Father H. Valentin, the Administrator of the diocese, was with us throughout the day. He showed us most of the city, and Father W. S. Kress, the Maryknoll Superior, showed us the rest. In the afternoon we met the Sisters at the mission residence near the Cathedral. Whenever we stopped where there was a Maryknoll house, we were sure of a royal welcome.

Jesuit hypnotism.

Then followed twelve days on an unruffled sea, the only excitement being an attempt at suicide by one of the Filipino steerage passengers, who jumped from the rail the morning after we left Honolulu.

On the twenty-fifth of June we landed at Yokohama. A very efficient Japanese lay-Brother was awaiting us at the dock. After a Japanese lunch, we saw the city, with Father Robert Keel, S.J., as our guide; returning to the Jesuit University of Tokio for supper. It looks very small now, having barely survived the earthquake, the remembrance of which is deeply impressed upon the minds of all the Fathers who witnessed it. They are all keen men there—of the German province, yet every one of them spoke to us in English. Several of them, we found, know more about the difficult Japanese language than even the educated Japanese themselves.

WE left Tokio on the night train, rode for ten hours and woke up at Kioto, where we had Mass. Two hours' ride that afternoon brought us to Kobe, where we were to meet the ship and spend the night on board. At Kobe we separated into two parties, for a walk, and both parties met by luck at the same hotel, after finding out that the ship would not be in till the next day, and that we were stranded in this Japanese city for the night. We had one of the most enjoyable days of our trip that day, just taking pictures. We got snaps of queer, strange figures, odd signs, marriage parties, venders, lepers, soldiers, policemen, fakirs and bonzes, idols, temples and peddlers.

We finally boarded the boat in the afternoon and then out we went through the inland sea of Japan, and across the waters to Shanghai. Only a few hours were granted us in that port, and we made the most of them by going out to see the Jesuit observatory, seminary, college, philosophate, theologate, novitiate, juniorate and a few minor establishments, all on the same grounds, at Zikawei. Father Gehry, S.J., the director of the observatory, showed us everything. Shanghai succeeded in giving us some very varied impressions; parts of it are palatial, with beautiful gardens and streets; but there are parts which are dirtier than you can imagine, crowded with the wrecks of human lives, reeking with odors; where men do the work of horses and machines, and the women do the work of the men.

FROM Shanghai we steamed to Hong Kong. Our best and most vivid recollections of Hong Kong are of the kindness of the Maryknollers. We *(Turn to page 263)*

Ready to do Kobe.

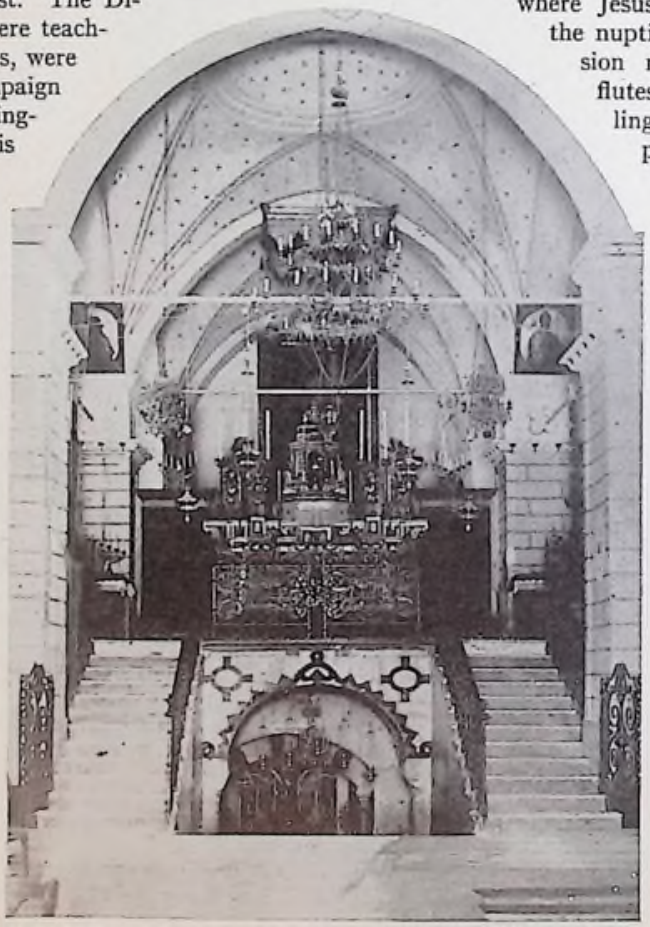
Manresa in the Holy Land

ALFRED J. BARRETT, S.J.

A PILGRIMAGE to Palestine, the dream which made the wounded Ignatius fret at his slow recovery! Six weeks in Jerusalem left the pilgrim with a great ambition, an ambition which crystallized into the vow made by the first Jesuits at Montmartre to start in the Holy Land a nobler crusade than Godfrey's had been.

But it was in the cave at Manresa, before he had sailed for Palestine, that Loyola first saw Jerusalem as the center of a world conquest. The Divine Child and His Mother were teaching him the Spiritual Exercises, were unfolding before him the campaign for the spread of Christ's Kingdom. It was all so clear to this military mind. He would found a company, swear them in, train them as shock troops to use the weapon he had received in return for his sword hung up at Montserrat, to be experts in handling the Spiritual Exercises. And where better to begin than in the Holy Land, the lost garrison of the King? So it was that the Society of Jesus was intended to go on a last crusade, armed with what the world knows now as the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius.

The call of the Pope to a wider field of action changed the destiny of the Society, but did not shatter its founder's dream of a Palestine regained. Manresa in the Holy Land was an ambition with Ignatius till his death. So, the journal of a French Jesuit, detailing a course of Advent retreats in Palestine, is not without peculiar interest.



Church of the Annunciation, Nazareth.

DECEMBER 4, 1927, found Father A. Jeannière, S.J., ascending Mount Carmel to give a triduum preparatory to the feast of the Immaculate Conception. He had come gladly all the way from Ghazir in Syria, for after thirty-three years in the Orient, this was his first chance to walk where Christ had walked. "Our Lady of Mount Carmel," he writes, "is truly the Queen of land and sea, whom the Scriptures sing of. What a throne she has chosen for herself! From the terrace of the Carmelite Monastery one enjoys a superb view of Caiffa and Galilee." Five instructions a day, three in French and two in Arabian, made him more the missioner than the pilgrim, but his last talk on our Lady's Feast was all about her and the thoughts Carmel inspired.

Quite natural was it then for the Father to visit next day the town where the Immaculate Virgin had lived, a privilege which we envy him. Capharnaum, Bethsaida, Magdala, and finally Cana, he passed through en route. While being shown the ruins of the festal hall where Jesus changed water into wine at the nuptials, he saw a wedding procession moving down the road with flutes playing and tambourines jingling. This little scene, so unexpected, filled in with a touch of reality the Gospel story. It was afternoon before he reached Nazareth.

"I could not think of leaving Nazareth," Father Jeannière tells us, "without making the ascent of Mount Thabor, the mountain of mountains. There was not even one pilgrim at this time of year. I made the ascent on horseback. A panorama of inexpressible beauty lay before me. Standing in front of the Franciscan's house, I saw to the north the hills of Galilee, to the east the Sea of Tiberias, to the west the Mediterranean blending with the blue horizon, and before me the vast plain of Esdrelon." Manresa in the Holy Land! Before this Jesuit lay Ignatius' chosen battle-ground. Little of Manresa had come to the Holy Land, but surely much of the Holy Land had come to Manresa. Here were the holy places which in every retreat form the settings for the Gospel drama as conceived in the Manresan cave.

THE historian of the Romanoff dynasty writes more confidently when he has seen the Kremlin and the death house at Ekaterinberg; similarly, Father Jeannière took up the work of his second retreat inspired by intimacy with the sources of the Exercises. It was given to the Children of Mary at Cheff-Amar. This was followed by a retreat to women. Though the men had made a retreat before Easter, many of them insisted on attending.

The mother of the Machabees is said to have come from Cheff-Amar. "The cleanest town in these parts," Father Jeannière calls it, "from whose spotlessness grew up in modern times, the beautiful Carmelite lily, Marie de Jésus Crucifié, who died in 1878 most holily in nearby Abbeline."

CHRISTMAS was drawing near and Father was counting on reaching his orphans in Ghazir in time to hear their Christmas confessions, when an unexpected letter from an old comrade of the trenches, the Abbé Girard, pastor at Râmallah, upset his plans. "He had learned of my presence and begged me to lend a hand with the Christmas work. I was conquered, and wrote him I would arrive Christmas Eve and spend Christmas with him."

"The shepherds were leaving their flocks . . ."

It was a real Christmas night, though not a star pierced the darkness, when Father Jeannière stumbled up to the rectory at Râmallah. But inside all was warmth, and his reception hearty. He sang the midnight Mass, at which half of the population received the Eternal Babe. "The chants in Arabian seemed admirably fitted to the Latin melodies. Râmallah's curé is only thirty-five, full of energy and good humor, and since his coming to Palestine at the age of twelve, has never left it except to fight for France. He loves his sheep and has won their love. But here, as everywhere, the work is handicapped by Protestants, whose propaganda has attracted, thank God, but few proselytes."

St. Ignatius intended the first house of the Society of Jesus for Jerusalem. Just recently a new Jesuit house was completed, where twenty-six Jesuit priests are engaged in biblical study. On December 26, Father Jeannière was welcomed there by Father Mallon, who became his guide in visiting the holy places. The house is situated to the northwest of Jerusalem and commands a fine view of the city.

JUST about the time the shepherds were leaving their flocks for an evening visit to the cave the day after Christmas, Father Jeannière came up to Bethlehem. "We found there a great number of Protestant pilgrims, or rather tourists. In the spot sanctified by the Savior's birth, not a knee bent, not a prayer murmured. The tourist has supplanted the pilgrim." All over the earth religious and faithful were thinking with holy joy of that sacred cave, and in it the son of St. Ignatius saw a perfect picture of Palestine. In giving its fire to the world it has itself become cold. Manresa in the Holy Land! What would Ignatius say? Ignatius who waited a whole year to say his first Mass at the altar of the Crib in St. Mary Major's on Christmas Day.

As he climbed Mt. Olivet later on, Father Jeannière must have thought of how Loyola had risked his life to see the footprints Christ is said to have left on the rock after His Ascension. Of absorbing interest to a Jesuit, too, must have been the sight of the new cathedral dedicated to the Sacred Heart rising on the mount. When it is finished, the devotion which has transfigured the world will find sanctuary on the spot where the Divine King left the world.

St. Ignatius in the Cave of Manresa.

YOU remember how Ignatius bribed a Turkish guard with scissors and penknife to let him climb Mount Olivet. Father Jeannière did not carry his imitation of the saint this far. Let him tell the story: "I did not speak of my prison experience. At Nagoura they gave me a paper written in four languages, English, French, Arabian and Hebrew. Not being curious by nature, I put it in my pocket without a thought. In the middle of the retreat at Caiffa some chance or inspiration made me look at it. It was an order to report at the medical station within twenty-four hours of arrival for certification that I did not have the plague or cholera. It was three days since I had come, a bit late you can imagine! Thirty days or fifteen livres fine awaited me. But I 'never give in,' and so I escaped both jail and fine."

A *Hard Cruise* for Souls

FRANCIS M. MÉNAGER, S.J.

After a wild goose chase. Brother A. Murphy and his Eskimo boys.

LAST year I was a tenderfoot, and Very Reverend Father Philip Delon, S.J., our Superior, gave me a tenderfoot's camp. He sent me out to build a chapel at Kashunak, a dot on the fringe of the great plain of northwestern Alaska. There I taught the great truths of our holy religion, learning the language as I went along.

But I "won my spurs," and this year I have two stations. Dear old Kashunak is one, the other is also on Hooper Bay, some twenty miles north of Kashunak. It is a large place, as places come in Alaska, for some two hundred souls live there.

I just now came back from a thirty-two days cruise of a thousand miles to visit my new territory and start the building. What a cruise we had! No tub race was ever more perilous. We left Holy Cross with Father Delon as captain, a native boy as pilot, and myself as chief engineer, in a two ton river boat equipped with a Red Wing engine. I do not know if a black cat crossed our path, but the boat began at once to leak like a sieve and we had to rush right back to port. Next evening we started "full gas ahead," travelling day and night. Two hundred and fifty miles out from Holy Cross, with Chukartulik on our starboard, the boat began to leak. The engineer and pilot manned the pump for all they were worth, while Father Delon bailed with a gasoline can. We could not gain an inch on the water. We had to run into the shore.

WHAT a mud bank! There was not a bush on which to tie a rope, not a stump on which to hitch a line to drag our boat up and get at the leaks. And all of the natives had left from the country around to go fishing. To wait for some good Samaritan to chance along—that was our lot. For a day and a half we sat there until George Shepherd, a young trader, made his appearance. He had a barge, a large crew and a lot of tools. Right off, in good Alaskan style, he put us on shore, got under our boat and found the leaks, two nasty seams about a foot long and a half-inch wide, and mended them.

We were a sight; mud from head to foot! But in our joy to be off again aboard a dry boat we did not mind; no place here for evening clothes, where you have to be anything at a moment's notice, from deck hand to mud digger. Mosquitoes swarmed fiercely and hungrily about us. But not even these could dampen our joy at being at last on our way. Life, interesting life, fairly teemed about our boat. Fish swam below, and flocks of ducks parted to let our boat pass on down the river.

Father F. M. Ménager, S.J., and his Kashunak chapel.

AT Shevak we stopped to visit some of my parishioners who were there fishing. Happy to see us, they proudly showed the rosary beads I had given them last winter. They also related the death of an old man whom I had baptized before leaving. It was a great consolation to think that I had been there just in time.

Trouble again lurked ahead. Father Superior lifted the anchor and I started the engine, but our boat stood still. The propeller refused to turn. To our great grief we noticed that the pin which binds the propeller to the shaft had

slipped out. What were we to do? Looking about we found a bolt that would fit and we rivetted it in carefully. Down we pounded through the slough and then right into the Bering Sea. Once again we had the happiness of meeting some of my old parishioners, and seeing the fruits of last winter's labor.

A BRIEF inquiry showed us that the natives were averse to our crossing the Bering Sea in our river "tub." Of course, they are timorous of every craft except their own kayaks. But they had good reasons to fear. Before us lay a twenty mile stretch of very shallow water which the wind, without the least warning, may whip into raging billows. The wind was down now, so we started out at once. It was my first ride on the Bering Sea and the reckless joy of adventure thrilled me.

Soon things became interesting. Aeolus, the wanton old god of the winds, came out for a little frolic. Up and down and sideways we rolled. There is no keel to our boat, and we had an engaging time to hold our course over those jolly waves. But our Red Wing was faithful in the emergency. In a couple of hours we drew into the harbor on Hooper Bay. Though the rain was pouring, the Eskimos were all out to welcome us. This place is the site of my new station. Father A. Keyes, S.J., and Brother J. Hess, S.J., were there, in charge of the building. We hoped to start back that night but had to wait three days for the storm to abate.

Nursing time for fur seals.

On our way we stopped at many fishing camps where my parishioners were busy catching their winter food. Everywhere we were welcomed. Everywhere we had eyes open to collect children who might want to go to Holy Cross School. The greatest welcome of all we received at Kashunak, my first mission. We arrived there at four o'clock in the morning. When the natives heard the chug-chug of our engine, they came running to the river bank. *"Chamai, chamai kayangua tamgrmkin,"* "How do you do; I am glad to see you," they cried. Like children, they crowded into our boat. Who could behold such sincere welcome and remain unmoved? We said Mass, at which they assisted with prayers and hymns. "A year ago," I thought, "these people were ignorant pagans who didn't even know the sign of the Cross, and now listen to them!"

THE Kughunak river, another slough or bayou of the Yukon, led us back to the great Yukon itself. In all, we had picked up twelve pupils, in age from five to twenty-five. I cannot say which was more interesting, to watch the groups of friends and relatives on the bank waving good-bye, or the motley crowd we had on board. These people had never seen a gas engine before nor had they seen the great river, consequently, they plied me with questions beyond the range of my stumbling Eskimo. All proceeded "according to Hoyle" until we were twenty miles above Chukartulik, the 250 mile station from Holy Cross. There the magneto burned out and we were "done," with twelve natives aboard and only a few pounds of rice and beans for food. Fortunately, we had a cache of provisions at deserted Chukartulik, so we decided to drift down there and await the mission boat which was due in a few days. But the wind was driving up the river. Imagine what a time we had to pole the boat against the wind! It took us three long days under a continuous, pouring rain.

The Eskimo character stood the prolonged hardship very well indeed. The youngsters even helped quite manfully and always most good humoredly. At Chukartulik we tied up our old scow and waited, waited ten long, trying days. Let me here put in a protest against the philosophy of the old negro who "wished he were a little rock, to set all day, and set, and set." There is scarcely anything harder to do, especially in biting wet weather. I have never had a more trying experience than this long period of helpless inaction. To heighten our joy in the midst of our other troubles the oil stove burned out and we had to try to cook in the rain. But such days teach us the consolation of Holy Mass and the new courage it always brings.

A sail! a sail! What a prayer of gratitude we sent up to heaven when Brother A. Laird, S.J., appeared about nine in the evening. Immediately we tied our boat to his larger one. In three days the buildings of Holy Cross appeared. My natives were terrified at the sight of the Sisters. They huddled close to me crying, "Stay with us we are afraid." Soon, however, their fears were dispelled and they went willingly to the gentle women in strange black who were to mother them for the year.

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December Mission Intention

The Return of the Eastern Churches

IT would seem clear from history that politics was behind the rupture between the Eastern and Western church. Political reasons were the cause of the schism; political reasons rendered unfruitful the efforts of Pius IX and Leo XIII to establish a union. And so if national controversies can be laid aside and a closer union between nations be established there will be hope for religious union.

Another reason which has frustrated the cause of union is the fear in the eastern mind lest their ancient traditions, sacred rites and liturgies be taken away from them and they themselves become "latinized." This is a vain fear. Rome has no desire to "latinize" the eastern churches but wishes to preserve all their sacred customs intact, except of course, those which would run counter to Catholic Faith and unity.

History shows that the greatest obstacle to unity does not arise from the higher but from the lower clergy and the people. Certainly the eastern Fathers who assisted at the Councils of Lyons and Florence, of whom many favored union, were not hypocrites; but the people opposed union.

And so in our times. Proposals, conspicuous in doctrine and scholarship alike, made by the Supreme Pontiffs are not understood by the eastern peoples and are rejected. For this reason there is need that the minds of the people be instructed and freed from prejudices. Pius IX affirmed that well-edited books for the purpose of fostering union would have great weight. Leo XIII thought that periodicals and papers which were written with care and prudence should be diffused; and other Pontiffs have written that all Catholic works of charity would be especially efficacious in promoting union.

The union of the eastern churches with Rome is not a human but a Divine work. Prayer must supply what man in his weakness cannot. "With men this is impossible, but with God all things are possible" (Mt. xix, 26). And so the Holy Father asks the members of the Apostleship of Prayer to pray that the dissident eastern Christians return to the one true Catholic Roman Church. There are 151,892,000 such souls that are separated from the bosom of Holy Mother Church.

For Other Families of Missionaries

A JESUIT missionary, after weeks of hesitancy, sends us at last, "for the encouragement of other families of missionaries," the account of how two of his sisters received the news of his mission appointment. It proves again that not all God's holy missionaries are in foreign fields. The bravest sometimes stay at home to pray and give the priceless alms of the surrender of tenderest human affections.

From my oldest sister, the mother of seven young children, one of whom is entering the convent this Fall, I received the following: "Your letter yesterday made me want to laugh and cry all at the same time. We shall be so supremely happy to see you, but it is hard to be resigned to the great separation, with the Pacific Ocean between us. I realize it is God's Will for you to go to those neglected people. I congratulate you for having been chosen by your Superiors to fill such an important post. I am truly proud of you, and beg our dear Lord to bless you richly. Think of the souls you will bring to Him!"

From my youngest sister, who has just completed her novitiate a few months ago, and who had been hoping that I would be stationed in the same city with herself, came the following reply: "Your letter reached me this morning, and while for the moment the shock and the pain of it all was intense, I can truthfully say that I am perfectly resigned to your going so far away. It is indeed something for me to offer to the Sacred Heart and as you truly write, 'He has done so much for all of us; so, why should we not do something for Him in return?' You go with all the prayers of my heart for your success in your missionary labors, and a constant special prayer that you will keep well and strong while you're away from us."

The Christ Child's Gift

THE peace of Christmas is the gift of the Christ Child to all whom the Christ Child loves. From that wide circle of peace not one soul is meant to be left out. And yet His peace is not a "standard" thing like the parts of an ubiquitous automobile which all the world knows. It has variations, shades as numerous as the souls of men. Even more multiform is it, as multiform indeed, as the ever changing states of all the souls of men.

Precious always, this peace of Christ grows shiningly valuable in those who fulfil to the measure of human capacity and God's accompanying grace the one condition Christ set for the securing of His blessed peace. Surging, wheeling angels told that condition to the lowliest of God's children outside Bethlehem, in the year of our Lord, one. "Peace on earth to men of good will." The better the will and the humbler and more docile to God's leading, the deeper and more abiding the peace. Mary's peace that night, for instance, one only human Heart could plumb, and It beat in the breast of her Child Who was God!

The Peace of Fellowship

STRANGELY like Himself in situation and surrounding circumstances, the Christ Child will very often make those for whose hearts He destines perfect peace.

Look upon His Mother once again. No room for her Little One, neither room for her; a stable for Him, a stable for her; darkness and cold for both together, while the Heart of each burned like a flame to enlighten and warm the other. In the Heart of Christ infinite peace, the fruit of unblinking, inward gaze on His Father's unveiled Face; in the heart of Mary perfect peace, the result of a will so supremely good that it lay not a hair's breadth athwart God's own.

Look at St. Francis Xavier, a missionary saint of December. At midnight Advent hour, a solitary, lonely mission soldier of Christ, lacking bed to lie upon and pillow to ease him, lacking friendly hands to stretch as far towards eternity's edge as human hands can stretch, lacking strengthening Sacraments he had ministered himself a thousand times to others,—dying so. Yet in his soul was perfect peace, the glad prospect of Christmas in heaven, to gaze with seeing eyes for years eternal on the blessed Lord Whose Name he had carried through two empires.

Look lastly at a Jesuit follower of Xavier who very lately has tasted sweet peace through fellowship with the Christ Child.

"I was touring villages with my catechists. We had been on the march since early morning towards a certain village. We arrived late, hungry and thirsty. Then from hut to hut we went begging for shelter. No one would offer us hospitality. Finally, we decided to do our cooking in an old, crumbling, roofless mud house. But not even here were we permitted welcome. So after dark we set out on another long, six mile hike to Simra.

"I didn't shake the dust off my shoes on coming out of that village. It seemed too much like Christmas Eve. There was sweetness that tired night in recalling the experiences of Mary and Joseph in Bethlehem."

To the friends and readers of "Jesuit Missions," the Editors in their own name and in the name of North American Jesuit missionaries extend the prayerful wish that the peace and the blessings of Christ at Christmas time be theirs.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 13. Anking, China

An ancient pagoda rises above the roofs of Anking.

ANKING MISSION is a portion of the Vicariate Apostolic of Ngan-Hoei which is administered by the Spanish Fathers of the Province of Leon. There are ninety-eight Christian settlements in Anking containing 18,900 Catholics and 10,829 Catechumens. The personnel of the mission is made up of six Jesuit priests and twenty Jesuit Brothers. There are besides three native secular priests and thirty-eight missionary Sisters. Anking is only one section of the Ngan-Hoei Vicariate. There are two other sections administered by Italian and Spanish Jesuits, respectively.

AN ENDLES

WILLIAM

IT IS midnight on the hills of Persia. Against the deep blue of the starlit sky, the Magi are keeping their vigil, searching for the Wisdom of God in the heavens. "A star shall rise out of Jacob and a sceptre shall spring up from Israel." A star and a King. So it has been foretold; so the ancient tradition of their nation has handed it down to them. Here on these quiet hills their ancestors stood for seven centuries of starry nights, watching, watching for the coming of the King. Soon, as their books and charts reveal, must come an end of the vigil, must come the star of their hopes.

Perhaps it will never be given them to behold the glory of the coming. Already the weight of years has bent the straight line of their shoulders and traced deep furrows on their foreheads. Their fathers and their fathers' fathers gazed at this same golden-pointed sky, but no answer came from the silent stars. "O Lord God of Heaven," pray the watchers, "God of all things, Maker of heaven and earth, Artificer Who hast planned and ordered the majesty of the heavens, God of goodness Who hast pledged a King of Thine own anointing, give us to touch His sceptre, to follow . . ."

Lo! What strange fellow of the skies is this! From out the beam of the Southern Cross a star has shot from place. The watchers leap to their feet, arms out-stretched in admiration. On sweeps the star in a stream of gold, riding the heavens, not with the remote mysterious splendor of its companions, but with joyful, beckoning haste. The star has arisen from Jacob!

THE brilliant shafts of the setting sun are slanting upward over the Persian city. For several days strange tidings have stirred the people, that in a far country a great King has been born. Many come to the courtyard of the Magi with gifts of gold and graven jars of incense and myrrh, offerings for the King Whose glory is written in the heavens. They too, would go with the Magi to the new born Babe. Their horses, glittering with gold and silver mountings, are champing and tossing their burnished bridles. Their camels, heavily laden with treasure and provender, swing their long necks, gazing curiously at the throng that encircles them. Voices are raised in last farewells. The word is given; the drivers prod the patient camels; the Wise Men draw the reins; the kingly cavalcade turns west. Kings and peasants, princes and servants, silk-clad potentates and ragged urchins, men of wisdom and homely hinds, beckoned onward by the blue portent of the sky and the light of a new faith, set out to find a King. The first Foreign Mission moves on to Bethlehem.

IT IS night time on the desert—an infinity of silence an space. Only the soft beat of padded hooves pushin aside the unresisting sand. Above in the night sky th star of Jacob points the path that was charted in heaven Into the still expanses of the night, as they move along the Magi weave a vision of the future, picturing th splendor of their King. Would he be as Cyrus, the Ram or would he come as Alexander whose sword had swep the earth? Would they find an infant lying in an ivor cradle, cushioned in softest pillows, surrounded by group of noble courtiers? Outside the palace, would the city streets be thronged with joyful people acclaiming the birth of their prince? And on a future day, would they see Him in kingly chariot riding at the head of conquering armies that extend in flashing phalanxes over the broad sweep of the plain? Would they behold Him on His golden throne, a circle of tributary kings gathered around?

DAWN breaks over the hills of Judea and the vision fades. In a cave on a hillside three Wise Men are standing before a Mother and Child. Whither have fled the glorious dreams of the long desert nights? For acclaiming crowds in the streets, they have found only curious groups smiling at the strange caravan. The noble courtiers are the oxen and the ass; the kingly canopy a cobwebbed ceiling. Could this be the King of their questing? The look into the eyes of the Infant, eyes filled with th frightened wonder of childhood, yet lit with ancien wisdom. The unearthly beauty of the Virgin Mothe lifts their hearts in admiration. "Child of my flesh, in deed; but more, the Child of eternity, God's own Son, In

CARAVAN

RP'HY, S.J.

armate King, God's Loving Gift to the world of men."

The Magi are kneeling at the feet of Mother and Child. Thee light of Faith breaks in upon their minds like a brilantt shaft of light and reveals the mystery to them. Heaaps of shining gold, poured out upon the floor, have driven the shadows to the far corners of the cavern. The air is fragrant with burning incense. The Magi are kneeling; and with them kneel the rulers of the gentile world, mpperor and king, prince and president. On the rude floor re lying the Double Eagle of Rome, the Lily, the Lion, the Stars and Stripes. With them are kneeling in serried ranks the races of the earth, brown and white, yellow and black, each of the myriads who are to find a new birth with Mary's Child in the cavern of Bethlehem.

AGAIN it is night time on the desert. The star of Jacob still hangs in the sky to guide the returning path of the Magi. In the luminous expanses of the night, as they move along, do they picture the real majesty of their new found King? Do they see Him in shining garments, standing near a naked cross; and close to Him the Queen Mother, "clothed with the sun and the moon under her feet and on her head a crown of twelve stars?" Do they behold His Kingdom and His hosts of loyal hearts, ever changing, yet more constant than the very stars?"

King of the rulers of men,—to whom is given all power heaven and earth, from Whom must come the strength human rod and sceptre.

King of the minds of men,—the one unchanging Truth, aying and holding the thoughts of men more surely an star is held to star.

King of the wills of men,—as the stars must turn, each to its individual sun, so men's desires must turn to Him, in Whom alone the ceaseless yearning of the soul of man finds rest.

King of the hearts of men,—from the Sacred Heart has been poured all of the world's charity; in Him and for Him the love of man for man finds warmth.

King of the bodies and souls of men,—Whose image stamped upon their nature raises them from a half-brotherhood of the beast to the majesty of sons of God and heirs of the timeless throne.

Do the Magi see in the Child of the manger the Prince of Peace, "having on His garments and on His thigh written: King of Kings and Lord of Lords?" They move on through the night; the stars fade in the paling sky; dawn breaks but the memory of a new born Babe abides.

ALTHOUGH two thousand years have passed since the star of Jacob led the Magi to find the Infant King at Bethlehem, the light of the star shines with increasing splendor. Before the Mother and Child in the dark cavern, each year, have knelt new generations of Wise Men. Rising up from the Crib, they have moved across desert and ocean, over mountain and plain, to spread the tidings of the Christ Child. In the bamboo huts of the eastern islands, their story of the Child of the Star is tonight warming the hearts of the villagers. In the wilds of Africa, these new Magi are telling to the shy, startled dwellers of the jungle the story of the other Wise Men. In the frozen silences of the northland the moon looks down upon the snowy trail of other Magi leading to the scattered igloos.

Over every land the star still shines; and, it would seem, its rays are brightest over our own. From our shores are going forth in ever swelling ranks our own countrymen, journeying to the uttermost ends of the earth. Couriers of Christ are they, called to bring the star and the manger, the Child and His Mother, to those who know Him not. Already our Wise Men have hearkened and set forth. And as each company gathers, many come to wish them well, to add their gifts to the gifts of the Wise Men. Gold, frankincense and myrrh, wealth, prayer and sacrifice—no less do the Magi of our day need them than did the heralds of the first Christmas. No less is the Heart of the Infant Saviour gladdened by the offerings which we send to the children of darkness than He was by the gifts and prayers of those who bade the first caravan Godspeed. For as it is given to the Christ Child's little ones, so is it given to Him, and the caravan must move on endlessly.

Patna Mission

It is true among the Santals also that "knowledge hath a bloody entrance," in the sense at least, that the educational process is beset with difficulties. **Father J. A. Creane, S.J.,** relates some of his difficulties.

But the children have so much herding of cows and sheep and pigs and goats to do, that it is very difficult to get them to attend regularly. Though I have visited many villages and seen many a place where I would like to plant a school, as yet I have built in only one center.

Recently I began an experiment with a boarding school and so far I am highly pleased with results. I began with four boys. Three of these ran away after a week leaving me only one. But we persevered and brought in others.

Still another apothegm is verified at Bhagalpur, namely, that "forbidden fruits (and meats) are sweetest."

My cook, a new acquisition, and as yet far from a master of the culinary art, is headed toward baptism. On my last trip out he searched one of the villages for a chicken, bought it with his own money and cooked it. I did not know why it tasted so good on that particular day till in the evening it dawned on me that *it was Friday*.

That trip had its consolations. For during it I administered three baptisms and supplied the ceremonies for little Ignatius the boy with the abnormally large head whom I had baptised some months before in danger of death. He was the first Santal to be baptised in the Patna Mission. He is now at the head of a band of six and is soon to be joined by three more.

Father Edward J. O'Leary, S.J., of Bankipore, Patna, India, who has succeeded the Right Reverend B. J. Sullivan, S.J., as procurator of the Patna Mission, since the latter was appointed administrator of the Patna diocese, sends the following news about Bhagalpur:

The number of Santal boys in our boarding school has increased to ten. They have been learning a number of Catholic hymns under Mother St. John's direction. On the feast of St. Ignatius they gave evidence of their progress by singing during Mass. Fathers Milet and Westropp came to Bhagalpur to spend the day with Father Creane. In the afternoon the boarders and day scholars staged an entertainment in their honor. . . .

The Ganges, when at high water mark, came very near the back wall of the church compound and our boarders found not a little amusement fishing in its waters.

The pagans of Champaran District in Patna have a deep-seated and not too gentle antipathy to Father Kilian's religious activities, but paradoxically, they appear to admire his moral virtues. **Father J. A. Kilian, S.J.,** writes of a practical manifestation of their admiration:

This is the land of extremes! *Chup!* I mean *sh!* The latest is that I am to be drafted for "Assessorship." I declined the office a number of times but the pagans insist that I take the burden, settle their disputes according to justice which they cannot get from their own and lift them out of slavery. I asked the Administrator of the Patna Diocese about the job and he tells me to accept if necessary to do so at once; if not, to wait until he has time to consult. The office gives me the power of Honorary Magistrate and Attorney. What next, Eh? It may help me to win the people and if so, O. K., I'll accept; if not, I'll refuse to the crack of doom even though the crowned head of England asked me to accept.

DECEMBER
JESUIT MISSION DATES

1st—At Tyburn in London, 1581, the martyrdom of Blessed Edmund Campion.
At Tyburn, 1581, Blessed Alexander Briant received the crown of martyrdom at the age of twenty-seven.

2nd—In the Land of Sancian off the Coast of China, 1552, the death of St. Francis Xavier, the great Apostle of the Indies and wonderful worker of miracles.

3rd—At Mindanao in the Philippines, 1634, Father John del Carpio, a Spaniard, was martyred.

4th—At Yendi, in Japan, 1623, the martyrdom of Blessed Jerome de Angelis and Blessed Simon Jempo burnt alive through hatred of the Faith.

5th—In Mazua, an island in the Red Sea, 1596, Father Andrew Gualdanes, a Portuguese, was slain for the Faith.

6th—In Ceylon, 1616, Father John Metella, a Portuguese, and Father Louis Polingotti, an Italian, were slain through hatred of the Faith.

7th—In Poland, 1648, Father Stanislaus Smialkowic was cruelly slain by the Cossacks.
In Canada, among the Hurons, 1649, Father Charles Garnier, a Frenchman, won the palm of martyrdom, being shot by the savage Iroquois while he was assisting the dying.

8th—In Canada, 1649, Father Noel Chabanel was murdered in a forest by an apostate.

12th—In China, 1660, Father Andrew Xavier, a Viennese, was cut to pieces by the Tartars.

13th—At Mindanao in the Philippine Islands, 1655, the martyrdom of Father Alexander Lopez, a Spaniard, and Father John Montiel, an Italian.

18th—In Paraguay, 1715, Father Joseph d'Arce, a native of the Canary Isles, and six neophytes were massacred by the Guayeurus Indians.

22nd—At Tyburn in London, 1642, the martyrdom of Venerable Father Thomas Holland, aged forty-two.

25th—In Japan, at the sulphurous waters of Mount Ungeni, 1628, the glorious martyrdom of Blessed Michael Nagaxima, a Japanese scholastic.

British Honduras

When the Reverend Joseph B. Kammerer, S.J., was removed as Superior of the British Honduras Mission, he urgently requested that he be allowed to continue to work as a missioner in

that little colony where nearly all his priestly years have been spent. Higher superiors acceded to his request and Father Kammerer is now a "bush" missioner at Benque Viejo on the western frontier of British Honduras.

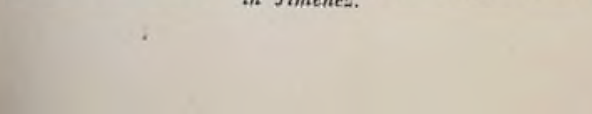
Brother Alexander L. Stewart, S.J., finished superintending the construction of the new gymnasium at St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, then journeyed to St. Louis to attend to some urgent personal repairs. He has just left the hospital after a serious operation and is waiting now to be told that he may return to his work at the mission college in Belize.

Father Arthur Versavel, S.J., whom Father Kammerer is replacing at Benque Viejo is finding it extremely hard to acquiesce in the advice of doctors that his future work be not in the missions. A long hospital experience which terminated in an operation and rather slow convalescence seems to him not reason sufficient for severing apostolic relations with his Indian villagers.

Philippine Islands

Father Joseph McGowan, S.J., writes from Bukidnon in a letter dated last July:

We are moving very slowly but we are moving and in the right direction I hope. Now is hunger time out here and I have put some money in the town by buying some wood and sand for my school building. You know Adam never dies in us members of the low commissioned officers of Christ's army. We go up and down, following the barometer. Yesterday the barometer was low. About five o'clock, I heard a voice asking if the *Pari* were there. Some poor fellow wanted to buy fifty cents worth of corn. While he was waiting I threw him an ear of fresh corn given me by a friend. Then I told Father Henfling to go to the window and see the way the man was eating that cob of corn and then think how we could bring these people up to the level where they would always have food for themselves and their kiddies. The poor children sleep so as not to feel the hunger in their stomachs. My determination is not gone yet. In God's name we came and in God's name we stay. We have a plan here for a large industrial school. By that we will build up a city of God. It is work for many men. The results so far are small but they are results and that's what we look upon as the first steps towards a bigger plant.



Not "Babe" Ruth, but a husky Filipino riding a carabao in Jimenez.

Father James G. Daly, S.J., the frail but intensely energetic missionary at Jimenez, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., writes:

Grateful acknowledgment for your kind letter with enclosed check will help me to buy a wa the water from the roof when I dug in here, it h to beg my drinking wate There is not even a well To have the water near

Left to right: Father P. Moore, S.J.; Mr. T. Phillips, S.J.; Very Rev. Mr. C. Lynch, S.J.; Father J. Lennon, S.J., and Mr. C. Simo Father Piet sent these five subjects this year to China.

convenience and help order in the meal sche would do better, perhaps, ter teacher. His teacher hand several nights ago demonstration by candle tive stove. But my left and so I was not preve Mass. When the new me vise them to keep a safe melted grease.

Over a month since, I mis. And no later than down to see Father Bol and doing bravely in a t part Aglipayan. Two w here invited the Catholic the fiesta. This was th the Catholic priest was years. One of the Aglipa entered into politics an for representative. This of the Aglipayan chur where he has a private and a newspaper. The least many of them, I a entrance into the politica in the islands fall in Jun is now at its height. I ing to follow a ca Mindanao. There are the coast here, frequent

town, and everyone crying *mahubi* which means *viva*. The people here are by nature good-humored and much of the *mahubi* is in this spirit. Frequently when I am travelling to one of the other stations, the little children will cry *mahubi*. But "I do not choose" to be a candidate. The children have a *mahubi* for everybody. Perhaps they think I am the Aglipayan candidate.

Father James G. Daly, S.J., is richer by fifty dollars for his needy mission of Jimenez by a streak of what his benefactress calls "holy luck"; a phrase in the instance synonymous with divine Providence. One must admit, however, that strange coincidences were involved. Father Daly's sister at a recent church bazaar in New York "took a chance" in her missionary brother's name. For "holy luck" she carefully picked out the number of JESUIT MISSIONS' telephone, 2242. When the winning number was picked, out came 2242; and very shortly after, out went fifty dollars, the result of "holy luck" to Father James in Misamis. JESUIT MISSIONS waives all copyright on its telephone number, Gramercy 2242, in favor of future workers for the missions.

Father C. Risacher, S.J., whose departure for Manila, P. I., was reported in our last issue, has been assigned to work in the leper colony on the Island of Culión.

China

An amateur radio operator of northern California stepped into the picture of Mission Fields of North American Jesuits late last September. It happened thus: Shortly after Mr. C. E. Lynch, S.J., of the California Province landed at Shanghai he broadcast that fact and the additional news that he was well, contented, and busy studying Chinese. The news was relayed to Mr. Lynch's mother in Los Angeles by a radio amateur who picked up the massage from across the Pacific. Mr. Lynch went to Shanghai in the Jesuit missionary group headed by Father Pius Moore and including Father John Lennon and Messrs. Thomas Phillips and Charles Simons.

American Indians

Surprising character names, and the old Indian atmosphere and a zealous missionary's thoughts mingle in a letter of **Father Leo C. Cunningham, S.J.,** from Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota.

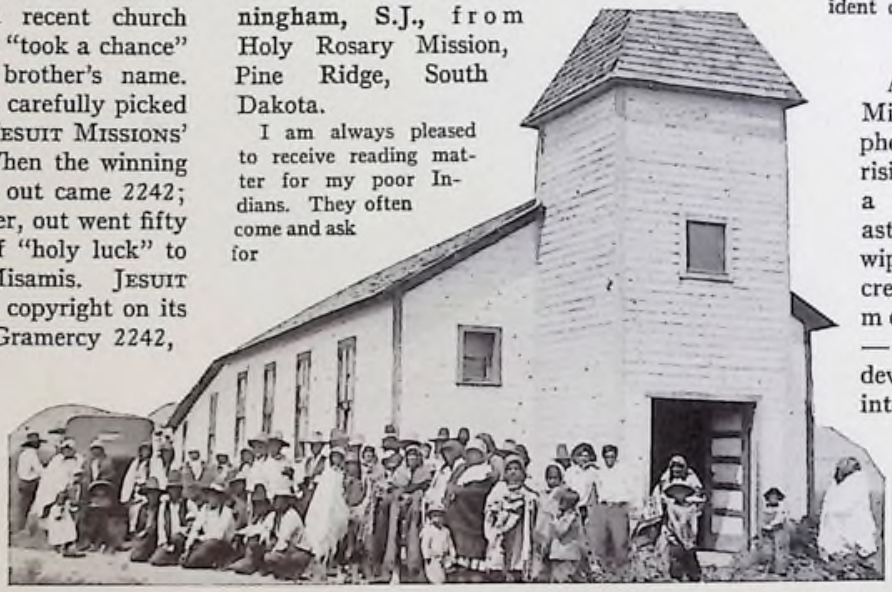
I am always pleased to receive reading matter for my poor Indians. They often come and ask for something to read. I have just returned from a trip to the farthest of my five chapels, St. Mary Magdalen's, some sixty miles from the Mission. I spent most of Saturday afternoon visiting some of my people and encouraging them to come to Mass. On Sunday morning I had a wedding and the church was packed. I remained at this chapel until Monday. While on this trip I baptised two babies, blessed a marriage and visited Old-Kills-Enemy-at-Night who has been very ill. I arrived at the Mission late last evening.

Last week, while I was out on a trip, I was called to pray over a sick baby, Henry Kills-Small. He looked up at me as much as to say "please baptise me." The father, who is not a Catholic, would not consent to the baptism. The following day I again visited the Indian home with my catechist. After a long talk with the catechist, Mr. Kills-Small finally consented to the baptism. Two days later little Henry died.

I was also called to see Old-Holy-Bear. I found him lying in a tent very weak and ill. I gave him Extreme Unction and he was *chantewaste*, glad at heart, but he was hungry for *Yutapi Wakan*, the Holy Food. I remained overnight at my chapel nearby and took Communion to the old man and his faithful wife early in the morning. It was only to a humble tent that I took the Master but I felt that He was glad to enter the hearts of the two lowly Indians and to console them with His grace and love.

Soon the roaring winds will bring the snow down from the north. Our Indians for the most part are poorly clad and many of them will suffer from the cold this winter. The missionary is constantly being asked for clothing and not unfrequently for food.

We do all that we can with our limited means to help these improvident children of the prairies.



Chief Plenty Coos and Crow Indians outside the mission chapel at Pryor, Montana.

A new St. Stephen's Mission at St. Stephens, Wyoming, is rising where less than a year ago a disastrous fire all but wiped out the old. Concrete and steel, and—more imperishable—unselfish religious devotion are going into the new buildings. Occasionally old scrap iron will serve good purpose in concrete work. And scraps of another sort have their uses also—as a letter lately received indicates.

Practically every book in the Fathers' and school children's libraries was destroyed in the fire; and there are no funds to replace them. The mission is in great need of books for these libraries, and athletic equipment for the children. How many books are probably gathering dust in the homes of hundreds of readers which would bring joy untold to the hearts of these missioners and their Indian children?

The Crow Indian Reservation in southern Montana is a place of magnificent distances and few inhabitants. The government roll of the reservation contains the names of 1700 Crow Indians. Catholic missionary work of a permanent character began on the Crow Reservation

forty-three years ago when the Jesuits established there amidst hard and primitively pioneer circumstances, St. Xavier's Mission on the banks of the Big Horn River.

At this beginning of things the United States government appropriated money for the support of these boarding schools for its Indian charges, but very shortly this financial support was withdrawn and for lack of it, two flourishing schools were forced to close. For a little while the government ran its own schools and Jesuit missionaries taught catechism to Catholic Indians in them. Now even government boarding schools are abolished on the reservation.

The missionaries have not, however, abandoned the essential education of their Indian children. They opened and they still conduct four day schools for the children of the Crows, and are aided in maintaining them by the Bureau of Catholic Indian Missions which pays the salaries of the four necessary lay teachers.

These devoted women teachers who toil in the Indian schools fully share the hardships and the labors of the missionaries who are ministering to the pathetic remnants of a tribe of Indian warriors.

The two Jesuit missionaries **Fathers Joseph Cardon and Ambrose Sullivan** regularly visit the seven chapels distributed over the wide stretches of the reservation and answer the sick calls which bring them even farther afield than the chapel sites. They are deeply concerned of late over their scattered charges, for the Baptists have established themselves on the Crow Reservation and have more to offer in the way of earthly quarters and attractions.

In the early years of missionary work among the Crows one of the big obstacles to progress was the strong attachment of fond Indian parents for their children. Only with great difficulty could they be persuaded to allow them to leave home for the mission schools. Their opposition lasted till they were able to see that the children received quite as loving care at school as at home. Now the danger is that material limitations will make even day schools for the Indian children too great a burden for the Fathers to carry.

"I began to go through all the villages of the coast calling around me by the sound of a bell as many as I could, children and men."—Letter of Francis Xavier.

A RIGHT MERRY CHRISTMAS

THE tinkling bell at Christmas! So accustomed have we become to its sound as our street-corner Santas raise their din to inveigle Yuletide coins "for charity's sweet sake," that we might easily fail to associate with the tinkling, the superior use to which Francis Xavier put it. And yet, the silvery notes of the Santas would readily serve a wider purpose if they did but remind us at Christmas that in distant lands, in India, in China, in the Philippine Islands, in Alaska, in Jamaica and throughout the world followers of Francis are spending themselves to spread the "tidings of great joy" first told to the shepherds and the Magi.

Christmas Is Not Christmas Everywhere

But not even the tinkling bell of Santa rings in every country. Christmas is not celebrated in every land. The tinkling bell of Christmas follows only upon the tinkling bell of the missionary and not every country has responded to, some have not even heard, the bell of Francis Xavier. Yet Christ came to bring the tidings of joy to every nation and to every individual. His desire is that childish hearts the world over should be glad on Christmas day, and that older hearts universally should beat a faster pace at the memory of the meaning of the day.

Giving a Gift to Christ

Those of you who like poetry will remember Father Tabb's poem in which he describes the world as the plaything bounding away from the hands of the little Child who made it:

A little Boy of heavenly birth,
  But far from home today
Comes down to find His ball, the earth,
  Which sin has cast away.
O Comrades, let us one and all
  Join in to get Him back His ball.

This is precisely what we are called upon to do. We are made indispensable in bringing back to Christ the nations of the world. This is a Christmas gift He asks of us; it is a gift we really can give Him.

Sharing the Gift of Christ to Us

If, therefore, the bells of Christ's birthday do not ring in far-off lands, it may be because you have not been as generous as you might have been in helping Him to bring back His toy, the world. Christ gives His grace, gives His Christmas gifts, depending upon our cooperation and prayer, and consequently, there must be some graces that only you can win, some gift of Faith that only you can merit. Would it not be a sad thing if a soul were lost because you were not as generous to Christ's asking as you might have been? All the year must be a Christmas for you, a day for giving gifts to Christ that He may give Faith and grace for the salvation of the world. Your help now, today, is needed to bring back the world to Christ. Pray and give today.

A Gift for God at Christmas

C. J. QUIRK, S.J.

This is the story of the Christmas of a simple priest, who, like so many of his profession, worked and suffered in lands alien and far from all he held near and dear. It is not true, but has had its counterpart in mission life.

CHRISTMAS EVE had come. All day, under the tropic sun that poured down heat upon his mission island of the far Pacific, Father Thornton had been busily engaged in decorating the poor mission chapel which was put into his charge some three years previously. His young assistant, a waif that he had picked up during one of his many journeys in the wilds, had just finished an awkward arrangement of some paper flowers on the altar. He and the padre had already set the crib and placed the golden candle light where it would shine as did the star of Bethlehem. In the boy's eyes there was no one like Padre Thornton.

"So, Manuel, all is finished. You must be both tired and hungry. How about getting a little something to eat? I'll be over to the house shortly, just as soon as I take a look around to see that everything is completed."

WHEN the boy had gone, and the priest was alone in the neglected chapel, like a winter's storm, the barrenness of his life, accentuated by memories of many a cheery Christmas in the glow of friendly surroundings, broke in upon him with sudden vigor. Empty-handed and alone at Christmas, with a heart yearning for love and friends, restless and comfortless—it seemed as if all his past labors and sacrifices were lost in the misery of the present moment. He dropped on his knees before the unlighted crib of the Christ Child.

"Dear Lord," he prayed, and the prayer rose from a sobbing heart, "Sweet Child, have mercy on me in my misery. I have been a most unprofitable servant. Three years have I been here and I have done so little for You and Your Church. But I have tried to do my best; done all I could. The people are kind. They seem to like me. They are friendly. But I have managed to bring only a few, a very few, to know and love You. The many pagans remain pagans. The lukewarm Catholics remain lukewarm. It must be my fault. I am not fervent enough, nor zealous as I should be in Your service. And here is the fourth Christmas and I have so little to offer to You. I had wanted to give You so many souls as my Christmas gift. When I was first sent here I was full of great dreams, dreams which I thought would become realities. Oh! I had thought to accomplish so much, so very much for You. And I have done practically nothing." . . .

It seemed that a voice from the depths of his soul interrupted him.

"You have done much more than you realize. Perhaps the idea of converting so many to the Faith gave you a certain complacency; had its foundation in pride. Leave all to God and continue to trust in Him and in His providence. One soul won is of everlasting value. God marks not the successes but the effort. Work on!"

Slowly and reverently the priest crossed himself and rose to his feet. He felt comforted and strengthened after his talk with his God. The depression of the moment left him and the sight of the crib and the Baby Christ reminded him that the essence of Christmas is not its cheer and mirth but its message "Christ is born"—"Glory to God!"

IT WAS a perfect night before Christmas. Thousands of stars, any one blue enough and bright enough to be the Star of Bethlehem for a searching soul, looked down from a dark, purple, cloudless sky. For a few moments the priest stood meditating, drinking in the beauty and the meaning of the sacred night. As he turned towards the cottage, the front gate opened and a young girl came running towards him.

"Why, my child, Marie," exclaimed Father Thornton, "what has happened?"

"Father, Julio is after me. He has threatened to kill me," sobbed the girl, terror-stricken. "I don't know what has come over him recently. He has been going with pagan friends and they have been putting all kinds of wicked ideas in his head. He is entirely changed from the man I knew and loved and married. When he came home tonight I asked him if he were going to Mass with me tomorrow morning. He flew into a rage. He said that he would be priest-ridden no longer and that I must stop going to church and to confession. I tried to talk to him; but the more I said the more furious he became. He draw a knife on me and I fled from the house. I think he followed me. . . . Oh! there he is now. What shall we do?" Her words ended in a scream of fright.

A thickset man came up as Marie finished speaking. Father Thornton quietly put the shrinking girl behind him and turned to meet the newcomer.

"Julio, what's the matter now?" he said, half gently, half sternly. "Why! You have frightened Marie almost to death. You know well enough that you shouldn't act like this. This is no way to treat your wife. Remember, my man, what tonight is. We are very near to the time when the Church celebrates the coming of our dear Lord."

Father Thornton advanced towards the youth, his arms extended in a pleading manner.

"Come, Julio, be yourself. You ought to know that I am your best friend and that I want to do all I can for you. Come into the house for a little talk with me."

"You can't fool me any longer," Julio cried, his voice hoarse with rage. "You have done too much already—you and your Church." He spat out the words. "It's about time I put a stop to all this. Marie is my wife and she's going to do as I say. I'll kill her, if she doesn't listen to me. Marie, you come home with me."

Julio took a step towards the priest and the girl. Marie, trembling violently, backed away from her husband as he drew nearer.

"Don't let him touch me, Father. Don't let him take me back home. He'll kill me!"

"She does as I tell her. Don't you dare prevent my wife from doing as I tell her. She's going to obey me."

The youth was now very close to the priest. But Father Thornton did not move.

"Julio," said Father Thornton, "be quiet. You are not yourself. I am not trying to keep you from taking your wife home with you. She will go with you if you promise that you will not do her any harm. Come into the house for a few minutes and talk this over."

"I've heard enough from you; I've had enough advice from you and I'll take no more. Marie is coming home with me. Stand out of my way."

"Father," shrieked the girl, "watch out! He has a knife. O my God!"

The knife flashed in the moonlight. Father Thornton raised his hand to ward off the blow. But he was not quick enough. Blinded with drunken passion, Julio buried the weapon deep in the priest's side. For a second Father Thornton stood motionless, praying, his hand clutching the handle of the knife. He swayed once or twice and slowly sank to his knees.

JULIO was awe-struck at what he had done. His arms hung limp at his side. As the full realization of his act rushed upon him, he covered his face with his guilty hands and shivered in helplessness.

"Father! Julio!" cried the girl wringing her hands; "O my God, what shall I do? What shall I do? Manuel! Oh, see if something can't be done before it's too late."

"There is nothing that can be done. I know it." The priest spoke with difficulty. "Julio, dear boy, you did not intend to do this. Come here now, and let me lean a bit on your shoulder. I want to say something to both of you before I go."

Julio had flung himself by the side of Father Thornton and supported the dying priest in his arms, the tears running down his cheeks unheeded.

"Father, before God, I never meant to kill you. I don't know why I did this. You have always been a friend to both of us."

"Hush, hush," whispered Father Thornton, "the time is very short, and very precious. And I must speak to you. Julio, I want you to promise me that you will be good to Marie and that you will be a faithful Catholic. You must get away from here as quickly as possible. Leave all in God's hands. Make your confession and act of contrition and I will absolve you. . . . I forgive you from my heart."

And as the youth murmured brokenly his act of contrition with his wife sobbing softly by his side, Father Thornton pronounced the sacred words of God's forgiveness.

DARKNESS was gathering rapidly about the sight of the servant of God and the chill touch of death was upon him. But in the darkness there was Light, the Light of Bethlehem shining across the cen- *(Turn to page 263)*

AN OPEN CHRISTMAS IN SIOUX LAND

(Continued from page 243)

and tents the Indians crowded into the little chapel. During the Holy Sacrifice hymns were sung both in English and in Indian. The Indian catechist recited numerous prayers in the native tongue. He read likewise, the gospel in the Indian translation after I had read it in English. After I had finished my sermon, he interpreted my thoughts for them with great eloquence and appropriate gestures. At midnight Mass and at eight o'clock Mass at St. Paul's, forty-seven Indians received Holy Communion. My third Christmas Mass was at eleven o'clock at Porcupine and here too I had the consolation of a large attendance of my devout Indian children.

Christmas is not always "open" in Sioux Land

At three o'clock in the afternoon the Christmas tree was lighted at the chapel in Porcupine station. I spoke to the assembled Indians about the spirit that should animate us on this day of days. Hymns were sung and then the presents were taken from the tree and distributed, presents simple and inexpensive, which brought gladness and joy to these Indians, children, although some were bent with years.

I arrived at Battlefield about six o'clock Christmas evening. It was already dark. The light streamed from the windows of the log "Meeting House" which was crowded for the Christmas tree celebration. I hardly had time to unpack for the night, when the catechist came to lead me before the assembled Indians. The big tree was at one end of the log house. The men were crowded together on one side and the women on the other, some on benches, others squatting on the rough floor. My first act was to make the rounds, shaking hands with each individual. My place was then at the head of a large table near the presiding officer who is called in Indian, grandfather. The place was lighted by four oil lamps.

I OPENED the evenings's celebration with a prayer and an earnest talk about what Christmas means to us Catholics. An Indian interpreter rendered what I said, sentence by sentence, into the Sioux language. After me, one Indian brave spoke on the significance of the Star and another on that of the Cross. Mrs. Alex Two-Two spoke on the meaning of the Crown. All these three speeches were in the best of Indian and were greeted with many approving "How, How" from the attentive people. Finally the Christmas tree was stripped of its presents and there was hearty, simple jubilation among young and old. The women had prepared a lunch for the whole assembly. As I retired for the night the Indian elders were still conducting the meeting which always proceeds in solemn parliamentary fashion. Our Christmas festivity this year was not over before plans were on foot for the next year's celebration. Certain children were appointed "to save up" during the year and to provide food and presents for the Christmas gathering of 1928.

Monday morning at about eight o'clock I placed a portable talking machine on a chair outside of the "Meeting House" and played the record, "Adeste Fideles." It was really amusing to see one Indian head after another appear at the flaps of the tents. Then came the clang of the church bell and the shouting of the herald loud enough to wake up even the soundest sleeper in time for Mass. It was close to half-past nine that morning before I had heard all the confessions and was ready to begin holy Mass. My sermon was interpreted for the older folks and throughout the Mass, Indian hymns were sung and Indian prayers were recited.

MONDAY evening, I helped the social workers give out some presents to the Catholic Indian children of the government school. Tuesday morning, an Indian boy, Joe Horn Cloud, and I traveled to St. Anthony's chapel. Here the Christmas tree celebration had been held on Christmas evening, but a large crowd again gathered for Mass on Tuesday. Seventeen Indians received Holy Communion. Christmas hymns were sung and I spoke of Christ and of His mystic rebirth each day upon the altar. I shook hands with all and gave out some pictures and other sacred articles. So ended my Christmas celebrations. Joe Horn Cloud and I traveled home, bringing with us the little crib that had appeared in my five mission chapels and had helped to make realistic, for my poor, simple people, the vision of God's love that the shepherds of old had seen in the cave of Bethlehem.

MISSION FIELDS AT HOME is the name of a new mission magazine published by those indefatigable and too little known missioners to our American Indians and negroes, the Sisters of the Blessed Sacrament, whom Mother Katherine Drexel founded nearly forty years ago and whom she still directs in their great apostolic work.

Its twofold message: "to the priest that . . . he will encourage vocations to the mission fields and win a return for his parish and for himself; to the laity that they may help bring our Lord in the Blessed Sacrament to the Indian and colored races" richly deserves an attentive hearing from Catholic American priests and people. The new monthly is published from St. Elizabeth's Convent, Cornwells Heights, Pa.

THE organ of the Mariannhill Missions, *Apostle*, lately contained the news of the first ordination in Southern Rhodesia, South Africa. Bishop Hinsley, Apostolic Visitor to the British colonies of Africa, on his tour through Rhodesia performed the memorable ceremony of raising to the holy priesthood the Reverend Kenneth Tasman, S.J., the first priest ordained in that British colony of Africa.

AN interested reader of JESUIT MISSIONS sends us some extracts from letters of one who is a friend of a friend of our readers. Father C. Feron, S.J., an early companion of Bishop Van Hoeck, S.J., writes from Tapkara, Jashpur, via Ranchi:

"I came to India twenty-three years ago and I have been privileged to be nearly the whole time in active service on the outskirts of 'the field.' Up to a little over three years ago, I was here all alone. Now I have a companion, a Jesuit like myself, Rev. H. Gallagher, S.J., born in India. I have merely to appoint catechists to gather in 3,500 souls who are now without a shepherd. We are teaching our own converts to help themselves by a cooperative bank, whose capital is entirely subscribed by them. But the mission has to supply the salary of about sixty catechist leaders and we should by all means increase their number to cope with the increase of territory already occupied."

Father D. Feron's Deeki Christmas at Tapkara.

"Not so long ago I went to Ranchi for the inauguration ceremony of the new diocese. Rt. Rev. L. Van Hoeck, S.J., is the first Bishop of Ranchi. He was my first companion in the wilds in 1907. We were happy to meet again. Msgr. Van Hoeck's reception has been a real triumph."

"I lately got an attack of black water fever, the third of my career, and Father Gallagher, my former companion, is now my successor at Tapkara."

"Please go on sending JESUIT MISSIONS and other interesting papers to Father Gallagher."

IN the convent of Loyola of Aspeitia, the birthplace of St. Ignatius, according to the Albany *Evangelist*, was held the fifteenth General Assembly of the Spanish Catholic Association for the Propagation of the Faith. More than 12,000 of the youth of Spain attended special sessions of the great assembly.

Mr. Portelli, S.J., surrounded by school children of India.

LINGUISTS by force of missionary ambitions, it will be said of Messrs. Portelli and Milanes, two Maltese Jesuits, scholastics of the Province of Sicily. They know Maltese, their mother tongue, and English, the official language of Malta, and Italian, since they made their novitiate in Sicily, Latin and Greek obviously, French for added culture. Now they must learn Hindi, the official language of northern India. In their theology they shall have to elect either Hebrew or Sanskrit. In their missionary labors among the Santals, they will make their vernacular Santali.

SPAIN will shortly tell the world of finance a story of one of her noblest sons, a story, too, of Catholic missions. The N. C. W. C. News Service carries the following item:

The Bank of Spain is about to issue notes stamped with the image of St. Francis Xavier, the great missioner. On the reverse of the bank note a scene from the famous missioner's life will be represented. The value of the note will be twenty-five pesetas; somewhat less than five dollars.

THE Jesuit College of St. Joseph, at Trichinopoly, India, has been open for ten years, and already counts 236 Catholic graduates, whose influence is beginning to be felt in many spheres, notably in the legislature at Madras. Seventy-two priests and religious have made their studies in St. Joseph's—a respectable proportion for Catholic colleges even in European countries—and the yearly quota is increasing. During the last two years thirty-eight vocations were decided, ten of them being for the Society of Jesus. Among those who entered the Jesuit novitiate, there were several Brahmans. In the middle of the seventeenth century it had been the most ardent wish and dream of the renowned Jesuit, Robert de Nobili, to erect a seminary exclusively for members of the caste of Brahmans. Today, de Nobili's dream is realized, and in a few years there will be Catholic priests in the high caste of the Brahmans.

During the ten years of its existence, St. Joseph's has witnessed the conversion of fifty-nine pagans, a really great success if one knows what it is to convert a pagan in this land of castes. What the public knows of the college, its life and discipline, success and reverses, has long since destroyed the old prejudice that the Catholic religion is a religion of illiterates. It is known, on the contrary, as a religion where all are welcome, low and high, pariah and Brahman, ignorant and learned. A testimony to the success of St. Joseph's College is the fact that the Archbishop of Madras invited the Jesuits of Madura to front the Protestant and Hindu colleges of Madras with an institution similar to the one in Trichinopoly. Today, Loyola College, Madras, is an accomplished fact. In September, 1927, it opened its doors to 475 students.

To Our Lady On Christmas Day

What joy was yours, dear Lady,
What peace, when on this day,
You lifted up your Jesus
From the straw whereon He lay!

For you made your heart His altar,
Throned Him there as on a shrine,
While you sang your love's first carol,
"Jesus, Laddie, You are mine!"

How the tears fall swift and blinding,
Through the years that are to be,
As you watch the darkness gather,
See Him dead on Calvary!

But you must not weep — 'tis Christmas,
And the shadows swift shall flee,
After all your griefs are over,
He is yours eternally!

Charles J. Quirk, S.J.

FATHER STEPHEN TALON, S.J., a veteran and a dearly loved missionary of Madras "quietly surrendered his soul to God, after a painful sickness, borne with most admirable patience," on Saturday, July 28, 1928. He was seventy-four years of age, fifty-one years a priest, forty-nine years a Jesuit and forty-four years a missioner in India.

Quiet and admirable patience seem both to have figured largely in the long religious life of Father Talon. He had evident talents and taste in higher classics all through life; he was a professor of philosophy and theology, a zealous missionary who used the weary hours of bullock-cart travelling to read Sophocles and Euripides; he was superior of the Madura Mission for six years; his motto in life and his epitaph in death, it is said in the diocesan bulletin of Trichinopoly, lies in the injunction of à Kempis: "love to be unknown and esteemed as of no account."

Father Talon's death was caused by a gangrenous infection of his right leg. At the end the only hope of saving his life lay in a surgical operation. When this proposal was made to him the Father's remark was: "What useless trouble and expense for a man doomed to death like me!" Thereupon he asked to have the last sacraments administered to him. In point of fact the operation did prove futile and the good old man only lingered through a few days of excruciating and carefully repressed suffering.

THE diocesan bulletin from Trichinopoly, India, *Caritas,* announces the determination of Fathers Provincial of the several French provinces of the Society of Jesus to publish an annual review of the various missions conducted by French Jesuits. Father Brou, S.J., has been appointed as the first editor of this annual. The proposed new review will prove a most valuable addition to the current literature on work of Catholic mission throughout the entire world. It will be inspiring to read how effectively and generously the French Jesuits advanced this work.

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS *gladly transmits money gifts to Jesuit missionaries in any part of the world.*

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"OLD KUTTAI UDEYAR," says an old missionary of Trichinopoly, "is the patriarch of Sindilachery. He has had an eventful life of ninety-six years and is afraid of nothing, not even of death. He has received Extreme Unction thrice, long since he has chosen his burial place and quite lately he absconded with one long plank from the priest's bungalow and retained it against remonstrance on the plea that he needed it for *his coffin.*" Kuttai can surely not be accused of improvidence.

ACROSS THE PACIFIC TO MANILA

(Continued from page 245)

should have sent them a radiogram announcing our arrival, but it was neglected, as such things will be; and what was our surprise to see two of them, a priest and a Brother, Father Hilbert and Brother Benedict, walk into the ship's dining room before we had finished an early breakfast, on the morning of our arrival. Then they took charge of us, and gave us a royal welcome at the Maryknoll Procure in Hong Kong. They had arranged with the Irish Jesuits (who are just starting a small house in the city, with only three priests), to accommodate half of us at the Jesuit house while they took care of the other half. We threatened to send news of the Maryknollers' doings to the *Field Afar*, but they did not think that they were doing anything out of the ordinary. They were there at the dock to see us off that night.

We were on the last lap to Manila. Thursday morning, July 5, we saw the spires of the Jesuit church from the ship, as we came up into Manila Bay, and we knew that at last we had reached the scene of our work for the next few years.

A GIFT FOR GOD AT CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 259)

turies into the soul of the dying priest, and through the gathering gloom, Father Thornton saw Mary and Her Child coming to Him. Were the stars blinking as they did for the watching Magi? And was it the song of the angels that rang in his ears? And was it the Christ Child Who whispered as his soul left for heaven? "You have given Me your life as your Christmas gift. Behold! I give you in return for Christmas Myself and Heaven for all eternity!"

Our January Number

The third volume of JESUIT MISSIONS will begin with the next issue, January, 1929.

A NEWLY DESIGNED COVER is offered for your approval.

THE ACCOUNTS OF MISSIONARIES will grow in interest and variety.

THE MANY PICTURES will continue to tell in themselves a most vivid story.

In this next issue YOU WILL ENJOY:

"Out From Orange Walk," by Robert L. McCormack, S.J., a teaching Jesuit's sympathetic personal view of a missionary's labors.

"An Odyssey in Luzon," by Joseph A. Mulry, S.J., in which the author apologizes to a Greek hero and defends Catholic Filipinos.

"The Harvest Field of India's Santals," by Kevin Angelo, S.J., a native-born Indian and the first Anglo-Indian subject received in the American Jesuits' mission in Patna.

"A Leper Meets Christ at Christmas," a Christmas story which is strikingly unusual by A. S. Consungi, S.J.

A NEW FEATURE

THE TINKLING BELL column in the coming volume will be devoted to answering questions concerning the mission fields of North American Jesuits.

The missionaries are heartened by your interest in their work and beg you to continue reading JESUIT MISSIONS.

In This Issue

	Page
Because There Was No Room. *A Poem.* J. E. Murphy, S.J.	242
An Open Christmas in Sioux Land. Leo C. Cunningham, S.J.	243
Across the Pacific to Manila. Thomas B. Cannon, S.J.	244
Manresa in the Holy Land. Alfred J. Barrett, S.J.	246
A Hard Cruise for Souls. Francis M. Ménager, S.J.	248
December Mission Intention	250
Editorials	250
Christmas Greetings	251
Jesuit Mission Vignettes	251
An Endless Caravan. William J. Murphy, S.J.	252
From Mission Fields of North American Jesuits	254
December Jesuit Mission Dates	254
The Tinkling Bell	257
A Gift for God at Christmas. C. J. Quirk, S.J.	258
From Many Climes	261
To Our Lady on Christmas Day. *A Poem.* Charles J. Quirk, S.J.	262
Grateful Acknowledgments	263

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