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# The American Jesuit Missionaries

I extend to their friends and benefactors  
I their grateful prayers and wishes for a  
Happy and a Holy Christmas



In every section of the globe the American Jesuits are celebrating Christmas with the flocks of their missions round about them. On the plains of North America, amid the snows of Alaska, in China and Japan, amid the green islands of the Pacific, under the tropic sun of India, in the "bush" of Jamaica and British Honduras, and in our own Southern States over 300 North American Jesuits are carrying on the great work of salvation for which the Christ Child came into the world. They are bringing Christmas and the love of our Savior into the hearts of those who had not known Him before.

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SHEPHERD OF THE MISSIONS.

*"And there were in the same country shepherds watching.... over their flock." Luke II, 8.*

# My Merry Christmas

Joseph J. McGowan, S.J.

Missionary at Cagayan, P. I.

**C**AN a missionary be merry at Christmas? Far away from home, in a land where everything is so completely different from the things he had in his own country, can the apostolic priest find Christmas comfort and consolation? I think he can. If he is conscious of the spirituality of his work, if he realizes that perhaps more than anyone else in the world he and his missionary companions are spreading the tidings of great joy, are bringing Christmas to every land and to every people, he can not only be merry in the material sense of the word but he can be glad with the gladness of the angels who sang to the world the first *Gloria in Excelsis Deo*. Let me tell you how I spent my last Christmas, and let the telling of it be an expression of my wish to you that yours be happy and holy.

It was early Christmas morning just after midnight Mass which I had said with much consolation to myself and my people at the home station. There was the single privilege of all these barrios to have with them the priest at midnight, and their hearts rejoiced and they thanked the Infant King. After this Mass I had to set out for another town twenty miles away and we were soon speeding along the seashore road. Dark was the night, deep too the sea; and in that silent distance there was an eager group waiting for *Ilis sa Dios* or "God's representative," the title commonly given the priest by the people. All the small barrios along the way had already had their celebration at midnight. They were not so fortunate as to have Mass and the priest among them; but with the Rosary, a hymn and many candles they strove, albeit ineffectually, to make good the absence of the needed priest. As we went along the winding road we could still see the candles burning, and lights in the windows of the modest homes and we could hear the melody of many voices.

**I**T was just lacking fifteen minutes to make three o'clock in the morning when we pulled out of the darkness of night and the roar of the sea into a chatting throng waiting for the priest in the light of the candles and the lanterns. Two long lines of men were outside the church; inside a blaze of light. How I missed and longed for the evergreens, and the snow of



The first Crib in Mindanao, P. I., according to the claim of Father James Daly, S.J.

my northern home! I found, instead, bunting and gay clothing in pinks and blues and greens and white, and here and there an old woman in black nun-like Philippine dress. The joyful cries of little children filled in the spaces between the *Maghi mayu Ca Maria*, the "Hail Mary," recited by the crowded congregation. I got to the altar with difficulty, stepping between the little children and the babies, as joyful and happy at Christmas as children anywhere. It was only a few minutes later when I was dressed in my finest priestly vestments and out in the sanctuary ready to start Mass. That Mass goes down in memory with the first Mass of my life.

Now you can see me in a glow of Christmas candles, a haze of incense and the joyful hymns and songs of a very pious and God loving people. Too had my voice was not strong enough to make the *Gloria in Excelsis Deo* ring louder and higher to express the great joy that filled my heart that night. The children, the simple people—how they reminded me of the hill folk of Bethlehem who came over to the cave to see the Mother and her Babe! As the glad *Gloria* was intoned, a huge star, the star of Bethlehem, slid down



from the topmost part of the church and hung swaying over the sanctuary. And from a multitude of strings waited a galaxy of other stars and floating angels, the typical Christmas decoration of the Philippines. The children's hearts began to dance. They were in church, God's house, and they knew it; but they tittered and laughed the way I imagine angels do when they wait to take a baby's prayer up to Heaven.

THE way I was feeling, the sermon could not come too soon. I was burning to preach to these dear people the love of Bethlehem and our responding love for the Babe of the manger. They listened to every word with faces uplifted and gleaming eyes that reflected the purity of their souls. At the end of the Mass I put an image of the Infant on the table; and what nice kisses the children especially gave to the Infant Jesus on His birthday! Had Mary come into that town the Lord never would have been born in a stable. The people are poor to an extreme, but each one has a roomy, warm heart that would have given wonderful welcome to the Holy Family, I am sure.

After  
Mass I

anointed a man who had seen one hundred and ten Christmases and was yearning to spend the next in the heavenly Bethlehem near the manger throne of the Eternal King. There were holy pictures to be given out and Christmas greetings and blessings. And then we started back, now through the brightness of dawn, close to the singing sea. In another town I said my third Mass and did not forget in it all my dear friends and helpers in the United States. I prayed the Infant Jesus to bless them as He blessed the ardent piety of the shepherds as He lay on the bosom of Mother Mary.

And then I went back the rest of the

way to my convento home. I was tired but happy; happy but sad; for along that road we passed many chapels decorated for Christmas but not favored with the presence of the Christ Child.

Doesn't the thought of this appeal to America:—*for want of priests they had no Christmas Mass.* We were saluted by groups of young people dancing and singing to the tune of string instruments the song and the story of the birth of Mary's Child.

BACK at home I had three hours of sleep and was then brought out on a sick call far up the mountainside. We rode for a while and then had to get out and walk; up and up we went until I thought that we were scratching on the lower level of Heaven. We reached the little hut on the mountainside and found there a group of friends gathered about the house of sickness. I made them kneel down for I had our Blessed Lord with me. They led me to an inner room where I found a young girl about nineteen years old squatting in an unlighted corner. The tender reverence with which she received the priest was enough to cause you to cry out, "Jesus, have mercy." The angel confessed, and her prayer

and her contrition just made me stand in awe. After anointing her I asked her, "What's your name?" She answered, "Josepha Vicenta," and I said in my heart: "Oh, that's it! Josepha, it was St. Joseph who sent in that call to me to bring the Lord on Christmas day to such a hidden corner, to such a holy child."

And then I came back—it was five o'clock in the evening (the beautiful Christmas hour at home, your home). I was taking with me in my soul many a gift that was not there that Christmas morning. Night came on and the day was over. Christmas here had gone away, and then it was just the dawn of Christmas for you.



Father Lucas, S.J., in Jasaan,  
P. I., offers Christmas  
Mass for you.

Blessed Christmas  
to you



# High TIDE on the Caribbean



Robert L. McCormack, S.J.

Missionary at Belize, B. H.

ON the evening of September 15, the waters of the Caribbean rose the highest that they have ever done within the memory of the oldest priest at St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras. The breeze from the sea was strong at the time the tide came in, and our sea wall of coral stones presented no obstacle to the wind and waves. For several hours the water poured in, inundating the campus and the entire property. Coral rocks the size of a gallon jug were forced a considerable distance inland by the waves, while big planks were loosed from their place on the lumber pile and went floating about the campus.

When the tide went out the flood gates at the end of the property were opened to release the water; but the small lakes that formed wherever the land is below sea level remained. So Brothers Stewart and Teson took

blessed us in this that there has been no sickness among the Faculty or the boys as a result of the flood, and there have been very few mosquitoes bred in the standing water. This last is always a matter of consequence in the tropics.

FATHER Superior, Father Anthony Corey, S.J., expressed the sentiments of all when he remarked rather down-heartedly as he looked over the ruin, "Well, there goes seven years' work all in one night. We have been working for the past seven years under a good deal of expense to put the college grounds in the condition in which they were before the tide. But God sent the tide; and we must bless Him in adversity as well as in prosperity." The expense of this seven years' work results from the fact that the dirt that is used to fill in the property, which is below the level of the sea at high tide, is the dried mud dug out of the sea slowly and by hand. This mud with all the water that is in it must be paid for at the rate of seventy-five cents per cubic yard, rather expensive filling.

The sea also backed up the canals in the town, and inundated that portion known as the Mesopotamia area. The water was so deep in the streets and the yards that many people were marooned at home and could not get over to St. Ignatius Church for Mass or services.

THE flood water proved to be a very attractive romping grounds for the alligators that abound in this region. They were frequently heard barking at night, and several of them were seen loafing in the shallow water, or basking on a log in the sun. One of the laborers caught a baby alligator for the boys. When not suddenly disturbed these animals are as much afraid of (Turn to page 266)



"The sea also backed up the canals in the town."

turns running the pump night and day. After running steadily for two weeks, there is more than another week of work to get rid of the stagnant water. The Master of the wind and the tide has His own reasons for sending these reverses even to the mission. He has certainly

frequently heard barking at night, and several of them were seen loafing in the shallow water, or basking on a log in the sun. One of the laborers caught a baby alligator for the boys. When not suddenly disturbed these animals are as much afraid of (Turn to page 266)

# WELL, what you Tink?

Francis B.  
Prange, S.J.

Missionary at  
Nulato, Alaska



FROM near the home of Santa Claus comes this story of the arctic Indians who have a tribal custom of selling away their male children.

THE old man was rather hard of hearing, so he did not quite understand what was said to him. Being a stolid old Indian, the same as his interlocutor, he let out a staccato pectoral grunt that sufficed to ask for a repetition. The interlocutor, a slovenly, half dressed, unwashed scion of nameless ancestors, blinked twice or thrice, formed again mentally his unheard question and served it a second time thusly:

"Your kid, that Jimmie. Him I want. You give him me, an' I good to 'im."

This time the old man understood; and though he began instantly to revolve this request in his ponderous brain, no sign of this revolving was visible through the folds of his wrinkled face. The eyes might have been of glass, the brow of shale or asphalt, and the cheeks, a segment of tanned caribou hide for all they revealed of a brain in action. Three minutes elapsed in sepulchral silence, punctured only then by another question from the first speaker.

"Well, what you t'ink?"

Still unbroken silence on the

part of the old man. His ponderous brain had reached the stage of uniform motion now, but it was moving backward not forward, had the questioner only known it.

MANY years ago—it ground out for him—he himself had been asked for from his father by some one, perhaps equally nameless, certainly as unwashed, and even more of a sloven. And without hesitation, he had been given away. Many a time since then had he heard the same request made to other fathers, and always with the same result. This was, as he could assure himself, the tribal custom of his people. Now he himself was being confronted with the selfsame question about his own boy Jimmie; and Jimmie was only five weeks old. Besides, Jimmie being the latest, was therefore also the greatest of what he could honestly call his own.

Of course, it would take time before Jimmie could ride a brake-sled, follow a trap-line or attend a fish wheel; but at the same time he would, if nothing happened to him, finally get even that far. Still too, it would cost him many a pair of moccasins and overalls, not to mention the flour, sugar, tea and dried fish that would be necessary to make a man of him. Yes, taken all in all, it would really pay him to turn Jimmie over to some one else right away.

Suddenly his gaze shifted about twenty degrees by the compass, to where the old (Turn to page 265)



Gifts from Santa to his own northern children in Alaska.

**H**EROIC  
Belgium  
has been  
mother  
to many

famous missionaries, but few if any stand out in bolder relief than Constantine Lievens, S.J., apostle of Chota Nagpore in northeastern India. With honest civic pride the town of his birth, Moorslaede in West Flanders, erected in the late summer of the present year, an imposing equestrian statue in memory of its apostolic son. In 1885, when the memory of another famous Belgian, Father Peter DeSmet, S.J., apostle of the North American Indians, was still fresh in the minds of men, Lievens bade farewell to home and loved ones. Seven

years later, broken in health and on the brink of the grave he was to return, but not before he had done such heroic deeds for the Church that a well known fellow missionary could write of him that "his name will live in Chota Nagpore as the name of Father De Nobili lives in Madura and the name of Father Ricci in China."

**A**RRIVED in Chota Nagpore, Father Lievens spent the months till March, 1886, in the study of the native language and in other necessary preparation for his apostolic work. The following year began the great movement of conversions which, after the grace and inspiration of Almighty God, owes its success to the extraordinary personality of Father Lievens and the efficiency of his methods inspired by his zeal and charity. The occasion was the extreme misery of the poor aborigines and the cruel oppression from which they were suffering. At the time, the natives were reduced to degraded slavery by the usurers, the Zemindars. Lievens listened with sympathetic heart to the many com-



"Moorslaede erected an imposing monument."

## ANOTHER XAVIER

*Joseph Gschwend, S.J.*

Thus began the movement whose progress was extraordinarily rapid

and remarkably extensive.

Official figures tell that when Father Lievens arrived in Chota Nagpore there were fifty-six converts in his charge. That was in 1885. At the end of 1889 the official census of the missions of the district recorded a total of 36,302 baptized and 36,961 catechumens. The number of villages coming over to the Church was in excess of 800. And the progress has kept up since that time, so that today the mission counts over 200,000 converts.

**T**HE figures are eloquent, but withal, they are only figures, and give no idea of what all this meant to Lievens. Rest was almost unknown to him. When at the headquarters of the mission, he was literally besieged from morning till night by natives who came in hundreds, often from great distances. To each one he listened with patience and a paternal kindness and almost

plaints of the poor people, and then set himself to learn the extent and limits of the rights of the Zemindars. With his newly acquired knowledge he began a campaign of effective advice given his poor people, and of court proceedings in the cause of the enslaved.

He won, and was soon heralded as the savior and friend of the people. Father Lievens, while helping wherever he could, made known the real reason why he had come among them, and explained what the Catholic religion would do for them. Crucifix in hand, he told them the story of the Triune God and the love of Christ for them. They listened readily, since they felt confidence in their protector, and offered themselves as catechumens.

motherly sympathy. At other times, Lievens was off on horseback to every part of his immense district, making new conquests everywhere, erecting chapels, opening schools, completing the work of organization. Even when shivering with malarial fever he was known to jump on his horse and be off to some distant mission station.

In August, 1888, Father Lievens was appointed "Director of the Mission" by Archbishop Goethals. His headquarters were established at Ranchi which now quickly became the gathering place of thousands of aboriginals seeking their father and guide. In 1889 he became the protector in law of the Oraons of the Barway, and subsequently, the apostle of 35,000 Oraons. When the indefatigable apostle paid his first visit to the Barway, he was met by thousands upon thousands who acclaimed him as their savior and sought Baptism at his hands. Writing to his Superior at this time, Father Lievens says:

"Nearly every one here knows the elements of religion and these people show an eagerness to receive Baptism which one could hardly believe. I have this very day baptized 1,557 men, women and children." A week later, he writes:

"I have baptized about 9,000 and there is still a great number left."

But the Zemindars would not let all this mass con-

campaign against them in all the mission districts. On one occasion, as we learn from a letter written by Father Lievens to his sister in Belgium, his very life was threatened.

"Last month a band of thirteen scoundrels, suborned by the Zemindars, attempted to brain me. I owed my safety to my horse, a first class trotter. It was a close thing and nearly the end of your Constantine. Eight days later I was on the point of being devoured by a Bengal tiger. The horrid beast had just killed on the same road a man, a woman and two bullocks."

The struggle against the money lenders lasted for years and caused the missionaries many anxious moments. To their glory be it said that their flocks for the most part remained faithful. Under persecution a few weakened, but the general body of new Christians stood firm and emerged from the ordeal better and more loyal to their newly adopted Church.



Constantine Lievens, S.J., another Xavier.

THE incessant labors, the restless days and nights, the responsibility of a thousand details of organization finally broke Lievens in body even though his spirit was unbroken. An enforced half year of rest at Darjeeling in the Himalayas gave some strength back, but a return to the arduous labors of the hot Indian plain soon brought a relapse.

On August 26, 1892, Father Lievens left Ranchi and Chota Nagpore to return to Belgium, hoping against hope that his native air might restore his strength. In Belgium he lingered on for a whole year in his battle against the dread tuberculosis, until, on November 7, 1893, he died at Louvain, at the age of thirty-seven years and six months. But his work has gone on with rapid strides. Chota Nagpore today stands out in the history of the Church's missions as the most successful of modern times. So thorough

has been the work that Ranchi was erected into a new diocese and Bishop Louis Van Hoeck, S.J., former Bishop of Patna, was appointed as its first Bishop on February 15, 1928.



Father Lievens' birthplace at Moorslaede.

version go on without opposition. Father Lievens and his fellow workers felt the sword of persecution on more than one occasion. The oppressors carried on a



# FLOWERS for Jamaica

George F. McDonald, S.J.

Missionary at Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

but found his hopes in vain. He fell down, disappointed. The afternoon of the same day he again told the Sister he thought he was able to stand. He did so, and a few minutes later was running about in play with the other boys.

Two weeks later the boys had a field day, and Kitchener came second in the fifty yard dash.

DAISY WALKER was not a daisy walker up to October 7, 1926; but St. Theresa wished her to live up to her name. We shall let Daisy tell the story as she wrote it to me.

"From my birth I was afflicted with infantile paralysis, had never been able to put my heel to the ground, and from time to time the crippled leg would draw up most painfully.

JAMAICA does not take up a great deal of space on the map, but St. Theresa, the patroness of the missions, has keen eyesight, and she has not overlooked our little mission isle in the dropping down of her favorite blossoms. I believe her choicest blooms come to the little ones; at least the most striking evidences of her interest in Jamaica are the cures of two children, a boy and a girl—she knew better than to have it two boys or two girls. However, the boy's came first.

Kitchener is his name. That is the name his fellow orphans dubbed him with on his arrival at the Alpha Industrial School. Kitchener was happy, and did his part at work and play until 1924 when he got an attack of colitis and later a paralysis of the legs which made him a cripple. Except when carried by his companions, he moved about only by crawling. The doctor in charge examined the boy, blindfolding him and pricking his legs with a needle. Kitchener had no knowledge of the pricking. There was no sense of feeling in the crippled legs. The doctor's verdict was that he would never be able to walk. It was very sad news to Kitchener.

SISTER ALPHONSA, who is a great devotee of St. Theresa, told the lad, then eleven years of age, to put his faith in the intercession of the saint and ask her to cure him. This he did. One morning, after a year of the affliction, Kitchener told the Sister he thought he was able to stand. With her help he got to his feet,

"Doctors here and in New York and Chicago tried their very best to cure me, but all were helpless. I went under eleven operations, X-rays and electric treatments to obtain relief.

"In August, 1926, I had another attack; the leg was drawn up to the knee and could not be stretched out. We all started a novena to St. Theresa, to cure me. Doctors decided on an operation to take "Kitchener place on is his name." October 7, at 2.30 P.M. Father Wennerberg, S.J., was called in. He baptized me at 11.30 A.M. of the same day and left. After he had gone I sat up in bed and had (Turn to page 266)



# In Sunny Alabama

Joseph B. Carbajal, S.J.

**D**OWN in the hill country of Alabama there are several mission churches served by the Jesuit Fathers of Spring Hill College on Mobile Heights. Alabama has never had the reputation of being notably Catholic, and so it is not surprising that real mission work is to be done in these districts. Not that the scattered Catholics are unfaithful or irregular, but the difficulties surrounding their lives are of a kind almost to discourage the most stalwart soul.

Speaking broadly, these difficulties come from two sources, the one native to all the people in the hill country, the other limited to the Catholics. Poverty is the universal obstacle. The barren land and the dry creeks that fashion the natural contour of the hills make farm life a very precarious occupation. The timber, too, has little commercial value, as the cost of trucking over the sandy soil makes profits insignificant. How the poor people live is a wonder. All through the county they are known as "clay eaters," for it is claimed that these descendants of ancestors who made the trip with Oglethorpe have been forced to make food of the clay of the streams.

For our Catholics there is added the sword of persecution. One must not forget that outside of Mobile the Catholic of Alabama has to face the type of American that represents the constituency of Senator Tom Heflin. There is petty persecution and bigoted misunderstanding on all sides. The Lazarist Fathers in Opelika had to endure every sort of brutal insult from their Protestant neighbors, and the Sisters of Divine Providence in 1924 had to abandon their work in the Gadsden Hospital when the persecution was carried on to the courts.

And yet, the picture is not all gloom. The story of one noble Catholic family will be sufficient to prove that.

The home of old Tom Cowart is the last place where you would expect to find the beauties of the Catholic Faith revealed in striking fashion. The old gentleman is not a Catholic, but his wife and children



"Down in the hill country of Alabama."

have received the sacraments. With Mass in their home only at rare intervals and their farm close to the State border far from every Catholic influence, it seems a veritable wonder that these poor outcasts could hold on to any shred of the Catholic Faith.

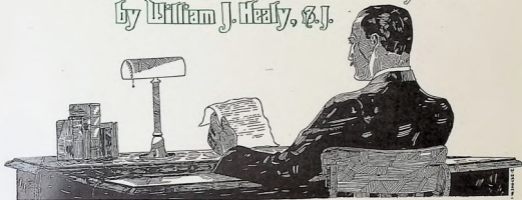
**O**N my last mission trip I went to the home of the oldest daughter to baptize her sick baby. The house looked as if it was an abandoned barn. On that wintry day the wide open spaces in the flooring of rough boards were like open windows to let in the cold air. A fire blazed on the rude hearth, but there was no warmth in the room. The sick child lay covered with rags that begged description. The husband was willing to have this child baptized as he had had the other children baptized by the missionary. After the ceremony we talked in a friendly way of the prospects of the crops and the chances for work. The mother of the child told me of the persecutions they had to suffer at the hand of their Protestant neighbors. She was not worried at their poor and helpless situation, but she spoke to give courage to her non-Catholic husband.

She said in the most matter of fact way—as she doubtless spoke to her husband and to her busybody neighbors: "They tell me that I sin by having more children than I can provide for, and I always answer that it is God who sends the (Turn to page 265)



# THE MORNING MAIL

By William J. Healy, S.J.



**M**ONDAY morning before Christmas, and only two personal letters for Howard Grimby—Grimby, of the Grimby Steel Corporation? Exactly—as he sank into his swivel chair. He opened the nearer at hand briskly, glared, scanned it hurriedly and growled under his breath.

"What's the matter with Miss Fraser, letting through a letter like this? What do I care about missions and missionaries and noble work and the cup of cold water and all that sort of thing? These people defeat their own ends with their barrages of propaganda; such literature doesn't even deserve a reading." And he savagely crumpled the letter and tossed it into the adjacent basket. Undoubtedly, a most excellent start for the day and for Christmas week.

A half-frown, half-smile appeared on his face as he slowly picked up the second letter and looked for the postmark. "From Joe," he was telling himself softly. "What is happening to the boy? I haven't heard for a full month now." The postmark was almost unintelligible; but he could make out the "P. I." that represent "Philippine Islands." He began to read eagerly.

**D**EAR Dad:

"Your loving son has been living a crowded life of late. You know we had left the Hawaiians behind and were sailing merrily westwards. The *Rover* never sailed so nicely before and the sea was glorious. But one night we ran into a typhoon roaring down from China that changed our schedule rather radically.

"The storm came upon us suddenly and blew us miles and miles off our course; we didn't have a chance; the wireless was down, the mast crippled, the motor useless; and so we gaily piled

on a reef that juts off the north coast of this fair isle of Mindanao. In the swim for shore, I managed to smash a leg on the rocks. When I dragged myself up on shore finally I just 'went out,' as they say.

"It was the calmest dawn after that storm, and I found myself in a not too rude hut with my leg buried under a mountain of bandages. Now, don't get startled, but imagine this—I had dropped right down in a missionary's front yard, and in that wild night he had found me and brought me in. He turned out to be a Catholic priest and an American, a real warrior, believe me. He told me we had all escaped, and added significantly that he had been praying to 'Our Lady,' while the boat foundered. He seemed to think her intercession had effected our miraculous escape; but, however it was, I certainly was grateful. Some of the boys came in and seemed well enough except for a few cuts and bruises here and there. They had been inspecting the *Rover* and said it would take a month to fix her. They are enthusiastic about the priest; said he was a marvel; had worked like ten men alone that night and in the morning had dispatched a native to the nearest port for repairs and a salvage crew.

"Dad, I'm not a letter-writing man.

But I want to tell you of a transformation—yes, it is something like that—this old priest has effected in me. While I was convalescing and the boys were working on the *Rover*, he and I had long talks together and he 'got at' me more than any other man ever could have; he straightened me out and—well, to be frank—I've become a Catholic again, Dad. Not for fifteen years now. . . . and I had to go to the Philippines to get back into the Church, but I'm there now and to stay. I've been something of a rotter (Turn to page 267)





# Echoes of the Canadian Huron Missions

Joseph Paquin, S.J.

**I**T is now 280 years since the last act has been played in the drama of the Huron missions on the western shore of the "Fresh Water Sea," Lake Huron. On May 15, 1649, the Jesuit Fathers themselves applied the torch to their fortified residence of Ste-Marie, on the river Wye. They fled on a raft to the present Christian Island, thirty miles away, with all that was left of their household.

The Iroquois, those terrible man-hunters, had invaded the country, and were tracking their enemies like wild beasts. The greater part of the Hurons had already fallen victims of the tomahawk, or had been carried away into captivity; another portion had sought refuge with neighboring friendly tribes; and a couple of thousand determined to make a last stand at Fort Ste-Marie. But they found themselves practically corralled by their relentless foes, and after a winter's struggle against famine and disease, the surviving few hundreds took to their canoes *enroute* for Quebec, together with the personnel of the mission.

**B**UT let us turn back the pages of history to the story of the earliest missionaries. The first priests to tread the apostolic field of New France were members of that branch of the Franciscans called the Recollets. One of them, Father Joseph le Caron, with a dozen French soldiers, came up to Huronia in July, 1615, in the company of a band of Hurons returning from the fur trade. Champlain, the Commandant of the French Colony, followed shortly after with two canoes manned by seven Indians and two Frenchmen. They were the first white men to behold the wild scenery of the Ottawa River and the wide expanse of the "Fresh Water Sea."

It was no sport to travel up to the Great Lakes in those days. It took forty days of hard paddling and

irksome portaging. Here is Father le Caron's impression, in a letter to a friend in France: "I could hardly describe the weariness I have suffered, having to handle the paddle all day long. More than a hundred times I had to wade through the mud or through the bush, to avoid rapids or frightful waterfalls. I will say nothing of the painful fast we had to keep, for we had nothing to eat but a little *sagamite*, a kind of gruel made of crushed corn boiled in water, given us morning and evening."

Father le Caron chose for his abode the fortified village of Carhagoua, the site of which has been identified at a spot a couple of miles from the present village of Lafontaine, in the township of Tiny, County of Simcoe. There, in the Father's cabin, was offered for the first

time in the Province of Ontario, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, in the presence of Champlain and his fourteen Frenchmen. The same day was erected a cross to commemorate the event, and thus was given to the children of the forest a first object lesson in Christianity.



OLD FORT ST. MARIE  
1639 - 1649

**L**E CARON does not appear to have made any direct attempt at the conversion of the heathens, but, in the words of Sagard, the chronicler of the Recollect Missions, "all he was able to accomplish, in this first voyage, was merely to acquire a knowledge of the ways and means of the people, to learn their language passably well, and to dispose them to accept a more civilized mode of living. For a first attempt this was no slight labor." The Hurons loved their pleasant guest, and were sorry to see him go; but when leaving them, in the following Spring, he promised to return at an early date.

However, le Caron could not keep his word until the year 1623, when he returned to Huronia with two companions, Father Viel and Brother Sagard. They settled at Carhagoua, in the enlarged cabin of seven years ago. They had the consolation of offering the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass every day, on an altar built of stakes driven into the ground. Their Mass wine was made from wild grapes pressed in a wooden mortar, strained through a piece of altar linen, and preserved in a bark container.

**T**HE missionaries seem to have directed their main efforts to the learning of the language, and the spiritual care of the Frenchmen maintained there by the Trading Company. Father le Caron has this to say about their work:

"I cannot give you the satisfaction of reporting a great number of conversions; true conversions are few among the Indians. Grace has not yet touched their heart in spite of our efforts to dispose them to the Faith. We must wait with patience for the results of our work. We do send up to Heaven a good number of dying children, and a few adults, but there is little profit with the living."

They had to follow a very wise rule laid down by ecclesiastical authority: they did not baptize an adult in good health, unless he had been well instructed, properly tried, had given up his superstitious practices, and conformed to the Christian law of marriage.

In the Spring of 1624, both Father le Caron and Brother Sagard went down to Quebec with the trading fleet, and did not return, leaving Father Viel alone to



face the gigantic task. He appears to have labored faithfully all the next year, in his lone efforts at evangelization, but nothing is known of the results. He perished in the Spring of 1625, with two neophytes, while shooting the rapids of River des Prairies, on his way to Quebec. His death notice ran thus: "The Venerable Father Nicholas Viel, drowned by pagan Hurons, through hatred of the Faith and religion."

**A**T the call of the Recollects for help in their immense field of apostolic labor, the Jesuits stepped into New France in 1625, and the next summer saw two of them ascend the Ottawa River *enrouté* for Huronia. They were Father Jean de Brébeuf, the stalwart prop of the Huron mission, and Father de Noue. The latter made strenuous efforts during the whole winter to master the difficulties of the Huron language, but in vain; he could not get even a smattering of it. Thoroughly discouraged, he went back to Quebec, where he spent his life in the spiritual care of the colonists.

But Father de Brébeuf stuck doggedly to his task. His Superior said of him: "He is a man chosen of God for this mission." He had a great facility for languages, and became later the teacher of all the missionaries who followed his tracks. He might never have returned to civilization, for all the Indians were averse to take him in their frail canoes owing to his size and weight. Besides, the Hurons loved him and would not let him go. But in 1629 the French colony was on the point of surrendering to the English navy, and Brébeuf was ordered to return to Quebec forthwith. The last words addressed to him by one of the captains may express the feelings of all: "Echon," such was his Huron name, "Echon, I am not yet baptized; now you are going, and my soul shall be lost. What can I do? You say you will return; well, go quick, and take courage, and come back before I die." Stirring words for Brébeuf to remember!

Spasmodic attempts at the evangelization of the Hurons had been made at three different dates, with no tangible results. But after Canada had been ceded back to France, by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Lay, the Huron mission was resumed in earnest by the Jesuits in 1634. In that year was to begin the story of mission work among the Algonquins and Hurons which was to be epoch-making in the annals of France and America. But before the curtain would fall upon this drama enacted in Huronia, there were to be added to the Church's list of martyrs eight illustrious names. The thrilling story of their labors, their sufferings and their heroic death was to stir the old European world to its depths. But all that in another chapter.



Tablet erected to the Jesuit pioneers in Huronia.



# Christmas

Peter J.  
Superior of

“**O** INFANT, tell us why! *Ai Balak Jesu Kyon?*” There was just a delightful touch of the nasal twang, so universal in India, in the chorus of lusty boy-voices as they sang the sweet hymn. “O Infant, tell us why!  
Stable Thy home,  
Manger Thy throne!  
A manger-throne, in stable-home,  
O Infant, tell us why!”

And as the procession of altar-boys picked its way through the densely squatted congregation, I realized that I was in India. So densely had Bettiah's two thousand Christians packed the floor of their beloved *bara girja* on this *Bara Din*, this Great Day, for it was the midnight Mass, that there was left scarcely the semblance of an aisle between the men on the Epistle and the women on the Gospel side.

Yes, there could be no doubt about it. I was in India, in Patna Mission. The field of delicious color, the rainbow-hued *saries* of the women and the, if possible,

even gayer Joseph's-coats of the male folk, and the bronze faces and bare feet of the singers themselves, all assured me that my cherished dream had come true, that I was honest-to-truth in India in Patna Mission. I was very happy indeed. But listen! There is nothing nasal in this voice, silvery and sweet and captivating as any laddie's voice that you have ever heard. But then, how could it be otherwise? For it is the “Christ Child” that answers in its heavenly soprano:

“Ah, children, 'tis all for you,  
Heaven's home I left,  
A manger my throne,  
A stable my home, stable my home!  
Ah, children, 'tis all for you!”

But now, am I dreaming after all? Is all this only a dream-vision? “Then, Infant, tell us why!”

**A**M I dreaming? For instead of the walls of the church I see rising on the right and on the left, in front of me and behind me, great towering, not walls but mountains; mountains of faces; dark, bronzed, handsome faces; boys' faces, men's faces, girls' faces, mothers' faces. And from every one of this mountain of faces, twenty-five millions of them, there look forth a pair of wistful eyes; large, dark, sadly beautiful and oh! so wistful eyes! They are not looking at me. All with one intent, are fixed on the *Balak*, on the Infant there before me. And now it is as though these very eyes were speaking their sad speech:

“Then, Infant, tell us why!  
Why thus cast out  
E'en by Thine own?  
E'en by Thine own Thou art cast out.  
Oh, Infant, tell us why!”

And again in answer the Heavenly Voice, the Infant,

“Ah, children, in selfish hearts  
No love for me!  
No love's return  
For love of Mine, for love of Mine!  
Ah, children, in selfish hearts!”



**B**UT see, now! The Infant's voice has “moved” our “mountain,” that mountain of faces; and twenty-five million pairs of eyes are shimmering with a misty sheen as of gathering tears. How changed they are now from what they were only a few minutes ago. They do not look like “pagan eyes” now, so wistful, but yet so cold. They are lit up now with a gentle glow as of reflected candle light, or love. But hark! What are they singing now? “Then, Infant Savior, come!  
Come Thou to me,  
Come to my heart!  
Come to my heart, come Thou to me,  
Oh, Infant Savior, come!”  
Answers the Heavenly Voice, no longer sad with the sadness of affection unrequited, but all tremulous now with love:

*The Santals w  
a very*

# in India



Montag, S.J.

Patna Mission, India



"Ah, children, then to your hearts I come,  
Forever to dwell  
In your hearts to dwell  
And you all in Mine,  
Ah, Children, then to your hearts I come!"

And now the "mountain" seems to burst into flames, like the flames St. Margaret Mary saw around the Heart of Christ (and my own heart is pierced with a delightful pain, a pain of intense and more than earthly joy). And all the air is filled with melody and, so I seem to feel, with love. And twenty-five million voices are now singing, oh so rapturously with love and joy:

"Then, Love, Oh swiftly come!  
This heart is now  
No longer mine;  
Thine own it is, this heart of mine,  
O Love, my Love, Oh come!"

**J**UST then, with a start, I awoke from my brief nour's sleep. For all the bells were pealing. Bettiah *bara girja's* four big mellow bells were ringing as though they must rouse twenty-five millions from slumber, nay, from deep, deep sleep, as of death.

So I hurried over to the *bara girja*, the "great church," to vest for the midnight Mass. The great high altar was all aglow with twinkling candle lights, and still more aglow with a veritable maze of the goldenest of golden marigolds. And when the bells had ceased, just at the right moment, as in measured, solemn beats the midnight hour struck, my altar boys, in two long lines, filed out into the sanctuary. There could be no question about dreaming now. I was in India, in Patna

ये बालक जेसु मी ॥  
गीताली नै, रक्त नलि नै  
एक जनी मै, गीताली मै  
ये बालक जेसु कवी ?  
ये लडके तुम्हारे लिये  
मै स्वामी मै उता  
इत नलि नै, गीताली नै,  
गीताली मै ।

twenty-five millions of pagans in Patna Mission. And then, and then only, will my dream and yours come true; and from Patna Mission, your

(Chorus)  
Ai Ba-lak Je-su Kyon? Gaupta - le men EK  
char - ni men, Gau. sha - le men Ai  
Ba-lak Je - su - Kyon? Ai lar - ke tump - ar -  
le - ye, Main sutaro se ut - ra is  
char - ni men, Gaupta - le men, Gaupta - le men.

Mission, there will arise a grand chorus that will thrill the Heart of the Infant King, when Patna's millions will join in the strain: "Then Love, Oh come!"

Father Creane, S.J.,  
My Christmas

Mission; and presently my own altar boys would sing "Ai Ba-lak Jesu Kyon?" And did they sing?

Little Aloysius, my "Christ Child" was heavenly. And as the procession returned from the Crib which my boys had built in the rear of the church, bearing on their shoulders the Infant, and singing the song which they themselves had helped to write, I saw my dreams once more, and the twenty-five millions.

Then came the Mass. And there, before the Infant placed high upon the main altar, and on the altar table His own very Heart throbbing, yearning, I prayed.

Dear friends, your prayers and sacrifices (and perhaps only that) can and will move the Infant Savior to let His own heavenly voice sound in the hearts of our



# JESUIT MISSIONS

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**I**n their own name and in that of the three hundred American Jesuit missionaries, the Editors extend to readers of *Jesuit Missions* heartiest wishes for a holy Christmas, replete with many special blessings from the King on His manger throne in Bethlehem.



## "You Shall Find the Infant"

**A**S we kneel in humble prayer at the cribs erected in our parish churches during the Christmas season, let us be mindful of those who have never felt the sweetness and gentleness and loveliness of Bethlehem's new-born Babe. As our hearts soften at the thought of the infinite love of the sweet Christ Child, let us breathe a prayer for those many members of the great human family who still dwell in the darkness of doubt or unbelief.

The thought of the world's sad need of Christ should rightfully make us prayerful. And the world needs Christ today: the western world, Europe and America, peace-seeking, yet failing to recognize that its wealth cannot buy true peace which is of Heaven's making; the eastern world, steeped by its millions and hundreds of millions in the labyrinthine forms of paganism, in Chinese and Japanese ancestor worship, in the cults of the Hindu trinity of Brahma, Vishnu and Shiva, in the idolatrous practices of Moros and head hunters.

Everywhere there is unrest. Peace worthy of the name can reign only when the men and women of the world have come to the Prince of Peace and have learned the lessons that a Child, albeit Heaven's Child, has come to teach, in a gentle sweetly loving way.

## His Voice is Trumpet-Toned

**"FRANCIS XAVIER is dead!"** The message came from Sancian Island's desolate shores and passed from mouth to mouth till all Europe was stirred at the sudden silence of a voice that had made itself heard from Paris, Bologna and Rome to Goa, Molucca and beyond, to the China Sea. In ten short years, from May 6, 1542, to December 2, 1552, Xavier had visited so many countries, traversed so many seas, preached the Gospel to so many nations, and converted so many hundreds of thousands of infidels, that the world of Europe had awakened to the fact that it had given birth to the greatest missionary since the time of the Apostles. But now, Xavier was dead!

And yet, to couple death with Xavier's name sounds almost contradictory. Xavier is dead; but unlike history's heroes who are but names, the influence of the great apostle of the Indies is as powerful today as it was in the sixteenth century. Though silent in death, his voice is trumpet-toned, calling Catholics to the new Crusade of the missions, heartening brave priests and Sisters and Brothers who are working in the icy North or the torrid equatorial regions or in any place where there are souls unwashed by the saving flood of Baptism.

Xavier's voice is still encouraging, still inviting the youth of today to take its place in the ranks depleted by the deaths of aged priests and Sisters on the mission front. On December 3, the Church celebrates St. Francis Xavier's feast. Well may we ask God on that day to grant us a group of Xaviers to bring the pagan millions to the feet of Christ, and to soften, too, the hearts of our millions of modern educated pagans at home in America and Europe, so that they may come to see that their wisdom is but sham compared to the wisdom of the folly of a Xavier who drew his learning from the folly of the stable of Bethlehem.

## Restless Souls

**P**EOPLE are wont to associate the term restlessness with changeableness, disquiet, or shiftiness. One never expects a restless person to accomplish world-stirring deeds. But there is a restlessness which indicates motion, power, activity. Such is the restlessness that should characterize every Catholic when there is question of mission-mindedness, of active persevering enthusiasm for the salvation of souls. It will manifest itself in daily prayers for the missions, in little acts of penance and mortification for the missions, and where possible, in giving generously to help defray the many expenses necessarily incurred by the missionary priests and Sisters, not for themselves, but for their churches, schools and flocks. Let a holy restlessness grip every Catholic heart, in imitation of our Holy Father, Pope Pius XI, from whose lips come the stirring words:

"For whatever stretch of years Divine Providence may grant Us still to inhabit this earthly light, We shall be ceaselessly and anxiously concerned with this apostolic obligation" (i.e. of laboring for the conversion of pagan souls) "for with the ever recurrent thought that the gentile world is ten thousand times a hundred thousand souls wide, We know no rest to Our spirit."

# Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 24. Calicut, India



*A nun and her class of catechumens in Calicut.*

**O**N the western coast of South India lies the infant diocese of Calicut, entrusted to the Society of Jesus. The natural scenery is beautiful and varied in the extreme. A bewildering number of tribes, races, castes and sects make up the heterogeneous population of this region. Out of more than two million inhabitants scarcely ten thousand are Catholics.

To develop this diocese is uphill work. A large number of its inhabitants are Mohammedans known as Moplas for whom conversion to the Catholic Faith implies danger to their lives at the hands of their own people. The average educated Hindu is daily hardening himself against the influence of Christianity. The ignorant pagan clings superstitiously to the religion of his ancestors. To add to these difficulties, the missionaries have to work in a district where malaria is a dread visitor.

Thirty Jesuits, five native priests and fifty-seven Sisters, most of them natives, are laboring for the salvation of the people of Calicut Diocese. Much has been accomplished, but a great deal more remains to be done. More chapels are needed and their effect cannot be overestimated in a place where Hindu temples and Mohammedan mosques are counted by the score. Schools are an imperative necessity. And there is no time to be lost, for the Protestants are gaining ground, cleverly employing the tactics of influencing the younger generation.

**M**OST readers will be startled to learn that the number of Mohammedans in the world today reaches the very high figure of 227,107,500. In some districts of Africa and Asia, they form one hundred per cent of the population.

So hopeless has the conversion of Mohammedans seemed, that it was commonly said that Mohammedans simply could not be converted. The difficulties came principally from three sources: political situations; a certain almost innate fanaticism which made a propagandist of every adult Moslem; lastly, the persecution meted out to converts from Islam to Christianity. These latter were outcasted in a way that made familiar intercourse or business dealings with family and friends impossible.

Now, however, there is a break in the wall of opposition. Commercial intercourse with the West has allowed western ideas to gain entrance. Young Mohammedans, too, are returning to their countries after a European education and have lost their respect for the Koran, formerly held as sacred as the Bible.

## THE MISSION INTENTION

for DECEMBER

### The Conversion of the Mohammedans

Catholics the world over are urged to unite in prayer that the followers of Mahomet may soon come to see the light of Christianity. Certainly the religion of the followers of the "Prophet" has a closer resemblance to Christianity than have the idolotrous pagan cults of many Oriental peoples. Mohammedans are believers in one true God and in a hereafter; their religion has a form of asceticism and mysticism and union with God, but lacks efficacious means to satisfy the spiritual aspirations of its followers.

Polygamy has been of long standing among Mohammedans, and the law of Christianity presents no small difficulty to the prospective convert when he learns that he may have only one wife, and that divorce as commonly understood is not permissible.

The prayers of the Faithful are asked during the month of December that the sweet Gospel of Christ may soon supplant the fanatical creed of Mahomet, and that success may crown the arduous efforts made by our Holy Father for the conversion of Islam's millions.

# FROM MISSION FIELDS OF NORTH AMERICAN JESUITS

## BELIZE, BRITISH HONDURAS

FATHER EDGAR J. ZURLINDEN, S.J., arrived in the Colony aboard the *Abangarez*. He immediately entered upon his work as assistant pastor in the Cathedral parish of Belize. Father Zurlinden joins four other members of his own seminary class who are already working in the mission of British Honduras.

During the season known locally as the "short dry season" of August and September, FATHER ALLAN STEVENSON, S.J., visited a number of the mahogany camps in the northern part of the Colony. The men in these camps bury themselves back in the bush looking for the precious trees, and come back to civilization only for a short time during the Christmas holidays. Since a number of them are Catholics, they need the encouragement and ministry of a priest.

"At the conclusion of this tour of the

he moves from place to place. But in this instance, it was not bilocation, but a change of dates that made the feat possible. On the feast itself, the tenth of September, Father Stevenson was the principal speaker at the public gathering in Orange Walk. About a week later, after going the length of the Colony in motor and sail boat, and after traveling up the Tamash River in the mission motor boat and by dory, walking back into the bush about ten miles over crude forest trails that were rendered treacherous by swamp waters, Father Stevenson came to Dolores, where his beloved Kekchi Indians were awaiting him in order that they might have their own celebration of the national feast. The festivities of this celebration were augmented considerably by the presence there of Father's portable organ, which one of the Indian *carpadores* had carried on his back over the ten miles of swampy bush trail."

the roof of his church is badly damaged. In addition to his wood lice visitors, Father Kemper has had to do battle with the weevée ants. He is employing poisonous gas to exterminate the millions which have nested under the floor of his church.

FATHER EUGENE BORK, S. J., new missionary among the Caribs and Kekchi Indians of Punta Gorda in British Honduras, has taken a great liking to his people. His work is blessed with success and his people have already learned to love him. At present, in addition to carrying on his regular mission work, Father is trying to master Kekchi and Carib and to increase his knowledge of Spanish.

FATHER MICHAEL SCHAEFER, S.J., recently appointed to the mission station at Stann Creek, is attracting numbers of Protestants by his preaching. Last year, while Father was stationed at Belize, all the boys, Spanish and English, liked to have him give talks; and when the people in town knew that he was to preach, the church was always filled.

## INDIAN MISSIONS

St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, was established among the Kalispell Indians by Father Adrian Hoecken, S.J., on September 24, 1854. The Mission is still in a very flourishing condition. Both the boys' and the girls' schools are filled to capacity this year, and some children had to be refused for lack of room.

FATHER THOMAS NEATE, S.J., missionary at St. Joseph's Mission at Caldesac, Idaho, among the Nez Perces Indians, reports consoling spiritual ministrations for the last year: 22 Baptisms, 5 Confirmations, 7,400 Confessions, 14,925 Communions, 3 Marriages, and 24 Extreme Unctions.

There are 80 children in the mission school, taught by four Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet.

The Indian girls in the Providence Sisters' school at DeSmet Mission on the Coeur d'Alene Reservation in Idaho, made a retreat this year under the direction of FATHER CHARLES OWENS, S.J. Father Owens, who has charge of several mission stations on the Colville Reservation in Washington, sent 49 Colville Indian children to the school at DeSmet last year.



Father William Bennett, S.J., and Father John J. Halligan, S.J., among their people at El Coyo, British Honduras.

lumber camps," writes one of the missionaries, "Father Stevenson figured prominently in the celebration of the anniversary of the Battle of Saint George's Caye, the national holiday of the Colony. In fact, Father Stevenson celebrated this big day in two different places, in the north and south extremities of the Colony. That sounds like bilocation, doesn't it? Well, sometimes we think down here that he has that power, judging from the rate at which

Folks living in the mild climate of the United States are not familiar with the tropical pests known as wood lice and weevée ants. Down in Corozal, British Honduras, FATHER JOSEPH KEMPER, S.J., has felt their full force. He is hard put to it, financially, to repair the damage done. The wood lice have done serious damage to his modest residence, an old Mexican prison; they have chewed up his woodwork of the little tower on his church, and he is not quite sure whether



Father Albert C. Riester, S.J., Superior of Holy Rosary Mission among the Sioux Indians in South Dakota.

The missionary heart of FATHER ALBERT C. RIESTER, S.J., superior of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, has been deeply moved by the sad necessity of turning children away from the mission school. Trusting that Divine Providence will bring some needed help from generous souls, he is undertaking plans for greater expansion by erecting a new building to house more children. He writes:

"There are on this Sioux Reservation about two thousand Indian children of school age. Half of these are Catholics. We have enrolled 360 at Holy Rosary this year. Last year we had almost 400, but were told by the Government to take fewer children this year on account of overcrowded conditions. You can understand that with not quite half of our Catholic children receiving Catholic training we cannot make big headway in spreading our holy religion. We must have more room."

\* \* \*

The new church which FATHER LOUIS TAELEMAN, S.J., has built at Arlee, the Government Agency for the Flathead Indian Reservation in western Montana, was dedicated on October 6. Father Taelman writes:

"For the last five years I held services in the Arlee public school every first and third Sunday of the month. The teacher's desk served for the altar, and the children's desks as pews. My little flock joined me in praying that in the Providence of God we might be blessed with a little church. Our efforts were crowned

with success when Father Flynn of the Marquette League took a deep interest in the matter. The result of his interest was the donation of \$2,500 for the chapel, the gift of Mr. Thomas A. Bradley of New York. Our Indians contributed their share to the building and the equipment of the church by labor and small cash offerings."

Bishop Finnegan dedicated the little church on October 6 in the presence of Father Flynn and a number of visiting clergy and a packed congregation of Indians. The music was furnished by the Indian choir.

"The congregation was typically Indian," writes Father Taelman, "with long-haired men and colorfully dressed women lending a special charm to all. In the first row near the Communion railing I noticed Peter Lamoose, a venerable man of over eighty winters, grandson of the famous Ignace Lamoose who in 1837 perished at the hands of the Sioux Indians, dying a martyr in the second journey he made to St. Louis to bring the Catholic missionary to the Flathead Indians. Standing amongst his people in the church, I also noticed Martin Carlo, hereditary chief today, and son of the famous Chief Carlo, who in 1887 was wrongfully driven from his native Bitter Root Valley. Kneeling before the altar were Indians baptized long ago by Fathers DeSmet, Ravalli, Jorda, D'Aste, Canistrelli and others who labored among these people."

#### CHINA

FATHERS PIUS MOORE, S.J., and JOHN LERNON, S.J., left Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, for Nanking, where they will be stationed at Ricci College.

At Nanking the French Jesuits have a residence as well as Ricci College. The college was reopened last year with about fifty students. There are three or four thousand Chinese Catholics at Nanking.

MESSERS. SIMONS, LYNCH and PHILLIPS, Jesuit scholastics of the California Province, who went to China last year,

will remain at Zi-ka-wei for another year of study in Chinese. They will also teach English four hours a week: Mr. Simons in the Aurora College, Messrs. Lynch and Phillips in St. Ignatius College.

Father Lennon spent three weeks in the infirmary during July and Father Pius Moore was also ill, owing to the intense humid heat at Zi-ka-wei. Father Lennon writes that he and Father Moore are now both well.

Father Roberfroid, S.J., a Belgian, director of Ricci College, came down to Shanghai to accompany Fathers Moore and Lennon on their journey to Nanking. Two French Jesuit Fathers were shot down by the communist soldiers in 1927 at Ricci College.

Fathers Moore and Lennon are to continue their Chinese studies, assist in ministerial work, and teach English in the second and third year classes at Ricci College, which, with its three year course for graduates of the middle schools, is a sort of preparatory school to the Aurora University in Shanghai.

#### JAPAN

BROTHER FRANCIS MASUI, S.J., a Japanese lay-Brother of the California Province, who is now in Tokio, Japan, writes:

"My brother, Leonard, is now on the teaching staff of our Catholic university, head of the English department, while he continues to write for the Japan Times, a daily paper here in Tokio."

Father Pius Moore informs us that Leonard Goroku Masui, the younger brother of Brother Masui, is a convert, from Spokane, Washington, where he graduated from the Lewis and Clark public high school, and then attended the University of Washington in Seattle, receiving his degree there in 1920. During his studies, Leonard Masui was a contributor to the local Japanese papers and later was employed by the Osaka Times. He has exceptional ability in English and is a fluent writer. He is very happy to be on the staff of *Jochi Daigaku*.



Bishop Finnegan dedicates the new chapel at Arlee, Montana. To the right of the Bishop is Very Reverend Joseph M. Piet, S.J., Provincial of the California Jesuits.

## JAMAICA, B. W. I.

For the first time in its history, St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica, has the pleasure of announcing that it is the recipient of a founded scholarship. For seventy-nine years it has played practically a lone hand in providing a secondary course in studies for the Catholic youth of Jamaica.

The generous donor of the \$1,000 is Mr. Francis A. Williams of Wollaston, Mass. The scholarship is given in honor of his brother, Rev. JOSEPH J. WILLIAMS, S.J., formerly a missionary in Jamaica, and author of "Whisperings of the Caribbean."

For many years the Mission Crusade at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., of which Rev. JOHN D. WHEELER, S.J., is Director, has been a generous supporter of the Jamaica Mission. It recently provided a gift of \$55.00 as a year's tuition for one boy and Father Wheeler has promised to continue this donation from year to year.

The mission of Jamaica was greatly shocked to learn of the sudden death in Boston, Mass., of FATHER DANIEL I. CRONIN, S.J. Father Cronin was for six years a zealous missionary in the Island and won there a host of friends and not a few converts. His years of missionary labor are recorded in a Jamaica paper in the following words:

"He arrived in Jamaica in 1918 and



Father Joseph Dougherty, S.J., at Brown's Town.

*See Pat and the Pastor!  
The pup, from his master,  
Just learning the art  
In which—Bless your heart!  
The Pastor's past-master.*

was placed on the staff of St. George's College, and in charge of the Mission at Harbour Head. In 1922 he was appointed Pastor of Holy Rosary Church, Windward Road, Editor of *Catholic Opinion*, Director of the St. George

## RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



ROBERT DE NOBILI, S.J.

AT Montepulciano in Tuscany, the same mountain village that was the birthplace of Blessed Robert Bellarmine, S.J., Robert de Nobili, S.J., was born in 1577. In his twentieth year he entered the Society of Jesus at Naples. The brilliant course of studies he made might seem to have destined him for the lecture halls of some famous European university, but Robert's heart was set on the missions.

He sailed for India in 1694, and arrived at Goa the following year. November, 1696, found him on his way to Madura to study Tamil. Within a year he had mastered the difficult Tamil, Teluga and Sanskrit tongues.

A careful study of the Brahmans convinced De Nobili that to reach these high type Orientals he must enter more fully into their life. Cutting himself off from intercourse with his brethren, he adopted the rigors of Brahman life with its fasts, its isolation, its hours of deep study and contemplation. Gradually he broke down the walls of opposition and won many high caste Indians to the Catholic Faith. In spite of serious misunderstandings of his mode of life and his plans of conversions—misunderstandings coming even from his own religious brethren—he persevered in his arduous life till old age and almost complete blindness compelled him to retire to Mylapore after forty-five years of fruitful labor.

Catholic Club, and the Alpha Industrial School, also Visitor to the Alms House.

"In all his various activities, 'Father Dan', as he was familiarly called, will long be remembered for the untiring and practical energy that he put into his work. His biography will never be fully written, for he was a man who let not one hand know what the other was doing.

"To cite one incident of his apostolate that is typical. He was called one day to a yard to attend an old dying woman. Father Dan had to walk as gently as possible across the shaly floor for fear of breaking through. Another visitor found him bathing and bandaging the infected feet of the sufferer.

"Father Cronin returned to the States in 1924 after serving on the Jamaica Mission to the best of his ability and to the great benefit of the people of the Faith. His winning ways and affable manner earned for him the respect of a large number of people in this city outside the pale of the Roman Catholic denomination."

## PATNA, INDIA

The Bhaagalpur Santal school now has sixty-seven boys actually residing there. The number may not seem great, but try to house sixty-seven boys in a stable and a shed, which are so small that they can hardly accommodate ten boys, and you have some faint notion of the difficulties under which FATHER FRANCIS STOV, S.J., has been laboring for five months. The work is advancing so rapidly that there is no longer any need of going out after the boys. In fact, the boys are traveling long distances to ask for admission. It is heart-breaking to be compelled to turn these boys away for lack of room.

FATHER CHARLES MILLER, S.J., will find his Christmas this year a happy one in company with his new Christians at Victoria Mission. His predecessor, FATHER JOHN KELIAN, S.J., thus describes briefly the scene of Christmas 1928 at Victoria:

"Come with me for a moment to the crib in our humble old store-room church. What do you see? Little brown-faced children who a short while ago accompanied their elders to worship a tree or a stone, today lip their innocent prayers to the Christ Child. Youthful men and women who for years had groined under the chains of paganism, today lift their voices in joyous song and renew their baptismal vows before the new-born Babe of Bethlehem. Gray-haired men and palsied women who for three score years and more had never tasted real joy, weep today because they have found their God. Does not this gladden your heart?"

Six happy young Jesuits sailed from New York harbor at midnight of October 11. They were from the Jesuit Provinces of Chicago and Missouri, and were bound for the mission of Patna, about ten thousand miles from the mid-



They sailed away to India enroute to Patna Mission. Left to right: Charles R. Bonnet, S.J., Marshall M. Moran, S.J., Richard T. Mehren, S.J., Father George A. Dertinger, S.J., John Morrison, S.J., and Richard A. Welfe, S.J.

west of the United States. A rousing welcome awaited them when they reached Patna after five or six weeks of travel.

The departure of these six Jesuits brings the total of American Jesuits leaving for the missions this year up to thirty-nine.

FATHER JAMES R. GIBBONS, S.J., who has just completed his final year of theology, comes down to Patna's plains from the heights of the Himalayas. He will work with FATHER OBY, S.J., the zealous Belgian veteran of Patna Mission. Fathers Oby and Gibbons are stationed at Chakni. From this station they are pioneering in new territory at Pakulia. At this last named place there are Ourans, aboriginal people who have not been Hinduized.

A missionary conference, at which most of the Fathers of the Patna Diocese were present, marked the celebration in honor of BISHOP BERNARD J. SULLIVAN, S.J., on his namesday.

FATHER RAYMOND CONWAY, S.J., staged a spectacular attempt to rescue a drowning boy at Ranchi recently. One of the two unbaptized students of the Ranchi school got a cramp while swimming in a pond. Efforts to save him were unavailing. Someone thought of Father Conway's prowess in the water, and rushed to the Tertianship to get him. Father came in a dash, throwing off his clothes as he ran. On reaching the pond, he dove three times in an attempt to get the boy. On the third dive, he succeeded in getting hold of the boy's foot. Two hours were spent in trying to revive the boy, but with no success.

### SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS

St. Anne's Church, Rock Hill, South Carolina, was the scene of a very interesting ceremony recently when FATHER P. A. RYAN, S.J., received four Baptists into the Church. These are the first fruits of the course of lectures on the Church which Father Ryan has been giving, under the direction of Bishop Emmett M. Walsh, in the Rock Hill section of the diocese of Charleston. From present indications many other

conversions will follow. The sewing circle to which she belongs begged one of those baptized to give up circulating Catholic literature through the town because, the society, persisted, "all the town is reading it and half the town is believing that the Catholic Church is the true Church."

From Hot Springs, North Carolina, FATHER M. A. GRACE, S.J., writes:

"We are steadily increasing our missions and now have one at Meadow Fork, Spruce Pine, Big Pine Creek, and Walnut. Last Saturday I left for Big Pine Creek, twenty-four miles back in the mountains, to say Mass there Sunday morning at the home of Mr. and Mrs. Roberts, two converts. The house has two rooms, a bedroom and a kitchen. I slept in the kitchen and on awaking in



Father Patrick Ryan, S.J., Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS and missionary in North and South Carolina.

the morning found the thermometer down to forty-two degrees. The day was glorious so we had Mass on their front gallery and had the pleasure of seeing thirty-one in attendance. The field is very promising at that mission station and we hope in the near future to see a little chapel there. Tomorrow I go to Pensacola, North Carolina, some eighty miles distant, to say Mass and preach at the

home of a Protestant family who are very anxious to learn something about the Catholic Church."

### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

There are many friends of the Jesuit missions who are always pleased to hear from FATHER JAMES G. DALY, S.J., located at Jimenez, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"The last month has been one of my busiest under the Southern Cross. Baptisms, funerals, marriages, sick calls, school work and a thousand other things that come up keep FATHER THOMAS GALLAGHER, S.J., and myself going from morning till night.

"Jimenez is the only town on this West Coast with a resident priest and there is only one other priest to visit periodically the towns of Misamis, Tangub, Clarin, Misamis, Aloran and Oroquieta. Each of these has an average population of ten thousand. FATHER FONT, S.J., who is visiting these other towns, is doing heroic work, but the cause is suffering by not having more priests to save many who are being lost to the Church through ignorance. Pray the Lord to send more laborers into the vineyard.

"Longevity caused the cave in of the altar tabernacle while Father Gallagher was saying Mass, and, although the heavy metal crucifix struck him on the head as it fell, he was able to go on with the Mass; Saint Ignatius warded off more serious injury. A heavy support of our rectory also gave way after its fifty years' service, but Saint Ignatius again preserved a nearby group from harm."

The happy faculty of seeing the bright side of things is possessed by FATHER ALFRED F. KENLE, S.J., stationed at Mount Carmel Rectory, Talisayan, Misamis, Mindanao, P. I. He writes:

"I was surprised on August 15 to see all the public school children attending Mass in a little town where I was staying. Later I found out that a general order had been issued that school was not to start until Mass was finished. This is only as it should be in a country where every nine out of eleven persons are Catholics. The chances are that there will not be another Mass in

that town for a month, and there had not been Mass there for a month previous to that Holy Day. If we only had more priests or if we only had well paved roads to travel, we could visit all of these towns frequently.



Left to right: Father James T. Hayes, S.J., Father Andrew A. Hofmann, S.J., and Father Daniel H. Sullivan, S.J. They are traveling over what Father McGowan calls a "good section of the road leading to Sumilao, Mindanao, P. I."

"You will be glad to know that during the past few months, thanks to the help of some of your readers, we have been able to put cement floors and wooden benches in four of our mission chapels. But there are quite a few other chapels that need more than floors and benches to make them look anything like a house of prayer and fit for the celebration of Mass. One chapel has lost a considerable portion of its wooden wall and does not even have a door to keep out the animals. I hate to think what it will look like the next time that I see it."

FATHER THOMAS A. M. SHANAHAN, S.J., is in care of the temporalities at San Jose Seminary, the Jesuit seminary in Manila. In a recent letter he says:

"At present I am working on an effort to make more fruitful the farm lands entrusted by the Holy See to the Society for the support of this seminary; if my hopes are realized we will not need to fall back on generous souls in the States for the upkeep of the seminary. At present, however, the seminary is going into debt every year—in fact it has been doing so almost from the first days that it was opened."

With heartfelt sympathy we report the death of Mrs. Daniel H. Sullivan, the mother of FATHER DANIEL H. SULLIVAN, S.J., who is stationed at Tagaloan, Mindanao, Philippine Islands. Mrs. Sullivan was the mother of four Jesuits, three of whom are ordained priests. To Father Sullivan are extended the deep sym-

pathy and prayers of our readers in his great loss.

Mr. JOSEPH D. McGRATH, S.J., who spent his teaching period at the Ateneo de Manila, Philippine Islands, returned to Woodstock College early in the Fall to take up his theological studies prior to ordination. Our dear Lord, however, saw fit to take him to Himself on October 12, 1929. In the mission of the Philippines he stood out for his great charity and spirit of work.

## ALASKA

FATHER ALOYSIUS ELINE, S. J., for the past few years treasurer of Gonzaga University, Spokane, Washington, is now pastor at Fairbanks in northern Alaska.

Mr. JOHN BAUD, S.J., scholastic and French World War veteran, who entered the novitiate at Los Gatos, California, in 1919 for the Alaskan missions, was sent this summer to Holy Cross Mission on the Yukon to assist in the school and to learn the Eskimo language.

When BISHOP CRIMONT, S.J., visited FATHER FRANK MENAGER, S. J., at Hooper Bay in July, he brought the missionary one hundred letters from "outside." The Eskimos were delighted with the first visit of their Bishop. Twenty of them were confirmed during the visitation.

After one year's work at Hooper Bay, Father Menager has the consolation of counting one hundred and twenty-five Catholics in his mission. The Protestant church there has now only twenty-five members.

Just before the Bishop's arrival, Father had what he calls "a bad touch of some-

thing like smallpox." "I could not very well go to bed," he writes, "as I was all alone; so I managed to keep on my feet. But when the Bishop came, I looked a little run down. However, I have kept my record clear: not a day in bed since I came to Alaska."

To save weeks of weary and uncertain travel, FATHER DELON, S.J., Superior of the Alaskan Missions, took the airplane from Ruby to Nome, 350 miles in three hours and a quarter. The passengers were: a prohibition enforcement chief of Idaho, Oregon, Washington and Alaska, looking with his binoculars for bootleggers; two young sportsmen from New York and Chicago, looking for walrus, seals and polar bears; the Superior of northern Alaska Missions, looking for souls.

Father Delon, while in Nome, conferred with FATHERS LAFORTUNE and POST, the two veteran missionaries of the Seward Peninsula, about the advisability of opening a new mission on Kotzebue Sound. The people around Kotzebue Sound for the past few years had been begging for a Catholic priest to offset the influence of the Quakers.

The conference resulted in the establishment of the new mission, the nearest mission to the North Pole. The new station will be under the care of FATHER WALSH, a zealous secular priest about thirty-five years of age, from the San Francisco archdiocese, who since his seminary days has volunteered to exchange the perpetual summer of California for the perpetual winter in the missions at the ends of the earth in the frozen North. He will be the only priest in northern Alaska who is not a member of the Society of Jesus.



Father Edward J. Cunningham, S.J., stops for lunch out on the Alaskan trail.



## CHRISTMAS AT ZI-KA-WEI, CHINA

Half past eleven Christmas eve sees the huge church of St. Ignatius, Zi-ka-wei, packed to overflowing. The pews are doubly jammed; one row of worshippers sits while another kneels before them at their feet. The whole parish of six thousand seems intent on hearing midnight Mass, and care not for little inconveniences.

A novel custom seems to have originated at St. Ignatius, and it is finding great favor with the Chinese. It impresses vividly on their minds the birth of our Savior. When they enter the church, the people see the customary crib, with the Blessed Mother, St. Joseph, the angels and the shepherds, but the crib itself is empty. A few minutes before midnight the sacristy door opens, and out files a double line of blue-sashed altar boys in surplice and red cassock. Behind them four little fellows carry, in true Chinese regal fashion, the Holy Infant upon a sort of palanquin or stretcher. They make the tour of the whole church, followed by the priest, who, at about the stroke of twelve places the Infant in the manger and then ascends the altar to begin Holy Mass.

## LOUVAIN MISSION WEEK DISCUSSIONS

The general subject of the reports and of the discussions at the seventh annual Louvain Mission Week was: The Obstacles to the Apostolate. The Reverend Pierre Charles, S.J., draws two conclusions as representing the strongest impressions after the close of the meetings. They are: the necessity of a more close-knit collaboration between the universities of the Catholic world and the missions for the influencing of the intellectual elite

of the world whose thought is ever more and more invaded by agnostic rationalism; secondly, the necessity of going as rapidly as possible in organizing the Church in mission countries and of adapting the methods of the apostolate to actual conditions, so different from those existing before 1914. The importance of schools and especially of native clergy was thrown into full light. (F. S.)



*Christmas procession, St. Ignatius Church, Zi-ka-wei, China.*

## BISHOP AND TWO PRIESTS KILLED IN CHINA

His Lordship, Bishop Trudon Jans, O.F.M., Vicar Apostolic of Ichang, Hupeh Province, China, and two of his priests, Fathers Rupert Fynaerts, O.F.M., and Bruno Van Weert, O.F.M., were killed by bandits who were enraged because they found no money when they tried to rob the missionaries. Bishop Jans had worked for twenty-two years on the Chinese missions, but his two assistants were young men, arrived in China hardly a year ago.

These deaths, raise to twenty-two the total of Catholic priests killed in China (F. S.) Among these were two Jesuit priests, Fathers Dugout and Vanara, who were killed by soldiers at Nanking, March 24, 1927.

## CARMELITE RECEIVES VEIL IN CHINA

Prayer is undoubtedly the greatest help for the missions and members of the contemplative orders devote their lives to it. The day on which a future Carmelite nun takes the veil to hide herself for all days behind cloistered walls, is everywhere one of special interest; but it is of greater interest when the land is China and the young lady is Chinese. That happy day came recently for a Miss Ts'a, of Shanghai, when after due probation, she was admitted to the life of prayer and sacrifice which gives power to the labors of the missionary. Miss Ts'a is seen on the cover of our current issue, surrounded by her friends and members of her family. One of her brothers had preceded her, a few months before, to the Jesuit novitiate at Zi-ka-wei, to begin his years of preparation for the priesthood.

Besides the establishment in Indo-China, where the "Little Flower" desired to go, the

Carmelites have three monasteries in China proper. The oldest of these is the monastery of Shanghai, founded in 1869 when the first Carmelites arrived from Tours, France. The other two, situated at Kashing, near the coast between Shanghai and Canton, and at Chungking, far in the interior, are offshoots of the Shanghai Monastery. It may be interesting to know that of the twenty-one Carmelites in Shanghai, fourteen are Chinese.

To be received, the Carmelite candidate besides the requisite health and moral qualities, must be able to read Latin in order to chant the Divine Office properly, and to read and speak French. The perseverance necessary to meet these conditions has greatly eased the task of choosing among those who apply.

## AIRPLANES, MOTOR BOATS, MOTOR CARS FOR SOUTHWEST AFRICA

The "Pius XI," first motor boat for the *Mifu*, German society to help missions by supplying modern means of communication, has reached Walfish Bay in Southwest Africa. In the whole expedition there will be ten motor cars, three motor boats, and at least two airplanes. The first expedition of the *Mifu* Society has been fixed for the northern districts of Southwest Africa.

Father P. Schulte, O.M.I., a German army pilot during the World War, is the leading spirit in the new movement. Closely allied to him are Captain Koehl and Colonel Fitzmaurice, famous for their east to west flight across the Atlantic.

## SIX HUNDRED GRADUATE CATECHISTS

The Catechists' Normal School of Fianarantsoa in Madagascar has begun its fifty-first year of activity. During the half century passed, more than six hundred graduates have gone forth from the school to assist the French Jesuits in their work of conversion and instruction. It is notable that the typical product of the institution has been a man with great zeal for the apostolate, ready to sacrifice himself to the extent of accepting a salary much lower than he could command in a government post. In addition, these catechists have become the heads of model families that have given splendid example to the entire Catholic population. (F. S.)

## FRENCH SISTERS TO FOREIGN MISSIONS

The French Congregation of the Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, one of the pioneer institutes of the Church in providing missionary Sisters, during 1928 sent fifty-six religious to foreign fields. Of these, 30 went to the West Indies, Central and South America, 17 to Africa, four to Oceania, and five to India. (F. S.)

## ITALY'S 1928 MISSION OFFERING

The dioceses of Italy have touched the six million lire mark in their 1928 offerings for the missions through the Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith. This is eight times more than the country gave in 1921. (F. S.)

## RELIGIOUS CRISIS

### IN ISLAM

The religious crisis among the Mohammedans has extended itself into Africa. The Turks are tending more and more towards liberalism. The effect of this upon the Catholic missions has not been advantageous. The spirit of criticism, and a great desire for emancipation has taken hold of the Egyptians. Egypt is fast becoming Europeanized. Mohamed Aly is employing European teach-

ers for the education of the young. More young Egyptians are going to Europe for their education and are encouraged in this by the Government. On their return they have no longer any belief in the Koran. They are skeptics and care for nothing any more save their own so-called wisdom. Their studies in Europe have brought them no closer to the true Church. What they had possessed in

## Blessed Edmund Campion

(Feast Day, December 1)

Richard J. Dowling, S.J.

*ANOTHER Christ, you braved  
man's hate,  
Another Christ, you died.  
Men scorned you as a wily knave  
And cursed you in their pride.*

*Not knowing that your martyr heart  
Despised their rabble sport;  
For in your mind a Vision smiles,  
The Fool of Herod's court.*

*Not knowing that from Tyburn's bill  
Your eyes enraptured see,  
An Outcast of His people die,  
Your God on Calvary.*

matters religious has been taken away from them and they have no desire to investigate religious matters further. Formerly, education was in the hands of professors learned in the Koran, but now it rests in the hands of liberal Europeans educated in free-thinking European universities. Youth of the educated classes tend more and more towards irreligion. Even the famous University of Cairo, El-Ahzar, has felt the effects of this new religious or rather irreligious movement. Catholic missionaries are watching developments with considerable anxiety.

## JESUIT UNIVERSITY IN SYRIA

During the last scholastic year the Jesuit University in Beyrouth numbered 769 students in the college, 496 in the university, a total of 1,265. In the Oriental Seminary there were 109 students; seventy boarders and thirty-nine day scholars. Of this number, nineteen are studying philosophy and theology; the Maronites number sixty-nine, and are in the majority. The other rites represented are the Greek, Syrian and the Armenian.

## CATHOLIC KING IN TOGO, AFRICA

In Glidji (Togo), a heathen territory, a Catholic king has been elected. Not so long ago the days of election and coronation were accompanied by horrible hu-

man sacrifices. Fortunately, those days have passed. This year, Ascension Day, which was coronation day, the Catholics gathered in their church and many received the Sacraments. After Mass, Christians and pagans crowded around their new king, Aghano XII, and congratulated him on his new dignity.

## DEATH OF A FAMOUS MISSIONARY

On June 19, 1929 at Trichinopoly, died Father Louis Lacombe, S.J., famous missionary among the Brahmans. He was born in 1866 and came to India in 1888, where he was professor at St. Joseph's College at Trichinopoly and later Rector at the seminary and director of sodalities. He was the founder and editor of *The Morning Star*, a sodality paper, and also the founder and director of "The Indian Catholic Church Society." He was a staunch supporter of the "Apostle to the Brahmans," Father Billiard, S.J., and after the latter's death in 1914, he himself, became the spiritual director of the well known Catholic Brahman Colony of St. Mary's Toppe. He has done much to advance the work of the Brahman Colony since 1914.

## TWO SCHOLARSHIPS TO MISSION BOARD

Two scholarships, to train doctors for service in the foreign mission field, have been donated to the Catholic Medical Mission Board by the Reverend William J. Agnew, S.J., president of Creighton University, Omaha, Nebraska.

The Reverend Edward F. Garesche, S.J., director of the Board, announces that the scholarships will be awarded to the applicants considered most promising, and adds that an effort will be made to send one student to the university this year. Applicants must fulfill all university requirements, as well as pledge themselves to serve at least five years in the foreign field.

Both men and women are eligible for the scholarships, which give free tuition for an entire medical course.

## SUCCESSFUL YEAR AMONG BLACKFEET

Holy Family Mission in northern Montana, where FATHER IGNATIUS DUMBECK, S.J., is superior, is on the Blackfeet Indian Reservation, near Glacier National Park, a short distance east of the great Continental Divide. During the past year, the following sacraments were administered: 38 Baptisms, 4,629 Confessions, 14,000 Communions, 15 Marriages, 15 Extreme Unctions.

In the mission school there are 48 boys and 65 girls this year. Others applied, but had to be turned away because of lack of room. The children of the school are under the direction of six Ursuline Sisters and one lay teacher. One of the Brothers acts as prefect of the larger boys.

## PROTESTANT MISSIONS IN CONGO

Twenty-four different denominations are taking part in Protestant missionary propaganda in the Congo. They have 150 central stations. In nineteen hospitals they have thirty-five doctors and care for 122,372 sick people. Many dispensaries have been erected. Publicity has also been made use of. There are 124 publications about the bible, fifty-two Protestant hymn books, sixty-five books dealing with moral questions, thirty-eight histories, sixty books of fiction, eighty-two school texts and thirty-nine dealing with language questions. The books are gotten out in thirty-four different dialects.

## ARMENIAN REFUGEES IN GREECE

The work of caring for the souls of Armenian refugees in Greece has been entrusted by *Propaganda* to the Capuchin Fathers. Among 40,000 refugees, about 3,500 are Catholics. These poor people are in a sad plight. At the present time they are asked to pay taxes for the barracks in which they have been living, supposedly as guests. The poor Armenians are unable to pay the tax asked. The only things they could rescue from their homes were the bare essentials of life. The Capuchin missionaries plan to purchase ground and to build little homes for the Armenians.

## THE MARIANNE, CAROLINE AND MARSHALL ISLANDS

The Japanese Government is doing considerable work for the public schools in the Vicariates of these missions. There is a Japanese school on every larger island. Splendid schools have been erected for the natives. Even on the smaller islands good school buildings are found. Japanese teachers are employed where possible for the Japanese school. These schools are public national schools, and while the external features are well cared for, the same cannot be said of the care given the children and of the attention paid to the morals of the girls and boys. One result of this was that when the Catholic Sisters opened up a school they had no difficulty at all in getting pupils. Many children came to them even though they had to pay for their education. At present, in thirty-one Catholic schools there are some 3,500 children under instruction.

## WELL, WHAT YOU TINK

(Continued from page 246)

mission church just peeked around the corner of the medicine man's cabin. And equally sudden, a new train of thought emerged from some hidden inner recess. The boy was

baptized already by the Father of the mission; and he said something at the time, about a black angel first, and a white angel afterwards.

"What will he say, when I tell him that I give my 'kid' Jimmie away to that Longfingers, up in Ullula? He will get mad to me an' scold."

That neither paternal affection, nor pride, nor shame should suc-



ceed in changing the dusky hue of his leathern face, is not to be wondered at. Thus far only an Alaskan blizzard has done so, and the only other change will come over it after he has been gathered to the abode of his forefathers. But that certain scolding from the "Fadder" if he gives that "kid" away, that is something to be reckoned with.

**I**NSTANTLY his decision is made. Moving his gaze from vacancy, where it had rested since the church corner crossed his field of vision, he fixes it stonily on the expectant countenance of the other, and gathering with a mighty effort all the latent nobility of a noble race of ancestors, he delivers in fitting pose his final decision.

"Kids is not pups," he said majestically.

Emphasizing this with a terrible look of scorn, he turned on his heel and slumped down a muddy lane that led to where a crazy log cabin lurched into the path like a drunken spectre out of the long ago.

## IN SUNNY ALABAMA

(Continued from page 250)

children and He cannot sin." A Catholic mother's answer beautifully given to an immoral pagan world.

**I** LOOKED around at her cluster of children and I noticed how different they were from the ordinary run of country youngsters. They were all young, of course, and with the exception of the baby were healthy looking. That was not what attracted my attention so much as the beauty of their faces and the training they showed. I looked around to see what toys amused them, but the only sign of modern life I could see was a row of beautiful prints of Hoffman's and Raphael's sacred paintings. The pictures lined the walls of the poor room. It may seem an exaggeration or a pious fancy to say that the children looked for all the world as though they had posed for the pictures of the German and Italian masters. I doubted my senses, as I am not usually given to "seeing things." Other missionaries before and since have noticed the same resemblance.

**T**HE mother who so beautifully expressed the Catholic answer of a truly Catholic mother, "It is God who gives the children and God can do no wrong," has met one trial after another with an unwavering faith that we might associate with the Breton peasant, but hardly with the representatives of the Heffin constituency. The baby did not die, but the poor husband was forced to evacuate the old barn home and look elsewhere for work, to find happiness in some more remote place where the hand of God would protect his wife and children from the harm that their fellowmen seemed to force upon them.

Unsympathetic and bigoted neighbors have little use for Catholic folks in these sections of Alabama, and Nature itself is not rich in what it offers. But without doubt the Author of Nature has treasures uncounted for those who respect the principles of morality so simply yet forcefully expressed by a noble mother for the comfort of her husband in distress over his little ones.

## HIGH TIDE ON THE CARIBBEAN

(Continued from page 245)

man as man is of them when they are in an angry mood.

Other pests that made themselves more than ordinarily felt during this period were the big land crabs. The water drove them out of their holes in the bush, and they swarmed in on the College property, digging their big holes all around the immediate vicinity of the school. When Brother Jacoby saw this, he organized a crab hunt among the boys, offering prizes to the boys who killed the most crabs. In this way our yard was cleared of over three thousand of these pests in less than a week. That is a good sized army of them; and that army can do a lot of damage in the way of digging up the place.

Of course, the ever present snakes could not keep out of the picture at this time. Father Rooney killed a healthy fellow who was sleeping in the chicken house there to digest his dinner of two huge rats. Brother Stewart killed another that was coiled up in the banana room—a most necessary and a most popular room in a school of two hundred boys of the banana belt country.

## FLOWERS FOR JAMAICA

(Continued from page 249)

a little button of St. Theresa in my hand, looking at it. It suddenly grew large and looked alive. I was frightened, but I distinctly heard in my ears: 'What are you frightened for?'

"I took the large and looked-alive button and placed it on my knee, saying these words: 'Through my confidence in God and through the intercession of St. Theresa, may my leg be straightened out.' Instantly a current passed through my body, came to the knee of the sick leg and it was miraculously cured.

"Doctors explained it to be hysteria and predicted a return of the ailment within one year.

"Third anniversary on October 7, 1929, and no pain.

"Deo Gratias.

(Signed) Daisy T. Walker."



"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.

## Please Tell Me, Father—

Have the American Jesuits any missions in China?

No definite mission has as yet been officially assigned to American Jesuits. However, three priests and five scholastics of the California province have gone to China within the last year and a half. At present two of the priests are at work in Nanking; the other priest and the scholastics are studying and teaching at Shanghai. It is likely that a definite mission field will be assigned as soon as the new missionaries have mastered the Chinese language.

Do missionaries still want cancelled stamps?

Yes, there is a persistent appeal for cancelled stamps. Addresses of missionaries who can use stamps will be furnished gladly. Write to Desk "E," JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York.

What is a "prayer flag"?

"Prayer flags," in use among the pagans of India, especially north India, are long strips of white cloth attached to a pole. Spells, in the form of letters and animals, against the powers of darkness are printed on these flags. When the flag flutters in the breeze, says the pagan, the waving of the flag repeats the devil-driving phrase. Vocal prayer is then unnecessary.

Do American Jesuit missionaries use aeroplanes? I have read of the German "Miva" society and their African expedition to be made partly by plane. I have wondered whether any Americans have made the same use of flying on the missions.

Yes, American missionaries in Alaska have made use of aeroplanes, though so far they have not been their own pilots. The superior of the Alaskan missions has made extensive use of flying. The first American Jesuit to receive a license as a pilot is Brother George Feltes, S.J., of San Francisco. As soon as sufficient funds have been raised to purchase a mission aeroplane, Brother will be off to Alaska where his services will be invaluable to the scattered missions and missionaries.

Are any special studies required of a young man who desires to become a Jesuit Brother in the missions?

No special studies are required. These young men are gladly received

at the novitiates of the Society of Jesus in the United States, and in some Provinces special arrangements can be made so that they can apply especially for the missions. These Brothers are greatly needed in the mission fields.

Do the missionaries desire Mass stipends?

The missionaries all over the world are only too glad to receive stipends for Masses to be said for the intention of the donor. These stipends are gladly transmitted by the Jesuit Mission Press, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

How many Leper Colonies are in the care of the American Jesuits?

In the Philippine Islands two such colonies are served by the Fathers connected with the American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. These are at Culion and Cebu. Culion is the largest leproserium in the world. At other places the American Jesuits administer to hospitals which have lepers.

How many missions are in charge of the Jesuits?

According to the latest statistics there are forty-three missions assigned to the Fathers of the Society of Jesus. This is an increase over numbers that have been previously given. Several large missions have been divided into separate administrations, and a new mission along the Magdalena River, Colombia, South America, has been recently established.

How does one become affiliated with the Society for the Propagation of the Faith?

The Society for the Propagation of the Faith has three kinds of members:

1. Ordinary Members—who make a monthly offering of ten cents and recite daily an Our Father, Hail Mary, and the invocation, "St. Francis Xavier, pray for us."

2. Special Members—who make an offering of fifty cents or six dollars a year and recite the prayers prescribed above.

3. Perpetual Members—who contribute in one payment or in installments during a year the sum of \$40.00 and recite the prescribed prayers.

Living or deceased persons may be enrolled and share the spiritual advantages of the Society.

## THE MORNING MAIL

(Continued from page 253)

and much like the *Rover*, rather pampered and wilful and proud. But this old priest has opened my eyes and I've got a new outlook on life.

"Dad, he's wonderful! He is really gifted and learned, the most delightful conversationalist I have ever met; and yet he thanks God that he is buried out in these wilds. He lives a most arduous life here; he has to fight poverty, dirt, downright paganism, ignorance, fear, superstition, frightful distances, disease, loneliness and fatigue; he is everything here on the island, priest, doctor, lawyer, farmer, sailor and all. He has a large, widely scattered flock and his word is law. The natives fairly worship him.

"And now finally, Dad, I've got one more word. I haven't mentioned this priest's name, but it is Steele, Harlan Steele. And he told me of a night when Howard Grimby, then only a poor mechanic but a devout Catholic, called in a priest to bring the last sacraments to his dying wife; and how Father Steele stayed by her bedside and helped her to fight back to life and preserve the life in her baby when all others had despaired; and that mother was my mother; and that baby was—myself. And now he has saved me again!

"The *Rover* is almost ready Dad, but we've changed our course; I'm coming home to work, and to settle down and face life with a purpose.

"Dad, no more now, but I'll be writing again. With love etc.

Joe.

"P. S. Though Father Steele wouldn't hear of it I have decided to send some Christmas literature concerning the missions along with this letter. I always thought that sort of thing was publicity 'bunk,' but believe me, it doesn't even approximate the truth! Love, Joe."

Miss Fraser found occasion to enter the inner sanctum of Howard G. Grimby after he had been there about twenty minutes. He was on his knees before the wastebasket, fumbling with its contents. He found a crumpled ball of paper, smoothed it out and began to read.

He read very slowly, for his eyes were dimmed . . . and on such a bright, glorious winter morning too, the Monday before Christmas.

### Grateful Acknowledgments

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### BOOK REVIEWS

**Modern Indictment of Catholicism.** By William I. Lonergan, S.J. America Press, New York, N. Y. Five cents each. \$4.00 per 100.

Under the title of "Modern Indictment of Catholicism?" Father Lonergan offers the reader five splendidly written, timely pamphlets, filled with a great deal of information for ready use in defence of the Church. The pamphlets should prove most useful to priests and educated laymen. The five pamphlets are:

- I. Is the Church Intolerant?
  - II. Is the Church Arrogant?
  - III. Is the Church Un-American?
  - IV. Is the Church Olficious?
  - V. Is the Church a National Asset?
- America Press offers another pamphlet along similar lines, a reprint from

*Thought*. It is entitled, "The Church and Tolerance" and is the work of Michel Riquet, S.J.

**"Come, Let Us Adore."** By Francis LeBuffe, S.J. America Press, New York, N. Y. Ten cents. \$7.00 per 100.

**The Word Made Flesh.** By Timothy Brosnahan, S.J. America Press, New York, N. Y. Five cents.

Two timely pamphlets for the Advent and Christmas season. Helpful for pious reflection and useful, too, for preachers in preparing seasonal sermons. Father LeBuffe's pamphlet embodies three separate chapters: "Advent but No Christmas"; "Saint Joseph: High-Powered Efficiency Expert"; "Our Christmas Heritage."

**Marriage Problems.** By Martin J. Scott, S.J. The Paulist Press, New York, N. Y. Five cents. \$3.50 per 100.

Father Scott is a prolific writer of Catholic apologetic literature. His writings are clearcut, and he handles his subjects in a way sympathetic to the non-Catholic reader as well as the Catholic. The present pamphlet, one of "Father Scott's Radio Talks," does not fall below the standard set in the author's previous works. It is clear, to the point, and handles a difficult subject in a rather complete and satisfying way.

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