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December, 1930

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A Holy and A Happy Christmas



The true peace of Christmas is found at the Crib. Jesus Christ Himself left His heavenly abode to be born in a stable. Three hundred American Jesuits have given up their homes to bring the blessings of the Crib to more than thirty million pagans. These same missionaries appreciate the truth that it is more blessed to give than to receive. As Christ gave Himself to the world on Christmas Day, they have given themselves to Christ and His service that countless others may be drawn to the Crib to see and love the Incarnation of Infinite Peace.

As you kneel at the Crib will you not breathe a little extra prayer for the American Jesuit missionaries? And in the spirit of Christmas, as Christ gave Himself to us, as the missionaries have given themselves to Christ, will you not give something to the cause of Christ in the missions? Your financial offering, however small, will help to make Christmas a little brighter for the American Jesuit missionaries.

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The Shepherd

The shepherd watched his blue-blown breath
Rise softly 'gainst the peaks
Of near-by hills; he searched the stars
Like one who seeks and seeks:
Could they not tell if dawn would burst
Through Daniel's long-veiled weeks?

Around him slept his tired flocks
Where they had roamed to graze
Upon the hillside; through the hills
He turned and turned his gaze:
When would they skip like baby lambs
Along their craggy ways?

When would the waiting Earth press close
Her Maker to her breast?
Ah, then! the sea could lay its head
Upon the shore and rest,
And all the heavens could mirror wide
The Light by Earth possessed!

And as he watched, he hoped and prayed—
When suddenly the skies
Grew bright with midnight Dawn; and all
The air rang out with cries
Of "Peace!" Emmanuel had heard
The World's four thousand sighs!

Laverne F. Wilhelm, S.J.

Noche

Buena

William J. Duffy, S.J.

THE radio's greeting of "Merry Christmas" and "Happy New Year" make sweeter melody each new Yuletide over the air in the States, and the same is true of the *Maayong Pasko* and *Malipayon Bagong Tuig* on the shores of Mindanao, P. I. Christmas, coming as it does at a time of the year when these tropical islands are enjoying their fairest and most refreshing weather, is, as in all countries, a season of joy and holiday, but it is beautiful here to see how the celebration of Christmas centers around the Infant who was born on that day, the Christ Child Himself.

The practise which seems to accentuate the true meaning of Christmas is the age-old Philippine custom of making a novena before the feast. The main daily event of this novena is the *Misa de Aguinaldo* or "Christmas Gift Mass," which begins each morning at four o'clock, and is very well attended in all the towns and cities. On the nine days before Christmas the town is aroused from its slumber at three A.M., by the sharp, joyful clanging of the church bells. People accustomed to the quiet tolling of a single church bell on a Sunday morning have no idea of the tumult that can come from the three or four bells in a Filipino campanile when they all start swinging together. Of course, the town chanticleers lend their assistance in opening sleepy eyes, while in some towns where the sleepers are especially obstinate, a band marching through the streets shortly after three A.M., sounds a tuneful reveille. When the organ and the choir unite in the *Kyrie* of the High Mass, the church is thronged, as it used to be on Sundays when Catholicity was at its full bloom in the Philippines. During the Christmas Novena the statues of Joseph and Mary are enthroned above the altar, and on Christmas Eve the statue

"Maayong Pasko" —
A Merry Christmas
—from Mindanao's
shores.



of the reclining Infant is placed between saintly Joseph and the Virgin Mother. This novena of High Masses in preparation for Christmas makes the souls of the people ready for the great feast.

IN immediate preparation for Christmas, practically every Catholic home prepares its *Belem*, its stable of Bethlehem, its Christmas crib. The poorer people make a little replica of Bethlehem with its stable-cave and set it on a table in a corner of their houses, while those who can afford it, make a larger one at the front of their homes so that the passer-by may enjoy it. On Christmas Eve or *Noche Buena*, as it is called in Spanish-speaking lands, a group of carollers and pilgrims go in procession through the streets of the town singing Christmas hymns before the *Belenes*.

Then, at the hush of midnight, comes the great event in those towns and barrios which are blessed with a priest. Many communities, however, small barrios especially, since the expulsion of many Spanish priests during the Philippine revolution back in '98, rarely have Mass said in them. The midnight Mass is called *Misa del Gallo* or "Mass of the Cock." For this solemnity the churches are often decorated in a unique Filipino way. Lanterns made of thin strips of bamboo, covered with paper of rainbow hues, some star-shaped, some round, others fashioned to represent miniature aeroplanes, are suspended from the roofs of the churches and chapels to ornament and light the interior. An elaborate system of wires, stretching along the top of the nave from front to back, has suspended from it heroic sized paper-made angels and shepherds, and near the rear of the church, Magi who are supposed to be journeying towards the big illuminated star over the altar. In these surroundings the Consecration bell announces the greatest event of the Christmas feast, the coming of Christ.





"A group of children . . . engaged in a pantomime . . . of what took place on the first Christmas."

At the end of the holy Mass there is the pious custom of the kissing of the *Bambino*. The priest carries a life size figure of the Infant Savior along the Communion rail, and the people kiss it one by one. At the very end of the services, in some churches, a group of little children representing the shepherds file out into the body of the church and engage in a pantomime of what took place in Bethlehem on the first Christmas night more than nineteen hundred years ago.

Many are these shepherds that greet you throughout the Christmas time. They have no sheep to care for, and "minstrels" is a more significant appellation for these shepherds of two or three weeks each year. The shepherds or minstrels are a group of young and old who sing and act the story of the first Christmas. In song, dialogue and appropriate tableau they review the journey to Bethlehem, the inhospitable reception at the Inn, the songs of the angels and the joy of the shepherds as they hasten to offer the fragrant incense of their hearts' adoration to the Divine Infant. Every village has its group of minstrels, who always include the rectory of the priest on their itinerary. At the conclusion of their drama the players will wish their host a cordial *Maayong Pasko*, and he returns the greetings with a "Merry Christmas" and a little well deserved offering. Each group of minstrels has its own orchestra, varying in number of pieces from two to six and even more. The first prize minstrels of the past Christmas in Jimenez, Mindanao, were the minstrels from Bohol, who entertained at the rectory Christmas evening at seven o'clock. This troupe journeyed twelve hours on the sea before they reached port. From Catholic Bohol across the sea, they brought to Mindanao hills and hamlets the same glad saving tidings that the heavenly angelic messengers heralded on the hills of Bethlehem. "Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will."

It is with this message ringing in their ears and singing in their hearts that the happy family groups return to their homes in the darkness of the early morning to enjoy a Christmas repast which is always had after the midnight Mass. Now comes the children's time of rejoicing, as they receive their *Aguinaldos* or Christmas presents. The youngsters kiss the hand of mother, father, godmother, godfather, aunts and uncles, and they know that in return they will receive something that will make them happy.

At dinner on Christmas day, the turkey is the lord of the American table, but speak to a Filipino of *lechon*, roast pig, and you will find that Charles Lamb is not the only one who can be eloquent on such a subject. Sometimes the missionary is invited to share this *banquete* with the happy family group, but more often he makes his own. One missionary told me of the strangest Christmas gift he had ever received. After his second Mass, a little girl came up and presented him with two eggs!

The atmosphere of real Christmas good cheer that is everywhere in evidence bespeaks the spirit of Catholicism that still reigns in the hearts of the Filipino people despite the space of almost a generation without priestly ministrations, except at rare intervals. *Felices Pascuas* or *Maayong Pasko* is the cheery greeting that passes between friends as they meet on Christmas day. This season of charity presents the hospitable Filipinos in their truest and best light. To make the Christmas faith of the land live with vigor throughout the whole church year is the task that we hope zealous priests helped by the Faithful will soon accomplish. Though still few in numbers, the American Jesuit missionaries are setting themselves nobly to the work. Already by means of their schools, built and maintained at the cost of great sacrifices, hundreds of children are growing up in the full vigor of Catholic life and practice.

"Each group of minstrels has its own orchestra."



PIERRE of the CAJENS

Samuel H. Ray, S. J.

The author has been doing missionary work among the old Louisiana settlers. In the present article he draws brief but interesting sketches of two fast vanishing types of old timers.—Editor.

Evangeline oak on Bayou Teche arouses sad memories among the descendants of the exiled Acadians.

THE Catholic Church is changing, my friend. At least, so says Pierre, and he is ready with his proof. Pierre is a good Catholic. He is a type of those old time Acadians now rarely found along the bayous and out on the prairies of Louisiana. He is Catholic by practise, conviction and tradition. The faith is in his blood. We call him "Cajen" in terms of familiar affection, instead of Acadian. All the world knows through "Evangeline" the romantic story of those sweet, unoffending exiles of Acadia who were transported and transplanted amid tears and blood into the fertile stretches of Louisiana. Pierre was a Cajen and Cajen means primarily Catholic. Yet Pierre would prove that the same Catholic Church is changing today.

"Many years ago, when I was a boy," he said, "the missionary came to our plantation every two years. And when he came, my friends, oh, what grand ceremonies! All the work on the farm stopped for three days. Everyone was dressed up in the finest. Chickens, pigs and calves were killed for all to celebrate the feast. Believe me, the courtbouillon, the crawfish bisque and the gumbo were delicious.

"The missionary heard all the confessions; the new babies were baptized; the marriages were blessed; Mass was said in the big front room. Yes, it was pretty. Then the missionary went away and—good-bye for two more years.

"After a while, times begin to change, and the missionary begins to arrive once every year. We go to confession and Communion then once a year. Now they begin to build these big roads and many people pass up and down. And, so, the missionary rides up on his horse twice a year. We confess again. But, my friend, that is growing harder.

"Then, what do you think happens? Imagine! The railroad men open up the land and build right through the farms. One fine day, the missionary himself, my friend, arrives on the train and says he will be coming back once a month. Oh, but that is often!

"Finally, my friend, the missionary comes along; builds a chapel right here and stands up in it and goes so far as to say, 'You must go to Mass every Sunday.' *Jamais!* Oh, no, my friend; that is too much. How this Church has changed!"

Who will be surprised if Pierre sometimes misses Mass on Sunday? It is somewhat difficult for him to change his old habits.

Another fast disappearing type to be found on the missions is the snake doctor. So now you must meet my friend, the snake doctor.

"You say the snake bit you? Very well, come and I will cure you. Give me three pieces of string, each about nine inches long. Hold up the finger that is bitten. Around this I put the knotted string."

Thereupon, the kind (Turn to page 269)



CUPID *Carves a Notch*

Richard A. Welfle, S.J.



Registering full steam ahead.

TO DO justice to the subject would, I know, require a talkie done in colors. But for want of the real thing here in Patna, India, a mere word picture must do. When I went to bed, besides the inevitable barking of innumerable dogs and the unearthly wailing of the jackals, the air was being rent by the incessant thrumming of tablas, jangling tam-tams, singing and dancing, and just plain unadulterated yelling. I was awakened during the night; the bedlam was registering full steam ahead. And when I woke in the morning, the party was still going strong.

"What's all the excitement about?" I inquired.

"Someone's getting married, I suppose," was the reply.

I didn't understand. Or, rather, I thought I had been misunderstood.

"No, I mean all this tam-tam stuff, and the tablas."

Bride and groom?—No because these are Catholic children of India.

"Yes, I know. There will be plenty more of it before the day is over."

He was right. Shortly after dinner I was startled by the reports of what sounded like a couple of shot-guns, followed by the shrill strains of a bagpipe. It was too much for my emotional spirit; I had to see the show. So I jumped on my bike and made for a corner, where a large crowd had gathered to see the sight.

As the fun began, I was decidedly reminded of an impressive description I had read somewhere of a pageant in the days when knighthood was in flower. The description ran something like this: "The buzzing throng is suddenly hushed, as a grand flourish of trumpets rings out upon the air, and a glittering cavalcade swings into view. Great lords, belted knights, and magnificent ladies ride in attendance upon a dignified figure, done



in dark, gold-embroidered velvet, and seated upon a white palfrey."

ALL this very likely made a very colorful pageant, but I doubt that it surpassed in the least degree the one before us. Two turbaned figures, with black beady eyes, and bearing shotguns, led the way. At psychological intervals, when things threatened to get tame, they fired a couple of shots, drowning out for a time the thin, reedy notes of the bagpipe corps that followed close behind. Then came two banner-bearers, from whose bamboo staffs flowed yards of colored cloth generously decorated with Hindi characters. After these came the so-called gardens, inseparable from every first class wedding procession. They consist of flowers, miniatures of camels, elephants, dogs, etc., made of paper of every imaginable color and combination of colors, the brilliant ones predominating.

But my gaze had already passed by these and swept down along the line of march to where the elephants came lumbering along. There were freakish designs done in red and yellow paints on their ample flapping ears and restless trunks. And, of course, the ivories and trappings had all been polished up for the occasion. On the back of the largest pachyderm was a richly trimmed howdah, and in it, just to and fro to the rhythmic sway of the beast, was a portly turbaned figure, and beside him a very small boy in pink satin coat, who seemed to be wondering what it was all about. Fortunately, it was just at this point that I was inspired to inquire who was getting married. And I was informed, with no apologies, that all this display was in honor of the youngster up there on the big elephant.

"Impossible!" I exclaimed. "He's but a mere boy."

"Just the same, he's the one that's getting married," I was assured.

I COULD not help thinking that there was something wrong somewhere, and I didn't feel at ease until further inquiries revealed that, though the lad was indeed being married at this tender age, nevertheless the present ceremonies signified little more than that after a sufficient dowry had been offered by the bride's family, a bargain was struck, and the contract signed. But it would become completely effective only later on after some years had passed.

Recently Cupid had to work overtime. The Government passed a law fixing the marriageable age limit at fourteen years for girls and sixteen for boys. There was considerable flurry just before it went into effect. Solicitous parents were anxious that their sons and daughters be mated, and they made hasty appeals to Cupid. The wily little archer responded nobly. Heart-piercing shafts shot forth from his swift bow in rapid succession, and during these days covered palanquins could be seen by the score passing along the roads, bearing their jealously guarded, tender brides-to-be.



And they lived happily ever after.

This early activity on the part of Cupid would seem to have its dark side. And yet one is almost inclined to forgive him in view of the very wholesome fact that extremely seldom are his matings severed in divorce. Perhaps this is partially to be accounted for by the fact that the Hindu marriage ceremonial is such an elaborately detailed proceeding that, having once survived it, one would hate to spoil it all by a divorce, much less go through the ordeal a second time.

Before the actual ceremonies begin, there must, of course, take place the preliminary negotiations of a matchmaking. Here, since the two chiefly concerned are far too young to direct their own destinies, Cupid delegates the office to others, frequently to the Brahman, and oddly enough, sometimes to the barber, who plays no small part in carrying out the marriage ceremonial. The betrothal consists in making a present, such as an ox or a quantity of rice, to the bridegroom's people on the occasion of the formal proposal and its acceptance.

The actual cere- (Turn to page 269)





"I am, Sir, sincerely yours,
Aaron Anderson."

AARON GO BRAGH!

Joseph L. LeRoy, S.J.

IN his tour of inspection, imagine Father Mac's surprise at finding a Catholic catechism, a Protestant hymn book and an Anglican prayer book in the hands of these "would be" Catholics. Not only that! The five assistant catechists were Protestants! He proceeded to instruct them in true Catholic doctrine, starting with the Sign of the Cross, the Our Father, the Hail Mary, devotion to Mary, and the meaning of the True Church. He baptized eight children, rehearsed his flock in "Silent Night," and then bade adieu, expressing his hope that his new flock would soon have a church.

During the following week a letter arrived at Kingston

HAGLEY GAP is a small settlement in the hills of Jamaica about twenty-four miles from Kingston. It has little to boast of in worldly goods, but it possesses a true spirit of religion. Among the number of its inhabitants is one Aaron Anderson.

Aaron of old led the chosen people to the promised land. This Aaron of today, imbued with a fervent zeal, brought the priest of God to a new land ready for the harvest. He sowed the first seeds of faith in Hagley Gap.

Mother Magdalen of Alpha led Aaron to the true Fold. Later on she saw him married at the altar. To be baptized a Catholic and wedded by the priest was not enough for Aaron. His desire was to bring the joy of the Catholic Faith to his own people. He started in Hagley Gap. Quietly he assumed the role of teacher and gathered together thirty-five children in order to teach them the word of God. The children learned day by day.

One day Aaron met Father Mac, the genial missionary, and asked him to inspect the work he had begun. The third Sunday of June Father Mac chose as inspection day, but since he had never before visited Hagley Gap, he missed by fifteen miles. Aaron wondered at the delay and started out on foot to meet "Fadder." They missed each other, but finally met at the Gap. Aaron's greeting was this, "The priest's disappointment is God's appointment."



Entering "the promised land"—neath a chapel of palm and bamboo.

addressed to "Fadder Danall," dated from Hagley Gap, July 6, 1930.

"Rev. Father Danall—

"I, Aaron Anderson, do an obediently beg to approach in, righting haveing been seeking for a spot of erecting a church, an true the merrit of God Mr. Robert Moor of Hagley Gap do and (Turn to page 269)

Odjibways Seek

Fred J. Lynch, S.J.

FATHER COUTURE

is one of our tireless Indian missionaries whose days are passed in conveying the consolations of the Faith to the widely separated Indian villages of the North, in summer on foot and by canoe, in winter, on snowshoe and dog-sled. The biting, penetrating cold, which not infrequently registers thirty and forty degrees below zero, and the cutting lake winds which nothing can resist,

call forth all the physical strength and moral courage of the missionary whose only reward is the progress in holiness of his scattered flock.

Longlac in Ontario, where Father Couture spent Christmas, 1929, among the Odjibway Indians, was at that time the merest mission station. When Father arrived there, a day or two before Christmas, he was conducted to the chapel which proved to be little more than four bare walls and a roof. Other than a table which Father converted into an altar, the interior was entirely lacking in such sacred things as, a Way of the Cross, sanctuary lamp, monstrance, crib, and, what is of the greatest importance in the eyes of the Indians, a statue or image of the Child Jesus. Father, taught in the rude school of the missions, was not discouraged, but began immediately to prepare his cathedral for the services of Christmas. From here, there and everywhere, he collected all available articles of devotion, and with the ingenuity which is the gift of life upon the missions, soon made the rude structure a little more worthy of the Divine Guest whom it was to shelter. In an amazingly short time a complete transformation had taken place, and what was recently little more than a large empty barn, was magically turned into a chapel with sanctuary lamp, altar, benches for the Faithful, and



Little Odjibway Indians come to welcome and adore the new-born King.

THE King

even decorations to proclaim the joyous spirit of the season.

FATHER COUTURE was reassured early on Christmas morning that his labors had not been in vain. Long before he ascended the altar steps to begin the Holy Sacrifice, the benches which he had improvised were occupied, and standing room was at a premium.

What heroic lessons in true love of our Divine Lord we can learn from these simple children of nature, deprived of all the conveniences which surround us and make the practice of religion so much more easy! One group of ten, consisting of seven men, one woman and two children, came

all the way from Fort Hope, ninety miles by dog-team and another ninety by train, to pay their devotions to the Christ Child. Eight others came from Mubert, four hundred miles distant, three from Pays Plot, one hundred and fifty miles away, another seven from Sand Point, a journey of eighty miles. Gull Bay sent two representatives who plodded through the deep snow of thirty miles of dense forest before reaching the railroad. The most heroic achievement of all, perhaps, is that of an Indian who braved sixty-six miles of barren land on snowshoes, alone and loaded with gun, axe, teapot and provisions. Surely the Mass meant something more than a mere act of daily routine to people who made such sacrifices to attend it! Surely the hearts of those two hundred who received our Divine Lord were filled with a joy which is not of this world but is of Heaven's making!



A MOMENT'S reflection upon the extreme poverty and acute sufferings of these heroes of Christ increases our amazement at their accomplishment. Having no money whatever, they are obliged to exchange their winter's catch of fur for provisions and their railroad fare. En route, they eat but once a day and sustain their strength and vigor at intervals with boiled (Turn to page 270)

Champion Santa

W. J. Birmingham, S.J.



QUICKLY drawing back from her post of watch at the door, the Franciscan nun steps before the assembled crowd of Indian children, and with a warning forefinger to her lips quiets them instantly with an admonitory, "S,sh, here he comes!"

From out of the hallway leading into the gymnasium, where the children are assembled, come forth the rafter-shaking shouts of the grand old man of mystery and of joy, Santa Claus. An expectant hush pervades the hall. Nine hundred boy and girl eyes are alight with anticipation and are riveted on the doorway. Suddenly, another great shout booms forth at the very threshold, and behold, he enters, the great bewhiskered, bepillowed Santa. He strides forth majestically into the hall, gesturing his acknowledgment of the wholehearted greeting he is receiving. He reaches an open space encircling a towering Christmas tree standing in the center of the

floor, and tossing his bag of toys and gifts by the tree, throws out his arms in a wide gesture of welcome. In a ringing tone he calls out his official Christmas greetings to the children of St. Francis Mission.

ANOTHER annual week of Christmas celebration has thus been inaugurated at this large Sioux Indian Mission in South Dakota. Unlike their more fortunate friends, the whites, the red-skinned youngsters will not leave the mission school to return to their homes

on the prairies to enjoy their holidays. They remain at the mission during the vacation, but so zealously do the scholastics and nuns labor to provide them with a week's run of happiness and entertainment that, were they allowed to leave, very few would actually do so. It is a trying week for the teaching staff of the mission. Added to the already arduous duties of the normal school year, this week of overtime labor taxes the patience and strength of even the hardiest of mission teachers. However, a kindly concession of Province Superiors greatly relieves the burden. With an under-

(Turn to page 270)



Seen from the air. St. Francis Mission on the South Dakota prairie.

The Midnight Mass

William J. Healy, S.J.

PERHAPS, because he was so young a priest, this unexpected turn of events disappointed him the more. Tonight he was to say his first Christmas Mass as a missionary; but he was to say it alone. For a week he had been making preparations. A crib had been built; evergreens had been gathered in profusion; the boy's choir had laboriously learned a few Christmas carols. He had hoped to have all his flock in the church for the midnight Mass.

Last year, he remembered, he had sung his midnight Mass back in the States. There had been a magnificent church, brilliantly lighted and richly adorned, a congregation of hundreds, and a great choir to celebrate in song the birth of the Savior. But, tonight, he would say his midnight Mass in a rude little church, unattended and alone, for a wild storm had come roaring down from the hills; snow and wind in a driving fury had completely cut off the little church from the settlement. By morning, if the storm would have subsided enough, he knew his people would fight their way out through the drifts to hear their Christmas Mass; but no man would be abroad that night. It was impossible.

HE passed from his living quarters into the church. It was very cold and empty and lonely. Outside a loose shutter banged continually in the wind. When he lit the candles, the tiny, yellow flames fluttered feverishly. He knelt before the crucifix for a while in prayer; his prayer was that God would come to His people at least with the morning. Then he stepped into the alcove, just off the sanctuary and began to vest for Mass.

He was knotting his cincture, when suddenly a wild rush of wind swept through the bare little building. The door had been opened; someone was entering! He looked out in astonishment. The light was dim, but he could make



"The tiny Host between his fingers and thumb, he approached the lone communicant. He started back, involuntarily, in surprise."

out the form of a man struggling to close the door, fighting with that fury outside. Near him stood another figure; and the priest saw with amazement that it was a woman. They had closed the door now, and were shaking the snow from their garments. Then they walked on into the church; and when the woman knelt in one of the benches, the man came on to the vestry.

The priest was puzzled. Who were they? Somehow, he felt that he knew them well, as though he had seen and conversed with them many times. He ransacked his memory, fruitlessly. At any rate, they were not from the settlement. Probably some hill folk attracted by his lights and seeking refuge from the storm, he decided; perhaps they were not even Catholics.

BUT the man's words surprised him. "Father, she wishes to receive Communion."

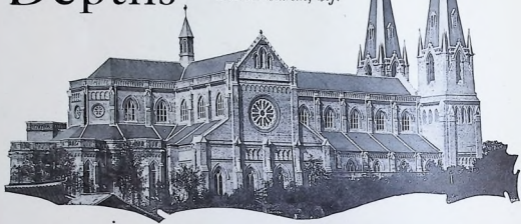
Startled, the priest asked in return, "Won't she need to confess first?" But the man replied, smiling, "There is no need." He returned then to where the woman knelt.

Finally vested, the priest began the prayers at the foot of the altar. It was a strange but beautiful Mass. The priest felt that somehow this night he was caught up and made a part of that drama of the first Christmas night. Nearly two thousand years had passed, and still the Savior came to the world of men. Again it was Christmas night. A storm, a (Turn to page 271)



Sounding THE Depths

Charles Simons, S.J.



A monument to China's Faith. Jesuit church at Zi-ka-wei.

A LONG line of white-surpliced Chinese filed down the aisle before us. It was the first Sunday of the month and our first Sunday in China. On this day it has been the custom at Zi-ka-wei, during recent years, to have a solemn procession of the Blessed Sacrament in thanksgiving for having escaped the pillage and destruction so general throughout China in the Spring of 1927. The sight, as well as that of the immense number of Holy Communions on the First Friday two days before, was inspiring.

"Most of the young men in the procession," remarked a fellow Jesuit afterwards, "are students in the seminary here; there are more than sixty of them." And then questions began to rise in my mind. On the one hand there was a magnificent display of Catholicity, but on the other—I longed to dig beneath the habitual stoic expression of the Chinese, so striking to the newcomer, and see if there was more than mere display.

"Just how deep an impression has our Faith made on the Catholics of the Orient? Do they really appreciate the beauties of our Faith?" Such were the questions I sought an answer for. Various events during the following months were significant: the entering of a young Chinese girl into the Carmelites Convent where fourteen out of twenty-one were Chinese like herself; the conversion of a young man who then

succeeded in having his whole family baptized, and, until his entrance into the Jesuit Novitiate, exercised such an influence over the members of his class that they all attended catechism instructions,—these cases, though striking, did not reveal the inner workings of the soul. I had to wait for over a year for the answer to come.

RAP! Rap! Rap! came an unpretentious but decided knock at the door.

"Come in," responded the kindly voice of Father X.; and he turned to greet the visitor, a young seminarian, a Chinese, of nineteen years who entered and closed the door carefully behind him. The Father's eyes lighted up, for here was one of his men that was true gold throughout.

"I have come," said Sen Tsen-kong, "to ask a permission."

The Father saw at a glance that there was question of no ordinary permission, and so he motioned him to a chair.

"I should like to . . ." he continued, and his voice dropped low, so that by no chance could his words be heard by any other than the Father of his soul. The Father listened attentively, and nodded assent.

"But," he responded, "first make a novena to the Sacred Heart in preparation for the feast of St. Margaret Mary which is near



at hand, and then you may do as you wish."

A few weeks later, Sen Tsen-kong lay dying, but with a smile and air of contentment that is known to few. Five days before he had been rushed to the hospital and the operating table. At first he seemed to be recovering successfully, but then complications set in and the young man knew that in a few hours he would be face to face with his God.

HE consoled his weeping father and mother with the words, "Do not weep, I am happy. We must thank God for all the graces He has given us. I am going to Heaven; I shall pray for you. Courage, my good mamma, we must offer this sacrifice to the good God. It is the good God who wishes it; we must obey."

Turning to his sister, who was a postulant for the Sisters of Charity, he told her to be obedient to her superiors and to keep her rules; and then very pointedly advised his elder brother to be careful in assisting at Mass and going to confession.

This same calm presence of mind reached even to the delicate affairs of his own soul. When asked if he wished to make a final confession, he replied, "There is no need; I went two days ago." Well made regular weekly confessions, extending over years, now brought him at death perfect peace of soul.

"I am going to Heaven," he said, addressing the Fathers at his bedside, "I ask pardon for all the trouble I have caused you. Ask pardon for me of all my com-



After Mass on Christmas morning.

panions for all my faults and for all the good I have not done. I am in peace. May God's Will be done! I have only one regret,—that I have not loved our good God sufficiently; I have not been sufficiently generous in His service. Oh, tell my companions to love the good God and to refuse Him nothing! I offer my sufferings and I make the sacrifice of my life for souls and for the conversion of China."

THESE last words awakened memories in the mind of the young man's Spiritual Father. The day of a short time before came back in all its freshness, when Sen-Tsen-kong revealed the desires of his soul in asking a now partly forgotten permission. Feeling in the depths of his being that it is after all God alone who converts hearts, and that there is nothing we can do more powerful with God to bring that blessing to others than the complete sacrifice of ourselves to Him, Sen Tsen-kong had asked and received permission to offer himself in a most solemn way to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, as a victim of sacrifice for the conversion of souls.

"Was this the answer of Heaven to that offering?" thought the Father. "Did Almighty God take this chosen soul to Himself so soon after its offering, that by the death of one, countless others might live?" God alone knows the answer to these questions; it is hidden among the secrets of His Providence.

Ten days later it was Christmas. Sen Tsen-kong had died on the evening of the fifteenth of December. During the holidays we assisted at a program presented by the young man's fellow seminarians. One even joyous number, the tribute of bright-faced, perhaps envious seminarians, was "Sen Tsen-kong's first Christmas in Heaven."

I felt the answer to my questions were received. The Church is producing her saints in China. The mark of holiness is here. Truly, Catholicism has struck the deep roots that promise sturdy growth.

Chinese cherubs? Just wait till after the procession!



DEEP DOWN in Ani

Bernard H



Alaska's "Glacier Priest," Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J.

AN incredulous, rather startled yell, "It's active!" came from all of us at once, as we saw a column of steam rise from contorted blocks of lava and disappear into the azure depths of an Alaskan sky. For a week we had been enjoying the novelty of living inside the crater of Alaska's monster volcano, Aniakchak, whose bulk covers half the width of the Alaska Peninsula in a hundred mile circumference base gradually leading to a gigantic rim twenty-one miles around.

Bent on a thorough exploration of the great crater, discovered, but not entirely investigated, by R. H. Sargent of the U. S. Geological Survey in 1922, we had left San Francisco on May 16, 1930, courtesies of transportation being extended to us by the Alaska Packers Corporation. We were a little unfinanced University group of five, Roderick "Red" Chisholm of football fame, now Professor of Calculus at St. Ignatius University, San Francisco, Kenneth Chisholm, James Barron and Charles Bartlett, all husky young athletes, and the Glacier Priest. Pooling our common resources we embarked on a Bering Sea fishing steamer, and after a week's rolling across the Pacific Ocean, we arrived at Chigink, whence we proceeded forty miles up the coast to Aniakchak Bay, and in our own boat and outboard motor negotiated the uncharted waters of Aniakchak River until white water forced us to cache our boat and take to the trailless tundra under pack. Five days struggling brought us to the gash in the crater's wall whence rushed the foam-flecked river, and we huddled in the lee of a volcanic bomb while a blizzard spent its force over our heads. We then followed bear tracks into the volcano's interior, finding in the thirty square miles area crater floor a wonderland in itself.

RISING impressively in the center, a volcano within the volcano comparable to Vesuvius lay in snow-clad silence. A lake filled with trout and young salmon was tucked into one corner, though it was two and one half miles long. Bear tracks around its edge indicated that generations of huge Kodiak bears had used this fastness as an undisturbed fishing ground. Foxes yapped at us from lava cone burrows, and grouse and ptarmigan rose in flocks from flower-strewn meadows. It was hard to believe that all these wonders were inside a grim exploded volcano's precipitous 3,000 foot walls, but after four years of exploration I have come to the conclusion that nothing is too unreal, nothing too surprising not to be a reality in magic Alaska.

We pitched our tent in a sheltered cove near the head of the lake where lava buttresses offered protection, and alders and willows for camp fires abounded, and a limpid streamlet gushed forth through mossy banks. Our packs had been over one hundred pounds per man and we were glad to get rid of the load at our semi-permanent camp inside of Aniakchak. Equally matching the thrills of physical grandeur, and surpassing them in their own order, were the spiritual feelings as we rose that first white morning, set up our altar on a lava bomb and called Christ the King down into His volcanic sanctuary of the wilderness. Every day in our years of explorations, with rare exceptions when blizzards raged, we said our daily Mass and the boys received their daily Communion, the Bread of Angels, but we could not help but feel an exaltation on this occasion which was



"Rising impressively in the center, a volcano within the volcano"

Aniakchak

Hubbard, S. J.

probably the first time in the world's history that the Sacrifice of the Mass was offered inside a volcano.

METHODICALLY we set to work exploring every section of the crater floor. We climbed the rim and photographed the whole setting in a series of panoramic views. We tested some wonderful iron-soda-bicarbonate springs near the lake; we investigated the various mineral and vegetable specimens abounding everywhere; and then climbed the 4,000-foot Vent Mountain whence we might pick out other points of interest to explore. As yet we had no idea of the real discovery in store for us, feeling



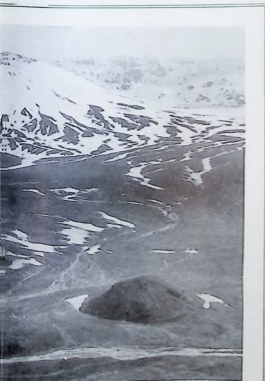
By God's own handiwork—Crucifix Mountain.

convinced that Aniakchak was as its discoverers identified it,—a dead volcano. Katmai, with its eight and a half mile circumference rim, was then considered to be the largest active crater in the world. A mass of contorted lava flows, issuing in concentric banded masses from a cinder cone center on the west side of the crater, claimed our attention. After a day's work creeping through its welded rock arches, clambering over its rough sides and struggling through its packed snowdrifts, we got to its center and found a mass of soft, highly-colored volcanic mud and ashes.

Bears had led us into the crater and bears likewise led us to our most important discovery. Fresh tracks over a foot in length wound into the colored mud, and as we cautiously approached we found the crater bears' "Turkish Bath." Active fumaroles, dozens of them, issued from the ground, and depressions like huge bathtubs had been scratched out in the warm mud. Hair and fur in the mud told the story. The bears dug in and lay in the steaming ground because it helped them shed their winter coats of fur, too inconvenient now that Spring had come. No less impressive than the activity, classing Aniakchak as the largest active crater in the world, was the wonderful variety of geological formations to be found there. Less than a mile from the steam vents, a black mass of obsidian or natural glass, iridescent, as a raven's wing, had oozed out of the crater wall and solidified in crystals known as columnar structure. Some of the columns were a few hundred feet long, grouped like organ pipes, and playing their part in the great symphony of Aniakchak.

Nor alone did nature offer us its tremendous pipe organ, and its volcano candlesticks, but jagged peaks pushed up into precipitous blocks had even masterpieces in black and white to raise our thoughts to God. One in particular that met our gaze when looking through Aniakchak's "Gates" had a transverse and vertical gash each hundreds of feet long filled with snow; not only a cross but even the figure of Christ crucified could be seen with but little imagination. This peak we named Crucifix Mountain.

With total absence of mosquitos, very little rain, and with an abundance of game, we could hardly believe we were on the Alaska Peninsula. Our exploration of Aniakchak was so pleasant that we were loath to leave our volcanic home to start our long adventurous trek to another unexplored crater eighty miles southward, Veniaminof, the Moon Crater of Alaska.



Volcano comparable to Vesuvius lay in snow-clad silence."

JESUIT MISSIONS is pleased to announce that other articles on Alaska will be contributed by Father Bernard Hubbard, S. J., during the coming months. They will deal with geological and missionary work.

JESUIT MISSIONS

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More than three hundred American Jesuit missionaries join the Editors of Jesuit Missions in wishing you a blessed holy Christmas. May the peace and joy and spiritual happiness of Bethlehem enter your heart on Christmas morning when you receive your Infant God in Holy Communion.



December the Third

THE feast of Xavier! Looking down the Advent road to Christmas the figure of St. Francis Xavier points the way, another Precursor, crying out to hundreds of millions of souls on whom the light of the Christ Child has never shone, "Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make straight His paths."

Xavier's glorious life while on earth has set the example. No heart was too hard, no land too distant, no sea too hazardous, to cool the ardor, or lessen the zeal, or daunt the courage of this Voice crying in the wilderness of pagan multitudes. India, the Spice Islands, Japan—all heard his voice, and a garden began to blossom in the wilderness, and the sweet odor of the prayers of newly won children of God began to ascend like a cloud of incense before His Infinite Majesty. China caught but the echo ere that voice was stilled.

Stilled? Ah, no! That message of welcome to the new-born King rings out today, four centuries after Xavier's death, in accents clearer, louder, more resonant than ever before. Xavier's voice speaks through the mouths of the missionaries that have followed him in ever-increasing numbers. It speaks to you, American Catholics, from the lips of hundreds of your fellow countrymen who have left your beloved shores to carry your Faith to the peoples he loved. As you listen, let your prayers arise to the great Apostle of the Indies, that

the work that he began may flourish and fructify. Let your sacrifices and alms strengthen the successors of St. Francis Xavier in their labors to make straight the way of the Lord to pagan hearts.

The Birthday of the King

CATHERAL organs everywhere will burst forth in resounding volume; sweet voices of children will sing out the joyous *Adeste Fideles* in many a garlanded parish church; priests clothed in gorgeous vestments will celebrate in all its ecclesiastical splendor the solemn Christmas Mass; and millions upon millions will receive their Infant God in Holy Communion. Thus in our cities will be celebrated in a most fitting manner the birthday of the King. Thus in spirit shall we journey again to the hillsides of Bethlehem in the joy and peace on Christmas morning.

But not only in our organized Catholic communities will Christmas be the feast of feasts, but in the mission countries as well. No less hearty and royal than our welcome to the King will be that of the Catholic hearts in missions the world over. True, the welcome will not be given in churches of cathedral proportions, but often in lowly hut or thatch-roofed village church; there may not be the thunder of mighty organs or the expensive decorations of more affluent localities, but there will be the warm-hearted welcome of new converts from paganism; there will be the cheery sound of children's voices singing Christmas hymns, and the fervent Masses of great-souled missionaries. But above all, there will be the same fervent welcome in Holy Communion to the Infant King as He comes to poor and lowly in some Alaskan chapel or eastern mud-walled church.

The Other Millions

BUT while we Catholics the world over, at home and in the mission fields, are offering our warm welcome to the Divine Child, let us not be unmindful in prayer of those other millions for whom also the Sweet Infant God came down to earth. Millions! Yes, ten thousand times a hundred thousand souls, mostly in the Orient, will not join in our Christmas joy and peace. Pagans by the millions will not bow in adoration to Bethlehem's Royal King. Grovelling before idols, many of them will pour forth their doleful plaint to some deity of stone or brass or wood, the while they tremble in fear of some angry demon god ever ready to bring down upon them the heavy hand of destruction. No knowledge is theirs of a sweet and gentle Christ and a lovely Mother tenderly caring for her new-born Babe, the Savior of the world. Let all of us, then, who have been blessed with the priceless gift of Faith, send up to Heaven our fervent appeals for the souls not yet washed in the Blood of the Lamb. Let us pray that the pagan hearts may be softened to give entrance to the sweet Gospel of Christ; let us pray, too, that the missionary priests, Sisters and Brothers may be brave of soul and strong of body to endure the hardships they must face on Christianity's battlefield, until the day comes when Christmas with all its love and loveliness will be the same sweet feast of the Infant King for every soul in every part of the world.

Jesuit Mission Vignettes

No. 35. Kandy, Ceylon



Chapel of St. Francis Xavier, Pontifical Seminary, Kandy, Ceylon.

THE Pontifical Seminary at Kandy, a city in the center of the Island of Ceylon, was established at the command of Pope Leo XIII for the formation of the native clergy of Ceylon and of India. The seminary was opened in May, 1893, by Belgian Jesuits who were then and are still laboring in the Mission of Bengal in north-eastern India. At present there are eleven Fathers teaching at the seminary, assisted by one scholastic and three lay Brothers. Amongst its alumni the seminary counts four bishops and more than two hundred priests, ample proof that it has nobly fulfilled the purpose for which it was founded. Today there are eighty-six seminarians enrolled in the major seminary following the complete courses of philosophy and theology, and eighteen boys in the preparatory school.

LATIN America embraces practically all the territory from the southern border of the United States to Cape Horn and the Straits of Magellan. It is Latin in language, chiefly Spanish and Portuguese, Latin in culture, and Latin in religion, in the sense that the vast majority of the inhabitants are members of the Catholic Church.

The total population in all this vast region is about 91,000,000, composed chiefly of the native Indians, European whites, and Africans who were originally imported as slaves. There is also a flourishing colony of Japanese in Brazil. These various races have fused to a great extent. But the Spanish and Portuguese invaders, in contrast to the English in North America, did not make it their policy to exterminate the Indians, so that as a result, there are today approximately 20,000,000 pure blooded Indians scattered throughout the countries from Mexico to Argentina and Chile.

Most of the Indians were brought into the Church

THE MISSION INTENTION

for DECEMBER

*The Indians of
Latin America*

through the labors of the missionaries in the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries, the most notable of which were the Jesuit "Reductions" in Paraguay and the work of Ven. Joseph Anchieta, S.J., in Brazil. However, it is estimated that there are about 400,000 Indians still in a state of uncivilized paganism.

The difficulties to be overcome in winning these souls to Christ are many. Besides the savage state, the nomadic habits, and the varied languages of the Indians, there is an attack from the rear by American Protestant proselytizers, many of whom, far from facing the hardships of converting the pagan Indians to Christianity, try to pervert Catholic Indians from the True Faith.

It is to win the powerful aid of God's grace in greater abundance against all these difficulties that our prayers are asked during this month. Let the offering of our daily actions during Advent prepare the way for the coming of the Christ Child to these children of the forest and be a source of strength to the missionaries.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



ALASKA

In the early part of the week of October 12, the press of the country chronicled the sad news of the crash of the mission plane "Marquette" in Alaska. The news dispatch was brief, but it told the story that FATHER PHILIP I. DELON, S.J., Superior of the Alaska Mission, had met his death instantly on Sunday, October 12, at Kotzebue, Alaska. With him were FATHER WILLIAM F. WALSH, a zealous secular priest laboring in the Kotzebue Mission, and Ralph Wien, noted Alaska aviator who was piloting the plane when it crashed. BROTHER GEORGE J. FELTES, S.J., co-pilot of the plane, was not aboard.

Thus briefly was the sad news of the tragedy carried across the country. Alaska lost two zealous missionaries and an able pilot, and their loss is more deeply felt than words can tell.

Father Philip Delon, S.J., was born in Laborie Rouge, France, on April 22, 1876. He entered the Society of Jesus at De Smet, Idaho, on July 26, 1892. He was ordained a priest in St. Louis, Mo., on June 28, 1906, and in 1909 was appointed Superior of Holy Family Mission, Montana. From 1911 to 1915 he was Superior at St. Francis Xavier's, Missoula, Montana. From there he then went to northern Alaska where he labored at Akulurak from 1915 to 1918, and at Holy Cross from 1918 to 1923. Since that time he has been Superior of the Alaska Mission.

Father William Walsh was a zealous secular priest, not yet forty years old, from the San Francisco archdiocese. He was the only priest in northern Alaska who was not a Jesuit. Just a year ago he went north to labor at Kotzebue, a mission station north of the Arctic Circle. Father Delon wrote of him less than a year ago: "Father Walsh is a gem, a truly good and zealous priest, very happy in his surroundings, and doing very good work. Everyone praises his successful endeavors and his self-sacrifice."

Thus briefly are the facts told, and all too brief an appreciation given of two noble souls. The story of their

heroic lives is fully told only in Heaven's records.

The following appreciation is from the pen of an ardent priest enthusiast who is well acquainted with the mission story



Very Reverend Philip I. Delon, S.J., late Superior of the Alaska Mission (left), and Brother George Feltes, S.J., pilot of the "Marquette" (right).

of Alaska and its zealous missionaries.

"If you were so fortunate as to have made the acquaintance of Father Philip I. Delon, S.J., late Superior of the Jesuit missions in Alaska, you were sadly grieved at heart when you learned that he was killed in the fall of an airplane on October 12. Father Delon was a kind man, charming, active, zealous, spiritual, interested and interesting,—one whose loss would make any friendly heart mourn. He was carried to his death in the "Marquette," the plane that made real many a daydream of the missionary as he mushed over the Alaskan snows; that only magnifies the sadness of his tragic end.

"With delight and enthusiasm worthy

of younger years than were his, Father Delon hailed the advent of the airplane to his missions. Mindful of thousands of miles of trudging and drudgery behind the arctic dog sled, the lot of himself and fellow missionaries, Father could not wait until the new conveyance came, and, in his eagerness, went to New York to fly back across country with the magnificent gift of the Marquette League, and bring it safely, under the skillful piloting of Brother George Feltes, S.J., to the Alaskan field of labor. It was to be for him and his missionaries a tremendous boon in the ways and means of travel, a mode of transportation that would cut fatigue, diminish those awful distances, and give to his scattered and insufficient priests more time and opportunity to do apostolic work among the Eskimos and Indians. This, after all, is their purpose in Alaska,—not suffering, not weary travel, not mastering dogs, not fighting snow and ice and wintry blasts, but evangelizing, preaching Christ Jesus and administering His sacraments and His grace. Therefore Father Delon rejoiced exceedingly when the "Marquette" touched its wheels first on Alaskan territory.

"That it became his and his comrade's tragic death couch is sad but incidental; that it sent him, albeit prematurely, to a noble, apostle's reward is consolatory but, in a day of frequent similar occurrences, not specially to be noted. The big thing, the important, the noteworthy, the abiding fact is the record and the vindication that men of God, missionaries like Father Delon, are as ready, as eager, as progressive as the men of the world to use and to accommodate to their business of saving souls every modern contrivance, every legitimate and proven method that others employ to push their less glorious ends. To get in faster time, scores of aviators have died; to bring the news of one town nearer in time to the next, plane after plane has gone to destruction; piloted by red-blooded men ambitious to gain renown and glory, reaching for leadership,

Pioneering for an age of greater science, to increase human knowledge, to blaze the way for future generations, to blaze the men have gone to thousands of graves into the best ideas and constructions that could be wrought into a fragile plane. Are we then, to mourn inordinately or regret bitterly that one missionary or two, to bring surer salvation to a nation of people, to bring priestly ministrations, to spread the knowledge of God, to prepare the way for future apostles, to pre-empt his death? If so, let us forget the adventure and deaths of the apostles, obliterate the memory of daring Xavier, cut from history the monks of the West, blame every apostolic man who dared to attempt the novel but tried methods from other fields of human endeavor. No! No! Sleep in peace, Father Delon, your faithful servant work is well done."



Booted and spurred and away in pursuit of souls through the Jamaica bush! Father Joseph A. Dougherty, S.J., leaving his headquarters at Brown's Town, Jamaica, B. W. I.

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

ON Monday, October 20, the Rt. Rev. THOMAS A. EMMET, S.J., new Vicar Apostolic of Jamaica, landed at Kingston to enter upon his new duties. He was welcomed by VERY REV. FRANCIS J. KELLEY, S.J., Superior of the Mission, and the Jesuit community of St. George's College. In the evening of the day of his arrival a solemn *Te Deum* was chanted in the Kingston Cathedral, the Bulls of his appointment were read, and Bishop Emmet was formally inducted into office. At this ceremony many of the Jesuit missionaries from stations near Kingston were present, including FATHERS ARNOLD, WENNERBERG, BRIGDES, FATHERS, KNIGHT, MORNING, KEMPEL, SEMMES, McHALE, FORD. Bishop Dougherty addressed the large congregation in an inspiring sermon in which he

announced that the motto he had chosen for his coat of arms was a text from St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, *Caritas Christi urget nos*.

The following day a public reception was held at Winchester Park in which the Civil Government together with the representatives of the various religious and social bodies joined in paying their respects to the new head of the Catholic Church in the Island.

CANADIAN INDIANS

ON September 28, FATHER JULIEN PAQUIN, S.J., missionary among the Indians of Canada, celebrated his golden jubilee in the Society of Jesus. Few men can boast an equal variety of careers and occupations as those which have employed the time and talents of this indefatigable servant of God. With the instinct for ready adaptation and the versatility of character which constitute the secret of the true missionary, Father Paquin has, with invariable success, acted in the capacity of engineer, builder and architect, teacher, writer and lecturer, navigator, and not least of all, soldier. Father has to his credit many well built mission structures which he personally supervised while under construction. To name a few, the Indian Residential School at Spanish, the beautiful new parish hall and home for priests at Killarney, and his most recent undertaking, the removal of the church at Garden River from its former site to a spot nearer the village by some three miles.

In the few spare moments which a busy life permitted him, he found time to compose several important and instructive works on the early missionaries in Canada and their labors.

As chaplain during the Great War, he served the entire four years of its duration with the British forces in Mesopotamia, where, by constant and self-sacrificing devotion to the spiritual needs of his comrades in an expedition which entailed much suffering and hardship, he earned the sincere esteem and affection of those who benefited by his friendship.

VERY REV. W. H. HINGSTON, S.J., Provincial of the Upper Canada Province of the Society of Jesus, and many old friends came to congratulate the jubilarian on his fine achievement and to wish him many more years of fruitful apostolate.

BRITISH HONDURAS

The thirty-first of August marked a glorious day in the Mission. In answer to a suggestion of some of the bishops of Central America, his Lordship, the Rt. Rev. JOSEPH A. MURPHY, S.J., appointed a Children's Eucharistic Day for the entire Vicariate. The appeal made by the superior of the Mission to the various pastors, and the results obtained cannot but impress one with the thought that the Children's Eucharistic Day will

bring untold blessing on the missionary work in British Honduras.

"Let us celebrate this day," wrote VERY REV. A. H. CONRY, S.J., the Superior of the Mission, "with great fervor and devotion. Let it be a day of holy joy in Heaven and on earth. It will be a day on which our Divine Lord will draw all hearts to Himself. On that day He will tell us, 'Let the little children come unto Me and forbid them not.' It will be a source of great consolation for the Sacred Heart to have this day set aside on which all Catholic children of our Mission will receive their Blessed Friend into their tender hearts and proclaim Him in public prayer and hymn as their King of kings, begging Him to bless their parents, to guard and guide them by His holy Guardian Angels, and to inspire the teachers of Catholic schools and academies with the fear of the Lord—the beginning of wisdom—in order that they may give to the Church worthy sons and daughters, to Heaven an increase of saints and to our country loyal citizens.

"The program on this day should include:



Father Paul Prud'homme, S.J., "brushing up" on his Indian for the northern Ontario Missions.

1. A general Communion of all the children with all possible solemnity, at the hour determined upon by the pastor, and followed by prayers, hymns and fervent aspirations. The Communion is to be offered up for the intentions of our Holy Father.

2. Before Jesus present in the Blessed Sacrament let all the children renew their Baptismal promises, swearing never to affiliate themselves with any organization or society condemned by the Church. Let this be concluded with an Act of Consecration to the Sacred Heart of Jesus.

3. In the afternoon let there be a solemn procession of all the children that can be assembled from the towns and neighboring villages. Even those who have not yet received their first Holy Communion may march in the procession.

4. The day to be thus given over by the children to the honor of their Eucharistic Lord will be the last Sunday of August.

"We ask you to cooperate generously with this plan of his Lordship, as we feel that in doing this, our work in the Colony and especially with the children will be blessed by the Sacred Heart."

That the appeal of the Bishop did not fall on barren soil is seen from the various reports sent by the pastors to the superior of the Mission. In fact, the results were far better than the most sanguine could have hoped for. FATHER LOUIS E. NEWELL, S.J., writes from Corozal as follows: "Our children's Sunday was a splendid success. More than two hundred children received Holy Communion. The two center rows of pews were crowded with the little ones. The procession in the afternoon reached several blocks. If I could have had an assistant the attendance might have been doubled."

FATHER MICHAEL A. SCHAEFER, S.J., writes from Stann Creek: "We had a magnificent Children's Eucharistic Day. There were over three hundred Communion of the children. The procession around the town was a big success."

FATHER EUGENE BORK, S.J., reports from Punta Gorda that the procession was the largest that the place had ever seen. From other places pastors report similar results. In fact, the Children's Eucharistic Day was most successful and many blessings will come to the Mission as a result of this devotion.

AMERICAN INDIANS

From Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, where FATHER A. C. RIESTER, S.J., is Superior, we have this picture:

"It was Christmas Eve and I was driving across the prairie to a real Indian Christmas celebration. The night was clear and bright. The snow on the hills and little pine trees sparkled in the moonlight. Mile after mile I traveled over the long lonely trail. The only sign of life was here and there an Indian boy or tent. Off in the distance I saw standing alone a little white mission chapel. As

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



JOHN BAPST, S.J.

AMONG the heroes who are deserving of special recognition during the tercentenary celebration in Massachusetts this year, stands Father John Baptist, S.J., a martyr in everything except the sacrifice of life itself.

Father Baptist was born in Fribourg, Switzerland, December 17, 1815. He entered the Society of Jesus there, and after being ordained priest came to the United States in 1848. His first labors were among the Indians at Old Town, Me. Later he made Eastport, Me., his headquarters for the whole State.

At the time of the Know-Nothing excitement he was at Ellsworth. Fanatics who disliked him on principle because he was a priest and a Jesuit, became more incensed over his efforts to establish a Catholic school in the town. On June 3, 1854, his house was attacked and two days later, in pursuance of an order of the Town Council, he was dragged out of the residence of one of his people, was tarred and feathered, and ridden on a rail to the woods outside the town, and ordered to leave the neighborhood. In justice it must be said that this outrage at Ellsworth met with general condemnation. After recovering from his injuries Father Baptist continued his missionary labors as before, and in 1856 built the first church in Bangor.

Later he became rector of Boston College, and finally Superior of all the Jesuits in Canada and New York.

I drew nearer I noticed a log house quite near the chapel. The only cheerful aspect of the whole scene was the smoke coming from the chimney of the log house. As I looked over the desolate country I thought there was surely not much Christmas cheer there.

"My attention was suddenly attracted by a light coming from a crack in the door of the log house. I summoned up enough courage to push the door open. What a scene flashed before me! The room was lighted with several coal oil lamps. In the center was a stove, and the fire was burning brightly. On one side of the room the Indian women with bright colored shawls across their shoulders were sitting on the floor with their little children. The men were on the other side of the room. In the back of this log house was a big Christmas tree decorated with many colors. Around this tree were toys of all descriptions to make the little Indians happy. And, in the midst of these simple loving people stood the Blackrobe. What was he saying? 'God so loved the world as to give His only Begotten Son.' Silently and reverently the Indians listened to the old, old story of the first Christmas when the Son of God came down to earth to dwell especially with the poor and lowly.

"The missionary has finished speaking. The toys have been distributed. The little Indians are clapping their hands with glee. The smiling mothers tell of happy hearts because their little ones have not been forgotten. All the people have been treated to candy. The old men and women have been given cigarettes which they smoke contentedly. In each Indian heart there is a great thankfulness for their friend, the Blackrobe, who has brought so much joy and happiness into their lives. And, as the Blackrobe watches his people and sees the joy around him he sends a prayer heavenwards and asks the Divine Babe of Bethlehem to bless those kind friends who have helped him to make this poor people happy.

"Suddenly a bell peals forth. Loud and clear it is heard down the valley, over the hills and across the prairie. It takes great tidings to all; it announces the coming of our Infant Savior among the poor lowly Indians in a little mission chapel. The creaking of the snow is heard as the moccasin-footed Indians tramp from the meeting-house into the little chapel. The midnight Mass begins. The Indians kneel to adore and receive into their hearts their Infant God. In their own simple way they sing as the Angels sang on that first Christmas night, 'Glory to God in the highest and peace on earth to men of good will!'"

* * *

A pilgrimage of more than 600 people from the Inland Empire gathered at the Old Mission of the Sacred Heart near Cataldo, Idaho, Sunday, September 14, to pay tribute to the pioneer Jesuit missionaries of the Coeur d'Alenes, and to celebrate the restoration of the historic old chapel.



Happy to be on the trail as a full time missionary again. Father Joseph Zimmerman, S.J., who just completed a term of six years as Superior of St. Francis Mission, is now at Holy Rosary Mission among the Oglala Sioux of South Dakota.

It was impossible to accommodate the crowd in the little chapel. An outdoor altar was erected in the yard of the Old Mission and solemn High Mass was celebrated there by Father Heitman of Kellogg, Idaho. The Kellogg choir furnished the music for the Mass.

Addresses were made by Bishop Edward Kelly of Boise, Idaho; B. H. Kizer, president of the Spokane Chamber of Commerce; Donald Callahan, Wallace, Idaho; James Hill, Coeur d'Alene, Idaho; Rev. M. M. Eaton, Kellogg, Idaho, and Terry Grant, Spokane, Washington.

The Old Mission on the Coeur d'Alene River was opened as a religious center for the Coeur d'Alene Indians in the year 1848. In 1877-1878, Father Alexander Diomed, S.J., transferred the mission headquarters to the present site at DeSmet, Idaho. The old place with its historic church, planned and built by Father Anthony Ravally, S.J., between 1850 and 1853, was not abandoned immediately. It served for years as a religious center for the scattered white settlers and miners who were drifting into the Coeur d'Alene mountains, and for

the few Indians who would not be persuaded to settle near DeSmet.

The records of Baptisms, marriages and funerals which are kept at St. Aloysius Church, Spokane, tell the story of the pastoral ministrations performed at the Old Mission and in outlying districts by Jesuits either residing there or visiting from Spokane.

PATNA, INDIA

In Patna Mission twenty-one priests, forty-six European Sisters, twenty Indian Sisters, seven Scholastics and three lay-Brothers have been giving their personal services—spending and being spent for Christ and immortal souls. While the work in Patna has not shown overwhelming numbers of converts, still the results accomplished there have been truly marvelous, particularly when one considers the mountainous difficulties that have faced the missionaries. It is consoling to note that the number of native Christians since August 1, 1921, the year in which the American Jesuits arrived, has increased from 3,855 to 5,474. It is gratifying to note further that some 555 Santals had been baptized within the past year, while there are 220 Santal catechumens. In addition to this, Victoria Mission, where FATHER CHARLES MILEY, S.J., is stationed, numbers sixty-three catechumens. These are from amongst the Dhangars who work in the weaving school. * * *

Writing from Bhalgalpur where he is working among the Santal boys, Mr. MICHAEL LYONS, S.J., tells the story of one of the youngsters who was recently converted:

"I was at Baccha waiting for the boys from that village who were to come with me to school. In the morning a tall, slim, well-built boy of about nine years of age walked in.

"FATHER CREANE,' he said, 'told me I could go to school.'

"What is your name? Have you got your railway fare?' I asked.

"I am Nimboy. I have no fare . . . The little lad broke into tears and, crying almost hysterically, told me that his father had disowned him and that he had no food, no money and no friends.

"It took me much argumentation to prove to him that I would be his friend, that he need not cry, that I would furnish his fare and all things that were needed, books, food, etc. He had hardly quit crying before he went out eagerly for that food I had promised him.

"He is an American boy, he is a real boy!' Father Creane insisted, speaking later about Nimboy, 'Take good care of him!'

"Three weeks later Father Creane came to visit our boarding school.

"See here, Father,' I said, 'What about this Nimboy? Someone stole a rupee the other night,—an unheard of occurrence here. The teachers went straight to Nimboy and accused him, asking where the money was, and Nimboy began to cry and went and dug up that

rupee near the river bank. And again, I saw Nimboy the other day surrounded by fifteen or twenty little lads, all smaller than Nimboy and all excited and gesticulating and pointing their fingers at him and speaking Santali much faster than I ever heard it in my life. The next time any Santal father throws his boy out of his house you look twice at the boy.'

"Is that so?' Father Creane was teasing. 'Why, he is a boy from Chicago. Hold on to him. He is a real boy.'

Then the unexpected happened. Nimboy wanted Baptism.

"You want Baptism, Nimboy?' I asked him in mock surprise. 'Why you have been the bane of my life with your continual begging for pennies, and because I would not give you any you threatened to run away and cried and cried and cried. What do you want Baptism for? Do you expect to get a nickel for your Baptism?'

"I want to go to Heaven,' was the prompt answer.

"Well, you had better be good for a while and then we shall see. Catholics are supposed to be good people and not steal any money and not fight.'

"Secretly I mentioned the matter to Father Pettit, and when Nimboy went to ask Father, he found a ready friend and was granted the coveted permission to sit in the Baptism class. The father of the boy was duly approached for the necessary permission to baptize.

"But now we must find a name for the boy. What Christian name begins with N and has not already been bestowed



Nine years of missionary toil in the heat of India have not lessened the cheerfulness of this Patna veteran, Father Henry Miley, S.J.

on one of our boys? Someone found a St. Ninian in the Martyrology. Now someone should honor St. Ninian, and the name does not sound so bad in Santali,—certainly not so bad as in English. It must have sounded all right in the original language, be it Greek or Syrian or what-not. So we essayed to call Nim-boy 'Ninian Joseph.'

"Before his Baptism, Ninian had changed so much that you would not recognize him. He wanted Baptism earnestly and he prayed hard and tried hard and became as good as any American boy can ever be."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

A cheering message of progress comes from FATHER CLEMENT R. RISACHER, S.J., chaplain of the Leper Hospital near Cebu, Cebu, P. I.

"Thank you very much, for all you have done during my silence, especially for the very unusual foot note to your letter of June 14, telling me that a reader of the JESUIT MISSIONS who wishes to remain unknown, was sending through Father Hilpert of the Brooklyn Society for the Propagation of the Faith, the sum of one thousand dollars. May the Lord put it in your power to add such foot notes to your letters to the other missionaries, too,—not that I do not need to see another. The money will help me to do much for the care of the children.

"The past months have been devoted to moving and getting settled. On May 21, the feast of Blessed Andrew Bohola, I had the happiness of saying the first Mass in the sacristy of the new chapel, and on the following day, in the chapel itself. The lepers were transferred from what was the Cebu Leper Detention Camp to the Eversley Childs Treatment



Brother Anthony Herr, S.J., for seven years faithful manager of the house boys at the Ateneo, Manila, P. I. He keeps everything in "apple pie" order, including the boys, as the picture shows.

Station on May 26. So the next morning I had my first little congregation at Mass and have had one daily since that day. The following Sunday, June 1, the Rt. Rev. Bishop of Cebu, John Baptist Gorordo, D.D., blessed the chapel, dedicating it to the Sacred Heart of Jesus. The reservation of the Blessed Sacrament began with the Bishop's Mass. After Mass he addressed the congregation. It is a great consolation to have the Blessed Sacrament with you. It will be the source of graces and blessings for all.

"I bought a little ostensorium in time to have Benediction the First Friday of June, and on the feast of the Sacred Heart, our fiesta day, we had our first *Missa cantata*, not without difficulties. Rain forced us to postpone the procession we had planned until the following Sunday.

"Consoling progress has been made in the building of the spiritual church. The attendance at Mass on Sundays has trebled, and there are regularly over fifty communicants. About twelve are receiving Holy Communion daily. This will seem little to those at home, but it means progress here.

"Besides the spiritual instruction of the little boys and girls, I have been able to help them to get sufficient clothing to permit regular washing and changing, and I am now doing what I can for the poor old men and women."

* * *

In acknowledging a donation received through JESUIT MISSIONS, FATHER DANIEL SULLIVAN, S.J., writes from the Ateneo de Manila, Manila, P. I.

"Many many thanks for the splendid gift which I have forwarded to my successor at Tagaloan, FATHER DAVID A. DALY, S.J.

"Are you surprised to learn I have been changed—uprooted, would express it better—from the Mission of Tagaloan? FATHER JAMES B. MAHONEY, S.J., Professor of Physics at the Ateneo, has been made Rector of San Jose Seminary. Rather suddenly I was called to Manila to carry on Father Mahoney's work in Physics at the Ateneo.

"I tried to leave Tagaloan without the parishioners knowing of my departure. Naturally, after four splendidly fruitful years of priestly effort, on the eve of the completion of three large new churches, the restoration of another, and the new ten-room school ninety-five per cent finished, I found it hard to leave the Tagaloan Mission. To have to face, in addition, the tearful countenances, and sorrowful pleadings of a devoted flock, who, unmindful of my superior's order, would most piteously beg me to remain, as if to stay or go depended upon my choice, was, I felt, more than I could endure.

"A few hours, before I departed, however, the news of my going away got out. What followed is too sad for me to relate. Suffice it to say, my former parishioners couldn't have given a truer, sincerer, or more loyal expression of affection and gratitude than they did.

"Since I have arrived in Manila, very many letters have come from the people of Tagaloan, telling of their sorrow over my departure and of their many prayers to God that I return soon."

* * *

FATHER WILLIAM V. CORLISS, S.J., formerly at the mission of Balingasag, Mindanao, is now Minister at the Ateneo de Manila, replacing FATHER MARTIN ZILLIG, S.J., who is now teaching philosophy at the Seminary of San Jose.



Father Aloysius Raggio, S.J., of California is famous for his tireless apostolic labors. Though he has passed his eighty-sixth birthday and has spent more than sixty-eight years as a Jesuit, he is still an ardent worker for JESUIT MISSIONS.



ERIN STILL MOTHER OF MISSIONARIES

The first group of the newly organized Society of St. Patrick for Foreign Missions, Kiltegan, Wicklow, Ireland, sailed for their new mission field in Africa, October 1. The seven priests comprising this group, under the direction of Father P. J. Whitney, will labor in the Vicariate Apostolic of Southern Nigeria in the Province of Calabar. There is a population of 2,000,000 in the district, of whom 23,000 are already Catholics, with an equal number preparing for Baptism.

The Holy Ghost Fathers are in charge of the Vicariate with the Rt. Rev. Ignatius Shanahan, C.S.Sp., Vicar Apostolic. As a result of an appeal, made to the students of Maynooth Seminary by His Lordship for volunteers to the missions of Nigeria, Irish priests have been going out to Africa for the past ten years. They are now united into the new organization as a distinct Society approved by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide. (F. S.)

THE LABORERS ARE FEW

A new mission station has recently been opened at Kuve, in the Vicariate of Hiroshima, Japan, where German Jesuits are in charge. The twelve largest cities of the territory, totaling 5,000,000 inhabitants, count only six Catholic mission stations. Of 163 smaller cities only three have Catholic stations. In the 11,340 villages there is scarcely any evidence of Catholicity. The Rt. Rev. John Ross, S.J., is Vicar Apostolic in this district which has a population of over 500,000. Protestant missionaries in this section number over one hundred.

In the whole Vicariate of Hiroshima the progress of the Faith is very slow and meets with great difficulty owing chiefly to a blind conservatism and an incredible suspicion of innovations in the matter of religion (F.S.).

VETERANS ON THE MISSIONS

The following news items go to bear out the tradition that the rigors of mis-

try, has been named Chevalier of the Legion of Honor by the French Government.

Mother Helen, local superior of the Franciscan Sisters of St. Joseph in Kuching, Sarawah, North Borneo, recently received a special congratulatory message from the Holy Father on the forty-fifth anniversary of her arrival in Borneo from England.

Father Perroquin, S.J., recently died at Trichinopoly, India, after forty-three years of missionary service. Before entering the Society of Jesus in 1877, he had been a Papal Zouave. He was born in Brittany, 1854. (F. S.)

Solemn Benediction

Joseph Reith, S.J.

NEVER, amid all the splendor and magnificence of the Church's pomp of ceremony, neither in the glorious wealth of the great basilica of St. Peter in Rome nor in the awful dignity of any of the stately cathedrals of antiquity or of modern days, has there gone forth over the world a Solemn Benediction to be compared to that of humble Bethlehem on the first Christmas night.

Concealed beneath the alluring form of a helpless Infant in swaddling clothes, held on high in the clasp of His Immaculate Mother, the most precious and purest monstrosity that ever raised aloft the august Fashioner of the world, Jesus Christ for the first time, as it were, part of His own creation, sent the blessing of highest Heaven, like a great pulse of love from His newly formed Sacred Heart to every corner of the world; the while unnumbered hosts of angels and archangels sang celestially the counterpart of a solemn Tantum Ergo, and wafted the incense of Peace and Glory over what had become in blessed reality "the footstool of the Lord."

And still today, this glad Christmas memorial of the first Christmas day, in shivering Alaska or in sweltering Congo, at the caps or around the torrid belt of the earth, in Patna, Jamaica, British Honduras, China, the Philippine Islands,—humble missionary priests, without visible splendor except the rich poverty of Bethlehem's cave, bless again with the same sweet new-born Babe the convert sons and daughters of paganism, black, yellow, brown, white-skinned brothers of Christ; for each and all of whom He came to bring redemption, and the love of His Heart,—His Christmas gift to man.

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CHINESE MARTYRS

During the Boxer Rebellion in China at the beginning of this century, it is estimated that almost 25,000 Chinese Catholics were slain through hatred of the Faith. The causes of those from the district of Sienhsien in North China have been investigated and grouped in 466 causes. Of this number, 367 representing 2,055 martyrs have been forwarded to Rome for examination. The task involved in the process may be appreciated from the fact that the tribunal of the Vicariate registered 1896 oral, and 400 written depositions.

MEDICAL MISSION KITS

The Catholic Medical Mission Board, from its headquarters 10 West 17th St., New York, is continuing its splendid work of supplying missionaries with medical kits. These kits contain the most necessary medicines, ointments, bandages and equipment, and an additional supply sufficient to refill the kit ten times.

The kits are prepared by the Franciscan Sisters of the Atonement under the direction of Rev. Edward F. Garesch, S.J., and have been proven of tremendous service to the missionaries and a powerful means of gaining a hearing for the Church.

THE NINETEEN THIRTY ROLL OF HONOR

The November issue of *Catholic Missions* lists the 1930 Roll of Honor, the names and destinations of all American missionaries who left the U. S. A. for foreign fields during the current year. The list includes 80 priests, 8 brothers and 57 Sisters, making a total of 145. A synopsis of the survey is given herewith:

- 8 Priests and 1 Brother of Maryknoll to China and Korea.
- 25 Jesuits, 8 to the Philippines, 5 to Jamaica, B. W. I., 3 to Patna, 2 to British Honduras, 4 to China, 3 to Alaska.
- 1 Servite Father to Western Brazil.
- 7 Capuchin Fathers and 2 Brothers (St. Augustine's Province) to Puerto Rico.
- 1 Capuchin Father (St. Joseph's Province) to India.
- 8 Redemptorists of the Baltimore Province, 4 to Brazil, 2 to Puerto Rico and 2 to the Virgin Islands.
- 1 Augustinian Father to Cuba.
- 6 Divine Word missionaries (5 priests and 1 Brother) to various missions.
- 1 Missionary of La Salette to Madagascar.
- 5 Franciscan priests (3 from the Holy Name and 2 from the Sacred Heart Province) to China.
- 1 Marist Father to Oceania.
- 3 Passionist Fathers to China.
- 7 Vincentian Fathers (5 from the Eastern and 2 from the Western Province) to China.
- 5 Benedictine Fathers and 2 secular priests to Peking University.
- 1 Father and 1 Brother of Holy Cross to India.
- 3 Brothers of Mary (Dayton, O.) to Puerto Rico.
- 17 Maryknoll Sisters to various missions.
- 6 Benedictine Sisters (St. Cloud, Minn.) to Peking.
- 2 Sisters of Mercy (Albany, N. Y.) to the Virgin Islands.
- 4 Medical Missionaries to India.
- 2 Holy Cross Sisters to India.
- 4 Vincentian Sisters of Charity to Puerto Rico.
- 4 Sisters of St. Joseph (Brooklyn, N. Y.) to Puerto Rico.
- 2 Sisters of St. Joseph (Baden, Pa.) to China.
- 1 Sister of Notre Dame (Cincinnati, O.) to China.
- 1 Sister of Charity (Cincinnati, O.) to China.
- 2 Dominican Sisters (Brooklyn, N. Y.) to Puerto Rico.
- 7 Missionary Sisters of the Sacred Heart to China.
- 1 Sister of the Holy Child Jesus to Nigeria.
- 3 Franciscan Sisters (La Crosse, Wis.) to China.

BANDIT CAPTIVES

The recently established Vicariate of Anking, China, has been marked from the beginning with the sign of the Cross. In the middle of December last year,

two of its houses were sacked by bandits, and in April of this year the church and residence of Hwoshan were burned. The Fathers, Avito Gutierrez, S.J., and Zacharias Hidalgo, S.J., remained in hiding for a time, but on the first day of May they were betrayed and made prisoners. Since then they have remained in the power of the Communists who demand for their release that the superior of the Mission obtain arms and ammunition for them from the Government of Nanking. The Fathers have been compelled to undergo indescribable suffering both in mind and body. Their patience under it all is admirable, and they offer all the hardships they undergo to God for the conversion of those who persecute them.

God's Christmas Gift

CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J.

*Christ gives Himself to us today;
He brings bright Heaven down;
He glorifies our daily life,
And crowns it with Love's crown.*

*Himself He gives? Ah, yes! Now see
How He will walk our way;
Now He will stay until life's end,
Until the Easter Day.*

*And has not Heaven been so near,
Since He came down to earth?
Have not despair and sorrows fled,
Sweet hopes a new rebirth?*

*And simple labors—since He toiled—
Become Love's duty done?
Ah, God, what gift You give to us,
In giving your dear Son!*

1931 CRUSADE CONVENTION

The seventh National Convention of the Catholic Students' Mission Crusade will be held at Niagara University, Niagara Falls, N. Y., June 29 to July 2, 1931, according to announcement of Mgr. Frank A. Thill, National Secretary. National headquarters of the Crusade are at the Crusade Castle, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AMONG THE TARAHUMARA INDIANS

From a missionary laboring among these Indians in Mexico we gather these interesting notes:

"The pupils in our school had to interrupt their classes to help in the construction of four houses for newly married couples. My object was to have these houses serve as models for the other Tarahumara Indians. They are more hygienically built and contain two rooms instead of one, as has been the custom amongst them. One advantage of

these houses is that they gave our boys an opportunity to exercise their skill on behalf of their own people. Everything we do here is directed towards getting the Indians to settle down in permanent communities. Thus far they have shown themselves quite contented, and work with enthusiasm. Many Indian boys and girls have manifested a desire to be admitted into the settlement. No doubt, the trade that the boys learn here and the fine house which they receive when they marry has much to do with it. It all goes to the building up of an united Catholic community.

"Protestant missionaries have not entirely forgotten these mountain people, and among those near a railroad they have done some damage, ensnaring some of our poor Tarahumaras and making a few proselytes among the whites. As the result of my frequent visits to Bocoyna (the town where Protestants are most active) they have lost some of their influence; but as at least some young people are going to the Palmore College which they maintain in Chihuahua, I have thought of opening a school in one of these towns, and for that purpose I have asked the superior of the Sisters in this district for teachers."

INDIAN JACOBITE BISHOPS ENTER CHURCH

An event, very important in the missionary history of India, took place on September 20, when Mar Ivanios, Jacobite Archbishop, and his assistant, Bishop Theophilus, were received into the Catholic Church by His Lordship, Bishop Louis Benziger, O.C.D., Bishop of Quilon.

The Jacobite Syrian Christians date from the year 1663, when they broke away from the Portuguese missionaries who had reared them in the Faith, and set up a schismatical church. Now they are gradually finding their way back into the True Fold. In recent years, sixteen priests and about three thousand people have become Catholics. The conversion of the two prelates is expected to have great influence among the remaining Jacobites of Malabar. (F. S.)

FROM MANY CLIMES IN ONE

Eleven European, Oriental, and New World nationalities are represented in the newly founded Theologate of the Society of Jesus at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai. Coming from so many different regions of the world, the young aspirants to the priesthood in the Society are all destined for the Chinese Mission. Mr. Charles D. Simons, S. J., from California is the American representative in the new theology course.

Native Chinese scholastics from the northern provinces (Mandarin speaking) and from Shanghai (Shanghai dialect) compose over half the student body.

PIERRE OF THE CAJENS

(Continued from page 249)

snake doctor ties a knot in the triple cord. This he passes between his lips, thus dampening the cord with spittle and at the same time saying, "Sermagen." I spell this word phonetically and am at a loss to know its origin. It might be Indian or African; it might have been taught by the Indians that roamed over the wilds of Louisiana or else imported by the African slaves. I would like to be enlightened by any reader who may know.

Every knot must be tied with the left hand and pulled to the left. A second knot is then tied in the same way but further away from the direction of the finger. The cord is then passed a second time through the lips and dampened. This time, the doctor says to himself, "Burmagen." A third knot is then tied, but this time within the other two, closer towards the finger. And again the whole cord is passed through the lips and dampened while the doctor says to himself, "Ramagena." Now the string is lightly tied around the finger, care being taken that the knot be drawn not only with the left hand but also towards the left.

The last warning of the doctor to the patient is that he must not remove the cord thus placed on the finger, but that he must let it fall off by chance.

"Why," someone said, "even dogs that have been snake bitten have come limping to the doctor, and after treatment have walked away healed."

And the snake doctor is supposed to be a good Catholic. I told him, however, that next time, instead of "Sermagen, Burmagen and Ramagena," he should say three Hail Mary's.

CUPID CARVES A NOTCH

(Continued from page 251)

monies begin with a procession, which is the first formal visit of the bridegroom to the bride's house. But for almost a week previous to this, many preliminary ceremonies have been going on in the homes of both the bride and the bridegroom. There is the ceremony of the women

singing at the well; the placing of the four-wicked lamp near the family deity; the burying of the plough-shaft, and yoke, and bamboo twigs; the swallowing of the mango fibre by the bride's mother; the bathing and anointing; and the trimming of the nails by the barber's wife. All these ceremonies have their proper significance.

Once the procession gets under way, and the bridegroom arrives at the door of the bride's home, he is greeted by the female relations of



the house, and showered with uncooked rice and other pellets of less inviting material. Then another round of ceremonies is inaugurated, culminating in the marriage service proper. This is conducted by the Brahman, who reads from the Vedas and leads in the various acts of worship.

The twain are now one. However, the bridegroom departs without his bride just as if nothing had happened, and the two continue to live with their respective families as before, until such time as the bride is judged old enough to live with her husband. Then, an auspicious day having been agreed upon, the husband arrives with his party, and after a night of feasting, starts out at dawn with his bride, to live happily ever after. And Cupid carves another notch on his bow.

AARON GO BRAGH!

(Continued from page 252)

sincerely promise to give a spot to suit the purpose of building a chapel, the spot situated on or about two or three chain from where the

carr park on Sunday. All the people are earnestly glad of having you present every twice of the month and also they are willing to give over their heart as a member of the Catholic church. Im proud to state that I have the names of ten adults who willingly to give all their assistance to enable the up-lifting of the Sunday school and their children. All the people are rejoicing if you could be the verified Priest of this expected branch. So they are asking me for certificate for their infants which have been received their Baptism from you on Sunday. We are also hoping that the dedication of the spot may come off in August-God willing.

"I'm, Sir, sincerely yours
"Aaron Anderson"

This communication was followed up by a second, telling of the enthusiasm of the new flock and their fond desire of receiving the Catholic Faith. "Several adults are ready! Brother Dixon (one of the Protestant catechists) has prepared Mrs. X. for reception."

Aaron was called for a conference in Kingston with Father Mac. He walked the full twenty miles and brought a fresh pineapple as a gift. "It is not the gift, but the giver." Father Mac reciprocates with a much-needed pair of shoes for Aaron. They arrange for Mass on the fifth Sunday of August. Aaron promises to provide a suitable place. He will also receive his first Communion. Father Mac questions him—but Aaron does not know Whom he is to receive. He must wait and study the meaning of this wonderful thing—Holy Communion.

FATHER MAC arrived on the fifth Sunday for the first Mass at Hagley Gap. He found Aaron's church built of bamboo and palms, a place for the priest, and 125 "would be" Catholics on hand. Some came from Gordon Town, a good distance away. There were nine who received Holy Communion, among whom were Aaron and his wife. The music was furnished by Mr. M., a convert, of Kingston. Five children were baptized. The church was dedicated to the service of God, instruction given to fifty-two chil-

dren and fifteen adults, and Father Mac prepared to return to Kingston. Then, the following incident occurred.

Father Mac recalled that Aaron had taken nothing to eat since Communion, and it was already three o'clock. He asked Aaron if he wasn't hungry, and received the reply,

"Fadder, me stomach so full of joy me no feel hungry."

He knew now Whom he had received.

"Aaron go brag!" exclaimed Father Mac.

"What dat mean, Fadder?"

Father Mac replied, "Aaron forever."

Aaron was all happiness, and spread among his friends the news of the new name that "Fadder" gave him.

There was another matter to be taken care of. The land for the chapel had been given by a Mr. Moore who lived up farther in the mountains. He should be thanked for his gift. Besides, his wife was very sick and Father Mac could give her his blessing.

So, up they tramped, the apostle, Father Mac, and his disciple, Aaron, to see the Moores. Greetings were exchanged. Mr. Moore related the story of the spot he had given for the chapel. He would not sell it but he would give it to God. They talked of the prospects of the new mission, of the zeal of the flock, of the temporary chapel of palm and bamboo, and wondered when there would arise on the spot now hallowed by faith an edifice that would, give glory to God, raise the hearts of the people on high, and add new lustre to the youngest Jesuit mission in Jamaica—at Hagley Gap.

ODJIBWAYS SEEK

THE KING

(Continued from page 253)

tea. It never seems to occur to them that they are thus making almost superhuman efforts and sacrifices. And all for one purpose, to visit the Child Jesus in His poor manger, to hear Mass, receive Holy Communion and return to their distant homes, strengthened by the vision of a happy, everlasting home where He whom they set above

their comfort and selfishness will welcome them as His faithful friends. All Indians are not cast in the same heroic mould; they too are but the fallen children of Adam. But if only a few generous souls were found, would this not suffice to justify our Indian missions? Would it not set on fire the hearts of our brave missionaries, who, like Father Couture, never think in



terms of personal interest and stake their lives upon bringing their beloved Indians to a fuller appreciation of the Christ Child?

CHAMPION SANTA

(Continued from page 254)

standing of the situation, Reverend Father Provincial allows the request of the Superior at St. Francis, and so, one or two former teachers of the mission are given permission to spend their holidays there. They lend the staff valuable assistance in their labor of entertainment, and relieve them of tedious hours of prefecting.

THE coming of these aides, and their names especially, are kept a sacred secret from the children. One of their number will play Santa and secrecy as to his identity will add zest to the act. Hence, from the moment when the first rousing shouts of Santa are heard from the hallway, the curiosity of the children is on tiptoe. Summoning every heritage of keenness come down to them from their sharp-eyed, keen-witted ancestors, these alert descendants of Spotted Tail and Hollow Horn Bear train eye and ear on the day's actor, eager to pierce the disguise and discover the impersonator. As the jovial old Santa mingles among the children he hears the query travel-

ing from mouth to mouth, "Who is it? Who is it?" And the old fox chortles to himself, his face wreathed in smiles under the protecting cover of his Santa-face. In a jiffy some youngster detects a telltale gesture or tone of voice, and quickly the word is on every lip, "Father Warth! It's Father Warth!" And the cat is out of the bag.

BUT the joy of the occasion is not the least lessened by the detection. Santa jollies his young friends, as they catch his hand and call to him with gleeful freedom. And now for the gifts. From his bag he draws forth the presents that have been sent to favored ones. From the tree he takes the prizes that have been won by honor students, and, finally, as the time for adjournment draws nigh, he signals the Sisters, and the children stand up by rows and form in lines according to classes. The triple tier of seats surrounding the gymnasium floor has already been decked out and loaded down with the gifts for each and every boy and girl in the school. Class by class they pass by, catch up their little pile of things, and then resume their seats. And now, order yields to disorder for a few moments as the tiny tots let loose on their horns, whistles and whatnots. Noise it is, but a happy noise,—for glad hearts, sparkling dark eyes, red-skinned smiles are the background.

The supper bell rings, and after the meal all hurry to an early bed so as to be ready to rise for midnight Mass. A week of daily events will follow this happy Christmas Eve, a week of games, plays and movies based on a well thought out and proportioned program. And Santa? Yes, the same Santa, now in the vesture of the priest assists at the altar during the midnight Mass. At the Communion time he places the Infant Jesus on the tongues of the youngsters he has thrilled but a few hours ago. A champion Santa? Yes, for both as scholastic and priest, Father Warth has played the great bewhiskered, bepillowed Santa four or five times for these delighted little red-skinned Santa lovers.

THE MIDNIGHT MASS

(Continued from page 255)

poor, lonely church, and Christ, born anew in his hands, born in a poverty more awful than the manger and the swaddling clothes.

The couple followed the Mass with breathless attention. At the *Orate Fratres* the complete absorption of the woman's face (indeed, she was hardly more than a girl) and the bowed, reverent head of the man again woke the query: where had he seen them before? But then he forgot them in the tense and personal joy of his Mass.

EVERY word of the Sacrifice was glowing now, throbbing and alive. Came the "Memento for the living." There were dear ones far away at home. They would be remembering him now, too. God keep them! There was his little flock down in the settlement; there were these strange two behind him. God bless them all! This was the night of peace. Yet the wind still roared; and a thousand, invisible hands seemed to be tearing at each crack and crevice, fighting to gain an entrance into the church.

Then came his own Communion. God dwelt within him, now,—the God of the cattle-shed, the God whose love makes every altar the whole world round another Bethlehem this morning, the God who called him (unworthy servant) to His missions. This was a tense, a sacred moment.

He said the *Confiteor* himself, turned and spoke aloud the *Miserere* and the *Indulgentiam*. The woman had already approached the altar rail; her companion knelt just behind her in an attitude of protection. The priest's voice trembled as he said the *Agnus Dei*. Fire and music and the strangest thrill of ecstasy seemed pounding through his blood; a sense of spiritual elation swept over him and left him breathless.

The tiny Host between his fingers and thumb, he approached the lone communicant. He started back, involuntarily in surprise. For the woman had flung wide her arms in embrace; her eyes shone with a blinding glory of welcome, her whole face was suffused with a

radiance, lovely and unearthly. And from his fingers he felt the white Host glide forth; and the Woman cradled a Baby in her arms, and the Mother folded an Infant to her breast.

HER companion stepped forward and placed a sheltering arm about her. She rose, and together they slowly walked back through the church. And then there was only an open door; and they had gone out into the night.

It was calm now. The wind had died down into a low plaint of gentle sobbing; the snow had ceased to fall, and lay, a white mantle of peace, upon the earth. Overhead the star-filled sky shone gloriously like a choir of singing angels, bringing tidings of great joy.

And within the little church a priest knelt long upon the altar step pouring out his soul in thanksgiving to his God. Midnight Mass was over and Christ was born anew. The Savior of the world was come again.



Richard Henry Tierney.—Priest of the Society of Jesus. By Francis X. Talbot, S.J. The America Press, New York, N.Y. Price \$1.50.

Not only those who knew Father Tierney personally, but all who are interested in the inside story of a vigorous Catholic Editor's part in American history since 1914 will read this book with keen interest. The author has done his work extraordinarily well and there is not a dull paragraph in the whole book, just as there must scarcely have been a dull period in the life of the subject of the biography.

Without attempting to hide Father Tierney's faults, the author at the same time does not allow the faults to becloud the picture of the true man and priest beneath. Unquestionably the former Editor of *America* was every inch a big man, a strong champion of right and justice, a fearless defender of the Faith and an ardent lover of his country. His editorial career was cast in stirring times calling for clearness of thinking and definiteness and fearlessness of policy.

Our Contributors

The Shepherd, the poem that introduces our Christmas number, was contributed by LAVERNE F. WILHELM, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Md.

For WILLIAM J. DUFFY, S.J., now at Weston College, Weston, Mass., *Noche Buena* recalls happy memories of other Christmases spent in the Philippine Islands.

FATHER SAMUEL H. RAY, S.J., is well qualified to speak of such characters as *Pierre of the Cajons*. He has been long engaged in apostolic labor in the South.

Cupid Carves a Notch in India, while RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J., from his mission post in Bettiah, Patna, records the event for our readers.

Our readers may think that JOSEPH L. LEROY, S.J., now laboring in Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I., does not know his Gaelic in *Aaron Go Bragh—Shouldn't it be Erin?*—Thereby hangs a tale.

FRED J. LYNCH, S.J., mission enthusiast, now studying philosophy in Canada tells how the *Odjibways Seek the King*.

We think WILLIAM J. BIRMINGHAM, S.J., who will be ordained priest this coming June, would make a *Champion Santa* himself, judging from the enthusiastic way in which he tells of his experiences on the Indian Missions.

WILLIAM J. HEALY, S.J., of Weston College, Weston, Mass., already well known in JESUIT MISSIONS, has captured something of the glory of *The Midnight Mass* in a delightful prose poem.

Sounding the Depths of China's Faith discovers for CHARLES D. SIMONS, S.J., a missionary from California, now at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, some of the wonders of God's grace.

The Glacier Priest, FATHER BERNARD HUBBARD, S.J., has been so often in the public eye because of his geological discoveries in Alaska, that we are not surprised to find him *Deep Down in Aniakchak*.

The vision of all the nations of the earth kneeling to receive the *Solemn Benediction* of their Infant King inspired this word picture from the pen of our greatly esteemed Associate Editor, FATHER JOSEPH REITH, S.J.

God's Christmas Gift, is by the well known poet, FATHER CHARLES J. QUIRK, S.J., of Spring Hill College, Alabama.

The missionaries who write for you would welcome your active interest in their missions

There is a gripping interest in following the author of this biography as he leads the reader along Father Tierney's path of life and unfolds—wisely using the pages of the finished volumes of *America* for generous quotations from Father Tierney's writings—the story of the former Editor's part in national questions such as the troubles with Mexico, the Great War, the Irish Question, European Relief, the Smith-Towner Education Bill, and every other question of the day that affected Catholic life in the United States. Father Tierney made *America* in the full sense of the word a fearless Catholic Review. In fact, as Father P. Blakely, S.J., who worked most efficiently shoulder to shoulder with the former Editor, says, "*America* and Father Tierney were interchangeable terms."

Mary's Assumption.—By Raphael V. O'Connell, S.J. America Press, New York, N. Y. Price \$1.50.

We take real pleasure in recommending this book to our readers. It is a scholarly, well-written presentation of the doctrine of the Assumption of Our Lady which, to echo the modest hope of the author, we are certain "will be welcomed by the Catholic Faithful as contributing, in some small measure at least, towards hastening the hour when a new and pre-

cious jewel will be set in Mary's diadem by the solemn definition on the part of the Church of the Assumption of Our Lady, as a doctrine belonging to the deposit of revealed truth, and which cannot henceforth be denied or called in question without shipwreck of the Faith."

In clear and simple language, yet with a dignity befitting the subject, the meaning of the doctrine is explained, its connection with other doctrines in regard to Mary pointed out, and the arguments to establish it given. As the most certain, and the one commonly used by theologians, the argument from tradition is developed at length with copious quotations from the Latin and Greek Fathers in the order of their approach to the source of Catholic tradition, the Apostolic Age.

The publishers have given the book an appropriate dress and careful printing. It would be altogether perfect if Titian's "Assumption"—which the author himself praises—had only been included as a frontispiece!

Anima Christi—Let Us Pray, Series I, by Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. America Press, New York, N. Y. Thirty cents per copy.

In this little booklet the author applies the Second Method of Prayer of St. Ignatius to the prayer greatly loved by the Saint. It is a book for meditation, not reading, and is especially valuable in that it develops lines of thought which carry one beyond the personal reflections of the writer. The format of the booklet is very neat and calculated to wear well under the frequent use we feel sure it will receive. We hope that this series will prove as long and as fruitful as "My Changeless Friend," another series by the same author.

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