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MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS

Mission fields scattered over the whole world have been assigned to the spiritual care and material support of the various Provinces of the Society of Jesus in America. The American Jesuits gladly accepted these mission charges, and, with the prayers and generous cooperation of zealous friends, are reaping an ever-increasing harvest of souls.

(1) **PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**, a foreign-home mission: a large portion of the Island of Mindanao, the Iloilo and Cebu, and educational work in Manila; and (2) **MISSIONS IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND** entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the Middle Atlantic States. Mission Procurator is
Rev. George J. Willmann, S.J., 501 East Fordham Road, New York, N. Y.

(3) **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Wyoming and South Dakota, and (4) **BRITISH HONDURAS** in Central America among the Caribs and Maya Indians are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-west that comprise the Missouri Province. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. James R. O'Neill, S.J., 221 North Grand Blvd., St. Louis, Mo.

Missions among the natives of (5) **ALASKA** and (6) **AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Washington, Oregon and Montana are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is co-extensive with these States. Mission Procurator is
Rev. Edward A. McNamara, S.J., 3220 - 43rd St. S.E., Portland, Ore.

(7) **JAMAICA, B.W.I.**, is the field of the foreign missionary labors of the Jesuits of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Edward P. Tivnan, S.J., Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

(8) The **SOUTHERN STATES MISSIONS** are home missions in the rural districts of these States. The New Orleans Province which embraces the Southern States are tilling these fields. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., St. Anne's Church, Rock Hill, S. C. Box 445.

(9) **PATNA** is the foreign mission in northern India administered by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Leon A. Foster, S.J., 1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

(10) The **CHINA MISSIONS** of the Jesuits of the California Province which comprises the States of California and Arizona are in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Hugh C. Donavon, S.J., University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif.

(11) **SÜCHOW MISSION**, China; and (12) **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** at Caughnawaga, the Iroquois near Montreal, are in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Louis J. Lavoie, S.J., 653 Chemin Ste-Foy, Quebec, Canada.

(13) **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay, those north of Lake Superior along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Joseph Leahy, S.J., 160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada.

Educational work at (14) **BAGHDAD, IRAQ**, is entrusted to Jesuits from each of the American Provinces administered by the New England Province of the Society of Jesus.

Contributions for any of these missions may be sent to the respective Province Mission Procurator.

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"And the angel said to them: Fear not; for, behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy, that shall be to all the people: For, this day, is born to you a Savior, who is Christ the Lord, in the city of David." (Luke ii, 10, 11)

Potlatch in Alaska

Paul C.
O'Connor, S.J.



"The Hope of the Alaskan Mission," someone has entitled this picture. Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., with some of the pups that will soon be pulling his sled on mission trips.

POTLATCH is a word of magic in Eskimo Land. As soon as the Chief in solemn conclave has decided on a *potlatch*, the word is flashed in a moment around the village. Every face lights up with pleasure. A *potlatch* is an event in their monotonous lives, an epoch in the long dreary stillness of the Alaskan Winter. Preparations are immediately begun; and these are not to last a few days, but for entire months.

A few days ago my people at Pilot Station sent formal word to the people of Takchak that they would give them a *potlatch* on the twenty-seventh of February. Now a *potlatch* is no mean or trivial affair. It is the mutual receiving and giving of presents between entire villages. We whites have no idea of the wonderful spirit of conviviality and wholesome familiarity that exists between neighboring native villages. Permit me to explain a bit in detail.

When a *potlatch* is given, it means that every man, woman and child from the neighboring village must come. Thus on the eve of our *potlatch*, twenty-three dog-teams drew up to our village. Every sled was loaded to capacity with human freight. Everybody was welcome to stay in any cabin he pleased. No questions are ever asked. The native simply comes in without knocking and makes himself perfectly at home. He carries no luggage except a reindeer skin to lie on, and a rabbit blanket for a covering. Food for the most part is no problem whatsoever along the banks of the Yukon, for tea and fish are the main diet, and these can be had everywhere. Visitors, therefore, are free to stay as long as they like. They are always and everywhere welcome. In fact, life here approaches old-fashioned Socialism more closely than anything I have seen yet.

THE important events of the *potlatch* are conducted in the *casin*. The people gather there about seven o'clock, and stay till midnight. I had been invited to attend. However, I did not tell them that I would come. Impelled more by curiosity than anything else, I slipped in about nine o'clock.

The *casin* is an underground affair. It has a bear skin over the door and a seal gut for a lone window in the center of the roof. It is heated by an open fire during the day, and for this reason the walls are all black and grimy with smoke. There is no fire at all during the session. I was surprised, when I entered, to see how really big the place was. It will easily hold two hundred people packed in native fashion.

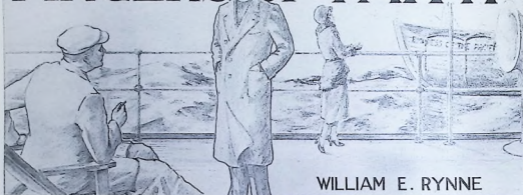
A dance was in progress when I dropped in. I must say that the native Eskimo dances are superior to

modern white dances both in modesty and rhythmic gesture. The women sway to and fro and portray an entire native episode with their hands. It takes a complete understanding of native life to know what they mean. A curious thing is the fact that characteristic dances remain in the same family for five and six generations. Daughter copies mother, and son, father.

DURING the dance five huge fan-like drums are beaten in perfect time. The drummers all take their cue from the Chief, who sits on the side and sways a long stick covered with pure white feathers. The Chief directs both the singers and the drummers with this feathered baton. The drums are beat loud or soft according to the nature of the song and the dance performed.

After the dance, which had not at all been interrupted by my arrival, perfect silence reigned. The Chief then very graciously welcomed me and offered me a seat. After I sat down the people waited to hear me speak. They wanted to know what I thought of their performance. I then told them in unstinted praise that what I had witnessed was most artistically done. This pleased them very much. The Chief then called on the men to give one of their ancient and most rousing songs. I was completely swept off my feet. How these natives, without any musical training whatever, could sing in such perfect unison and in such stirring measure was more than I could understand. With one hundred and twenty-five deep strong voices you can well imagine the volume. The drums gave the most weird effect to this ancient chant. I was profoundly and strangely affected. I thought that I had suddenly been transported back a thousand years and was listening to the united voice of an ancient people.

FINGERS OF FAITH



WILLIAM E. RYNNE

"Here," broke in the other abruptly, "won't you sit down? Let's leave the sky and all that aside. Now that I've mentioned religion, I'd like to ask you about something that puzzles me."

IN the East Deck of the "Empress of the Pacific" the poet, T. Fairfield Furness, basked in the early-morning warmth of the weak Autumn sun, gazing intently at the serene beauty of the canopy of blue stretching endlessly across the undulating Pacific. In his lap lay his notebook; in his hand, half-raised, he held a pen.

"What a blue! What metaphor could describe it?"
"Sapphire!"

The poet turned quickly and gazed into the smiling countenance of a youngish man clothed in Roman collar and clerical black.

"I do hope you'll pardon my rudeness, but I couldn't resist the opportunity. Don't you think sapphire applicable?"

The poet had little difficulty recovering his poise, and after pausing slightly, presumably for effect, he spoke with studied indifference.

"Rather trite, isn't it?"

"Yes, I suppose it is. I don't believe words could do justice to such a beautiful blue, unless. . ."

He paused, uncertain.

"Unless?" prompted the poet, shaking off his lackadaisical indifference.

"I was thinking in terms of—of a Blessed Virgin blue."

The poet's brows contracted.

"But perhaps I shouldn't have said it."

"Why not? Afraid it would lead to a religious discussion?"

"Well no, not exactly, but. . ."

"Here," broke in the other abruptly, "won't you sit down? Let's leave the sky and all that aside. Now that I've mentioned religion, I'd like to ask you about something that puzzles me."

"Glad to help if I can," answered the priest quickly,

dropping into the deck chair the poet drew up.

"You're a Catholic on your way to China?"

"Yes, and I can hardly wait to get there," answered the priest, his eyes brightening at the thought.

"You'll get over there soon enough, and it won't be long before you'll wish you were back home again."

The priest protested mildly.

"NOW look," continued the poet, "here's what bothers me. Your Church values life highly. She's against murder and suicide and birth control and all that. She says we have no power, no right to destroy human life. Yet she allows her priests and nuns to go to some foreign land among savages to be—murdered—outright. Isn't that inconsistent, to say the least? How does she justify such action?"

"That's what I'm asked time and again, and yet I don't see what's so puzzling about it, if the person is at all acquainted with Christ and the Christianizing of the world. The Church is only following His will. If you'll pardon me for quoting Scripture, remember He said, 'Go therefore, teach ye all nations . . . and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world.'"

"All that sounds very well, here, or at home, just like patriotic speeches and waving flags. Don't you realize you run the risk of being murdered?"

"But not many are privileged with such a death."

"Privileged?"

"Surely. Isn't it a privilege to die for such a cause? Remember He died for us."

T. Fairfield Furness stared.

"It depends on how you look at it, I suppose."

"Only, in the Church we say it's a matter of being blessed with the true Faith."

"My dear man," the poet's voice was patronizing, "this

all sounds very well here. It's like the student entering the world, ready to revolutionize it with his theory. You've intrigued me, I'll admit, but how will your theory work out in practice. That's the test."

"The same as it has down through the ages."

THE poet hesitated, taken back at the ready response.

"Why, you can't begin to conceive the conditions and chances over there with those—savages."

"Oh yes, I realize even more than you; but they're all precious souls, and in God's sight, just as important as you and I."

"Why this task of spreading the Gospel to them is idiotic. It's—it's impossible."

"Oh, no. Not impossible. Remember God's on our side. Look at St. Issaac Jogues and the other North American Martyrs! Look at the Catacombs! They're monuments that live on to prove you're wrong."

"Perhaps I could make you see if I told you a special case a friend of mine told me in Frisco last week, about a priest stationed around Kaotson."

"I'd be delighted to hear it."

"His name was Father McCarthy—Father Andrew McCarthy, I believe."

"Father Andrew McCarthy?" repeated the priest.

The poet nodded.

"Why that's . . ."

"Oh, some missionary, stationed there. I don't know what order he belongs to."



"WAIT till I tell you what happened to him. I want to tell you while we're alone, before we go down to breakfast. And I'm getting hungrier every minute.

"This priest escaped the first time he was captured, but the second time he didn't. These Chinese bandits cause them lots of trouble I understand. They made him write a letter asking for ransom, threatening death by torture if it wasn't received. He feigned ignorance of the Chinese language and wrote the letter in English, giving as specific details of his location as possible. The bandits felt secure in their retreat, and as they couldn't read the letter, took it for granted he

had complied with their wishes.

"When no reply was forthcoming they despatched letters each day. In about four or five days the searchers found the bandits and overpowered them. Father McCarthy was in a wretched condition. In fact, it was days before they were sure he would survive. Two fingers had been cut from each hand! Can you imagine such torture!"

"Yes," replied the priest tersely with an ironical smile the poet could not understand.

Calmly the poet continued,

"Well, infection set in and he was sent back to America when he was able to make the trip. Not trying

to add to the gruesomeness of the thing, but in case you should doubt me, you can look up his Superior in China and ask to see the fingers. They've been kept there ever since they were sent by the bandits—one each day.

"NOW my dear young man," concluded the poet paternally, "do you see what you're up against? It's nice to read and think your beautiful thoughts, but . . . can't you see? China's no dream." On the spur of the moment as the thought occurred to him he added with a chuckle, "A nightmare would be more like it. Why it's the height of insanity to go over there.

You're throwing your life away."

"You make it embarrassing for me."

"You mean you want to go back?"

"No," was the sudden reply, delivered with such deliberate emphasis the T. F. F. jerked into a rigid sitting position, so tense that he was not unlike a wax model in a store window.

"Perhaps you don't believe what I . . ." began the poet, recovering from his surprise.

"I have every reason to know it's true."

"AND yet you . . . I'll have to admit I can't make you priests out at all." The poet rose, shaking his head. "But I will say you interest me and make me think a lot about religion. Queer religion yours, and yet I'm darned if I don't sympathize with . . . Well, I'm hungry. Won't you join me for breakfast?"

"No thanks. If you don't mind, I'll stroll along deck awhile longer."

"Well," said the (Turn to page 260)



Christmas

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S. J.

The Heavens blench in wondering dismay—
A cave is palace for the Prince of Light,
Against the sable velvet of the night,
The Gem of Godhead gleams enshined in clay.

A pale creation lies in breathless awe,
The cattle like their Master, born for death,
Offer the incense of their frusted breath
Before their King and Lord enthroned in straw.

Amid the stars the winging seraph sings,
The trees their snowy surplices have worn
To please Him; yet before the newly-Born
The censer-heart of man but weakly swings.

With sudden fire the Infant's Eyes are bright,
Their depths reflect the cross-shaped window frame,
Its prophecy is fuel of a flame
Whose ash shall bleach on Calvary's altar height.

Men of Good Will

Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J.

SOMERTON is a little place in Jamaica, B. W. I., about eight miles from Brown's Town, with a Catholic population of about one hundred souls. Very Reverend Father Arnold and myself started for Somerton and reached there about seven and I shall never forget the sight of the little chapel that was my first view of a mission station.

If you can imagine a little shed forty by fifteen feet with shuttered windows, one half the floor weak pieces of board and the other half dirt, an ordinary kitchen table waiting for the Mass kit that would enable me to say Mass, and whitewashed walls cracked in many places, you have some idea of my little chapel at Somerton. And yet, never have I said Mass with greater devotion, nor preached with more heart than in that tumble-down little shack that must have resembled rather closely the place where Christ was born. And the reason was the faith, piety, courage and zeal of the poorest of God's poor, who were ready to make any sacrifice possible to have a little church to safeguard the faith of themselves and their children. It would



His Excellency, Rt. Reverend Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., Bishop of Jamaica, en route to visit his "Men of Good Will."

break your heart to hear a strong man tell in the simple speech of the country, the story of their twenty-five years of striving to build the church that would save the faith in the hearts of their little ones.



Father Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J., newly appointed Pastor, is enamored of Somerton's "Men of Good Will."

I ASKED them what they were willing to do, and they told me that for some years past they had been working in their own poor way toward erecting the church. A lime kiln had been built and over two hundred barrels of lime made ready for the walls. One man who owned some hardwood trees offered them if the people would get the money to have them cut.

You see, there is no machinery in these parts, and all the wood must be cut by hand and planed into suitable boards. It would cost but sixty pounds for the labor of the mason and carpenter, the skilled labor they could not give themselves. But all else they would give.

The excavating would be done by them and their friends who, though not of the faith, would help them to build their church. The rock required for the bulwark walls would be cut and hauled to the spot by them; the crushed stone needed in the cement work would be broken by hand, even the women helping in the work,—and gladly, if only they might have their church with a roof that did not leak. I asked them what they hoped to do to secure the money for the roof and they told me, not without a trace of justifiable pride, that they

head run an entertainment (a pleasant evening, as they term it) which had netted them six pound, eleven, or roughly, in the money of the States, a little under thirty dollars at the present rate of exchange. This is half the amount to purchase a zinc roof.

I NEVER felt the sting of poverty more than while listening to the story of these poor people whose love of God made little difficulties, such as working after long hours in the field and by moonlight, nothing, if only their children might not be lost to the faith. And mind you, these poor souls can have Mass only once a month and that, on Wednesday morning. You would have been won over completely if you could have heard the humble request for the Sunday Mass every fifth Sunday of the year. It would mean five Sunday Masses a year, but for them there could be no greater boon. Do you wonder that I told them upon leaving that if God ever sent me the means, the first thing I would do in the mission assigned me would be to build them the little church they so ardently sought? And I must confess that I drove away with a heavy heart, over roads that would do in a truck or even army tank, if the travel was constant. For never did I dream that souls longed for Christ with the intensity manifested by the people of Somerton. I

have met them several times since, and always they ask if I have any good word about the church. I tell them not as yet, but to hope for the best. They cannot understand world conditions in their isolation, and they continue to hope and pray that the time is drawing to a close when they must kneel at Mass in the hovel that they now call a church.

Of course, Somerton is but one of eight stations where I say Mass. Every Sunday finds me on the road, starting somewhere around 5:30 A.M., to go to my first church for an early Mass which will be followed by another around 10:00 or 10:30. For example, every third Sunday my schedule calls for a Mass in St. Ann's Bay, some eighteen miles distant from my base; and this, of course, occasions an early start, around 6:00 A.M., at the latest. For remember, that roads in Jamaica and roads in the States bear no close relationship. It may be that I shall call in to the Poor House Hospital to give a dying man Communion and a poor old woman the same consolation, then I am

off again on my way to the loft over a store where I say Mass for the people of St. Ann's Bay.

I ARRIVE at 7:00, hear confessions until 8:00, say Mass, give Benediction after preaching to a mixed congregation, and then hurry back over the eighteen miles to Brown's Town where a congregation of some sixty souls awaits the same procedure. More than half of this congregation is non-Catholic also. You may have a Baptism or two to perform, and so it is not surprising to find yourself taking breakfast around 1:00 P.M., after about as strenuous a morning as the most ardent



"It would break your heart to hear a strong man of Somerton tell, in the simple speech of the country, the story of twenty-five years of striving to build a church that would save the faith in the hearts of his little ones."

soul would ambition. And strange to say, there is a certain exhilaration in it all that can't be explained naturally. Perhaps it is the explanation that the soldier saint, Ignatius, gives his sons when he tells them that they can't outdo God in generosity. But in any event the day's work leaves you a bit tired, of course, but with a feeling of consolation that one would travel twice as far to secure.

And when one thinks of the heroes that in the days gone by did all this with a horse, one feels instinctively that only God and His cause could have urged them on to such a task of love. When I listen to the stories of men leaving the very grounds where I now dwell to start for Kingston and driving off at 2:00 A.M., in order to go less than half way to make the train that would get them into Kingston toward nightfall, I can only say to myself that here were men and brethren to admire. For you must travel mountain roads to know what work they accomplished with the old horse and buggy.

And yet, there was (Turn to page 261)



Our Village Schools

A Patna Missionary

FROM the very outset when the opening of a mission high school at Bettiah, Patna Mission, India, was being considered, the thought that was uppermost in our minds was that it was to be not only in name but in very fact a mission school,—a school which would not only provide thorough Catholic training for our Catholic boys, but in which the non-Catholic students would also receive such religious instruction as would best prepare them, *a longe*, at least, for accepting the Faith.

For this it was thought insufficient that pagan boys should attend the Catechism classes for the Catholic boys; indeed, this was considered as positively undesirable. Instead, a daily half hour of religious-moral instruction adapted to their particular needs was chosen, and has since been faithfully adhered to.

But, to accomplish its purpose of preparing the way to win Champaran for Christ, our "preaching Christ" had to be begun earlier and continued longer. Hence, the very first step after acquiring the first plot of land for the present site of the Khrist Raja High School, on the outskirts of Bettiah municipality, was to open there a Catholic village school for the pagan children of the surrounding villages. It was what is technically known as a Lower Primary School. The children, pagans all, were taught the Catechism, and prayers were learned and said just as in a parochial school.

This Khrist Raja Lower Primary School, had a very precarious existence during its first year, but thanks to



Raphael Paul, first native Bettiah boy, to enter the Society of Jesus.

the tact and zeal of the good Catholic master, the school won out, and with its present roll of sixty to seventy boys, it yearly sends to the lowest class at Khrist Raja High, that is, IV Class, a fine quota of boys whose mentality is just about as Catholic as is possible without the sacraments and the Mass. (They attend Mass in a body on a limited number of occasions, and when they do, they present as edifying a spectacle as you could hope for from a group of parochial children,—answering the prayers of the priest after Mass, etc.)

KRIST RAJA LOWER PRIMARY was an experiment. Gradually, similar schools were started within a limited radius, with the idea of covering a certain area with a network of schools (we now have six) through which we hope:

1. To reach an ever increasing number of pagan children (boys and girls) and imbue their minds with Christian ideas and train them to Christian prayer before their young minds are warped into that dis-
- (Turn to page 261)*



The first Khrist Raja Lower Primary School was started in 1927. It has succeeded splendidly, and now has an attendance of about seventy boys.

The Mission of Madagascar

John Delom, S.J.

THE evangelization of Madagascar did not become effectual until 1861. Attempts had, indeed, been made in the XVII Century by the Lazarist Fathers of France, but their efforts did not result in a lasting foundation of the mission. In 1672, the work started by them was abandoned,—not to be resumed for one hundred and sixty years.

Today, the Church in Madagascar includes six Vicariates Apostolic. All of these were, for thirty-five years, in charge of the Jesuits, the founders of the mission, but they soon proved unequal to the task and called to their assistance the Lazarist Fathers, the Fathers of the Holy Ghost and the Fathers of La Salette, in turn. The six Vicariates are now distributed as follows: the Jesuits have the care of two, the Fathers of the Holy Ghost of two, while the Lazarist and La Salette Fathers each have charge of one.

The number of baptized Catholics on the island is at present 475,000. Of these, by far the largest percentage is to be found in the old central Vicariate which at present includes the missions of the Jesuit and La Salette Fathers. In these missions there are 400,000 baptized Catholics.

THE total number of Christians in the Vicariate of Tananarive is 154,514, and thanks be to God, conversions are steadily being made. We have in our city parishes several groups of earnest catechumens, nearly a hundred in each group, in some even more. At Taravohitra there is a convert class of fifty, all of whom have come to us from the Protestant sects. A feature of these conversions from Protestantism is that they are effected, in great measure, by the children. As students in our schools, the Protestant children come to learn about our Faith and are quickly moved to love it. Then they draw others of their family to share that belief. They draw them, indeed, and that not merely by their words and entreaties, but especially by their example of generosity. One little boy, learning from a missionary that Catholics do not eat meat on Fridays,



A group of native Malagasy priests who are laboring zealously for the conversion of their countrymen, the islanders of Madagascar.

informed his parents that he would observe the abstinence of the Catholics. And when Friday came no meat would he take.

The fervor of these converts keeps pace with the increase of numbers. An eloquent witness to this is the number of Communion. This past year we distributed 1,922,767 Communion, making an average of over twelve Communion annually for each Catholic. Were there more missionaries in the field this number would reach even higher.

There you have our greatest handicap: penury of personnel! For the entire territory of this Vicariate we have only sixty-four priests: forty-eight Jesuits, two Premonstratensians, two Trinitarians and ten secular priests. Of this number, only forty-two are engaged in strictly pastoral work, the others being employed in the Seminary, the Jesuit Novitiate, the College of St. Michael's, the Observatory or in administrative duties. Our people feel keenly this dearth of priests. Striking testimony of this may be seen in the letter written by a Malagasy of the "brush" to one of the Fathers at Tananarive. He enclosed a list of his sins and requested absolution by return mail!

Fortunately, this state of affairs will not exist forever. Already we have ten native priests, and two seminaries. At the little seminary we have one hundred and six students. At the Novitiate of the Society of Jesus there are nine novices. Only a few more years, and the Church, in the name of the Savior of the world, will have taken possession of this great African island.

A Sioux Indian Christmas



I THOUGHT you might be interested in hearing about my Christmas in the wilderness. It has always been my wish to spend Christmas out in one of the mission chapels among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota. This year my wish was granted.

Christmas Eve found me traveling over the ridges and down in the valleys in this bleak, desolate, prairie country. It did not take long to cover the thirty miles from Holy Rosary Mission to Our Lady of Lourdes Convent at Porcupine where the Sisters of the Holy Humility of Mary from the diocese of Cleveland are working. The trails were, as we say out here in the Indian country, "open," meaning that there were no snowdrifts or slush and mud in which to get stuck. I wish I could do justice in describing the little Catholic center at Porcupine as I saw it early Christmas Eve. You have never seen this rugged country with all of its beauty in the Winter time.

I stood alone for a few minutes looking out over the vast stretches of lonely country. There was no snow except that

on the hills and among the pines. The little white chapel stood out beautifully in the moonlight, and every few minutes a silent figure,—an Indian woman with her shawl pulled around her, or a man or little child went from the log meeting house to the chapel for confession. The lights shone through the white tents that had been pitched earlier in the day. Overhead the stars were shining and twinkling, as if they too were joyous and happy on this Christmas night. As I stood on the bleak, lonely hillside, my thoughts naturally went back to another Christmas night nineteen hundred years ago. I would not have been much surprised if the angels had appeared on these South Dakota hills and



Our Lady of Lourdes Catholic center at Porcupine, one of the Jesuit missions among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota.

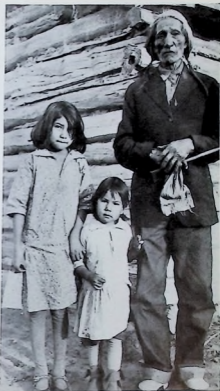
sung their glad tidings,—“*Gloria in Excelsis Deo!*”

Midnight Mass in an Indian mission chapel miles and miles away from the haunts of the white man! There is nothing much to say. Sister John Berchmans had worked very hard to put up a crib and make the little chapel beautiful for the coming of the Christ Child. The Indians came in quietly and reverently and knelt around the little crib. I am always a bit thrilled when I see these Indians at Mass and receiving *Yutapi Wakan*, the Holy Food, because I realize, after almost six years out here, how much patience, sacrifice and virtue it has taken to bring these once fierce warlike Sioux to the knowledge and love of our Lord.

CHRISTMAS morning a surprise awaited us. During the early hours of the morning a little child had been born in one of the tents. Thinking that the mother and child might be in want, Sister Mildred and I went to the tent. What did we see? A scene that once more sent my thought back over the centuries nineteen hundred years. The tiny infant was wrapped in a little quilt and was lying on some straw. Sitting near the child was the mother. Her long, straight, black hair was hanging loose around her shoulders. Her sad dark eyes reminded me of a Madonna. Bethlehem was brought very near in that little, lowly tent on the cold, bleak hillside of the Indian country. Sister Mildred and I, realizing that what we did for this child we did for the Babe of Bethlehem, wrapped up a warm bundle of clothing and put it in Santy Claus' bag. The baby was baptized Christina Josephine Jealous of Him.

Christmas afternoon, Father Leo Cunningham, S.J., came back from the Sacred Heart Chapel at Wounded Knee Battlefield for a real Christmas dinner. Sister Marcelline surely made us feel Christmasy when she brought on the big turkey and all of its trimmings. This was probably the first Christmas dinner Father Cunningham has had served on a table with a white table cloth since he has been out on the trail. After dinner the presents under the Christmas tree were given out and there was much joy and happiness for the four Sisters of the Humility of Mary on this, their first Christmas in the Indian country.

Christmas night the Indians gathered in the basement of the chapel for the school entertainment and Christmas tree. Sisters Angelus and Mildred were surely to be congratulated on the fine program they produced at this little mission station. I really never enjoyed anything so much in my life as seeing those children act. In the midst of one of the songs, Santy Claus appeared. The first child he approached was Fannie Thunder Hawk. I could tell by her little face that she was a bit frightened, but she did not run away because she was curious to know what was in his bag. You should have seen the



“Every few minutes a silent figure—an Indian woman with her shawl pulled around her or a man or little child, went from the log meeting house to the chapel for confession.”

faces when “mama” dolls began to cry and tumble out of that bag. The little boys were as happy as boys can be with tiny airplanes, horns, mouth harps and other toys.

Father Thomas Smith, S.J., had come out from Omaha to help out over Christmas. He was assigned to Our Lady of Lourdes chapel. The Indians, to show their appreciation, presented him with a beautiful beaded belt and pocket book. He gave them a speech of thanks and wished all a merry Christmas.

SANTY CLAUS then began passing around apples, candy, tobacco and the gifts from the Christmas tree. Really, one could not imagine more happiness than was chucked into the basement of that little chapel

(Turn to page 262)





"The moon is still lingering on the edge of the sky; stars glimmer and pale with the approach of dawn. It is Christmas Eve. The *Misa de Aguinaldo* is over."

THE altar boy puts out the candles. Soon the church is empty, save for the silent figure in the white cassock, kneeling on the broken floor of the sanctuary, his face buried in his hands, his elbows resting on the back of a chair. Slowly the minutes pass. It is very dark; the red tongue of the lamp over the altar casts but a few faint shadows. With a sigh, the priest rises at last, and walks the barren length of the church to the door.

The moon is still lingering on the edge of the sky; stars



Is This C

glimmer and pale with the approach of dawn. *Thomas B.*

In the plaza opposite the church the younger people of the town are gathered, eating, making merry. It is Christmas Eve. The *Misa de Aguinaldo* is over. Tired, weary, the young pastor makes his way to the convento. The past week has been a hard strain; the customs he cannot understand. *Misa de Aguinaldo* at four o'clock in the morning; Christmas preparations all day; choir meetings; sick calls;—a few short hours of rest;—so the days have gone by, and here it is Christmas Eve.

A hurried breakfast; consultation with the wizened old sacristan mayor; and the pastor steps forth into the sudden, blazing heat of the day. Christmas Eve! He tries not to think of it, but the thought comes back unbidden. This is not the kind of a Christmas Eve he has always known. Things seem so different, so strange; awakening no chords of sympathy in his soul. The first few months on the missions passed quickly enough, and happily enough, filled as they were with hard work that left little time for reflection and comparison. But this Christmas novena has been very hard . . .

HE steps on the gas, and drives like mad to escape his thoughts; the faithful little car, well polished to hide the scratches, responds nobly, and sways madly over the gutted roads. Christmas Eve! It used to mean snow and evergreens, and peace in the air; meetings of old friends, gatherings of family clans;—when he was a boy, there were the gifts—books, neckties, the new watch;—the Midnight Mass,—Heaven on earth,—such singing as he will only hear again in Heaven,—"Merry Christmas" borne on every wind,—stars and a smiling moon hanging in the sky,—thousands pouring from the churches, footfalls hushed by the kindly snow that lay like an ermine hood upon the world,—snow-silvered trees lining the avenues—and the bells . . . bells of Christmas! . . . Christmas dinner at home! . . . His first Christmas as a novice—the intense joy, the thousand surprises . . . The scholasticate on Christmas Eve,—the mail, the decorations, the jovial rush, the humorous mishaps, the last touch, Midnight Mass, the long hours in the forested aula with brothers in Christ—he never realized they meant so much to him, till now!

There,—he had resolved not to think of it! Eyes glued on the road ahead, he tries to think of the work to be done at the barrio chapel to which he is bound. He crosses a narrow river, two boards serving as a bridge; his aim is true. Christmas Eve! Just the same as any other day! Bamboos wave lazily in the sultry wind; palms sway slightly in the coconut cocal; a scrawny dog rests his sleepy head between his paws, on the edge of the road; chickens flutter madly

"Christmas Eve! It used to mean snow and evergreen and peace in the air; the Midnight Mass—Heaven on earth—such singing as I will only hear again in Heaven."

Christmas?



—*Union, S.J.* across the highway, filling the air with feathers; a squealing pig barely escapes the wheels. Clouds of dust follow the car. Must these things be the same all year round, even on Christmas Eve? . . .

AT last, the chapel. Mopping his brow, the pastor steps from the dusty car, and looks around. God never meant at Christmas Mass to be said here! How decorate a poor hut like this? Bewildered, he seeks help; a few old women volunteer. In and out for hours. At last it looks a little better. Cold eggs for lunch; then on to the next chapel, where he will say the third Mass. Another river—no bridge; he manipulates the Ford on to the "ferry"—a platform built on two *bancas*,—and is cabled across. Small boys are swimming all around, shouting, laughing. Swimming on Christmas Eve! Farther down the stream, women are washing clothes on the banks. The car clatters up the farther slope; twenty kilometers more; now and then the Ford passes a carabao dully plodding on, the driver nodding on the seat of the cart. Oh, for the cold, crisp air of other Christmas Eves! . . .

And so to the confessional . . . Hour after hour . . . sitting in the dark, mopping his brow, leaning from side to side . . . Swiftly the twilight comes, then the night. The sacristan has lighted all the lights and is ringing bells to his heart's content. At last the long line has disappeared, and the priest steps forth from the box. It is late; there is little time for rest. The leader of the choir rushes in with unexpected difficulties; the sacristan is looking for truant altar boys. From the town can be heard laughter and noisy music. A quarter to twelve: bells pound out their lusty peals; the old sacristan hugely enjoys pulling the rope as if to wake the dead.

Somewhere, in a church 12,000 miles away, his own mother kneels at Midnight Mass, praying for him; she thinks he is another Xavier . . . Another Xavier!

ONCE more he ascends the altar; gradually he forgets the distractions; . . . The Consecration . . . The Communion . . . Again and again he passes along the altar rail, distributing the Bread of Life; little children, old withered women, young girls, wrinkled grandfathers, the gay lads of the town,—surely they all seem different now! What a light shines in their faces as they look up at him, waiting to receive the Sacred Host! It is the same Faith that lights their eyes and his mother's! One Lord, one Faith . . . It is Christmas after all! . . . Last Gospel . . . the Bambino,—up and down the rail—but it is no longer a torture but a pleasure. To kiss the feet of the little waxen figure means so much to them! And to the children, the Crib seems so



"I have never seen truth dramatized so well as the Catholic Church dramatizes Her mysteries. Why, even the children can understand what Christmas means!"

real—their wide eyes drinking in all the details. Children are the same all over the world. Mothers, too, he thinks. Yes, and fathers. It is really Christmas.

The Midnight Mass is over; the band blares forth into a glorious paean of noise;—the bells clang out with renewed fury;—and somehow, the young priest does not think it a distraction. He, too, wants to shout for joy. He must have caught the spirit of Christmas! Kneeling in the sacristy, his boisterous heart refuses to ex- (Turn to page 262)



The poor people "have understood the meaning of Christmas as well as the greatest of theologians. Not as a result of syllogisms, but of paper and tinsel, processions, star-shaped lanterns, waxen figures, paper flowers, drooping candles, brass bands, . . . and bells."

JESUIT MISSIONS

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JOSEPH GICHWEIND, S.J.

Editor

THOMAS J. FEENEY, S.J. CORNELIUS PINNAU, S.J.

HUGH C. DONAVON, S.J. PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.

LEON A. FOSTER, S.J. THOMAS WALSH, S.J.

Associate Editors

FRANCIS J. McVREGH, S.J. E. PAUL AMY, S.J.

Business Editors

Editorial and Publication Offices

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The peace of Christ be with you! May the joys and blessings of the sweet Babe of Bethlehem flood your soul on Christmas Day! This is the wish and prayer of the Editors of *Jesuit Missions* to all their friends and helpers and to those many valiant Jesuit missionaries who are spending themselves for Christ in the missions throughout the world. A blessed merry Christmas!



We Hail Thee, Francis Xavier!

“WE hail thee, Francis Xavier, Loyola’s greatest son! Thy daring soul’s seraphic love unnumbered souls has won.” So run the opening lines of a stirring hymn to St. Francis Xavier, greatest of modern missionaries, whose feast is celebrated on the third of December. Truly it was Xavier’s intense love for Christ the King that empowered him to make those apostolic journeys, to endure the trials and hardships, to face and conquer prejudice, misunderstanding and even open opposition in his Master’s cause. Love for the King so stirred him that even though his ardent zeal, coupled with the grace of God, had brought hundreds of thousands to the True Fold in a short span of ten years, he counted it all as only a spur to greater action. But God had numbered his days, and so it was that after Goa, Malacca, Japan and sections along India’s coast had felt the ardor of Xavier’s zeal, while he lay in sight of China whose spiritual conquest he had planned, his great soul breathed its last on earth, only to be folded in the embrace of his Lover Divine.

But Xavier is not dead. His spirit lives on to spur to greater zeal every missionary priest, Sister and Brother the world over. But not only they draw strength from Xavier’s example and are helped by his interces-

sion with God, but every Catholic man, woman and child can—and should—turn to the great Saint Francis to ask of him an increase of that personal love for Christ which will make each one more zealous for his own soul’s salvation, and will also stir him to a greater mission-mindedness, a greater interest in the advance of Xavier’s cause, which is Christ’s cause, the salvation of souls throughout the world.

Peace on Earth to Men of Good Will

CHRISTMAS is essentially the feast of peace and love in Christ. That peace and love which alone the Divine Child can give is sadly needed in the world today, a world that is bewildered, depressed, discouraged. “If we pass in review,” says His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, in his Encyclical *Caritate Christi Compulsi*, “the long and sorrowful sequence of woes that, as a sad heritage of sin, mark the stages of fallen man’s earthly pilgrimage from the Flood on, it would be hard to find spiritual and material distress so deep, so universal, as that which we are now experiencing; even the greatest scourges that left indelible traces in the lives and memories of peoples struck only one nation at a time. Now, on the contrary, the whole of humanity is held bound by the financial and economic crisis so fast that the more it struggles the harder appears the task of loosening its bonds; there is no people, there is no state, no society, or family which in one way or another, directly or indirectly, to a greater or less extent, does not feel the repercussion.”

In the face, then, of such a universal catastrophe, mankind should be impelled to seek, in a humble contrite spirit, true peace and joy where alone it can be found. Is there a feast in the year that gives a more perfect setting for this than Christmas? It brings us back on our knees to the love of the Divine Child, a love that breathes so sweetly in every phase of the Nativity story. There at the foot of the Manger let us kneel to pray for mankind and for our own country in particular that it return to Christ where alone lies the true remedy for depression. If more Americans learn to come to Christ, then indeed is the future safe, for as the Holy Father says in his Encyclical:

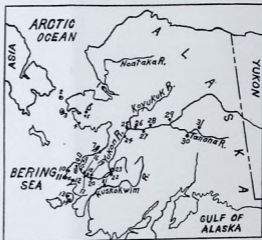
“Men who in every nation pray to the same God for peace on earth cannot be at the same time bearers of discord among peoples; men who turn in prayer to the Divine Majesty cannot foment that nationalistic imperialism which of each people makes its own god; men who look to the ‘God of Peace and of Love,’ who turn to Him through the mediation of Christ, Who is ‘Our Peace,’ will know no rest until finally that peace which the world cannot give comes down from the Giver of every good gift on ‘men of good will.’”

And in the charity of our prayer at the crib, let us remember too to pray for the pagan world that it may come to know and to love Christ, and that the thousands of missionaries who are at work in fields afar may be strengthened and encouraged to carry on their work with sustained heroism until the day dawns when from every land under the sun there arises the universal hymn of adoration and praise to the “newborn King.”

American Jesuits in Alaska

AMERICAN Jesuits from the Oregon Province are in charge of the Jesuit missions in Alaska. Under the episcopal jurisdiction of Rt. Reverend Bishop Joseph Raphael Crimont, S.J., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, 24 Jesuit priests and 10 Jesuit lay-Brothers are laboring to evangelize the souls of the natives. Of this number, 5 priests are engaged in caring for the missions of southern Alaska, situated at Juneau, Anchorage, Cordova, Ketchikan and Wrangell, with dependent mission stations attached. In the missions of northern Alaska, of which the Very Reverend Francis M. Menager, S.J., is Superior, 17 priests and 10 Jesuit lay-Brothers are spending themselves in the following stations:

- (1) Kotzebue (2) Diomede Island (3) King Island (4) Nome (5) Pilgrim Springs (6) Arvignak (7) St. Michael (four villages) (8) Akulurak (five villages) (9) New Hamilton (10) Scammon Bay (11) Hooper Bay (12) Kashunak (13) Nelson Island—Tununa (14) Nirkert (15) Fish Village (16) Mountain Village (17) Chukartulik (18) Pilot Station (19) Takchak (20) Marshall (21) Slikmuet (22) Pymute (23) Holy Cross (24) Kaltag (25) Nulato (26) Galena (27)



Ruby (28) Kokrines (29) Tanana (30) Nenana (31) Fairbanks. The total population of Alaska is approximately 60,000 of whom 28,700 are pagans, 21,200 are members of non-Catholic sects and 9,700 are Catholics. There are 411 catechumens. The American Jesuits are assisted by 3 secular priests, 51 Sisters, of whom 5 are native, and 44 catechists, of whom 11 are men and 33 are women.

THE name "Bantu" belongs **THE MISSION INTENTION**

for DECEMBER

The Bantu Tribes in Africa

to a vast number of tribes throughout the continent of Africa whose language has the word *bantu* or some similar varying form of the same to define men or people. The Bantus occupy a territory extending from five degrees north to seventeen degrees south latitude on the west coast, and from the Equator to thirty-three degrees south on the east coast, thus covering the entire central area of Africa from the Atlantic to the Indian Ocean. While nothing is known with certainty of the origin of the Bantus, it is a prevalent opinion among explorers that they are of Semitic stock and have been in Africa at least two thousand years. The story of the Church's struggle for the conversion of the Bantus is typified by the apostolate that is being carried on today in Johannesburg and the Transvaal. This mission is confided to the care of the Oblates of Mary Immaculate. In the Transvaal, there are 26,000 Catholics, of whom 6,000 are Blacks and 1,000 Mestizos. The Protestants, on the other hand, number as many as 600,000, of whom 200,000 are Calvinistic Boers and 300,000 are Blacks. There are in addition, 29,000 Jews and 400,000 Poles. Of the 600,000 natives, one-fourth are laboring in the mines; another fourth on the farms which are

owned mostly by the Boers who, in their turn, have very little sympathy for Catholics. The remainder are domestics who live on reservations. Lack of sympathy for the Catholic Faith on the part of employers and superintendents, a floating population, a multiplicity of languages (different from each other as Polish from Russian or German from French, with numerous dialects not less marked than English and Scotch), a contact with a class of whites from whose lives Christianity has almost entirely vanished, make the apostolate among the Bantus in Johannesburg and the Transvaal as well as throughout the Bantu territory of Africa generally, one of almost insurpassable difficulties. The more credit, therefore, to our Catholic missionaries who, out of a population of 60,000,000 Blacks, have converted to date 2,000,000 souls. This, despite the fact that in 1886, there were but 25,000. The future depends both on the number and the quality of the missionaries whom the Church can send to Africa. With all propriety, we may repeat the challenging call of the Protestant, Livingston: "I beg to direct your attention to Africa"—where by united Catholic action, clergy and laity may succeed in winning the Bantu Tribes for Christ.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



PATNA, INDIA

Patna Mission was indeed hard hit recently when death took away Father Raymond J. Conway, S.J. Detailed news of his death has not yet reached America, and the cable, telling of his death, stated only that it was caused by fever. Father Conway was forty-one years old and had spent six years in Patna Mission. His apostolic zeal, coupled with his even, genial nature, had made a deep impression on those who came into contact with him. More detailed news of his death will be given when it comes from India.

Father Charles P. Müller, S.J., writes from Gajhi, among the Santals: "Your fine letter of August 9 was most welcome. So were the dollars enclosed. This trade depression has hit us hard. I suppose you are aware of this better than I. Donations are getting scarcer.

"On the other hand, to take my own territory as an instance, there are better opportunities for conversions than there were one month or six months ago. Therefore, I argue that since God does not give the grace of conversion in vain, and has put us here to do this work, He will see us through. Am I right?"

Felix Farrell, S.J., having completed his course of philosophy at Shembaganur in South India, is now stationed at the Santal school at Bhagalpur. He has taken over the general care of the boys, including the sick—and this latter is, in itself, a man's job.

Khrist Raja High School has the following to report:

"During the month of June, the Scholastics did not go to Kurseong (Woodcot) to make their retreat . . . due to the depression they remained on the plains. Father James A. Creane, S.J., came up from the Santal field and gave the 'younger men' a spiritual overhauling. His instructions were inspiring and filled all with renewed zeal, for everyone felt that the one who preached had already put his lectures to the test and found them worthwhile. Prior to the retreat, some of the Scholastics went to help the missionaries at work among the Santals. John A. Morrison, S.J., was with Father Edward Scott, S.J.; Patrick

Smith, S.J., was with Father Raymond Conway, S.J.; J. J. Brennan, S.J., was with Father Creane and Marion Batson, S.J., spent some days at Bhagalpur. A. F. Wildermuth, S.J., took an intensive course in organ at Bankipore and David Pinto, S.J., spent his time at the High School, scouting the nearby villages for possible school sites. Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., made his retreat at the High School and the time before and after in making contacts. Father Rudolph G. Bohn, S.J., has been busy day in and day out . . . and sometimes far into the night . . . overseeing the building of the bungalow and the various buildings that go to make up the High School plant. How he ever manages to do so much in spite of the heat is a



On October 15, Patna Mission, India, suffered a great loss in the death, by fever, of Father Raymond J. Conway, S.J., of Milwaukee, Wisconsin. Father Conway was but forty-one years old, and had already done great work for souls in India, first at Bettiah and later among the Santals.

mystery . . . he is every place all at once. It is a joke among the coolies to make a sweeping gesture in all directions whenever anyone asks, "Where is Father Bohn?" The High School buildings will be a memorial to his untiring efforts. Brother Jenkinson, S.J., has now joined the High School community, having come from Chuhari. Brother Pais, S.J., now resides at Khrist Raja and cycles to the Press at Bettiah every morning. Father Henry P. Millet, S.J., is a transient visitor here, as he is our official "Spiritual Father" and also assistant pastor at the Bettiah church."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J., who departed for missionary work in Jamaica last August, records some of his first impressions:

"Landing in Kingston is like dropping back a century or two to witness the life that used to be. On a larger scale but with pretty much the same detail in the picture, you might have witnessed the scene at Porto Bello or some other of the Maryland county docks that are found down around St. Mary's. The Customs house building was a huge shed where everyone but the Americans moved about in a very leisurely manner. The temperature in that place may not have been ninety-five, but if it wasn't, then it was something higher. My Roman collar wilted within two minutes and then I went after my trunks and bags to have them passed as quickly as possible—with a little strip of white decorating my manly chest after the fashion of a bib. But deliverance was at hand in the person of a very gracious official who obligingly handled our luggage and bade us farewell without the least semblance of haste or discomfort. I stood by and marveled that one could possibly stand for hours in such a place and not perspire. I think he will do well even in Purgatory. The last move toward the street took us to parked machines that swiftly bore us to the Bishop's residence first, and then to Winchester Park where we were greeted by the community, napsins in hand. We walked in during the course of the luncheon and immediately did our share to dry up any liquids we did our share to dry up. Of course, we did our



Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., of the Province of New England, who is now campaigning for souls in Jamaica, B. W. I. Father Eberle sailed for his new post on August 6 last.

best to carry on a conversation between gulps, but I think the gulps had it when the vote was taken.

"Three days in Kingston and then I heard that Brown's Town was waiting for me, or at least for a pastor who would take over the eight stations that form the monthly round of the priest in charge. With Father Michaud in mind, I immediately took the antityphoid injection (and oh! the difference to me) and started next day over the sixty-eight miles that lead to Brown's Town. If there are any boulevards in Jamaica, I think they laid them out in the other direction. Perhaps it was my slight fever, or my ancient car (Canadian Ford, right hand drive) or the roads themselves, but whatever caused the impression, I felt that I was traveling the distance between Boston and Springfield and writing my last name every mile by reason of the twists and turns that represented every letter in the alphabet but O and Q. We reached Brown's Town at 4:00 P.M., after a few stops on account of the car whose engine was all steamed up over the trip and was constantly threatening to call off work for the day. Finally, within three miles of our destination, the engine turned over for the last time that day, coughed a last weak chug and just lay there. To make a long story less tiring—another machine took us and our baggage into town, and a truck dragged the crippled Ford after us and both good Samaritans presented their respective bills immediately. Let me pause to remark that we had started out from Kingston at 9:00 that morning, and need I add that unlike Coca Cola's suggestion, it was not the pause that refreshed?"

"By that time Father Arnold, who

had accompanied me on the trip, was examining the kitchen possibilities, and I was trying to find out just what kind of a bed the house possessed. There was one good bed and, excusing myself for an hour, I turned in to see if the slight fever caused by the injection of the preceding day would abate enough to induce me to eat. It did after an hour or more."

Father Frederick J. Donovan, S.J., stationed at St. Mary's Church, Above Rocks P. O., writes:

"Myself? As usual, hot, hotter, hottest. I have had a busy Summer as carpenter, painter, roofer, and this month is dedicated to 'spiritual repairs.' There will be three separate Confirmations and I am praying hard that the Holy Ghost will send His gifts ahead of time so that my candidates can answer with wisdom whatever questions the Rt. Reverend Bishop may propose.

"I had just finished a Little Flower triduum when two old, old people sent for 'Fadder fe mek im redde fe see Massa God.' They were non-Catholic but wanted to meet God as friends of mine. They are but typical of countless other souls whom we could garner in if we had both men and money. How can one man cover properly so much ground and really father 5,000 souls?"

ALASKA

Very Reverend Francis M. Menager, S.J., Superior of the northern Alaska missions, again greets the readers of *Jesur Missions*:

"Since I wrote you last, the Summer flow of water has gone down the great Yukon, and now we are settling down for another Winter. It is only a matter of a few weeks now until the ice forms.

"Early in June, I was called outside to see about the necessary business

of the missions. The depression had affected us so deeply, that for a while it looked as though we could get no supplies; but after much begging, Bishop Crimont obtained enough for the most necessary things. As it is, we are short of many things, but such is the life of a missionary in Alaska, and we shall do our best to keep going. It is somewhat disheartening at times to feel that our missionary priests, Brothers and Sisters, who are doing such hard work and are living amid such hardships, have to do without so many comforts and necessities without which life in ordinary circumstances would be declared unbearable. These noble souls who depend on me as their Superior, are an inspiration to me, for they have the spirit of sacrifice rooted deep in their hearts, and some of the children have picked up that spirit to quite an extent. The Holy Cross children, for example, knew of the financial condition, as public prayers were instituted to obtain from Heaven the help necessary to carry on the work, and evidently they thought they ought to do something besides praying, for one day a delegation of the children came to one of our Fathers and said to him, 'Father, we are very anxious to reduce expenses and to save money, so we ask you to let us go without lunch until the depression is over.' Of course, the children could not be allowed to go without their lunch, as their health requires it, but I thought it was a beautiful example of their self-sacrifice.

"When I came back from Seattle, it was my happy fortune to travel with good Bishop Crimont. We had a very nice trip, and all the people were very courteous to us. One evening I gave an illustrated lecture on Eskimo life, and it was very well received. In fact, a Protestant gentleman was so taken by our work among the Eskimos that he gave me five dollars.



Father John B. Sifton, S.J., a veteran Alaskan missionary, with two of his parishioners—a happy old couple of Eskimo land.

Since the railroad had been damaged by washouts between Seward and Fairbanks, our trip was tiring and uncomfortable. From Fairbanks we traveled to Holy Cross.

"Next Sunday we are getting a new Superior for Holy Cross, which will give me a chance to get around more to inspect our various missions. Holy Cross is such an important station and we have such a large school that I always felt sorry when I had to leave the place for long trips. This new arrangement will be much more satisfactory."

CHINA

Rt. Rev. Msgr. Georges Marin, S.J., Superior of the Canadian Jesuit mission of Süchow, China, writes:

"Our friends will no doubt be pleased to know of the progress we have made in the last twelve months. For this purpose it may be well to consider a few statistics not entirely devoid of eloquence. At present, Süchow Mission has 174 churches and chapels devoted to the spiritual needs of the Christians of 3,000 villages. The catechumens this year number 19,622; that means, 4,000 more than last year; the number of baptized children of Catholic parents was 1,743—an increase of 400; while the adults baptized for this year were 1,264; that means, 600 more than last year. The deceased were also more numerous than in previous years. This is due no doubt to the hardships that swept over China during the past year. The heavy emigration to other provinces also drew away many of our flock. Nevertheless, we are happy to realize that we have 1,500 Christians more than last year. We are only 23 missionaries to minister to the 55,526 Christians and 19,622 catechumens in our flock. Besides, three missionaries are giving all their time to the study of the Chinese language, and two others are chiefly occupied with the administration of the mission. On an average, each missionary is entrusted with the care of more than 3,000 Christians and 1,000 catechumens. Few missions in China impose such heavy burdens on their missionaries. If I mention this it is to urge you to pray the Master of the harvest to send us quickly many holy missionaries. Our work has not been hindered, as in other regions, by the ravages of communism, brigandage, war and vexations of certain officials. No, we have had peace. Every day of the year our missionaries have been able to devote their whole energy to their strenuous apostolate."

News of the California Jesuits in China is rather scarce. However, the following has been received. Father Joseph L. Gatz, S.J., George H. Dunne, S.J., and Paul W. O'Brien, S.J., arrived in Shanghai on September 3. While definite word of their several appointments has not been received, it

RENOWNED JESUIT MISSIONARIES



ST. FRANCIS XAVIER, S. J.

ON the third of December, the Church celebrates the feast of St. Francis Xavier, patron of Catholic missions and, after St. Paul, the Church's most renowned missionary. The Saint was born on April 7, 1506, in the Castle of Xavier near Sanguesa in Navarre. Deterred by the alluring dignity of a professorship in the University of Paris, Xavier immediately began to exercise his charity in Venice and in Rome. On June 24, 1537, he received Holy Orders with St. Ignatius of Loyola, and on April 7, 1541, at the solicitation of John III, King of Portugal, embarked in a sailing vessel to evangelize the nations of the Indies. After his landing at Goa on May 6, 1542, his life was that of a trail blazer for the one true Faith. Goa, the Fishery Coast, Western India, Ceylon, Malacca and the Molucca Islands, Amboyna, Ternate, the Isles of Moro (probably the modern Moro Land of Mindanao) and finally the Imperial Empire of Japan, all bear eloquent witness to the organizing, pioneering spirit of this other Paul of the Gentiles. His death on the Isle of Sancian near the coast of China, December 2, 1552, was the dawn of an eternity of glory for the Saint himself and a challenge to heroic souls to go forth and renew the face of the infidel world—one thousand million souls still seated in the shadows of eternal death, still waiting to hear the divine love-story of their redemption and the promises of their resurrection.

is presumed that Father Gatz will be stationed at Gonzaga College in Shanghai, and that the two Scholastics will study Chinese at Zi-ka-wei.

Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., and Thomas Phillips, S.J., have begun their study of theology at Zi-ka-wei.

"Fathers (Jesuit priests) are more than welcome," is the cheery invitation from Shanghai, "and will be useful from the start, since, in the present arrangement at Gonzaga College, knowledge of Chinese in teaching the higher classes is not needed, for all the students, Chinese included, will be required to follow the classes through the medium of English."

SOUTHERN STATES

The Albuquerque missions have their headquarters at San Felipe Mission, Old Albuquerque, New Mexico, where the Jesuits have labored for the Spanish-Americans since 1869. Missions served from this "mother house" are the following: Alameda, Armiño, the river ranches of Los Griegos, Los Candelarios, Los Duranes and Atrisco, Rio Puerco far to the southwest and the mountain mission stations scattered among the Sandia ranges: San Antonio, San Antonito, Carmuel, Canoncito, Sedillo, San Tomas and El Cedro. Father Robert M. Libertini, S.J., is director of missions and pastor at San Felipe. Father Ferdinand Troy, S.J., is in charge of Alameda and the mountain stations. Father John N. Cordova, S.J., has the care of three river ranches. Father Stanley F. Maher, S.J., a missionary from the east, divides the care of Armiño, Atrisco and Rio Puerco with Father Libertini. Two others who have grown old in the work of the missions, Father F. Ybarrecheva, S.J., and Joseph Arthus, S.J., are assistants at San Felipe.

In Albuquerque are two other centers devoted to the work among the Spanish-American population: St. Xavier's and San Ignacio, headed respectively by Father Gregory Goni, S.J., and Father Alexander J. Dreane, S.J. The Fathers of the "American" Church of the Immaculate Conception have the care of the Catholic Indians at the Albuquerque Indian School.

While Our Lady of Guadalupe Church, San Antonio, Texas, is a parish church, its work is distinctly of a missionary character. The parish is almost entirely made up of Mexicans of the laboring class. Here is a wide field open to the zealous endeavors of the three Fathers who took over this church in July, 1932. The pastor is Father Carmel Tranchese, S.J., formerly pastor of St. Ignatius Church, El Paso, Texas, and missionary to the people of the Italian race in the far west. The assistants are Father John Buckley, S.J., and Father A. J. Snebelen, S.J.

Father James J. Wallace, S.J., is now in his third year of apostolic work among the isolated Catholics in the large diocese of Galveston, Texas. He goes whithersoever Bishop Byrne or his parish priests of the diocese may call him, especially among the country settlements, and his activity consists in giving missions, both moral and dogmatic, and in instructing Catholics who live far from either church or school.

BRITISH HONDURAS

In the awful wreck and ruin of the deadly storm a year ago, Belize lost many of her inhabitants, nearly two thousand being a conservative estimate. The destruction of St. John's College brought death to ten members of the Jesuit Faculty, to eighteen students and to four servants. The exhumation of corpses from the ruins was a slow, painful and difficult task, and took nearly two weeks. Pitiless rains and scorching sun made it imperative to bury the bodies at once in the Colden enclosure. Religious services had to be deferred to a later day.

The Jesuit Fathers judged that the anniversary of the hurricane would be a suitable date for the funeral services for their dead brethren. Only recently did it become possible to secure a burial plot in the cemetery, and steps were taken for the preparation of a concrete vault in the lot, and for the exhumation of the remains at the College and their enclosure in airtight caskets. The preparatory work was completed on September ninth, and on the tenth, the solemn religious ritual was carried out in the Cathedral. The church was draped with streamers of white and black. The ten caskets were set, side by side, across the church, just in front of the Communion rail. Draped candelabra shed a soft light over them and gleamed on the names printed in letters of gold on each casket.

The clergy advanced from the sacristy, Cross bearer, acolytes and the

officers of the Mass. The celebrant was Very Reverend Father Anthony H. Corey, S.J., Superior of the mission and Rector of the College. The deacon was Father W. Bennett, S.J. The subdeacon was L. Burns, S.J. Fathers Joseph B. Kammerer, S.J., and Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., were deacons of honor to His Excellency Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J. Brother John Jacoby, S.J., and Mr. Joseph Franco served as Masters of ceremonies. Father E. J. Zurlinden, S.J., directed the choir of school boys. The little lads sang in fine voice and time, with a clear enunciation of every word of the service.

A great throng filled the Cathedral, overflowing into the areas at the sides and the front of the church, all devoutly respectful as Holy Mass went on, praying for those whose bodies lay before the Altar, that God would grant them eternal rest. The presence in the congregation of many non-Catholics showed the general sympathy of the citizens of Belize with the Jesuit Fathers in their sad loss.

Forty pall bearers, old college boys, carried the caskets to the hearses, and a long procession headed by the sodalities and made up of thousands of men, women and children, moved to the cemetery at Lord's Ridge. The caskets were set in the concrete vault and the last rites of the Catholic service of burial were performed. His Excellency, Bishop Murphy, recited prayers in which the vast congregation took part.

The bodies buried were those of Fathers Charles M. Palacio, S.J., William Ferris, S.J., Bernard A. New, S.J., Leo D. Rooney, S.J., and William J. Tracy, S.J., and the Scholastics: V. Deodato Burn, S.J., Alfred A. Baumeister, S.J., Richard F. Koch, S.J., and Richard G. Smith, S.J., and that of Brother John Rodgers, S.J. The body of Father Francis Kempfhus, S.J., had already been buried in the plot in September, 1931.



Father Arthur J. McCaffrey, S.J., who was formerly attached to the Novitiate at Wernersville in the Province of Maryland-New York, and who has sailed for missionary work in the Philippine Islands.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

For the past two months, Fathers John F. Treubig, S.J., Joseph Reith, S.J., and the newly-arrived Father William J. Dow, S.J., have been studying the Visayan dialect under a special instructor in Cebu, on the island of Cebu. Their efforts have not been altogether unsuccessful, although they cannot say that they are cheered by what an old missionary wrote in his grammar after many, many years in the Philippines.

"The Visayan dialect has a very metaphorical style. This is, without doubt, the most dangerous reef to shipwreck the beginner. And so, I give warning that after finishing the lessons of this grammar, the students will have learned many figures of speech, they may know how to speak to Visayans and they may understand what the Visayan says; but they will not know the metaphorical style of the Visayans, for this is a matter of practice and of time. There will then be no cause for discouragement if, after having learned all these lessons, difficulties are still encountered, for this happens even to those who have lived many, many years in the mission."

During the past year, Father Treubig has been stationed at the Iigan mission and Father Reith has been connected with the Tagnipa mission in the island of Mindanao. They will return to Mindanao at the completion of their course.

Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., "on the road" for Christ in Mindanao, writes as follows:

"Arriving at Medina, a fair-sized town of nipa-shacks, interspersed with

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Scene at opening of Nazareth Convent, new novitiate of Pallotine Sisters at Paula Garda, B. H. His Excellency, Bishop Joseph Murphy, S.J., is the officiating prelate.



FROM MANY CLIMES



DIED IN ACTION

Father J. B. Kolman, S.J., a young missionary of the Vicariate of Sienshsien, Hupeh Province, died last month while bringing the last sacraments to a sick parishioner. He had been in China for a year, but had been on this mission only three weeks. He left early one morning on his bicycle, accompanied by the catechist, to make a sick call. The heat was terrific. He felt ill and decided to stop to rest in one of the villages along the way. When he wished to start out again, the weakness returned. He had just time enough to consume the Blessed Sacrament which he was carrying when he died at the side of the road. He was of the Austrian Province of the Society of Jesus.—F. S.

COMMUNISM REPULSED IN SOUTH AFRICA

The annual invitation issued by the communists to the native people to bring disaster upon themselves by mass lawlessness on Dingaar's Day (December 16) was consistently disregarded except by a few outcasts from decent native society and a few very young natives in search of adventure.

As soon as the communistic influence began to be felt in 1924, the Catholic native paper, *Um-Afrika*, at once started a campaign exposing the fallacies of communism. The revelations made by the paper regarding the connections of some South African native organizations with communists in Russia soon aroused suspicion among thinking natives, and whilst the editor of the Catholic paper received several threatening letters from certain native leaders, he soon received far more letters of thanks from educated natives for the good service he was doing to the native race in warning it against the dangers of communistic agitation.—F. S.

SNAKES AND SUPERSTITIONS

One hundred persons die every day in India from snake bites, according to "The Illustrated Weekly of India," while an average of only six deaths a day are caused by wild beasts. The Indians respect the serpents both because they fear their bite and because they believe in the transmigration of souls. There are sects, like the Gid-

harias and the Samperias, in the suburbs of Calcutta who live on serpents, hunting them and selling them to snake charmers.

The respect which the Indians show these reptiles has cost them dearly in human lives. Only an unrelenting war of extermination will liberate India from this incubus, but even this will be impossible until the land is rid of its false religious beliefs and superstitions which weigh down the minds of the masses.—F. S.

FULL OF YEARS AND MERITS

Father Eugene Dasnoy, S.J., was fifty years a Religious on September 24. Of these fifty years he has spent thirty-five, unbroken by furlough, in the east as professor of Sacred Scripture. Half of this time was spent at the Pontifical Seminary, Kandy, Ceylon, where he counted one archbishop and four bishops of the present Indian hierarchy among his pupils. The other years were spent at the theologate of the Society of Jesus at Kurseong, India. Vigorous yet, he has had for many years, besides his course of exegesis, a course of Sanskrit for students who come to him from outside.

Father Dasnoy was born at Neufchateau, Belgium, June 14, 1865, and entered the Society of Jesus, September 23, 1882. He was sent to the Pontifical Seminary at Kandy, December, 1897, and from there to Kurseong, June, 1915.—F. S.

MEDICAL DISPENSARIES

A dispensary opened recently at West Hill, in the diocese of Calicut, India, was visited by British Government officials who bestowed the warmest praise on the personnel and the good accomplished and recommended to all the people of the district to aid it as a work of great benefit for that region where till now there has been no means of caring for the many sick. Pagans, numbering almost a hundred daily, come to this dispensary to obtain the services of two Catholic doctors in charge of the station who give their time gratuitously, realizing that they are engaging thereby in a most important and useful form of Catholic Action.—F. S.

ALL THINGS TO THE INDIAN

The great movement recently started in India to encourage the patronizing

of Indian industries, received powerful support from His Excellency, Bishop F. T. Roche, S.J., Bishop of Tuticorin, when he presided at the opening of the Exhibition of the "Buy Indian" League at Tuticorin towards the end of last month. It is noteworthy that the function was organized by the leading Hindus of the town.

The Bishop was conducted in procession in a gorgeously decorated car, followed by a huge crowd of people, representing all castes and creeds. An address of welcome was read to Bishop Roche by a leading Brahmin Vakil. In formally opening the Exhibition, His Excellency delivered a forceful speech in Tamil, calling upon all Indians, whether Catholic, Protestant, Hindu or Muslim, to patronize Indian goods and thus help in solving the problem of growing economic distress and ever-increasing unemployment.

The speech of Bishop Roche and the encouragement he has given to the movement which is fast spreading has produced a favorable impression in non-Christian circles. It is not uncommon for Hindus to look upon Catholics and Christians of other denominations as a set of foreigners in their own land, who take little or no interest in the development and patronage of Indian industries. The action of Bishop Roche has served to dissipate much prejudice and suspicion lurking in non-Catholic minds regarding the attitude of Catholics towards the national movement in India.—F. S.

FINGERS OF FAITH

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poet extending his hand cordially. "It's been pleasant meeting you Father—er— Why, I don't even know your name."

"Are you sure you want to?"

The priest hesitated. Taking his hand from his pocket, he reached forward and placed it in the poet's grasp.

"I hope you don't resent my rudeness, when you interrupted, but I'm an impatient old codger—always was for that matter. This clear air has done worlds of good for my fussy old appetite, and I . . ."

HE stopped speaking. Incredulity and amazement swept over his full round face. His hand felt strangely empty. Raising and turning it over, he opened it.

"The priest's middle and fourth fingers were severed from the second joint. Impulsively he pulled the other hand from the priest's topcoat pocket. The left hand was mutilated in a similar manner.

"You're—you're Father McCarthy!" he blurted in an awed tone.

The priest nodded.
"And you let me tell you all that about. . . ."

"You wouldn't let me interrupt." T. F. F.'s mouth opened wide, his brows contracted, his eyes stared. Amazement faded slowly into pity, turning abruptly to outright admiration.

"And—and you're going back to that—that hell?"

"Yes, I'm going back, but not to hell; it's a road to—Heaven."

Leaving the poet muttering about religion, priests, and the confounded stupidity of poets in general, Father McCarthy smilingly walked over to the rail and looked ahead, towards—China.

MEN OF GOOD WILL

(Continued from page 247)

one advantage that the missionary who preceded us enjoyed over their faster moving brethren who took up the work where they left off—they did not have to pay the price of gasoline for the hay and feed that their horses required. Oh you who own automobiles, listen to this tale of woe! It is another scandal in oil e'en though it be not like our own Tea Pot Dome affair. For we who must use gasoline to carry us to mission stations situated from the base a radius of about twenty-five miles are compelled to pay the princely price of one shilling and nine pence (a small matter of forty-two cents) for every gallon of the precious fluid that we expend in our weekly and daily trips when sick calls summon us to the dying. Just why there is such a holdup on gas, I do not know, but I certainly am aware at every monthly presentation of my gas bill that such is the case.

I mentioned sick calls. You ask: "How do they affect you?" Well, a telegram is brought to you (there is no such thing as a telephone in these parts) and you learn that one of your parishioners is very ill and wants the sacraments. You start out for the Post Office and, as happened to me recently, you reach it after some fifteen miles over pretty

TO XAVIER DYING

William A. Donaghy, S.J.

Pale in the mists of morn, his cherished goal
Looms in the grey, before his eager eyes;
The coast of China coldly sneering,
scorns
This knight who at its hostile portal dies!

And in his mighty soul, a surging grief
Through all despair's despondent ranges ran,
His Captain's cause had failed, his quest was vain,
—Though he was saint, yet was he also man!—

But then contentment comes: God's will be done—
For in his soul another Saint he sees,
—Who also sobbed at man's ingratitude—
There in the garden 'neath the olive trees.

Then of a sudden in his listless eyes
A new fire flares, for on his fading ken,
Has come a vision of tall-masted ships
Whose shining decks are thronged with black-robed men!

Dark 'gainst the sky their cross-shaped spars
—A saving symbol cast upon that land—
And throw a peaceful pall of shadowed ease
Which shrouds that silent form upon the sand!

rough roads. You then inquire where the person lives. "A bit further up" means anywhere from one to two miles. You go on and come to a place where the road ceases and a foot path begins. If you are fortunate, some one is waiting for you with a beast. This may be anything from a mule or jackass to a horse.

I MOUNTED my first horse which, luckily for me, was a rather quiet animal, and then started

on a two and one half mile ride to my destination. I pass over the lesser incidents of that trip. The horse stumbled once in going down a rocky path that was a bed for a small stream during the rainy season, and I nearly took a header over the bridle. But I rose in the stirrups and balanced precariously until the horse's back returned suddenly to let me know it was there. The path led along the edge of a twenty-foot drop and I was hoping that if we went over the horse would still be under me. But the beast picked his way along gingerly and finally brought me to the house, although he did succeed in almost unseating me the last few hundred yards. My work done, I started back again to Brown's Town, seventeen miles away. The trip took exactly four hours. But, of course, trips like this are sufficiently rare, or the missionary would be "broke" in more ways than one at the end of a month. For none of the missions are self-supporting and the wear and tear on a machine makes the month's beginning a very drab affair indeed.

But the work must go on, and somehow it does. Friends come to the rescue at such critical times that you feel the Lord is watching carefully over you and the other birds of the air. For, I assure you that, as you swing along the edge of a deep ravine, you have the impression of flying. And withal, you feel nearer to God, and happy, and what more can you ask in life?

OUR VILLAGE SCHOOLS

(Continued from page 248)

astrous mentality so pernicious for the acceptance of truth. For the present, it is not hoped to get beyond making these children "Christian at heart" and well disposed for the further instruction which the more deserving will receive in the Middle or Middle and High School. The majority will, of course, take up field work (agriculture) at home after completing III Class.

2. To create, gradually in the course of ten to twenty years, through the contact maintained through the village schools, an attitude, in the adult population, of friendliness, a sense of belonging

in a way to the mission, confidence in the Fathers, security that they are dealing not with a transitory propagandist but with a stable, strong organization, etc.; in fine, to create eventually an atmosphere in which a concerted drive for conversions may be possible.

IS there solid hope that this plan is practical and offers a reasonable hope of fruitful results? That this plan is practical at least up to a certain point has, I think, been demonstrated by the experiments thus far. For it certainly can, and in many cases has moulded the children's minds in the manner desired. Witness these boys calling for the priest to baptize them when they were in danger of death. Several have baptized others when dying,—one boy of about eighteen has already baptized ten dying persons; another, now a young married man, three.

But, the crux of this plan will lie in our ability or inability to weather the storms of opposition which Christ's enemies will instigate with a vehemence proportionate to the success that we shall seem to be achieving. In order to insure this ability to weather the storms, it is of supreme importance that the work be handled with consummate tact and judgment,—not being more aggressive than our strength at any given time may warrant. By strength I here mean particularly the support and loyalty of the villagers themselves, growing out of their esteem, confidence and, largely, affection for the Fathers prosecuting the work.

This makes it evident how much this work depends on the personality as well as the good judgment of the Father directing it. Considering it merely naturally, I would say that the work succeeds or fails according as the right man is found for this work.

But, of course, we are not considering this work merely naturally. Like other works of Patna Mission, where our dear Lord has, in answer to much prayer, blessed our labor, far beyond what our blundering efforts could have hoped to achieve, our big hope lies in the mountain of prayers which must be the very

core and heart of this, our village work. We well realize that we are attacking a tremendous problem, by far the biggest that we have yet attempted in Patna Mission. It means that we are setting our face to the winning of caste Hindus and Moslems, the tillers of the soil (and Bihar Province is overwhelmingly agricultural) as well as aborigines and untouchables. Until we do this



The Shepherd's Gift

Paul A. Gibbons, S.S.

"Oh my sheep are in the hills,
And my fold is on the sea,
But before I go, dear Lord,
Here's a shepherd's cloak for Thee.

Just a tattered coat of homespun
Woven with simplicity;
Just a gift to be forgotten
By Eternal Majesty.

Just a memoir of the hours
That I'd love to spend with Thee;
But my sheep are in the hills,
And my fold is on the sea."

we cannot say that we have seriously attempted to win Bihar for Christ. Our friends, therefore, must bear with us if, like the widow of the parable, we weary them with our incessant clamoring for prayers and yet more prayers,—mountains of them.

A SIOUX INDIAN CHRISTMAS

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Christmas night.

Beneath the Christmas tree was a crib. A little girl holding her doll stood by it. She looked at the infant and then at her doll with a puzzled expression on her face.

Finally she smiled and said as she held up her doll, "This is a doll," and pointing to the infant she added, "that is little Jesus." She had learned well the lesson of the crib.

I RETURNED to the mission headquarters at Holy Rosary the Sunday after Christmas and found many Indians still camping and celebrating Christmas. Several days after my return, Mrs. Alonzo Red Feathers and her little girl Mildred, age four years, came to the mission. Poor little Mildred was *lila chante shija*, sad at heart. She had received a doll from the Christmas tree and on the way home she had dropped it from the wagon, and the wagon wheel had smashed poor dolly's beauty. Mildred doesn't speak English and is a bit timid. She held to her mother's skirt as she smiled and said the one English word she knows, "doll!" Then her mother told me of the tragic career of the Christmas doll. I had a little doll that moved its arms and stood alone. I stood it in the middle of the room and moved its arms just to see what the little red skin would do. She smiled her joy and on her tiny toes performed a real Indian dance around the doll. I told her she could have the doll. She stood it first one place and then another, dancing on her toes all the time. Finally, when she thought no one was watching her, she kissed it. I thought, if only the person who sent the doll could have seen the joy that it brought to little Mildred Red Feather, how happy she would be. There are many other little Indian children—Iron White Man, Bear Robes, Two Two, Plenty Wounds, Six Feathers, Iron Clouds, Pumpkin Seeds, Dog Trail,—who were made happy with gifts that generous people sent for these, the least of our Lord's little ones.

IS THIS CHRISTMAS?

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press its thanksgiving in mere words . . .

Two o'clock in the morning . . . starting out to say the second Mass . . . "Maayong Pasko!" greets him on every side . . . "Merry Christmas" in another form . . . The

plaza is filled with people, making the most of a merry day, even before the dawn . . . Houses are lighted; the *media noche* lunch is being served . . . "*Felices Pascuas, Padre*" . . . again it is Merry Christmas . . .

. . . The third Mass is over . . . house to house visits . . . chocolate and morisqueta everywhere; . . . it is the same in every barrio which he passes . . . home at last—Late afternoon . . . an invitation from the American governor of the province to share his Christmas dinner.

BOUNCING along the road to the provincial capital, the pastor looks back upon the day—his first Christmas on the missions. He has learned something. He has become more tolerant. He understands many of the customs . . . But plans are already forming in his head for a different Christmas next year. If only he might be able to introduce some American Christmas customs!

A large, well-lighted dining-room; the Governor leads the way, and seats his few guests. It is very pleasant; the talk runs along on trivial lines;—naturally the subject of Christmas comes up; someone mentions the religious services of the day . . . Then, all at once . . .

"Father,"—it is the Governor speaking,—"I don't know how you do it. You Catholics seem to know the human heart better than any other people. For many years I have seen Christmas celebrations here, and every year the conviction grows stronger within me that I, not being a Catholic, am missing a great deal. How can the Catholic Church, which is so rigid, so dogmatic, get so close to the heart of man? I have never seen truth dramatized so well as the Catholic Church dramatizes her mysteries. Why, even the children can understand what Christmas means! There are things for them to see and there is music for them to hear. It is easy for them to understand when they can see and hear and touch. Many of your customs, of course, seemed nonsensical to me some years ago; but now I realize that they are intended to make the children understand—and so their

elders can scarcely miss the lesson. Almost, Father, I am inclined to become a Catholic myself!"

IT is an electric shock for the pastor; here is an American like himself—but a non-Catholic—who understands what to him has been a closed book . . . Perhaps he has been wrong . . . better not change the customs . . . they have stood the test . . . It is a pleasant dinner, but his thoughts are not upon it; he is thinking of the poor people gathered over the Christmas rice,—who have understood the meaning of Christmas as well as the greatest of theologians, not as a result of syllogisms, but of paper and tinsel, processions, star-shaped lanterns, waxen figures, paper flowers, drooping candles, brass bands . . . and bells.

Midnight again . . . Guttled roads, rivers, carabaos, chickens, pigs, palms swaying, bamboos waving lazily—just the same as yesterday;—stars glimmering, moonlight,

—the heat, the dust,—tired, sleepy,—past tumbledown chapels with nipa walls,—tiny monkeys scampering across the road . . . nothing has been changed. It is all the same . . . yet how different! He understands. It is Christmas after all!

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

(Continued from page 259)

more substantial houses of the 'better-off', my companion and I went to the little nipa house—call it a 'rectory'—alongside the barn-of-a-church. The Father's room had a bed, with the common 'caned' spring, mat and pillows. Also, a broken chair, and two chests of ancient Mass vestments, etc. The other room served as dining-room and bedroom for my companion. Soon the sexton, known as a *fiscal*, came to see us. Exhausting my knowledge of Visayan, I turned him over to my Talisayan friend, for further instructions. It was near dinner time. Following the suggestion of my veteran pastor, Father Alfred Kienle, S.J., I had brought along a small can of prepared coffee. This was my whole food supply for the trip. Whatever would be added, had to come from the hospitality of families along the way. A

Our Contributors

From Pilot Station, Andreaffsky P.O., Alaska, FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J., of the California Province, tells why *Potlatch* is Alaska is a word of magic, an event and an epic in the long dreary stillness of Eskimo land.

With *Fingers of Faith*, WILLIAM E. RYNNEN, short-story writer, takes the pulse of a modern skeptic and quickens his heart beat with the strychnine of clear Catholic doctrine.

FATHER RAYMOND R. SULLIVAN, S.J., of the Province of New England, drives into the mountains of Jamaica to bring Christmas peace to *Men of Good Will*.

Our Village Schools as described by A. PATNA MISSIONARY, is a revolutionary project on the part of the American Jesuits from the Chicago Province, to make a straight path for Christ in the hearts of their non-Catholic peoples.

Of *The Mission of Madagascar*, FATHER JOHN DELORM, S.J., of the Province of Toulouse, writes: "Only a few more years of discomfort and the Church, in the name of the Savior of the world, will have taken possession of this African island."

MISS CECIL CATE, a graduate of the College of the Sacred Heart in St. Louis, and for more than six years widely honored upon the Pine Ridge Reservation, realizes a life-long ambition in attending *A Sioux Indian Christmas*.

Is This Christmas? by THOMAS B. CANNON, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province, is a contrast study between America and the Philippines and that "East is East and West is West" and never the twain should meet, is in one sense a moral of the story.

In memory of Xavier's feast, December 3, WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J., of Shadowbrook in the Province of New England, sings of the tall masted ships, the shining decks, the black-robed men and the saving symbol of cross-shaped spars that appeared in vision *To Xavier Dying*.

Again, with poetic grace, the same author lays at the feet of the new-born King, his *Christmas*—the gold, frankincense and myrrh of priest-like oblations, thoughts and words.

PAUL J. GIBBONS, S.J., of Woodstock College, Woodstock, Maryland, offers *The Shepherd's Gift* to His Eternal Majesty in music that waits one back to the little town of Bethlehem.

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

nearby family provided us with the ever-present rice, chicken and eggs. Dinner over, we turned to the children who kept crowding up the steps of the little house, seeking for *medal-yas*. They had to recognize St. Anthony and our Lady before the treasure was theirs. In the public school across the way, they learned nothing about God's Mother and the Saints. Next came a half-dozen infants-in-arms, for Baptism. Fortunately, the *fiscal* wrote out the documents. Listing the names and puzzling over the saintliness of some of the ones given, I lined up the babies and sponsors at the rear of the church—and opened the gates of Heaven for these little ones of Christ. Of course, there was some squawking

and also heroic efforts to make the required Signs of the Cross with the baptismal water from a small bottle; but the devil got his due, and a half dozen little souls received the white garment of a child of God. By lamplight we had our supper and, soon after, on the conclusion of my breviary, we turned in for the night. Sleep was slow in arriving, for, the squeal of a pig, the bay of a calf and the howls of dogs, mingled with the distant songs of serenaders, made far too much static for the gentle lull of sleep. Up with the dawn, I had a few confessions, said Mass at six, and packed for Gingoog, ten miles away, for a second Mass."



Things Catholics Are Asked About. Christ's Own Church. Christ or Chaos. The Credentials of Christianity. God and Myself. Religion and Common Sense. Convent Life. You and Yours. The Hand of God. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. P. J. Kennedy & Sons, New York. Price 25c each.

Catholic Action may be defined as the cooperation of the laity in the apostolate of the hierarchy. Cooperation means mutual assistance and apostolate means the conversion of the non-Catholic world to the Church of Christ. One of the most efficient planks in the Church's platform of Catholic Action today is the apostolate of the press. Recently, this apostolate received an immeasurable impetus when P. J. Kennedy & Sons reprinted in a twenty-five cent edition, the foregoing books of Father Martin J. Scott's Library of Catholic Apologetics.

Science Related to Life, Books one and two. By Frank Reh, B.S., B.Arch. Price 60c each. *Judy's Ocean Voyage*. By Doris Bernstein. Price 60c. *John and Jean*. By Eloise David Pickard and Gladys Simpson. Price 48c. *Chinese Fables and Folk Stories*. By Mary Hayes Davis and Chow-Leung. Price 44c. *New Business English*. By George Burton Hotchkiss, M.A., and Celia Anne Drew, Ph.B. Price \$1.16. American Book Company, New York. From the American Book Company come two books on "Science Related to Life," treating respectively of water, air and sound, and of heat and health. Both books are calculated

to be helpful in developing the aims of elementary science. "Judy's Ocean Voyage," is an educational outing for young folks. A Gladys Peck is to be congratulated on her illustrations. "John and Jean" is an artistically attractive picture and story album with *Stories of Autumn*, *Stories of Winter* and *Stories of Spring* for children. "Chinese Fables and Folk Stories," is professedly the first book of Chinese stories ever printed in English. The subject matter is tinged with an oriental tang and a morality that is redolent of the natural law. A "New Business English," is listed by the same company.

The Catholic Periodical Index—1931. Edited by Marion Barrows, M.A. Published for The Catholic Library Association by the H. W. Wilson Company, New York. Marion Barrows, M.A., has successfully rivaled, if not outdone, her excellent work of last year, in her 1931 edition of *The Catholic Periodical Index*, the second annual cumulation of guide material to Catholic magazines.

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