

Jesuit Missions

January, 1933

PRICE
10c



CATHOLIC SIOUX INDIAN WOMEN OF THE JESUIT
MISSIONS, SOUTH DAKOTA, IN GALA DAY ATTIRE

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

WORCESTER, MASS.

A. B., Ph. B., and B. S.
Courses

A conservative college which retains the best of the classical traditions. A progressive college which meets the highest modern educational requirements. A complete college which glories in molding character in her students. A fearless college which teaches the fundamental truths pertaining to eternal as well as temporal life.

Entrance by certificate or by
examination

Bulletin of information on admissions will be mailed upon application to the Dean of Freshmen.

LOYOLA UNIVERSITY

Chicago, Illinois

(Conducted by the Jesuits)

Arts and Sciences, Sociology, Commerce, Home Study, Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Graduate School

Photo Engraving Art Work
Electrotyping Printing

Cuts in This Publication Made by

Chester T. Leikert
ADVERTISING SERVICE

698 Times Building BRyant
New York, N. Y. 9-3781

Loyola University

6363 St. Charles Avenue
New Orleans, Louisiana

IN THIS ISSUE

	Page
Frontispiece	
Santa Mesa Church in the Philippine Islands	2
Bishop of Patna Reports	
Rt. Rev. B. J. Sullivan, S.J. ...	3
Giants of God are fighting valiantly for the souls of millions in Patna Mission.	
Another Christmas	
Joseph G. Doherty, S.J.	4
The little ones of Jamaica B. W. L. have caught and have imparted to others the secret of Christmas joy.	
On Lonely King Island	
Bellarmino LaFortune, S.J. ...	5
Christian art displayed on an icy island in the Bering Sea.	
Your Uganda	
Leo A. Cullum, S.J.	6
Genial Father Mac wins another argument on the mission question.	
The Lord's First Missionary— A Poem	
Joseph T. Clark, S.J.	7
"His Beloved College"	
Charles F. Kruger, S.J.	8
The American Jesuits in Belize find true consolation in Xavier at Goa.	
Joy to Our Bishop	
Charles D. Simons, S.J.	9
Shanghai rightly rejoices in its increase in native vocations to the priesthood.	
Christ Raja—"Missionary"	
Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J.	10
Proof positive that Christ Raja High of Patna Mission is true to its missionary purpose.	
Faithful to Their Charge	
Cecil A. Primeau, S.J.	11
Canadian Jesuits follow nobly in the footsteps of the North American Martyrs.	
Christ Comes to Cullion	
James E. Haggerty, S.J.	12
The Good Shepherd brings hope and consolation each day to the hearts of the lepers of Cullion Island.	
Editorials	14
The Mission Intention	15
The Mass of the Missions	15
Afield With American Jesuits ..	16
From Many Climes	20
One Sacred Drop—A Poem	
Joseph G. Dwyer, S.J.	22
Book Reviews	24
Grateful Acknowledgments	24

JESUIT MISSIONS is indexed in the
Catholic Periodical Index published by
the Library Section of the National
Catholic Educational Association.

Founded in 1841

Fordham University

190th St. and Third Ave.

(Adjoining Bronx Park)

Conducted by The Jesuit Fathers

The Largest Catholic Educational
Institution in America

College: Law: Graduate
School: Education Extension:
Pharmacy: School of
Social Service: Accountancy:
Business Law and
Pre-Law.

BOARDING & DAY STUDENTS

Write for Catalogue to Registrar

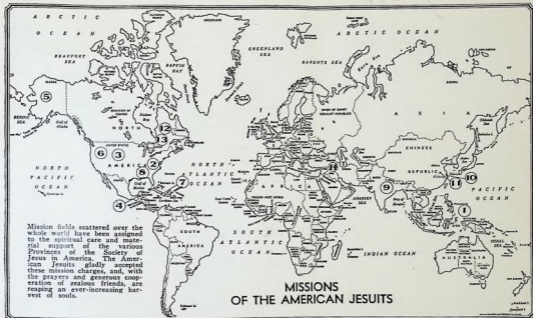
Jesuit Brothers!

All young men from
the age of 17 to 35,
desirous of using their
talents entirely for
God, assisting the
Priests of the Society
of Jesus

May apply to

Jesuit Mission Press

257 Fourth Avenue
New York, N. Y.



(1) **PHILIPPINE ISLANDS**, a foreign-home mission: a large portion of the Island of Mindanao, the leper colonies of Cullion and Cebu, and educational work in Manila; and (2) **MISSIONS IN SOUTHERN MARYLAND** for Negroes are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the Middle Atlantic States. The Province 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** a foreign mission in Central America among the Caribs and Maya Indians are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States 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, Idaho, Oregon and Montana are served by the Jesuits of the Oregon Province which is co-extensive with these States. The Province 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 Jesuits of 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 which is made up 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, Nevada, Utah and Arizona are in Nanking, Shanghai and other sections of China. The Province Mission Procurator is
Rev. Hugh C. Donovan, S.J., University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif.

(11) **SÜCHOW MISSION**, China; and (12) **CANADIAN INDIAN MISSIONS** at Caughnawaga, the Iroquois Mission 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, and those 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. This work is 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 Procurators or to



Breaking the solemn silence of the moonlight night, the bells of the old Spanish church of Santa Mesa in the Philippine Islands bring to Catholic Filipinos the tidings of great joy as they herald the coming of the Savior who is Christ the Lord.

Bishop of Patna Reports

Rt. Rev. B. J.
Sullivan, S. J.

OCTOBER in Patna, India, is another month of May in devotion to Mary. The daily Rosary and Litany, prescribed by Pope Leo XIII, are said in all our churches, and there is Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament in honor of our Lady. This year we added to our prayers a special effort to conform fully to God's Holy Will. This was done particularly to make reparation for the sins committed against the Blessed Virgin. Some of the Protestants and some of the Hindus, seeing our progress in conversion work, have used the press against us. It is hard to attribute their attacks to ignorance. Their writings against our Blessed Lady are particularly malicious, and we feel that we should try to make up for this by special honor given to Heaven's Queen. In turn, we look to our Lady to obtain for us God's very special Providence, for Patna Mission has many problems to face. You may be interested in some of them.



His Excellency, Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna, India, with Indian Catholic boys, some of whom, it is hoped, will eventually become priests and others catechists.

IN a territory peopled by some 27,000,000 inhabitants, of whom more than 22,000,000 are Hindus and 2,000,000 Mohammedans, it is clear that not much of our support can come from the poor Catholic natives. Hence, one of my major problems each year is the financing of the mission. Our ordinary expenses of the year run to about thirty-seven thousand dollars. The annual subsidy from the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, grants from the Government, and income from rice fields, gives me about ten thousand dollars yearly. The balance must come from friends of Patna. This makes it clear why all our missionaries—and I suppose the same holds for many other missions throughout the world—must be very diligent and persevering beggars. We plead with God to bless our benefactors, while they come to our assistance.

Conditions in Patna are such as to demand that we not only cling to what we have, but that we expand. Circumstances compel me to open a new mission among the Nepalese without delay. Nepal is as yet a closed kingdom to the missionary, and yet we must make efforts to reach it even if at present these efforts be somewhat

indirect. Close to Darjeeling and Kurseong, both high up in the Himalaya Mountains, is Hopetown, an area of about eighty square miles bordering Nepal. There are probably some 50,000 Nepalese there, and among them not more than 100 Catholics. Both the Calcutta and the Sikkim Missions are doing successful convert work in the neighborhood, and this compels Patna to expand, for Patna, too, must open the fountains of life to the Nepalese. At Hopetown we intend to prepare missionaries who will send their new Catholics into Nepal and will also prepare to go there themselves when that country of 54,000 square miles, with its upwards of 5,000,000 souls, opens to the missionaries. Forbidden Nepal is part of Patna Diocese.

TO the south of Nepal is North Bihar where Patna missionaries are working very hard. Especially through our schools, we are giving our Catholic communities every advantage. We are striving to convert the Hindu, too,—a work that calls for unbreakable faith and great apostolic zeal, for the Hindu of North Bihar yields seldom and slowly to the light and warmth of Christ's saving Truth. The work in the schools is missionary indeed, for of the 3,164 children in our schools, 1,354 are non-Catholic, mostly Hindu, and to all of these, regular religious instruction is given.

Another field of work that has drawn the sympathy of friends back home in America during the last few years is the Santal work. To have to slacken our efforts among the Santals of our Diocese (some 3,000 of whom have been baptized within the last couple of years) would be fatal. Nine American Jesuits are working among the Santals. Five Sisters, Daughters of Mary Ward, to be augmented by seven Sisters from Munich in January, 1933, are doing strenuous work (Turn to page 21)

Another Christmas

Joseph G. Doherty, S. J.

THE grateful coolness of the Jamaica night came on the wings of mountain breezes, and lingered while the night crept on. There was music in the breeze, faint strains that sung of rugged heights and of tumbling water, mingled with the whispered chant of waving grass and the rustling of palms. Through the shadows came the sharp laughter of holiday fireworks, the pulsing throb of drums and of black feet dancing, and the sound of voices loudly singing when the breeze blew strong, then dying to a distant moaning, faint, then strong, coming from the shadow of the mountain towering black behind, and whisked away to the south to be drowned with the noisy festive merriment of King Street in the booming of surf on sand. In an hour the merriment of King Street would be at its height, and within an hour the Cathedral would begin to fill for the Midnight Mass.

Strange, to one from a northern country, the absence of almost everything that used to seem part of Christmas!—no snow, no Christmas trees or be-ribboned wreaths, not even a cold wind, no fur-wrapped or heavily-clothed shoppers laden with very material packages of Christmas cheer and good will. There was activity, but it seemed so different from that of a northern Christmas, like that of an ordinary, busy week day, yet it was Christmas Eve, as the calendar would tell you.

THE grounds in front of the Fathers' residence at Winchester Park needed but the bright colors of flags and bunting to complete the arrangements for the annual Christmas Garden Party. Dimly, in the light of the stars, you might see the skeletons of the many booths that bordered the football field in front of the house, booths erected by little black hands that had returned to Alpha Cottage for an hour or two of sleep,—no, not sleep, but of doubtful rest, before returning to Winchester Park and the Cathedral sacristy to prepare for the Midnight Mass. For tonight was the night of nights for which they had been training for weeks, the night on which they would appear in cassock and surplice to sing carols during the second Mass. Poor little tykes with sweet voices!—and all colors, black, brown, chocolate, cream, yellow, tan and white, tow-headed and kinky-haired, and some in between, but everyone of



The boys of Alpha Cottage are not only Christmas choristers, but they also have a band of their own. Here we have them shining up their instruments before going "on parade."

them a potential Robeson, Caruso, or Chaliapin.

Three minutes of twelve, two minutes of twelve, one minute, one-half minute—and a pitch-pipe shook nervously in a quivering hand. Twelve o'clock,—and oh, such a melody of sound went rolling forth over the city and the harbor and the mountains. Big bells and little bells, booming bells and chiming bells, silver bells and iron bells, what a glorious burst of praise and joy from metal throats! Up and down the double line of tiny choristers the shaking pitch-pipe sounded, a baton was raised, the bells rang on, and then, close upon the last loud peal from the belfry, there swelled forth on twenty-nine golden, childish voices, chasing the last pulsing echo of the bells over the city, flowing round and round the massive Cathedral walls, in through the open doors, and up beneath the vast, blazing ceiling of the dome, rising up, up through the night and the stars to the throne of God, the ever wonderful words and music of the *Adeste Fideles*. It was Christmas, and Christ was born.

AROUND to the front door the procession wound its way, and as the singers reached the vestibule of that brilliantly-lit, crowded church, they were singing the second "*Venite adoremus*"—"Come, let us adore Him," and as they came to the third "*Venite*," attacking it with all the beauty and power of their young voices, the great organ joined them in what was a mighty, whole-hearted invitation to Christendom, a soul-gripping plea to all creation to come and kneel at the feet of an Infant King. That cry of childish hearts echoed in every heart of the vast throng of worshippers, surged forth into the night, and must have sounded in the farthest corners of the city, in the wealthiest homes of the city's upper classes, and in the squalid hovels of its numerous beggars. And what (Turn to page 21)

On Lonely King Island

Bellarmino Lafortune, S. J.

WHEN I returned here after a year's absence at Kotzebue, I found that things were very much like before; the same boulders, the same wildness, the same abruptness, the same crowd—minus a few whom I buried in Nome during the Summer. From every corner of the Island dogs came to greet me in the most friendly way. But one thing pleased me very much. When I left for Kotzebue, the church was not finished. There was no altar, no communion rail, no storm door, etc. On my return, I was charmed to see the altar ready for Holy Mass. Yes, everything was there, even the altar stone, carefully embedded on the table of the altar. And the linens, and the missal, and the candle sticks!

But the greatest surprise to me was the tabernacle, which the natives made. It is a design of their own. You would search in vain in the catalogues to find the like of it. When the church was practically finished, I gave a gentle hint to the men that they should make an altar themselves. There was no need to repeat the invitation. With zest they set to work. Naturally, the tabernacle, presenting more difficulties, goaded their ambition. I had the best draftsmen among them offer designs of what they would consider a fit dwelling for our Lord. I was truly amazed at the results! They had seen tabernacles in Nome, and in catalogues, but I never



Father Bellarmino Lafortune, S.J., the only white man on King Island, is well known and loved throughout Alaska. He is truly "all things" to his island people, and he has won them all to Christ.

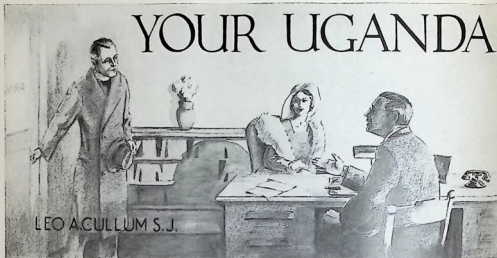
thought they had paid much attention to details. Their designs were submitted to a board of examiners. After much talking and deliberating, their choice fell on one, and the author of it was given the task to realize his dream. With the help of his friends he made a tabernacle that is a rare gem. An anthropologist would grow wild over it. For quite some years scientists (?)—among them an old doctor, sent out by the Smithsonian Institute,—have been studying these natives with a view to

determining to what race they belong. There is not a doubt in his mind that the Eskimos and all the Indians of both Americas are of Mongolian descent. The tabernacle that my men built confirms the theory of that old doctor. It reveals the
(Turn to page 21)



When Father F. M. Menager, S.J., and Mr. Arthur G. Woodley, pilot, flew to King Island in April, they took this extraordinary picture. The island is a sheer rock of over 500 feet in height and about six miles in circumference, located in the Bering Sea about fifty miles from Siberia. About 170 Eskimos, seal hunters, all Catholics, live there.

YOUR UGANDA



Mr. Edward Gillespie, dealer in wholesale cotton goods, was seated at a desk. As the priest entered, he put his cigar on the edge of the blotter, leaned over and shook hands warmly.

THE stenographer smiled up at Father Mac. "Mrs. Gillespie is in there now. But I'll see."

A moment later she appeared at the door of the Private Office.

"All right, Father," she said and held the door open for him to enter.

Mr. Edward Gillespie, dealer in wholesale cotton goods, was seated at a desk. As the priest entered, he put his cigar on the edge of the blotter, leaned over and shook hands warmly.

"I'm afraid I'm intruding," said Father Mac, looking from the man to his wife.

"By no means. You came right at the proper moment. Sort of interrupted a stick-up." Mr. Gillespie laughed and his wife smiled. "But I don't think you've ever met my wife. Goodness knows she heard of you often enough. Helen, this is Father McNulty, the Father Mac I told you about."

"How do you do," murmured Mrs. Gillespie.

"I hope that all he told you about me was favorable," said Father Mac as he smilingly acknowledged the introduction.

MRS. GILLESPIE was a handsome woman in the forties, with a determined chin and nose,—one of those people who are said to know their own minds. Somehow she did not echo her husband's welcome and it seemed that for some unknown reason the priest was not entirely in this lady's graces. But Father Mac gave no sign that he noticed her lack of cordiality.

"Father, about that shipment of books," began Mr. Gillespie.

"Heavens! He's off," sighed his wife in mock dismay. "Missions, missions, mis-

sions, boots, boots, boots, boots! Father Mac, I'm afraid that you've turned my husband into a missiomaniac." This was said with a smile, but there was an underlying tone of opposition, such a tone as gave birth to the saying, "There's many a true word spoken in jest."

"Does Ed give you an overdose of the missions?" asked Father Mac, glancing over a waybill which Mr. Gillespie had handed him.

"Does he! It's missions from morning to night. He gets hundreds of magazines and letters. There's no end to it. I do declare it's almost enough to turn one against the whole movement." (Clearly it had been enough in her case.) "I should think that once a priest gets a contribution for his mission, he'd leave the poor man in peace."

"For whose mission?" asked Father Mac quietly.

MRS. GILLESPIE, who knew Father Mac's ways, saw that the priest was about to preach one of his famous impromptu sermons. He was enjoying this encounter between his strong-minded wife and the veteran of a hundred controversies.

"Whose mission? Why, the priest's," answered Mrs. Gillespie, a little surprised at the question.

"But they are not the priests' mission. Mrs. Gillespie. I'm afraid you have a mistaken idea about missions there. If one of the Church's missions goes under, it is not Father McGonigle in Uganda who has failed. It is you who have failed, and Ed and I and every Catholic. It is the Church which has failed. The Catholic Church is not the property of the priest nor of the Pope. You are a part as much as they. Its works are your works and its missions are your missions."

"Oh, I know that we ought to con-



tribute to them," protested Mrs. Gillespie. "But we give a substantial sum to charity every year. Isn't that sufficient?"

"Do you remember the campaigns we had for Liberty Bonds and Red Cross and K. of C. during the war?" asked the priest.

"Indeed she does. She spoke for most of them," broke in her husband.

"People didn't say then, 'I've given my contribution. If the army goes to smash, well, let it.' People didn't reason that way. Do you know why? Because it was *their* country, it was *their* war, it was *their* army, it was *their* boy, who would go to smash. And so they gave and gave and gave till it hurt, and after it hurt."

Father Mac paused to light his cigar which had gone out. "If Ed gets news from his branch in China that it is going on the rocks, he does not say, 'Well, we put the usual amount to their credit this year. We can't be bothered always keeping an eye on them and helping them and following them up.' He doesn't say that because it's *his* business, *his* pocketbook, *his* prestige that's going on the rocks. Or take another case. If you give your cook

thirty-five dollars a week for the table, and Friday comes around and the funds have through some unforeseen event run out, you do not say, 'Well, I gave her enough money to run the table. If she hasn't enough left, she needn't come round to me.' No, you wouldn't say that because it's *your* dinner and *your* hunger and Ed's that suffer. Now every missionary, whether he be in Zambonga or Iraq or Alaska, is your representative. If he goes under, you go under. He's not down there because he likes it. He's not asking for money because he finds begging great fun. As far as he is personally concerned, he'd find it



much more convenient to join in the chorus of 'Let the missions go to smash.' But he knows that he is doing the Church's work, that he is the representative of all Catholics. And he is not a bit ashamed to ask your help over and over again. He is only asking you to carry your share of a burden that is as much yours as his. He gives his personal services; you give prayers and money. And the two of you together obey God's command to spread His kingdom."

Mrs. Gillespie was listening to the priest with interest. His vehement imaginative way of talking was convincing, and his

absolute sincerity and engaging smile stripped his words of any sting.

"Well," said Mrs. Gillespie, impressed but unwilling to give in, "I'm not going to stay here and be convinced. Somebody in the house has to stay sane. I ought to know better than to argue with a Jesuit and his casuistry."

Father Mac laughed. "Well, if that's casuistry, the Holy Father is the day's worst casuist. What I have said is simply what he has been saying off and on for years. I was merely stating the philosophy of Catholic Action as applied to the missions. Catholic Action simply means that everybody in the bark of Peter ought to pull an oar, if you don't mind my mixing up my nautical terms."

"Well, they ought to blow on the sails, anyway," Mr. Gillespie interposed laughing. "But really, Father, Helen has an argument. The missionaries do seem to pick on the same people again and again."

"Oh, that's a difficulty sure enough. But don't blame the missionaries. They have too often played the role of Mother Hubbard in their hunt for funds, and when they got there the cupboard was bare, and so they have had to come back to the people who have money and are willing to give some of it. It is true that there are plenty of people who can't afford to give a copper without depriving Junior of his lunch money. But there are plenty more who could well afford to give and don't. The missionaries can't knock them down and take it from them. And so they have to come back to the same generous men and women who realize that their wealth is a gift from God, to be used for His service."

Mrs. Gillespie had risen and was drawing on her gloves. Much of her hostility had vanished, but she still kept up a show of resistance. She smiled and shook hands with the priest. Then she turned to her husband.

"Edward dear," she said with mock dismay, "it seems that you have been delivered from one stick-up only to encounter another."

And with that parting shaft she went out.

Father Mac frowned a little. "Put my foot in it?"

"Not at all. My wife's a woman who never admits she's beaten in an argument. However, I'll get no rest now. Once she takes up the missions—and she'll take them up now—it will be simpler for us to move to Uganda."



"His Beloved College"

Charles F. Kruger, S. J.

Recollections of a mission tragedy, September 10, 1931, which brought death to eleven Jesuit missionaries and a number of students and swept away the grand mission college, St. John's of old Belize, British Honduras.

IT was the closing session of afternoon classes. This fact, plus the oppressive heat and plentiful British Honduras mosquitoes, made naturally restless lower form boys unnaturally restless. The black-robed missionary of the classroom accordingly resorted to the old expedient of "a story," and, as it happened, a true story—Bishop Goodier's account of some of the discouragements which Saint Francis Xavier faced.

With the last of the "failures" of Xavier duly recounted, fortunately for the teacher, the dismissal bell sounded. There followed the usual rush from prayers to games, but the teacher remained to read again a closing paragraph of the story.

"What became of his beloved College of St. Paul?"



The humble quarters in Belize, British Honduras, that house what is left of the famous mission college of St. John's.

it began, referring to Xavier's foundation at Goa. "A visitor to Goa will find there a deserted town, with nothing standing but its churches. Palm trees grow in the market place. . . . If he asks where stood and what is now left of the College of St. Paul, he will be told that the spot is out of the way and its ruins are not worth a visit. But if he insists, he will be taken a mile or so from the center of the town along a road flanked by palms, and there he will find standing on his left a single wall pierced by an arched doorway, and wonder how it stands, all alone and unsupported. . . . The foundations of the rest are hidden beneath a tangle of bush."

The man at the desk surveyed his surroundings: desks that did not match, battered benches, books with warped covers and wrinkled pages—just relics from the wreck of his beloved College of St. John. Yes, what had become of his beloved college. (Turn to page 22)



"Yes, what had become of his beloved college, his St. John's of old Belize? He saw the answer printed before him: 'the spot—out of the way—a mile or so from the center of the town along a road flanked by palms—on his left—hidden beneath a tangle of bush.'"

Joy to our Bishop

Charles D.
Simons, S. J.

THE first week of September at Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China, is one of flag-waving and drooping spirits that wend their way again into the Chinese classroom. Over two thousand students take up again the loud chant of the characters. Boys and girls, college students and primary chinklets, future teachers and future priests, even catechism classes for future Christians and Chinese classes for future missionaries, all are found at Zi-ka-wei. It is a motley sight, this Catholic center on the outskirts of Shanghai.

And not all the flags are waved in the breeze, nor do all spirits droop at half-mast. There was one group at least whose hearts were throbbing with a joy that must have beat upon the heart of Our Holy Father himself. For is there a desire of Pope Pius XI, more ardent and more definitely expressed, than that of the development of the native priesthood in mission countries?

And so, September fourth was a gala day at the Junior Seminary. Twenty-one of the students who had finished their studies at St. Ignatius' College, just a couple of stones' throw away, knocked at the door and demanded entrance. Never before had such a fine number heard the knock of Christ at their hearts. At their head marched the Reverend Father Rector of the College, the Prefect of Studies and their professors; around and behind them crowded friends and relatives carried along on their wave of gladness.

MOTHERS and sisters were left in the parlor, while the young seminarians, accompanied by their fathers and brothers, penetrated the interior of the Seminary, to the chapel. Before the altar of the Sacred Heart, brilliantly lighted up, they sang the offering of their lives and prayed for perseverance in their calling. More than one father, rivaling his Creator in giving an only son to others, withdrew with tears in his eyes.

The work of the native priesthood grows apace in China. Over a hundred Chinese were ordained the past year; and despite the wars and bandits and communists that have wrought havoc in some Seminaries, there are still enough young men in studies to guarantee over a



"And so, September fourth was a gala day at the Junior Seminary. Twenty-one of the students who had finished their studies at St. Ignatius' College, just a couple of stones' throw away, knocked at the door and demanded entrance. . . . Monsignor Augustine Haouissée, S.J., Bishop of the Vicariate, was so pleased with the large number of new seminarians, that he himself gave them their entrance retreat."

hundred new priests each year until, seven or eight years hence, the number will start to double. Ten Regional Major Seminaries take care of most of the aspirants to the priesthood. Among these, the Seminary of Zi-ka-wei takes second place to none, neither in its staff nor its recently finished buildings: the fruit of the foresight of Belgian Catholic generosity. Junior Seminaries are multiplying, and schools with a "Latinist" division (namely, for those principally who need it for priestly studies) are springing up in most every mission district. There are now one hundred and thirteen such "Latinist" students in St. Ignatius' College here.

Monsignor Augustine Haouissée, S.J., Bishop of the Vicariate, was so pleased with the large number of new seminarians, that he himself gave them their entrance retreat. It began the evening of their arrival, to close fittingly the eighth of September, the feast of the Nativity of the Blessed Virgin. His Excellency said Mass for them on that day and gave them Holy Communion: a joy not unmerited for our Reverend Bishop, whose Vicariate had so much to suffer the past year.

Ten Chinese Bishops; seven Prefects Apostolic; over one thousand five hundred Chinese priests in the field; eight hundred seminarians in philosophy and theology; unknown, ever-increasing numbers in Junior Seminaries and Latinist courses;—thus is being fulfilled the wish of the "Pope of the Missions," who himself not a decade ago laid consecrating hands on China's first Bishops; whose first question to missionary visitors at Rome is whether a native clergy is being formed at the cost of any sacrifice. Thus also is Divine Providence furnishing an indispensable aid to the missionary.

Khrist Raja- "Missionary"

Aloysius S. Pettit, S. J.

JUST to give my readers a setting, let me state from the outset that I am writing from Khrist Raja (Christ the King) High School,—the only Catholic High School for boys in the American Jesuit Mission of Patna in India. The school itself was erected through the munificent donation of an unknown American benefactress. Now Khrist Raja is more than just a High School. I have been asked questions about it and one in particular I want to bring out clearly here.

Is there anything "missionary" about Khrist Raja? I like to think so. And such has been the zealous pressure that has been brought to bear by the Scholastics here, that one is forced to think so still more and more. Khrist Raja started out just a few years ago to do what those who are experienced said was temerarious, even impossible.

We did so and we are doing so still. Religious instruction is now taken as much for granted by all as is arithmetic. If they "get it straight," and if we find a way of adding the love to the knowledge of God's own Word, then we have in Khrist Raja High School a weapon that will be formidable for the devils of this land. One robin may not bring the Spring, nor one straw tell the direction of the wind. So, too, a few instances may belie the general trend of the likes of the boys in the school. Let us build our air-castles, however.

One of our Hindu boys has gone out and started up a school for us in his own village. In it he teaches the



"We have one little school for pagan girls," writes Father Pettit, "but we want to have many more."

catechism faithfully, though still a Hindu. And—well, he has a record of ten Baptisms during this present year. Whenever anyone is sick in this boy's village, or in the surrounding villages, it is our little teacher that is called to take care of them; and he does—of the body when he can, and if he can't, then of the soul! His own first baby was born a month ago, and died this week. Its soul is in Heaven, surely—a Sister in the hospital saw to that; and its body was to have been put in our Catholic cemetery except for a failure on the part of the boy to find us when he needed us.

He tried hard though. "And when will you yourself be baptized?" I have asked him. "Any time you say, Father," is his response. What can you do with a boy like that? Baptize him, you say? Well, maybe you're right. And maybe we'll do it. But wait just a moment. I want to tell you something else.

Just one of the type of village schools that are springing up in a limited radius of Khrist Raja High School.



IT'S another example. We went just a step further than instruction with the non-Catholic boys in our school. We told them that if they wanted to live in our school, (Turn to page 22)

Faithful to their Charge

Cecil A.
Primeau, S. J.

INTO the midst of our pensive musings at the close of another year and the breaking dawn of the new, there creeps a little query, natural and spontaneous, and, I think, of interest to missionary spirits. It is this—how does the time-worn year which now yields its place to a new and dawning one, how does it compare with its predecessors, how does it appear in the light of the past history of Jesuit missions among the Canadian Indians? God alone sees the hearts of His children, and He alone can truly tell of the measure of success that has blessed the labors of the Jesuit missionaries among Ontario's Indians during the past twelve months.

But if we cannot know as God alone can, what changes of heart and conversions of souls our missionaries have with God's grace effected, if we cannot fully know the number of souls, of young and old, of spotless infants clothed in the immaculate robes of their baptismal innocence and aged repentants overtaken at the last moment by the Divine Mercy that they have sent to Heaven, if we cannot measure the faith and virtue they have implanted in pagan or languid Christian hearts, the sufferings, disappointments and hardships they have had to meet and sustain in their apostolic vocation, yet we can at least know some of the external facts. And they are these.

DURING the past year, thirty Jesuit missionaries—seventeen Fathers, three Scholastics and ten Brothers—have carried on as faithfully as ever the work that is theirs among the Indians of Ontario. There may be seen in this number a rather striking comparison with the early period 1648-1649, that glorious era of martyrdom in Old Huronia when our Martyrs watered with their very blood this land of ours, and left to us a heritage, to protect and increase. For, in that period 1648-1649, the number of Jesuit Fathers laboring in Old Huronia was eighteen, just one more than our present number of missionary priests.

As regards the extent of the present field of labor, it differs from that of our Martyrs in that it is more extensive. The scene of their labors and death was the district washed by the southern waters of Georgian Bay.



A pagan Indian family on the Albany River, Ontario. They have with them all their equipment and housing for the whole Summer.

Today, however, the Indian missions of Ontario are quite extended; they are scattered along the shores of Georgian Bay, along the French River as far as Lake Nipissing, along the Continental Line of the C. P. R. as far as Port Arthur; they dot the banks of the North Channel, of the St. Mary's River, of the northeastern shore of Lake Superior, and then turning north they are spread out through northern Ontario, encircling Lake Nipigon, and stretching as far north as the Albany River and Attawapiscat—surely an immense territory, and one not without its consequent difficulties.

ONE of the greatest difficulties of the Indian missionary today is the distances which separate one mission from another. For not only do such distances necessarily entail labor and hardships, but they also render it impossible for the missionary to remain more than a very short time at each mission, since so much of his time is necessarily consumed in traveling from one mission to the next. How does he travel, you ask? Sometimes by train, where such is possible, but oftener, as traveled of old our Martyrs, on foot or by canoe in Summer, in Winter on snowshoes or with dog-team, often passing the nights in Indian huts—forced perhaps, as one Father this Summer, to find a place as best he can in a small room already occupied by fifteen others—truly, very, very similar to the life our Martyrs lived three centuries ago.

Yet, in spite of all this,—rather because of all this, the missionary is inwardly supremely happy. For his is the honor of following in the footsteps of our holy Martyrs of North America, his is the privilege of carrying on the glorious apostolate that they began, of seeking out these red-skinned children of God,—yes, children of God as we are, and heirs to the Kingdom of Heaven, bought by the Precious Blood of Christ.



Christ Comes

James E. Haggerty, S. J.



After a successful catch. Once a Moro, he is now a fervent Christian leper. He also carries the canopy when Holy Communion is brought to the sick.

IT was a Christmas boat. In the hold were Christmas gifts—old clothes, old shoes, old hats, slightly damaged merchandise from Manila stores. On the third-class deck crouched close together a hundred and fifty Filipino passengers, sailing to friends or family. Old women guarded their gifts jealously—a hand of bananas, a straw sack of sweet potatoes, a live chicken. Husbands sprawled over big bags of peanuts, cabbages, green-colored oranges—gifts for wives or parents. A handful of passengers looked down from the first-class deck and were grateful that they had a good chair for the day and a cot for the night . . . Husbands were off to see wives; mothers their children; young people, their parents; there were gifts in the hold; and a bright sun in a cloudless December sky—but hearts were heavy: it was a Christmas boat to Cullion—land with a cloud-hid star of hope—isle where coral-blue waters beat softly on a shore of leprosy death.

The *Corregidor*, government cutter, turned slowly in the boat-laden Pasig, steamed on across Manila Bay, past the guns of *Corregidor*, its namesake, and hurried out to meet the China Sea. All was calm. Scarcely a sound came from the lower deck except the occasional crow of a cock—there was no merry-making, no laughter from the

laughter-loving Filipinos. Yet about us was the wondrous sea, the wild, green, hilly shore, and the golden sun above it all.

BY morning the cutter was curving its way between sheer, forested rocks that spring from the green-glazed water. Suddenly, on turning a bend, Cullion was seen across an inland sea. Its white buildings vaguely climbed the hill in the distance, and the breeze brought a strange odor—a curious smell of medicine that one will forever associate with an island in the China Sea, where lepers were once sent to be forgotten and to die.

As the boat drew to the wharf in the "sanitary" part of Cullion, off to the left on the hillside overlooking the bay were lepers straining their eyes in a vain effort to catch sight even at that distance of some loved one. It was a gay afternoon throughout the clean, palm-shaded streets of the Colony, and also in the big open square looking down upon the sea whose changing colors take away the breath of one not born to the tropics. The leper band played all afternoon in the plaza; relatives and friends from the same provinces gathered in little *nipa* huts to have a feast on the unusual dainties from the land they had left behind. Here and there one might have found a disappointed face, but an air of gaiety quivered in the warm air that bright day just before Christmas.

The next morning we were up long before the dawn. The novena held on the nine days before Christmas was drawing to a close, and the Masses were, therefore, very early. All throughout the Philippines prevails this custom of the *Misa de Gallo*, or Mass of the Cock. Nine days before Christmas the early dawn is a-clang with the church bells calling all to don their brightest clothes and hasten to the novena.

Each succeeding morning the bells ring out earlier, and finally on Christmas Eve comes the climax with the Midnight Mass. But we were up even before the bells rang out in the starry darkness.

VENERABLE Father Rello, S. J., the "Padre of Forty Tongues," who greets the Pentecostal folk of Cullion each in his own language, had finished his Mass before five o'clock. It was still dark when we made our way to the gate that led into the leper part of the village. A little silver bell was tinkling, and flickering candles lit up the blotched and swollen



Cullion Island—the largest leper colony in the world,—where "coral-blue waters beat softly on shores of leprosy death."

to Cullion



faces of young lads in cassock and surplice, and gleamed on the tall metal crucifix which headed the group. Not a word was spoken, but quickly we were off, the little bell tinkling and the patches of light climbing ahead up the steep paths to the hospitals. Hobbling along in the rear, just recovered from an attack of rheumatism, the dear old priest clutched to his bosom a ciborium, bringing Christ before break of day to eager-waiting souls who had tossed out the long feverish night.

From hospital to hospital we went—the men's, the women's, the boys', the girls', from the hospital of the dying to that of the convalescent. At the door of each we were met by a little kneeling group of leper nurses and attendants. A few dim lights were enough to disclose those wards of suffering, and many a sight was mercifully hidden in the darkness—sightless eyes, missing limbs, decayed faces. Here and there broken forms crawled to their knees at the foot of their pallet and with hands folded on their breasts awaited the coming of the Comforter and Friend. A nurse followed with water and a spoon to aid parched throats. At the end of the journey down the aisles we paused a moment at a little altar or shrine where some nun who had watched out the night was kneeling at her morning meditation—and then on, to some other hospital.

BEFORE we had finished the rounds, the joyous clang of the church bells was sounding out over the awakened island, and the quick dawn was breaking on the crests of the little waves in the dark sea. As is the custom in the Philippines, the bells continued their intermittent clanging from the first signal till a sudden flurry of sound from all the bells gave warning that the service was beginning. An hour had passed since we began the visit of the sick, and we were climbing the height to the church where Father Juan, S.J., was starting Mass. We then came upon a scene that will remain in memory, I hope, for all time: a contrast that revealed the power of the Catholic Church over the poor outcasts of the earth. The priest had just brought untold consolation to the dying; now I was to see how the Church brought joy and simple happiness to men who otherwise would have little to give them hope.

The strains of stringed instruments broke sweetly on the ear, and as we drew nearer we saw the church ablaze with light. The ancient, crumbling edifice was packed to the doors with men and women in their gayest colors. From the choir came throaty, yet strangely thrilling voices singing the lilting music of Spanish hymns; an orchestra played brightly with an accompaniment of tambourines and castanettes. The altar with its gilded niches and

Though afflicted with leprosy, these girls, under the gentle guidance of the Sisters, bear their cross cheerfully—looking to their cure and departure from Cullion.



Father Francis X. Rello, S.J., surrounded by his "guard of honor," bringing Christ, before break of day, to eagerly awaiting souls.

gaudily-dressed statues gleamed under the blaze of many candles. The faces of the lepers were lit with joy and with faith. They were honoring Christ in the way of the Orient tinged with Spain.

LATER in the morning our boat pulled out from the Cullion dock. On board were two-score lepers declared cured. On the steep hillsides off to one side many of the five thousand lepers left be— (Turn to page 23)



JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Published monthly, September to June, bi-monthly, July-August, by the JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American provinces of the Society of Jesus.

JOSEPH GACHWENTZ, S.J.

Editor

THOMAS J. FRENEY, S.J. CORNELIUS FINEAU, S.J.

HUGH C. DONAGAN, S.J. PATRICK A. REAN, S.J.

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

Associate Editors

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

Business Editors

Editorial and Publication Office

217 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

Subscription price, year, \$1.00; three years, \$2.75; six years, \$4.25. Canadian and Foreign, \$1.25 a year.



May you enjoy the special blessings of Heaven throughout the twelve months of the New Year, and may each succeeding month find you closer to Christ the King, and more deeply interested in His and your missions. The Editors.



What of 1933 and the Missions?

IN January, 1932, looking at the year in prospect, we outlined three major difficulties that stood in the way of greater advances in the mission fields. It is of interest to view these in retrospect and also in prospect as we face the new year.

The first difficulty was one of vocations. Thanks to a guiding Providence and to a generous response in young souls, there is a consoling growth in the number of vocations. This is not only the case in America and Europe, but also in the missions themselves, for native boys and girls in Africa, India, China and elsewhere are eagerly offering themselves for the mission apostolate as priests and Sisters. Let us continue our prayers for vocations while we add a hearty prayer of thanksgiving to God for the increase that has already come.

The second difficulty in the missions has been a financial one. Owing to the continued worldwide depression, this difficulty continues. The stirring appeal that went out for the preservation of the Alaska Mission during the past year could be repeated in more or less the same degree for other missions. All feel the depression severely, and Superiors everywhere are at their wit's ends to know how to meet current expenses, while with heavy hearts they have to let slip many an opportunity to advance the cause of Christ in sections where the fields are already white for the harvest. May

those of our Catholics who really understand the missions, continue their generous self-sacrifice in their behalf, and may others be roused to a mission consciousness they have not hitherto known.

The third difficulty of last year still continues. It arises from the political unrest in some countries,—as, for example, China and India,—to say nothing of the unrest that is felt the world over. Let us redouble our prayers for a peace that will be lasting, a peace built upon Christian principles of justice and charity.

The Church Unity Octave

ALL of our Catholic people are asked to join in reciting the special prayers of the Church Unity Octave during January. The history of the origin of the devotion is most interesting and inspiring.

Some years ago a group of non-Catholics began eight days of special prayer for the union of Christendom. Ten years after the organization of this group, eighteen of its members entered the Catholic Church.

Once Catholic, this group took up energetically the work of spreading the Octave of prayer for unity. So successful have been their efforts that more than one thousand prelates of the Church have signed a petition to the Holy Father that the observance of this Octave be made universal, like May devotions to our Lady.

The form of prayer prescribed for the Octave is: Antiphon: "That they all may be one, as Thou, Father, in Me, and I in Thee; that they also may be one in Us, that the world may believe that Thou hast sent Me." St. John xvii, 21.

V. I say unto thee, that thou art Peter;

R. And upon this Rock I will build my Church.

PRAYER

O Lord Jesus Christ, who didst unto Thine Apostles: Peace I leave with you, My peace I give unto you; regard not our sins, but the Faith of Thy Church, and grant unto her that peace and unity which are agreeable to Thy will, who livest and reignest God forever and ever. Amen.

(Under the usual conditions, a Plenary Indulgence is granted on the feast of the Chair of St. Peter, and a further grant of two hundred days is extended to those of the faithful who simply join in the devotions plenary. Benedict XI, Feb. 25, 1916.)

The following is the list of intentions for each day of the Octave:

January 18: Feast of St. Peter's Chair at Rome. Return of the "other sheep."

January 19: Return of Oriental Separatists to communion with the Apostolic See.

January 20: Submission of all Anglicans to the authority of the Vicar of Christ.

January 21: That Lutherans and other continental Protestants may return to Holy Church.

January 22: That all Christians in America may become one with the Chair of St. Peter.

January 23: Return to the sacraments of all lapsed Catholics.

January 24: The Conversion of the Jews.

January 25: Feast of the Conversion of St. Paul. Missionary conquest of the world.

The Mission Intention

Conversion of Protestants on the Missions

THE conversion of Protestants in any place and at all times is included in Christ's Divine commission to His Catholic Church, "Go, teach all nations." Yet, the conversion of Protestants in mission lands is of such importance for the Church's own mission success, that His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, has recommended it as a special intention for the beginning of the new year, 1933. In the mission lands of China, Japan, Burma, India, Africa, Protestants are dismembering the Mystical Body of Christ and presenting to a pagan world the scandal of a divided and dissident Christendom. Protestants themselves, are loud in their denouncement of what may be called an inglorious travesty of the one, holy, catholic, apostolic Faith of Christ. To quote the author of "The Bantu are Coming," "The scores of sects at work on the Gold Reef and everywhere; the ubiquitous clusters of small tin churches; the medley of sounds from bells, horns and barrel hoops on a Sunday morning from crowds of competing churches in locations and compounds—this sort of thing is a scandal and disgrace which would be ludicrous were it not a high crime against Almighty God. Call a native South African to you on the Reef and ask him: 'Are you a Christian?' 'Yes.' 'To what Church do you belong?' 'I'm a Swedish Lutheran.' Call another, 'What are you?' 'I'm a Swiss Mission.' Others come up. 'What are you—and you—and you?' 'I'm a Berlin Mission,'—'a Dutch Reformed,'—'an American,'—'a Norwegian Lutheran,'—'a Wesleyan,'—'I'm a Nazarene,'—'an Apostolic,'—'A Free Church of Scotland,'—'a member of the Church (Anglican),'—'I'm a Brethren.'"

The unity of faith and authority which is lacking among Protestants today, His Holiness desires with the ardor of St. John to see realized among Protestants and Catholics, "that they may be one, Father, as Thou in Me and I in Thee." For it never was the Will of the Son of God that 220,000,000 Protestants, acting without authority from Him and presenting merely an elective system of His beliefs, should wedge their arbitrary faith into the minds and hearts of the pagan world. But it is His Will that these same 220,000,000 Protestants should return to the unity of faith and authority from which their forefathers departed, so that leagued with the 320,000,000 members of the One True Church of Christ, Catholics might then advance 540,000,000 strong along a united border against the pagan square of one thousand times a thousand souls and win them all for Christ. For this intention let us pray and offer up penances and sacrifices during the month of January.

The Mass of the Missions

Beginning in the current issue, JESUIT MISSIONS will feature monthly a new column entitled, "The Mass of the Missions." It will contain mission thoughts, suggested by the Mass for the Propagation of the Faith, with illustrations drawn from Jesuit mission fields.

"FROM the rising of the sun even to the going down, in every place there is sacrifice,"—the sacrifice of the Mass. That this prophesy of Malachias is fulfilled even in our own day and generation is evident from even a superficial survey of Jesuit missions around the world. Thus, at 1:00 A.M., Mass is being celebrated by a Jesuit missionary in the snow fields of Nome by the shores of the Bering Sea; at 2:00, in the igloos of the Yukon; at 3:00, for the seal-skinned Eskimo of Fairbanks; at 4:00, for the Umatilla and Cayuse redskins of Oregon; at 5:00, for the Blackfeet of Montana; at 6:00, in the chalk hills of Dakota and the Indian cabins of the Canadian Manitoulinis; at 7:00, in the hills and the mountains of Jamaica; at 8:00, in Colombia's new reduction of Bogota; at 9:00, in British Guiana; at 10:00, on the pampas of Brazil; at 11:00, in mid-Atlantic; and at 12:00, on the altar stones of Rabat in Morocco. At 1:00 P.M., Mass is being celebrated for the descendants of the Norsemen; at 2:00, in Albania and the Belgian Congo; at 3:00, between the Nile and the Euphrates in the Arabian wonderland of ancient Baghdad; at 4:00, for the natives of Madagascar; at 5:00, in India's magic temples and Bombay's converted bonzeries; at 6:00, in Patna, in Mangalore and Calcut, and on the Island of Ceylon; at 7:00, in Siberia's silent steppes; at 8:00, in Hong Kong, Tientsen and Java; at 9:00, in war-torn Shanghai and the modern Moro Land of Mindanao, Xavier's Isles of Hope; at 10:00, in the cherry-blossomed land of old Japan; at 11:00, for the islanders of the (Turn to page 24)



Today, forty-two Canadian Jesuit priests, from the Upper and Lower Provinces of Canada, like Father Joseph Cadot, S.J., are mingling the offering of their own bodies and blood with the wondrous sacrifice of the God-Man, in the apostolic hope that as co-redemers of the world, they may thereby be instrumental in the salvation and perfection of the souls of their charges both in China and on the Indian missions.

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



IRAQ

From the sixth number of the *Baghdadi* we learn that:

"Father J. Edward Coffey, S.J., came down out of the sky here in Baghdad on Wednesday, July 27. You see, your modern missionary travels by airplane now. Of course, both of us were at the airport to meet him as he stepped out of the huge quintuple-motored machine, and he was a fair target for our movie camera. Were we glad to see him? Idle question. And was he glad to get here? Likewise superfluous. For although he had enjoyed the ride from Brindisi, Italy (twenty-one hours actual flying time, with the night spent at Tiberias, on the lake of Galilee) he seems to prefer terra firma to the higher strata of the atmosphere. He insists he was not sick a bit: in fact, he says sickness is impossible on these big Imperial Airways machines, and proves his point by the fact that paper bags are no longer provided for the passengers. We plied him with ten thousand questions, which he answered or parried in his own inimitable way. We're going to try to prevail on him to write the account of his trip for the next *Baghdadi*. You know, he acted as special correspondent for *America* at the Eucharistic Congress. Doubtless, you have read his charming articles, and will be anxious to hear him in his role of Marco Polo.

"The same Father Coffey has not seen much of Baghdad since his arrival. On the thirty-first of July, he received his official appointment as Principal of our new school (Baghdad College is its title), and with characteristic energy, he set to work at once, getting ready for the first registration, which was held during the first three days of August. After that he began gathering all the information he could about the schools here, their curricula and all other items that might prove of value to him in his work as Principal. Then he sat down and worked out a curriculum and schedule for our school, and when he took it to the Ministry of Education, lo and behold, he found that it agreed almost perfectly with the revised schedule of studies which the government had just finished preparing. How is that for grasping the situation? And yet, Father Coffey is not of a grasping nature at all.

"The upshot of all this work has been that Father Coffey's knowledge of Baghdad remains sadly inadequate for the purpose of writing all those letters to eager friends back home who are waiting for his masterly description of things oriental. But, as soon as the rush of work is over, we shall take him in tow and give him the benefit of our own rather extensive explorations in and around Baghdad. "On that same thirty-first of July which saw Father Coffey appointed Principal, Father Madaras was named Minister. For the benefit of the uninitiated, we say that the Minister is the one who ministers to the material wants of the brethren, sees that the larder is well stocked, that the rooms are properly furnished and taken care of, that everything in the house runs smoothly, including the servants. And, incidentally, we may remark that Baghdad, like the rest of the civilized world, is not without its servant problem, or rather problems. In view of the fact that no little work remains to be done in fitting out our own residence, and that the task of trans-

forming the two rented houses into something resembling a school has been thus far almost untouched (one of the houses will not be handed over to us until September 5), friends of Father Madaras will understand why it is that their letters have gone unanswered, and why those long-promised pictures have failed to put in an appearance. By way of reassurance, we may add that the good Father continues to sleep soundly o' nights, even when the thermometer registers 102 in the dark."

SOUTHERN STATES

Father Joseph Arthus, New Mexico's veteran Jesuit missionary, celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of his entrance into the Society of Jesus, Sunday, September 25, in the church of San Felipe, Albuquerque. The Jubilee's life has been so wide in its contacts both in Europe and the United States, that one reads with a quickened imagination the story of his vivid and varied career. Born seventy-nine years ago in Brittany, France, a fellow novice of the late Cardinal Billot, the friend of Father Ginhae, S.J.—a student in the island of Jersey and at Ditton Hall, England, where he was ordained at the beginning of his theological course because his death then seemed imminent—add to this his forty-five years as a missionary in the southwest—and Father Libertini, the pastor of San Felipe church, had a rich theme for the masterly sermon he preached at the Jubilee Mass.

"We are what our ideals are," said the eloquent speaker concluding his sermon. "The ideals we set before ourselves today are prophetic of what we shall be tomorrow. May I, in an age which has lost the serious note and is gone mad in its pursuit of wealth and pleasure, suggest that all of us choose as our own, the ideals which have made the life of Father Arthus useful and even eminent. Dogged by ill health from his early youth, he endured it with a granite indifference, remembering with St. Paul that the sufferings of this time are not worthy to be compared with the glory to come that shall be revealed in us. Indeed, the venerable Jubilarian in the sanctuary upsets all the wise sayings and banalities of the world, for without a day's real health since his ordination to the priesthood, he did his



Father Joseph Arthus, New Mexico's veteran Jesuit missionary, celebrated the Diamond Jubilee of his entrance into the Society of Jesus, Sunday, September 25.

work unflinchingly, making his way through desert and mesa and valley of barren waste in his search for souls. And God has blessed him, for despite his age he is still charged with the enthusiasm and fire of youth, thus illustrating the lesson that the hundred fold is given even in this life to those who make a complete surrender of themselves to God."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From Jasaan in Mindanao, P. I., the ever zealous Father John A. Pollock, S.J., writes:

"I would like very much to have ever zealous Father John A. Pollock, itude to the Catholic Medical Mission Board in New York for its continued help given to our Monahan Memorial Hospital. At the time when I sent you the article which appeared in the June, 1932, issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* (an article which was entitled, 'The Monahan Memorial'), I was afraid that the Medical Mission Board would no longer be able to give us help. However, after I had sent that article to you, we received five boxes of splendid material, such as useful medicines, tonics, baby food, bandages and medical instruments. This help given us by the Medical Mission Board is deeply appreciated and helps us to continue the splendid work of charity which our Monahan Memorial Hospital has been able to carry on."

Father Vincent I. Kennally, S. J., former Associate Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, sends some items of in-

terest from Manila:

"I go south sometime next week with orders to stay at Cebu for a while and study Visayan,—and then I may finally go to Mindanao.

"Father Joseph Reith, S.J., is still at Cebu, studying Visayan, as is also Father John F. Treubig, S.J. Father William J. Dow, S.J., has gone from Cebu to Manila where he is teaching at the Ateneo. Father Arthur J. McCaffray, S.J., arrived in Manila on Monday, October 24, and for the present is teaching in the Jesuit Novitiate in Manila."

* * *

Father James G. Daly, S.J., stationed at Jimenez in Western Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., describes a Christmas he spent in Tangub in 1931. As it is typical of many a Christmas in Mindanao, it is given here in full:

"Christmas found the writer at Tangub, one hour by Ford plus one hour and a half by motor boat. In the Tangub district, on scattered farms on the mountain side over a wide area, has settled a colony of fifteen thousand who have come into Mindanao for the most part from Catholic Cebu during the last ten years. All who can do so, come to the town center for the midnight Mass on Christmas. At Tangub there was High Mass at midnight. Low Mass at six o'clock and another High Mass at eight.

At the Low Mass at six o'clock, a half dozen couples knelt for the nuptial blessing. This would be an unusual sight in the churches of the States on Christmas Day, but it is a

commonplace in the lives of the missionaries in Mindanao to bless rings on the feast days. The people are sure that the priest will be in town on the principal feasts, and there to greet him will be young and old, sick and strong. Some of the brides on this Christmas Day had come a long distance by canoe, horse, carabao and on foot with their noble Galahads, family groups and friends to hear the wedding bells merrily mingle with the joyful notes of the *Adeste*. The bashful brides from distant homes can always find some hospitable friend in town for unpacking the gown with flowing train, the snow-white veil and the crown of flowers. They are certain, too, the newly weds from afar, that on their triumphal return to the house of their friend, often escorted by the combined melodies of trombone, drum and saxophone, they will scent the sweet aroma of the *lechón* to grace their *combría* (wedding banquet)."

ALASKA

From Spokane, Washington, Gregory O'Brien, S.J., sends the news of the foundation of the first native Sisterhood for Alaska:

"Although the Sisters of Charity of Providence, the Sisters of St. Ann, and the Ursulines, are now helping the Jesuits at some of the larger Alaskan mission stations, still the need for many more nuns—and above all, for native Sisters—has been pressing.

"On August 5, at Kashunak, Hooper Bay, two novices took their habit in the new Congregation of Our Lady of



Members of the Maryland-New York Province and Friends met in Manila to greet Father Miguel Saderra Maso, S.J., on his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit. Left to right (front row): Father M. Selon, S.J., Very Rev. Edward C. Phillips, S.J. (Provincial of the Maryland-New York Province), Mr. Ynchausti, Father Miguel Saderra Maso, S.J. (the Jubilarian), His Excellency, Mgr. William Piani (Apostolic Delegate), His Excellency, Mgr. M. O'Doherty (Archbishop of Manila), Mr. Perez, Very Rev. James T. Hayes, S.J. (Superior of the Jesuits in the P. I.), Father R. O'Brien, S.J. (President of the Ateneo de Manila), Father Vila, S.J. (Second row): Brother A. Herr, S.J., Brother J. Novellas, S.J., J. Howard, S.J., Father H. C. Avery, S.J., Father T. A. Shanahan, S.J., Father J. M. Stignion, S.J., Father Morrow, Brother R. Morris, S.J., Father Flecker, Father J. P. Mahoney, S.J. (Rector of San Jose Seminary), Brother V. Campos, S.J., Brother P. McKenna, S.J., Father R. Goggin, S.J. (Novice Master), Father J. Anguela, S.J., M. W. Kane, S.J., P. J. Heyden, S.J. (Back row): Brother A. Miralles, S.J., Father M. L. Züllig, S.J., Father A. Pacuquing, S.J., Father J. L. O'Neill, S.J., Father M. McNeel, S.J., Father J. F. Hurley, S.J., Father M. A. Mudd, S.J., Brother Castella, Brother J. Armengol, S.J., J. P. McFadden, S.J., Father W. F. Jordan, S.J., J. E. Wash, S.J.



Mr. Arthur Woodley, pilot (left) and Very Rev. Francis M. Menager, S.J., Superior of the Alaska Missions, after a safe landing at King Island. (See page 5).

the Snow, and a group of six postulants is being prepared to take the habit in the near future. These eight Eskimo girls, who were carefully selected from thirteen applicants from the mission schools at Holy Cross, Akulurak, and Kashunak, form the nucleus of the first Congregation of native Alaskan nuns.

Father John P. Fox, S.J., has been the instrument used by God in forming the new Congregation. Father Fox, by the way, received his habit as a Jesuit novice at Los Gatos, California, on the feast of Our Lady of the Snow, August 5, 1913, and on the same day fourteen years later was appointed to the missions of Alaska.

"The Sisters of the Snow purpose to serve as catechists and domestic helpers for the missionaries in Alaska. Father John L. Lucchesi, S.J., veteran Alaskan missionary, after describing the many extra-sacerdotal functions of a priest among the Eskimos, added, 'he also says Mass.' Father Fox writes, 'Our ideal is to help in the evangelization of Alaska by having Sisters in every mission, and "Sisters in Every Mission" will be our cry and our prayer till, by the grace of God, this will be an accomplished fact. Then, the few Fathers we have will be able to do their work as priests instead of doing almost anything but that, as is often the case now.'

"Because of the nature both of their work and of the country in which they are laboring, the Sisters of the Snow differ greatly in custom and rule from any existing Congregation. After completing their novitiate training of two years, they will be scattered throughout the various missions, and will live in groups of two or three, and in certain conditions, even alone for a time. The three simple vows pronounced by the Sisters are temporary and must be renewed annually.

"The nuns' habit consists of a simple black dress extending slightly below the knees, a veil, cincture, and rosary beads. A small crucifix is worn on the breast, and a white cross is sewn on the left sleeve. Excepting this cross, a small white collar and a quarter-inch border around the front of the veil, the Sisters of the Snow have no white on their habit."

CANADIAN INDIANS

Father Theodore Desautels, S.J., has been longer among the Ojibway Indians than any Canadian Jesuit missionary. Here is a story of his work as he described it recently to a young enthusiastic Jesuit Scholastic:

"I just came in yesterday—October 12, 1932—after three weeks incessant traveling and working. My district is quite large, for I work in four dioceses. It takes me seven weeks to go around all the district, visiting one, two, even three missions a week. I have eleven chapels and also eleven missions where the ministry and the stay is in Indian houses. I reach most of my missions by railroad. Some are a distance off the track, and I walk to these; some are across water, and to these the local Indians take me in their canoes. For traveling, Lake Nipissing and the French River missions are the worst. I have to cross this big lake (Lake Nipissing) on ice in Winter, and by boat in the Spring, Summer and Fall.

"Just this week I came from Chaudiere Falls, twelve miles down the French River. I had to go up the French River and cross Lake Nipissing. But the lake thought otherwise—it was all foaming, with treacherous waves, stirred up by a strong north wind. We had to stop on an island and remain there for a day and a night, blessed by an incessant rain. It was far from pleasant and we were short of provisions. A famous sailor of the

lake happened to pass by with a racing-boat, so I left my Indians on the island, jumped into the boat, and we cut through the waves to the north shore. The Autumn wind is certainly not a friend to the missionary. In November I have to fight it again on Lake Nipissing.

"This week I start for Bishop O'Connor's missions on Georgian Bay. I have there five missions, three on the shore and two on islands. I'll finish these in the beginning of November."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

One of the big events in Kingston during the early part of November was the Diamond Jubilee celebration of the Franciscan Sisters at Duke Street. They have done seventy-five years of wonderful work in Jamaica. The celebration was begun on Monday, November 7, with a Solemn Pontifical High Mass at Holy Trinity Cathedral. His Excellency, Bishop Thomas A. Emmet, S.J., was the celebrant. Tuesday, a Requiem High Mass was celebrated by Father Bonaventure, O.F.M., for the deceased Sisters, students and benefactors. Solemn Benediction was given by His Excellency, Bishop Emmet, in Holy Trinity Cathedral the same evening, and the sermon was preached by Father Bonaventure, O.F.M., of St. Bonaventure's College, Allegheny, New York. On November 9, Very Rev. Father Charles Arnold, S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission, celebrated a High Mass for the living benefactors, students and friends of the Sisters. On the afternoon of the same day, there was a reception, followed by the formal breaking of ground for new buildings.

Writing from Winchester Park, Kingston, Jamaica, Very Rev. Father Charles Arnold, S.J., acknowledges a



The final resting place of the ten Jesuit members of the Faculty of St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras, who were killed in the disaster of September 10, 1931. The monument was constructed by Father Marvin O'Connor, S.J.

PATNA, INDIA

The December, 1932, issue of **JESUIT MISSIONS** printed a brief notice of the death of **Father Raymond J. Conway, S.J.**, in Patna Mission, India. Later letters bring more details which are reproduced here as a special tribute to the beloved and saintly missionary.

Father Conway spent six years in Patna Mission. Shortly after the completion of his priestly training there, he was assigned the difficult task of organizing **Khrist Raja High School** and of establishing there the first Jesuit Community. It was a big man's task and he did it in a way that witnessed to the genuine greatness of his own spirit.

But ever and again, His Excellency, **Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J.**, was asking that Father Conway be given to him as a Santal missionary. His robust strength, his relentless devotion to his work, his calm, judicious manner, the evident holiness of his own life,—all marked him as a man among men to be a savior to the Santals. Father Conway took up his work among the Santals in January, 1932. Having previously mastered the Hindi language, he now set himself with all possible energy to the study of that most difficult language, Santali. After months of vigorous work at it, while he was also carrying on his missionary work among the people, he was able to converse with the Santals and to instruct them in their own language. But his work was to be carried on only for a brief period of time.

He was apparently in vigorous health a week before his death, and his eyes sparkled at the thought of the great things he would be able to do for the salvation of the Santals, now that he knew their language well. The Superior, **Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J.**, writes thus of the last days of his life:

"He returned to his jungle home on Friday, October 7, having invited me out for the blessing of his new 'cathedral' at Ratanpur on the feast of Christ the King. The following Monday he had to go to bed with a fever, but did not consider it a serious matter and continued to say Mass for two more days. Thursday he did not say Mass, nor on Friday, but did begin to say his Office. But feeling the fever again coming on, and being very weak, he went to bed again and sent his servant to **Father Edward Scott**, nine miles away, asking that either he or the Father at the next station come over. Though his note gave no reason for alarm, Father Scott at once cycled over to Nainipur, where he found Father Conway so weak that he could hardly stand without support, and he was also a bit wandering in his speech. At once the best arrangements available (a bullock cart) were secured to take Father into Bhagalpur, as he himself desired. Father Scott hurried on by cycle across the several rivers to call **Father John Kilian** with his Ford car, to carry Father Conway from the last unbridged river, some sixty more miles to Bhagalpur. But it was too late. They reached the hospital at 11:00 Saturday morning. As Father was evidently in danger, he was anointed. He sank steadily until at 5:10 in the evening (Saturday, October 15) he quietly, without any struggle, breathed his last. The King had called his 'Tramp' to rest,—eternal rest. Surely, a beautiful and a happy death,—spending himself—almost recklessly—for his Divine King up to the last. We mourn his loss. But we rejoice in the secure confidence that we have a dear companion close to the throne of Christ the King. . . .

"I could not reach him in time to see him alive, but I was able to say the funeral Mass on Sunday morning.

(Turn to page 23)



Reverend Gladstone Wilson, the first native son of Jamaica, B. W. I., to be ordained priest. He made his course of studies, with distinction, at Rome.

donation and gives a few items of interest about the new missionaries who went to Jamaica from New England this year:

"Thanks for the money that just arrived. Your letter came after a week of great anxiety, due to a terrific hurricane that persisted in fliriting with our island for nearly a week.

"We are ploughing slowly ahead, with as fine a crew as any Superior would want. Of course, the mountain of work to be done seems never to decrease.

"The new men: **Father Francis Flaherty, S.J.**, is 'Prefect of Men' at St. George's, and he is doing fine work at the College and in other fields; **Father Raymond R. Sullivan, S.J.**, with residence at Brown's Town, is putting new life into that place and its dependent missions; **Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J.**, moved his residence from malarial Port Maria to High Gate in St. Mary's parish and radiates from there to his four or five missions. **Father Joseph M. Krim, S.J.**, has taken the Industrial School for boys and girls at Alpha to his heart,—indeed, he manages all the schools there. You should see him as major-domo with his famous Alpha Band. **Father James M. Harney, S.J.**, has proven himself to be just the man to pinch-hit for **Father Ford** while the latter is on leave of absence in the States. As soon as **Father Ford** returns, **Father Harney** will take some missions away from **Father Kempel** who absolutely needs relief. **Father Charles W. Mahan, S.J.**, is the exalted Editor of *Catholic Opinion*, Chaplain to the native Sisters, Professor of Spanish, *ad omnia*, always with a saving smile.

"By New Year's, **Father Francis Kempel, S.J.**, hopes to obtain a convent for the Mercy Sisters who will teach in his school at Seaford Town."



Father Edward Scott, S.J., of Chicago, has been spending himself tirelessly for the salvation of the Santals of Patna Mission, India.



FROM MANY CHURCHES



The Conversion of Protestants on the Missions

Almost contemporaneously with the release of the Mission Intention for January, 1933, —The Conversion of Protestants on the Missions—there have been published two timely and illuminating studies of Protestantism on the missions. First, the Report of the Laymen's Foreign Missions Inquiry and, secondly, "The Good Earth," by Miss Pearl Buck, for many years a Protestant missionary in China. The Laymen's Inquiry was sponsored and financed by laymen of seven Protestant denominations as follows: Presbyterian, Dutch Reformed, United Presbyterian, Methodist Episcopal, Congregational, Protestant Episcopal and Northern Baptist. The magnitude of the field covered by the Inquiry, is indicated by the fact that the seven denominations represented in the study have 57,657 churches with a total membership of 10,015,366. Members of these Boards gave in 1932, excluding bequests, an average of \$1.41 each to foreign missions, an annual total of \$15,000,000.

The Protestant Mission World

In Japan, with a population of 65,000,000, there are approximately 160,000 Protestant Christians. There are 1,174 Protestant missionaries and 5,096 Japanese Christian (Protestant) workers. In India, of some 350,000,000 population, there are 12,000,000 Protestant Christians. In that country there are more than 6,000 foreign missionaries associated with well over 50,000 Indian workers. Of the 5,049 Protestant missionaries in India, 2,220 are American of whom 1,250 belong to the Boards cooperating in the Inquiry. In China out of a population approximating 400,000,000, it is accounted that there are some 400,000 Protestant Christians. China has 6,346 missionaries at work, of whom 3,052 represent Boards with headquarters in the United States.

The Scandal of a Dissident Protestantism

Despite its numerical total, Protestantism on the missions is offering to the world a scandalous spectacle of dissident faith and

unity. Protestant writers and observers give testimony to the evil as follows:

1. Smith: "The Christian Mission in Africa," 1926, p. 53: "Are other missionaries to act similarly, carrying to Africa all the denominational distinctions which are the shame of our European and American Christianity, with the result that the Africans also must learn to pray about our unhappy divisions?"

2. Pearl S. Buck: "The Chinese Recorder," 1927, p. 101: "The pure doctrines we came to impart are split into hundreds of schisms, not only our hundred and fifty odd western schisms all of which have representatives here, but in addition, its own schisms, for the Chinese are naturally a quarrelsome, schismatic people. Our incidental message, the things we did not come to impart, the people have seized upon as being the only really useful gift we have brought them. Our religion, we must face it, they have not accepted on any scale worth mentioning. Why? I think because they have not found what they needed in it. I agree with them. When I look at the divided, quarrelsome, arbitrary doctrines, I see presented to Chinese as divine teachings, I agree with them; we do not need *this* religion."

3. Bate: "Faith and Order," London, 1927, p. 103: "Divided Christendom is a source of weakness in the west; in non-Christian lands it is a sin and a stumbling-block. If the non-Christian world is to be won for Christ, our message must be one. If our message is to be one, we must be one."

—Bishop Azariah of Dornakel.

On a Hill of Kobe in Japan

Naturally, this disunion among the Protestants makes natives of the mission lands unfriendly in their attitude towards Christianity in general. "They are indignant," to quote McKenzie in "The Christian Task in India," "when they reflect that the divisions in which they find themselves imprisoned had their origin in the controversies of foreigners in distant lands in which they had no part and have no interest." Moreover, Protestant Ministers who call their church Catholic, are the direct occasion of proselytism among the less instructed rank and file of Ro-

man Catholics. To quote an instance: the present writer, while once visiting in the coast city of Kobe in Japan, asked a Roman Catholic boy, aged sixteen, to direct him to a Catholic Church. The boy introduced him to a Pastor who welcomed him most graciously and offered him the hospitality of his Rectory. However, a certain strangeness in the general atmosphere both of the Rectory and of the Rector's conversation soon prompted the writer to put the question, "I beg your pardon, but is this a Catholic Rectory?" "Well," replied the host, "if you mean a Rectory of the Catholic Church of England, yes; if you mean . . ." here he paused. Thanking the host for his courtesy, the writer soon rose and departed, but even now, he cannot help but reflect that by his arbitrary distinctions that Protestant Pastor upon the hill of Kobe is wearing the Faith from the souls of less instructed Catholics.

The Doubt That Leads to Catholic Truth

On the other hand, examples are not rare of how God in His Providence uses the imperfections of Protestantism to lead souls back to His Catholic Church. It was dissatisfaction with the incompleteness and lack of unity in Protestant faith and authority, seen during his work in China, that drew the Reverend Father Farmer, S.J., into the Catholic Church. Such likewise is the story, in substance, of the conversion of Reverend Father Wallace, S.J., as told in the Catholic Orphan Press Publication, "From Evangelical to Catholic by Way of the East." Again, J. Stephen Narayan, tells a similar story in "Hinduism to Catholicism by Way of Anglicanism." A fourth convert has listed his path of progress thus: "I was an Anglican Benedictine for ten years, and went to West Africa in charge of a branch house of my Community in 1923. We were exceedingly 'High Church' and, except communion with the Holy See, our teaching was Catholic from A to Z. It was only gradually that the utter illogicality of our position was borne in upon me. When one came home on furlough one found oneself mixed with Anglican quarrels and differences of opinion on vital doctrinal matters. . . . Finally, the whole thing boiled

down to the question of authority and jurisdiction, and the end then was inevitable and only a matter of time and of response to Grace. The only puzzle is why one was so long in seeing how impossible the whole position was!"

From Hinduism to Catholicism by Way of Protestantism

In their own schools in India, the Protestants have told their Hindu pupils about a certain Christ. They have spoken about Him in vague terms and in terms not too precise, but they have familiarized the people with Him and have produced certain results on the intellectual elite. Are these results similar to those obtained by Father Billard, S.J., modern Apostle of the Brahmins, who between the time of his ordination in 1893, and his death in 1914, carried on a movement to convert the high caste Indians? Hardly. In certain rural districts these Protestants continue to bring about a number of conversions, but often, just like the Catholics who have been won over to them by the offer of material advantages, they end up finally in the Catholic Church. Protestantism, outside of the material attractions, has little to offer the Indian; he who knows the Indian and his mentality is convinced of this much.

From Lutheranism to Catholicism

In the diocese of Nellore, India, the Protestants, chiefly American Baptists and American Lutherans, are very popular. They number about 250,000, and have hundreds of schools, literary and technical. Of late, many have expressed their desire to enter the True Fold. On Sunday, April 3, 1932, thirty-five converted from Lutheranism were received into the Church at Nayudupet. Not long ago about 120 Lutherans were received into the Church at Guntur. There will soon be another group of thirty or forty to be baptized.

BISHOP OF PATNA REPORTS

(Continued from page 3)

in this field to the complete satisfaction of all. Then, too, Doctor Anna Dengel of Washington, D. C., who visited the Santal field in October of this year, has agreed to send us Medical Missionaries as soon as possible.

From the above, you will gather that we have indeed much to be grateful for, and you may be assured that many a prayer of thanksgiving is sent to Heaven by our missionary priests and Sisters and by our Christians. When you realize that we have only some 8,532 Catholics among the vast millions

in this territory, you will understand how fervent is the spirit of the Catholics when you are told that during a period of twelve months, 36,067 Holy Communions have been received. During that same period, we have baptized 690 adults and 509 infants. This does not include the 1,253 people who were baptized on their death-beds.

I might go on giving more statistics, but I believe that what has been set down above is sufficient to make our sympathetic readers and our many friends realize that God's work is going on apace in Patna Mission. May they continue to remember it in their prayers and in their charity.



His Excellency, Archbishop Henry Daering, S.J., of Poona, India, on December 8, celebrated the twenty-fifth anniversary of his consecration as a missionary bishop, and on December 21, the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood.

ANOTHER CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 4)

an answer to that poor, feeble echo of the call of the celestial choir on the first Christmas night! Forth from the homes of the rich and great, forth from the hovels and "yards" of the slums they came, and what an inspiring sight to see rich and poor, silks and tatters, the latest styles in shoes and the calloused feet of the unshod poor, side by side in humble adoration before a poor helpless Babe, wrapped in swaddling clothes and laid on a bed of broken, mouldy straw. They were not all

there at the Solemn Mass, for many were unable to obtain tickets, (a necessity because of the numbers desiring to attend) but those who were not would be present at the second Mass, entering quietly, and unobserved after the first congregation should leave, some of them self-conscious of the worn-out styles of their clothing, embarrassed, perhaps, by the stylishness of others, but unashamed of their love for Christ, and proud and happy in knowing of His great love for them.

ON LONELY KING ISLAND

(Continued from page 5)

Mongolian style in a great many of its lines. The carvings are perfect, and among the most delicate I have ever seen.

ON the top of the tabernacle, on a golden dome, stands an ivory crucifix, the corpus of which was hewn out of a huge walrus tusk. On one side of the door is the Sacred Heart as it appeared to St. Margaret Mary, transpierced with a sword. These are masterpieces of carving. To find the wood for those carvings they rummaged in all my old boxes, and finally found one that had one board of wild cherry. God's Providence, by permitting that board to find its way here, had something in view! That board was carefully set aside and used for all the carvings of the tabernacle.

How they made the mouldings, without having the special tools, is more than I can tell or understand. Among my things they found a piece of silk that someone had sent me. This they used to line the tabernacle. They thought of everything. All that I needed to put in was a corporal.

Now they have just finished another masterpiece. In front of the altar there are three panels. In the side panels they hung two fine plaques that had been donated. But they could find nothing worthy of the center panel. Therefore, they made up their mind to carve one. With very little suggestion from me, they proposed to carve a lamb standing on an open book, the whole resting on a stand decorated with an anchor. But here I had some fun! None of them had ever seen a live

lamb! One came to me with a design in which the head of the lamb was perfect, but the rest of the body more like one of their dogs. Then they raided the village for all the holy pictures they could find, and came back with a whole flock of sheep and lambs in every imaginable position. Another search among my boxes to find the proper kind of lumber, and then they set to work.

I NEVER saw such painstaking people—they overlook nothing—carefully attending to little details that nobody but our dear Lord will ever notice. For instance, on the edge of the book, one can count the pages. On the rope that twines around the anchor, you can count the strands. And the anchor is hardly three inches long. I do not think that the figure of the lamb could be made more perfect.

And this gift of close observation is not confined to one or two; they all have it. I am never lacking a server! When the youngsters are not on time, any man comes and serves my Mass, without a mistake, and without any previous training from me. Of course, such men will not know the responses, but they know everything else to perfection. One young man took me off my feet. He knows how to read fairly well, so I gave him a prayer book. One day in *Nomié* I had no white server. That boy stepped to my side and served my Mass perfectly, all the responses included! And he had never served a single Mass before. How many white boys could do that? My people here take a genuine interest in their religion, and give it its proper place in their daily lives. God grant that they will never be without a priest! Would it not be cruel to deprive such a people of the consolations of religion?

"HIS BELOVED COLLEGE"

(Continued from page 8)

his St. John's of old Belize? He saw the answer printed before him: "the spot—out of the way—ruins—a mile or so from the center of the town along a road flanked by palms—on his left—hidden beneath a tangle of bush." There it was; everything but the plot of hallowed graves of his fellow missionaries had gone with their beloved col-

lege; not Xavier's beloved College of St. Paul, but his St. John's.

He looked again, and with the eyes of memory saw in his new surroundings, in the new St. John's where he labored, the old school at what had been Loyola Park. He saw it as it stood not many months before, imposing and impressive. He saw in the poverty around him the once magnificent college group beside the Caribbean. There in Loyola Park stood the great main building, quick to catch the gaze of passengers aboard the great white ships which steamed into a world's mahogany capital.

ONE SACRED DROP

Joseph G. Dwyer, S.J.

Unconscious of its future destiny,
The drowsy Sacred River makes its way

Along the palm-lined shore . . . while
children play
Not caring what the Ganges' fate
will be.

Serene it may go onward to the sea,
Or sheltered 'neath the trees, in-
crease each day

And wend its tortuous course to
Bengal Bay
Forever flowing on eternally.

And yet God knows that rippling by
the shore

Some waves may one day gain a
blessed end:—

Somewhere a missionary priest may
pour

A drop into the chalice of Our
Friend

To be incarnated divinely, for
The Sacrifice as wine and water
blend.

His memory went back to the days not so long before, when his missionary college was the show place of British Honduras. He saw its smooth beach-campus with its shining surface of bright coral sand made brighter with the flashing figures of happy boys at play. The swamp and jungle in the background, setting off by contrast the beauty of the place, reminded him of what this campus too had been less than a score of years before when he had begun to build.

UPWARD he gazed and saw the cross-surrounded chapel spire and the tall college tower, and heard again the solemn tones of the great bell transforming the merry laughter of the playground into the rhythmic

hum of busy classrooms. He felt again the quick coming of the exotic night when many lights from study hall windows gleamed across the flats and appeared to townsfolk in the distance as the illumination of some palatial line anchored down the coast. He saw the phosphorescent sea mingling glow with the chapel vigil light which shone out and guided modern mariners steering their midnight courses.

He saw the morning sun emerging from the sea and sending its rays through Gothic arches upon the students kneeling in adoration before the altar. And he heard anew their beautiful hymns of praise carried aloft on the morning breeze. The thrilling strains of *Viva viva Jesus, mi amor*, and *O Maria Madre mia*, seemed strangely to blend with the college hymn to Xavier, as he heard again:

"We hail thee, great Apostle, whose heart was all afire
To do for Christ, to die for Christ
and Christ alone desire."

He saw again on the page open before him the question, "What became of his beloved College of St. Paul?" and felt a keen thrill of kinship with the saint as he saw the answer repeated in the relics around him.

KHRIST RAJA— "MISSIONARY"

(Continued from page 10)

they would have to eat of the food that is common for all, i.e., "Christian food." This seems to touch Hindu to the quick. They do not want to eat the food of even another *jat* of their own religion. However they say that this custom of theirs is not right and should be abandoned. We agree. But we go further; we want to help them to do the abandoning! There were two boys of good caste who agreed to come and live with us on our own terms. They came. They were good boys. They ate with our Catholic boys—and prayed with them, too. But when the word got around in their village that they were eating our food, the devil himself got loose. What could we do? The fathers were prevailed upon to come and ask to take the boys away from our school. We could not refuse

such as we wanted to and much as the boys themselves wanted to stay. So away they went, and with them our hopes of starting something big in our school.

Strangely, however, my spirits ran high that day when the boys were taken away. One of the boys had been so strong in his attachment, not only to Christ Raja School, but somehow to Christ Raja Himself, that I felt the battle would only well begun. I learned later that the boy was just as strong in his village as he had been here. "Go ahead," he said, when they were bringing him back into his caste which had been disgraced by his eating with Christians. "Go ahead. Cut my hair. Wash my body. You cannot change my soul." And he smiled at the Brahman priest who was reading his *mantras* over him.

And the day after this ceremony the boy and his father came to see me. The boy is back in the school, though not boarding here. Still only yesterday his father told me to wait for three months until some arrangements are completed regarding property, and he was ready to let his boy come back and stay, eat with Christians too—yes, even the Bread of everlasting life!

I HAD better not give you other instances. There are others though, consoling ones indeed. And honestly, I like to think that they point towards—a harvest. India is the middle of the missionary world. Champaran is supposed to be darkest India. And Bettiah with Christ Raja High School is in Champaran. But what of that! "Amen, amen, I say to you, if you have faith even as a grain of mustard seed, you can say to that mountain . . ."

Now, with our other little village schools in which boys can begin to get acquainted with us and with Christianity, our hopes should rise higher still. How are we going to live? I don't know. We are going into debt each month now. How are we going to meet the opposition that is sure to come when we begin to baptize? I don't know. Who cares! Did not our buildings here come to us as a pure blessed gift of God? A beautiful consoling whole-souled answer to prayers? Then why should we worry over much about

the morrow. "The lilies of the fields—You more precious than these,"—a feeling that God has more, many more good things in store, not for us, for His Church, for Christ Raja—explain as you will. I believe, I know that God will make out of these people and their children, His own children and heirs of Heaven. The two hundred or three hundred dollars monthly that we must run into debt now to keep going—it will come back. I know it. God will not abandon the project that He has blessed!

CHRIST COMES TO CULION

(Continued from page 13)

hind waved a farewell. I felt something like a pang of parting. The events of that early morning had stirred me as had few things before. Indelible were the two contrasting pictures:—the soft, warm dark, splotted by candles bobbing before the Holy Viaticum, the close hospital wards filled with misery beautifully resigned; and the bright old church crowded with souls made happy in their religion, ringing with the songs and chants that the singers had loved on other Christmases in the old, well days.

The Church has done much to brighten the leper's life. At *fiestas* the litanies are chanted and the rosary recited in the old familiar Spanish, as processions wind around the climbing roads. And when the leper lies exhausted on his pallet, the Padre who understands, speaks consoling words in soft Tagalog, musical Visayan, or sturdy Ilocano, of the land where the leper is clean.

Out from the hospitals of France and Canada the nuns have brought skill and relief. Cleanliness came to the wards; dormitories were erected where girls learnt music and needlework, and boys, manual training. Schools were opened. Bands of music liven long afternoons, and plays, speeches, poetry, make *fiestas* days that are long to be expected and remembered.

PROTESTANTISM, with a chain of gold leading back to America, is trying desperately to buy the Catholic lepers of Culion. But there is nothing in Protestantism to satisfy the poor Filipino leper's heart, much as it may clothe

his body. There are none of the gay *fiestas* he loves; and the pageantry of a High Mass and of processions is taken from him; his passionate devotion to our Lady and the Saints becomes "idolatry"; innocent amusements such as folk dances, palm wine, and smoking are "sins." What a robbery it is! Even in Manila I can pick out Protestant Filipinos on the streets. They stand out like our "Mr. Dryer" of the cartoons, or like mourners in the midst of Christmas cheer. May God save any more lepers from bartering their inheritance for a mess of pottage!

It was the day before Christmas. We were sailing back to modern Manila: theatres, thronged stores, crowded traffic, great churches. But as Culion faded on the horizon, I wondered which contained the more fortunate people. For above so much of the isolated island there seemed to hover the Church like a tender Mother opening wide the refuge of Her arms to those that needed her, leading them to the Christ-Child. Even now I cannot think with horror of Culion—in the sight of men the most terrible of all God's islands—where magical coral-blue waters beat softly on shores of leprous death.

PATNA, INDIA

(Continued from page 19)

Our Most Rev. Bishop himself conducted the burial rites, nine of Father Conway's Jesuit brothers attending. He lies only four yards from the Eucharistic throne of his King, in the neat little churchyard that nestles about the Bhalgaipur church."

AMERICAN INDIANS

Holy Family Mission in Montana, where Father Ignatius J. Dumbeck, S. J., is Superior, reports:

"When Very Rev. Father Provincial (Father Fitzgerald), was here for visitation early in September, he made definite plans for more extensive work among our Blackfeet Indians. Scattered far and wide as these Indians are, it is absolutely necessary for the missionary to have an auto if he is to reach them regularly. To make a longer story not so long, Father Robert Kane, S. J., is now endangering the safety of rabbits and squirrels between here and his far-flung mission posts, as he sternly grips the wheel of a newly acquired car. It is now possible to have Mass regularly at Little Badger and Birch Creek, as well as the teaching of catechism in the public schools.

"Our enrollment of boys and girls is satisfactory. There are twenty-seven boys and fifty-six girls. If we accepted all the pupils who applied, we would have to institute eight-hour shifts in sleeping, as the number of beds is not sufficient to accommodate the demand." * * *

From St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, where Father Joseph A. Halfe, S.J., is Superior, comes the information that:

"Our mission schools have resumed their work for the coming scholastic year. They are filled to capacity with boarders, boys and girls, and are also frequented by a goodly number of day scholars whose parents live around here. The prospects look bright for a

successful year in every way. And experience proves more and more that the foundation of our missionary work among these Flathead Indians rests chiefly upon the Christian education of their children. Of these we reach some 180 during the school year, and benefit another fifty during the Summer vacation school, as was done last June. Some 400 children attend the public schools on the Reservation, whilst another number are looked after by the Government non-Reservation schools.

THE MASS OF THE MISSIONS

(Continued from page 15)

Carolines; and at 12:00, over the sea and far away in the islands of the South Pacific. Truly, "From the rising of the sun even to the going down, in every place there is sacrifice."

"With the peave of little chapels God has girdled all the world, And their ruby lamps are burning night and day. And their chapel bells are chiming as the morning light is climbing, O'er the snow-capped Himalayas and the far hills of Cathay."



Why Catholic Believe. By Martin J. Scott, S.J. P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York. Cloth \$1.50, Paper Binding 25c.

Many Protestants are puzzled and inwardly annoyed that Catholics enjoy such certainty and assurance in the practice of their religion. Father Scott masterfully offers them the reason.

In a concise, clear and direct manner, the author treats of the what and why Catholics believe in Christ and His holy Catholic Church. Ever pounding away on truths gleaned from Revelation, he makes the reader learn to appreciate the word "Authority." The Catholic Church rests on the "Authority" of Christ Who founded her and has promised to be with her to the end of the world.

Father Scott goes back to basic fundamentals, tracing the inward desire of man of all ages to recognize a Supreme Being. Man is naturally a reasonable being, and as such seeks a rational basis for belief. This is true in a preeminent way of Catholics. They follow the tenets of their religion, not blindly, but because Christ gave them to His Church when He established her. He had given the most convincing proof, by miracles and prophecies, that He was the Mes-

siah and that He was Divine. And Faithful know that in following Christ and His Church they have the assurance of everlasting bliss in Heaven.

Not only is Father Scott clear showing how the Church is first established, but the obligations of the Church and to the teachings of Christ are forcibly and attractively brought home. Man-made religion will not satisfy. Man looks to God and from God he will receive his solace and a solution to life's problem. The author offers the reader cogent answers to the difficulties of every life.

We urge all Catholics to read Father Scott's latest book, "Why Catholics Believe," for in it they will find the ready answer to their many questions, as well as those inquiring Protestant friends.

Fountain of Christmas Gifts. The Best Seller. By Daniel Lord, S.J. Price 10c each. The Souls in Purgatory. By James J. Daly, S.J. Price 5c each. The Queen's Work, St. Louis, Mo.

Not just another pamphlet—answer, by the gifted Director of Societies in the United States, to the question that we have often asked of ourselves. A sound, almost poetic explanation dispersed through the beautiful story of the Babe of Bethlehem. He helps you to make your gift-giving more Christlike. Christ in the man gave peace to man and nations by giving Himself. We strive recklessly to send our ambassadors of love to dear ones in our ambition to be our Creator. Read again and again this story of Christmas. It will help you to find the joy and peace of Christmastime.

"The best Best Seller" has a refreshing message if one would read the Bible slowly and carefully. Father Lord gives us more than any reasons to convince us that it was the greatest of all times; he skillfully shows the beauty and grandeur of the stories and complex texts that are familiar to every Catholic. A reading of this pamphlet stimulates us to systematize our Bible reading. Every heading of literature familiar to students is treated by Father Lord. You will find this pamphlet novel and of great help.

A consoling explanation, an achievement worthy of a much larger volume is Father Daly's "The Souls in Purgatory." Reading it, we are convinced that Purgatory is a place we can look as it fits us for the perfection and happiness of Heaven. Sound, stimulating thought throughout, this pamphlet carefully unfolds the Catholic doctrine of Purgatory before the reader. It supplies an inspiration to remember, in our every-day life, of whom we have loved and lost, and incentive to live closer to Jesus.

Grateful Acknowledgments

Jesuit Missions gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

Gifts for the Missions

J. H. L., Charlestown, Mass.	\$25.00
J. F. N., New York, N. Y.	10.00
Rev. C. A. McC., New York.	5.00
A. F., Flash, Kan.	2.00
D. J. K., Brooklyn, N. Y.	1.00
Mrs. L. J., East Elmhurst, N.Y.50
For Father Reith, S. J.	
M. T. H., East Orange, N. J.	5.00
A. McH., New York, N. Y.	5.00
Mrs. H. J. D., Philadelphia.	5.00
B. K., New York, N. Y.	3.00
M. R., New York, N. Y.	2.00

For California Missionary in China

J. F. T., San Francisco, Cal. 45.00

For Father Miller, S.J.

A. C. D., New York, N. Y. 10.00

For Father Lennon, S.J.

Mrs. F. M., Brooklyn, N. Y. 10.00

For Father Crease, S.J.

M.T.H., East Orange, N. J. 5.00

For Father McNulty, S.J.

M. T. H., East Orange, N. J. 5.00

To Rebuild Ateneo, Manila, P. I.

M. T. H., East Orange, N. J. 5.00

For Father Kennally, S.J.

M. McC., Boston, Mass. 5.00

For Father Cunningham, S.J.

Rev. F. J. Y., Flacissant, Mo. 5.00

For Bishop Marbury, S.J.

Mrs. H. J. D., Philadelphia. 5.00

For Father Lucas, S.J.

Mrs. H. J. D., Philadelphia. 5.00

For Philippines

A. C. D., New York, N. Y. 3.00

For Father Pettit, S.J.

E. P., Plymouth, Mich. 3.00

For Raphael Paul (Student in India)

E. P., Plymouth, Mich. 1.00

For Lepers

Master W., Missoula, Mont. 1.00

Gratitude is also expressed for one hundred and forty-five Mass Stipends.

For your Library!

Order now!

Volume VI, 1932

JESUIT MISSIONS

Beautifully bound in heavy red cloth, lettered in gold

\$3.00 per volume

Jesuit Mission Press

257 Fourth Ave., New York, N. Y.

Noted

Priest-Chemist Perfects Hair Aid

ATTRACTED by the amazing results reported, more than 50,000 persons are now using Hairmore, the remarkable hair restorer and scalp aid discovered a few months ago by Father James A. Gilmore, chemistry professor at Gonzaga U., Spokane.

Discovered in a school laboratory test made to aid a prematurely bald student, the product showed quick results for growing hair, stopping dandruff and relieving scalp ailments. Due to unusual penetrating qualities, it has grown hair on totally bald heads when correctly applied. It makes hair rich, lustrous and wavy. A bottle sufficient for 100 treatments sells at \$2.

Father Gilmore's Shampoo—"Glo-More"—contains a powerful antiseptic. It will assist Hairmore by creating a clean, healthy condition, making possible a good growth of hair. It sells at \$1.

Both may be obtained from Gilmore-Burke, Inc., Seattle, Washington. They are handling business details for the University, which receives all royalties.

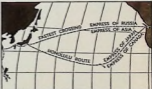
Experienced
Travellers
**GO
EMPRESS**



Record speed direct to Yokohama in 10 days, Shanghai in 14, by Empress of Asia and Empress of Russia. *Via Honolulu*, Empress of Japan (largest, fastest Pacific liner) and Empress of Canada.



Low rates... First Class is truly luxurious; Tourist offers generous space, splendid cuisine, smooth service. Both are surprisingly low in cost. **REDUCED ROUND-TRIP FARES...** both classes.



Fortnightly sailings from Vancouver (trains to ship-side) and Victoria. Fares include passage from Seattle. Fast, through trains to Vancouver. Information, reservations, your own agent or Canadian Pacific offices in New York, Philadelphia, Chicago, Montreal and 31 other cities in United States and Canada.

JAPAN · CHINA · MANILA
**ORIENT
CANADIAN
PACIFIC**

The New

Catholic Dictionary

A COMPLETE WORK OF REFERENCE ON EVERY SUBJECT IN THE LIFE, BELIEF, TRADITION, RITES, CEREMONIES, SYMBOLISM, DEVOTIONS, HISTORY, BIOGRAPHY, LAWS, CONSTITUTION, DIOCESES, MISSIONS, CENTERS, INSTITUTIONS, ORGANIZATIONS, STATISTICS OF THE CHURCH AND HER PART IN PROMOTING SCIENCE, ART, EDUCATION, SOCIAL WELFARE, MORALS AND CIVILIZATION

Compiled and Edited Under the Direction of

JOHN J. WYNNE, S.J., S.T.D.

1100 pages, 8250 subjects, 12 maps,
671 text, 64 half-tone illustrations.

Green Cloth, extra quality,
silk pattern \$10.00
Half Leather backbone and corners,
blue buckram sides, gilt
tops, marbled linings..... 15.00

Library Buckram (blue)..... \$12.50
Full Cardinal Red Morocco,
gold edges, marbled paper
linings 25.00

ORDER FROM

Jesuit Mission Press,

257 FOURTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.



Father Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J., and one of his brave dogs

→ Just Published

Mush, You Malemites!

By

Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J.

"The Glacier Priest"

This startling book contains indelible pen sketches of adventures to the innermost recesses of alluring Alaska. Not only will you travel with this brave, courageous scientist priest, but you are immeasurably helped by 187 unusual pictures that will visualize every incident. Alaska's icy mountains, frozen rivers, glaciers and craters will always remain a vivid memory to you. You will shoot down in a plane into Aniakchak "prelude to hell." Bogoslof and Shishaldin will be familiar terms. Pete, Snookum, Daisy, Warrior, Mageik, in fact all his brave dogs will become life-long companions.

"A glorious book! Gloriously written, gloriously illustrated by the writer-scientist, who is ever a priest, never missing his Mass, though he may have mushed 85 miles in 67 hours, 'practically without sleep,' never failing to recite his Breviary, though he bends beneath his hundred-pound pack."—*America*.

Price \$3.00 - By Post \$3.20

Do not fail to secure your copy at once
FROM

Jesuit Mission Press

257 Fourth Avenue

New York, N. Y.