



# Jesuit Missions

December, 1933

PRICE  
10c



HOLY NIGHT, SILENT NIGHT IN BETHLEHEM,  
CAGAYAN, MINDANAO, P. I.

# 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

124 West 47th St. BRyant  
New York, N. Y. 9-2733

"JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC."  
257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

is the legal title that may safely be included in wills which specify legacies and bequests for distribution among the American Jesuit missionaries, or for the use of JESUIT MISSIONS in its work for these missionaries.

## IN THIS ISSUE

|   | Page |
|---|------|
| Frontispiece  |      |
| Bethlehem .....   | 242  |
| A Century of Progress<br>Robert P. Dachy, S.J. ....           | 243  |
| An international exposition that will last forever.           |      |
| Along the Sioux Trail<br>Joseph A. Zimmerman, S.J. ....       | 244  |
| The lure of Indian lore.                                      |      |
| The Ragman—A Poem<br>Arthur R. McGratty, S.J. ....            | 245  |
| The Night Before Christmas<br>Joseph Reith, S.J. ....         | 246  |
| While all the world a solemn stillness holds.                 |      |
| Passage Fort<br>Andrew B. Ochs, S.J. ....                     | 247  |
| "Fadder, him come."   |      |
| Canada's Pilot Priest<br>Alexander Rolland, S.J. ....         | 248  |
| The assumption of the "Santa Maria."                          |      |
| Mindanao Catechists<br>John R. O'Connell, S.J. ....           | 249  |
| Along a fishery coast in the South Seas.                      |      |
| Christmas in Santal Land<br>Charles P. Miller, S.J. ....      | 250  |
| Around a jungleground Crib of the Babe.                       |      |
| Light of the World—A Poem<br>George L. Brennan, S.J. ....     | 251  |
| Many Climes .....   | 252  |
| Charity—The Handmaid of Conversion.                           |      |
| Brazil's Japanese<br>Guido del Toro, S.J. ....                | 253  |
| Echoes of Pentecost.  |      |
| A Month in Paradise<br>Charles D. Simons, S.J. ....           | 254  |
| With Little Forest, Little Rain and Little Dog.               |      |
| Editorials .....  | 256  |
| The Mission Intention .....                                   | 257  |
| The Mass of the Missions .....                                | 257  |
| A Promise Redeemed .....                                      | 258  |
| Afield with American Jesuits ..                               | 259  |
| Depression and the Eskimo<br>Paul C. O'Connor, S.J. ....      | 264  |
| "You likum rabbit?"   |      |
| To St. Francis Xavier—A Poem<br>William A. Donoghy, S.J. .... | 265  |
| Christmas in Haimen<br>Edouard Cote, S.J. ....                | 265  |
| From my wheelbarrow —<br>pelenquin.                           |      |
| Book Reviews .....  | 267  |
| Grateful Acknowledgments ....                                 | 268  |

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  
School: Pharmacy: School of  
Social Service: Account-  
ancy: Business Law and  
Pre-Law.

BOARDING & DAY STUDENTS

Write for Catalogue to Registrar

## THE BOY SAVIOUR MOVEMENT

### Publications

The Call of the Shepherd to the Youth of the Fold

By Rev. W. H. Walsh, S.J.  
8 cents postpaid

Jesus as Boy and Youth in Christian Education

By Rev. Mario Barbera, S.J.  
15 cents postpaid

Loyal and True—12 hymns with music  
25 cents postpaid

Words alone of hymns (reduction for quantities)  
8 cents postpaid

The Hidden City with XII Century Music

15 cents postpaid

Small Pictures—Size 2 3/4 x 4 inches

with prayer to the Boy Jesus on the ravens. The Boy Jesus, Model of Obedience (Sinkell). The Boy Jesus, a Shepherd Youth with Lambs. The Boy Jesus, and the Youth St. John the Baptist.

Each in packets of 100—60 cents postpaid  
(Postage stamps accepted for small orders)

REV. W. H. WALSH, S.J.  
986 Park Avenue, New York

JESUIT MISSIONS, December, 1923. Vol. VII, No. 11. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by the Jesuit Mission Press, Incorporated, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y., in the interest of the home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price, \$1.00; six years, \$5.00. Canadian and Foreign, \$1.25 a year. Entered as second-class matter, January 14, 1927, at the Post Office, New York, under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rate of postage provided for in the act of February 28, 1925; paragraph 4, section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.



*Philippine Lepers.*

REV. GEORGE J. WILLMANN, S.J., 51 East 83rd Street, New York, N. Y.

## OTHER MISSIONS OF THE AMERICAN JESUITS

**AMERICAN INDIAN MISSIONS** in Wyoming and South Dakota, and **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 Missouri Province also cares for four **NEGRO MISSIONS**; three in Missouri, in or near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. WILLIAM J. WALLACE, S.J.

221 North Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

**JAMAICA, B.W.I.**, is the field of foreign missionary labors of the Jesuits of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. WILLIAM A. LYNCH, S.J.

Bellarmino House, Margin Street, Cohasset, Mass.

**SÜCHOW MISSION**, China; and **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

**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 LEAMY, S.J.

160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

Educational work at **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

The lepers of the **Philippines**, confined in the colonies of Cullion and Cebu, constitute but a small portion of the hundreds of thousands of souls entrusted to the care of Jesuit missionaries from the Maryland-New York Province of the Society of Jesus. Jesuits of this Province, which comprises the Middle Atlantic States, are also laboring in home **Missions in Southern Maryland** among the Negroes; and conduct a college and high school in Manila, P. I., a scientific observatory, a theological Seminary, and a Jesuit Novitiate in the same city. In addition they have extensive missions in the island of Mindanao, P. I. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. LEON A. FOSTER, S.J.

1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

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. DONAVON, S.J.

University of Santa Clara, Santa Clara, Calif.

Missions among the Indians of **ALASKA** and **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. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.

240 Interlaken Boulevard, Seattle, Wash.

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.

Church of the Immaculate Conception  
118 N. Campbell St., El Paso, Texas



"Let us go over to Bethlehem, and let us see this word that is come to pass . . . and they came with haste; and they found Mary and Joseph, and the Infant lying in the manger." (Luke ii, 15, 16.)

# A CENTURY OF PROGRESS

Robert P. Dachy, S.J.

The statistics given in this article are of January 1, 1933. At the present writing the numbers are even larger. Thus, for example, the total number of Jesuits now exceeds 24,000—and the total number of American Jesuits (excluding Canada) in the missions is approximately 360. Including Canadian Jesuits, the number is over 400.—Editor.

**O**N December the third, the Jesuits celebrate the one hundredth anniversary of the missionary history of the restored Society of Jesus. When the Jesuit Order was dissolved in 1773, its suppression led to results both deplorable and disastrous. Catholic missions in every part of the then explored world suffered greatly by the withdrawal of the Jesuit missionaries. But when, in 1814, the Pope solemnly reestablished the Order, the Jesuits at once resumed their missionary labors.

It was not, however, until the third of December, 1833, on the feast of Saint Francis Xavier, the first Jesuit missionary, and now the heavenly Patron of all missionary activity, that the Very Reverend John Roothaan, General of the Order, in a circular letter addressed to all the Jesuits, made known that the Society of Jesus was ready to take up again the care of the old abandoned missions. Since then, as the Order grew and renewed its life in Europe, the old missions and many new ones as well, were opened, and the apostolate was carried on with greater vigor than before.

**T**ODAY, the Jesuits have missions in every part of the world. In Asia there are 2,135 Jesuit missionaries. In India they labor in Goa, Galle, Trincomalie, Bombay, Calcutta, Ranchi, Madras, Mangalore, Trichinopoly, Kandy, Calicut, Patna and Poona. In Japan they have the Vicariate of Hiroshima and the Catholic University of Tokio. They are also in Java and the Philippines. In China they labor in Anking, Hongkong, Nanjing, Pengpu, Shihing, Siensien, Sitchow, Tientsin and Wuhu. In Africa there are 461 Jesuit missionaries. They are doing splendid work in Egypt, Salisbury,

Broken Hill, the Belgian Congo and Madagascar. The 272 missionaries who labor in America are to be found in Alaska and the Indian missions, in British Guiana, Honduras and Jamaica. Thirty-eight labor in Oceania, whilst Albania in Europe has 53 Jesuit missionaries.

In 1833, there were 2,000 Jesuits; at the beginning of 1933, the Society of Jesus counted 23,673 members, of whom 2,959, or more than twelve per cent of the entire membership of the Order, are devoting their lives to

pioneer mission work, mostly among non-Christian peoples. The Jesuits constitute one-ninth of that entire group which the Church has selected to bring the Gospel of Christ to the pagan world. The vast number of 180,321,982 infidels are confided to their care, one sixth of all the 1,200,000,000 souls "that are born in sin and die," about one ninth of the total population of the whole world.



Father Pierre Jean De Smet, S.J., who is famous for his labors among the Indians of the northwest. He is one of the most prominent Jesuit missionaries of the last century.

**I**NTERESTING from every viewpoint is the entrancing story of the Jesuit missions in the United States. At the present time the country is divided into seven Provinces: Maryland-New York, Missouri, California, New Orleans, New England, Chicago and Oregon. Each of them was established directly as a result of what was essentially missionary work.

And the small stream of blood that was shed by the American Martyrs when America was still a mission has swollen into a mighty stream, springing native from American soil. More than 321 American missionaries are now laboring on various American Indian Reservations, and among the natives in Alaska, British Honduras, Patna, Jamaica, the Philippine Islands, Iraq and China.

The Jesuits in these past hundred years have progressed, and nowhere is the fact more apparent than in their missionary activity. Whether the Jesuit missionaries, like the renowned Xavier, occupy a position that would tempt the mind of a less worthy man, or whether they suffer unknown and unnoticed to the world, in the blizzards of Alaska or in the tropical jungles among the savages and wild animals, true and faithful to their forebears, the Jesuits are giving their missions the energy of a Xavier with one thought in their minds—"Everything for the greater glory of God."

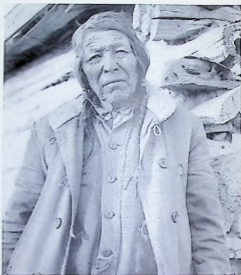
# Along the Sioux Trail

Joseph A. Zimmerman, S.J.

The following paragraphs do not form a continued story, but taken together they throw some light on the lives of missionaries in Dakota, where fourteen Jesuit Priests, seven Scholastics and forty Brothers are laboring for the salvation of the Sioux Indians.—*Editor.*

**L**ATE in July, fire crept into some of our canyons and swept across our open prairies. Hundreds of thousands of young pine trees formed a thick and heavy growth in the canyons which had not been visited by fire for perhaps thirty years. When the conflagration got under way, it swept along an eight-mile front and stretched as far as the eye could reach. At night, the sky was illuminated for miles and miles around. Men from the Government Reforestation Camps came by truck loads to aid the Indians and Whites who fought day and night without sleep. Our missions were spared, though for a while, St. Agnes Mission at Manderson was in danger. Crops were seriously injured and hence the Winter needs of our people will be a serious problem.

**P**EOPLE sometimes ask: "How does the Indian get his name?" There seems to be no single authoritative answer to this. Some, so report has it, have won their name by prowess—or defeat—in hunt or battle. As an instance, one story tells us that Sitting Bull was first called Jumping Badger, but when, as a boy he



*Flying Hawk is a fine specimen of the full-blood Sioux.*

caught a yearling buffalo bull by the horns and forced it down upon its haunches, his name was changed to Sitting Bull. Other names seem to describe an experience as for example, Kills-in-Water, and yet others seem to describe personal appearance, as, No Neck. Names are frequently associated with animals. Recently, I performed a wedding ceremony in which Jennie Bad Bear married Leo Black Bear, and they now live in the neighborhood of Standing Bear. I could give a long list of Bears, and other animals, but one story must be enough for the present. The Indian shows great deference to the *Itancan*—person in chief authority—and he is much given to formality and hand shaking.



**C**UNEY TABLE is an unbroken plateau in the Bad Lands district in my mission. In rainy and wintry weather, travel in that district is very dangerous. On my August trip to Cuneey Table, it began to rain soon after I started, but rains here are often confined to a small

*A Christmas congregation at St. Elizabeth's chapel, Oglala, on the Sioux Reservation, South Dakota.*

area, so I went on in the hope that I would soon emerge into sunshine. However, I was mistaken. When you recall that there are no real roads in the Bad Lands—only wagon trails—and no bridges, you will understand my plight. I managed to cross one flooded creek and reached the home of Black Feather, where I gave Holy Communion to his old mother who is dying of cancer. It forded one or two more creeks, but within three miles of Coney Table I halted. In a deep creek bed (which is usually dry) a torrent raged from bank to bank. My car would surely be buried in the water if I tried to cross. I considered swimming, but then what? I could not take my Mass outfit. Quickly, I decided that I must get out of those Bad Lands and the trap into which I had fallen. Before me was a sweeping flood, and the creeks I had crossed were rapidly rising behind me. When I got back to Black Feather, he urgently warned me not to risk a crossing and invited me to stay with him. This meant being marooned several days, thirty-six miles from home. I finally decided to cross a stream, but in the middle of it my machine stopped. Quickly I threw the machine into gear, stepped on the starter and made the battery pull me to the opposite bank. In such experiences I know that I have been protected because of the faithful prayers of many friends.

ONE of the girls of Holy Rosary Mission was ready to enter the Convent in September. As she had never been on a train, I made arrangements for some of my friends to meet her in Omaha and Chicago, but oh, the trouble of getting her out of the Bad Lands! I started from the Mission at 8:00 A.M., and expected to have the girl at the station by 3:30 P.M. However, a local downpour flooded one of the dry creek beds and I had to wait about four hours before I could cross. It was 3:30 before I reached the girl's home. Our start, therefore, was late. The girl's mother and two of her sisters accompanied her to see her off. Before long we were stuck in quicksand and had to walk several miles for help. We found an Indian on horseback who willingly, but unsuccessfully, tried to help us. A trip to another Indian home was necessary. This time, we got a team of horses that after much straining and struggling got us out. There was more delay when, right in the middle of the pool, I found I had a flat. At ten o'clock that night we were eating supper at one of my parishes, fifty miles from the sta-

tion. The next morning I said Mass for the entire community and then set out on the remaining fifty miles. Extensive travel like this may surprise the ordinary reader, but you will understand that it is more than a weekly occurrence with us here at the Mission when I tell you that I average about twenty-five hundred miles of travel every month. This, of course, runs up expenses, and I have to trust in the help of friends. All the travel, however, is worth while when there is question of laboring for the spiritual salvation of our beloved Sioux.

#### THE RAGMAN

ARTHUR R. McGRATY, S.J.

We met, He and I, at the crossing  
Where the highroad enters the town,  
The road He trod led one to God—  
But mine was going down.  
I knew that we had met before  
When our ways had just begun,  
In the distant flow of the long ago  
When I was a little one.

"Have You come from far away—?" I asked,  
"From the Lands I hope to see—?"  
From the muffled knell of the Orient bell—?"  
"From Galilee," said He.  
"And whither lies Thy journey,—  
Through what foreign fields—?" asked I:  
"Along the sands of stranger lands—?"  
"Down the years," was His reply.

"The sack I bear is heavy  
With the price of bitter-sweet,  
The salt of tears, the loss of years,  
The love that knows defeat.  
I wash men's rags in a crimson stream,  
Then bring them back to them,  
Since the work began with the birth of Man  
In a cave at Bethlehem."

We met, He and I, at the crossing  
Where the highroad enters the town,  
And the road He trod led one to God—  
But mine was going down.  
He left me there by the crossing,  
He passed along with His load:  
But His eyes on me had been good to see—  
So I turned and took His road.

DEPRESSION, which surprised the world at large, is not new here. The Indians have suffered from it ever since the buffalo and antelope, deer and mountain sheep were recklessly killed off and the wide prairies were surveyed and allotted to them to begin a new mode of living. Hitherto, meat and wild fruit had been theirs for the mere taking. However, their age-old resourcefulness served them in good stead and the gifts of benefactors bring happiness and a surprising amount of help.

People sometimes apologize for the things they send. However, everything can be used. How glad I am when visiting the log cabins of the Indians if I can give them an old dress, a coat, a piece of blanket or quilt. The Indians are always grateful, and the Blackrobe knows the poverty of his people. He knows, for example, that when a child is brought for Baptism, the poor parents will be over-

joyed at a gift of baby clothes, even though they be old. On another occasion, a marriage may be in prospect; the missionary knows only too well that a ring will be needed. Youngsters come to my door asking for crayons and paper; or another time other children will be asking for other little things that they know the missionary may have picked up from some generous benefactor. Even non-Catholic children may come to ask for such favors, or may bring a small baking powder can which they ask me to fill with kerosene to light their dark tepes. Again, a thoroughly chilled traveler may drop in to ask for a gift of a blanket. The poor will gladly welcome mis-mated stockings because they can always wear them and they are not particular about style. The women never stop asking for "pieces" for quilts. Buckles and straps are welcome, for the horse is not obsolete among the Indians. Then, too, they ask me for old church papers and magazines, and when I receive many of these from generous friends I can distribute them.

# The Night Before Christmas

Joseph  
Reith, S.J.

**I**T is the night before "the night before Christmas," and all through the house no creature is stirring excepting my weary self. I, too, should long ago have given myself to slumber, for it is past midnight and the day has been long and burdened; but I cannot rest until I have spoken my Christmas thoughts to you. How different this Christmas from my last in America! No icy wind freezes the waters of our fair rivers; no mantle of snow, turning the tropic verdure to cold whiteness, blankets summery Mindanao. Instead, from a clear, cerulean sky the full moon spills its brilliance over land and water, transmuting a slumbering world into silver. Touched by the alchemy, and stirred by the warm breeze that creeps in and out of the cocconut trees, myriad palm leaves sprinkle stardust instead of snowflakes through the shadowy groves.

In the broad corridor outside my room, a score of "house boys" are sleeping upon the floor as slept the shepherds on the grassy hills of Bethlehem. For them also, "the world is at peace," and perhaps as they toss about on their unyielding bed they are dreaming of angel songs. Outside the convento "all is calm." Nothing, in truth, could be calmer than a tropic night in Mindanao where the sleepy stillness is broken only by the bark of baying dogs. Tonight, however, in the far, enchanting distance, I can still hear the final notes of serenaders practicing their Christmas carols; the high, unnatural tenor voices piercing the night like whispered



The night before Christmas when angels' voices are heard in Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I.

angel words. All evening and night these singers have been preparing their hymns and songs for the Feast of feasts. Their crib for the Infant will not be wanting music.

At midnight, on a night like this, in the lonesome, winsome, alluring, warm tropics, I am

thinking of mission friends in America, and thanking God both for the thought and for them. Tomorrow, perhaps, I shall have no time for thinking, for tomorrow begin busy hours and until Christmas is gone I shall have no free moments to greet  
(Continued on page 266)



"All nations shall call Him Blessed," Pageant of St. Augustine's School children and St. Teresa's Dormitory girls, Cagayan, Mindanao, P. I.

# Passage Fort

Andrew B. Ochs, S.J.

I HAD often wondered whether or not our Lord referred to the little picknies of Jamaica when He spoke those beautiful words, "Unless you become as little children you will not enter the Kingdom of Heaven," but after many visits to the various mission stations throughout the Island, I have come to the conclusion that He certainly did. Yes, there is something about these "picknies" which tends to soften the most hardened hearts.

What is it, you ask, their dress? Hardly, for the picture shows you a barefooted group of "picknies" poorly clad. Their personal features? Hardly, for no one would dare call the above group beautiful. Then, perhaps, it is the cry of "Mornin' Fadder," which greets Father as he enters their yard. Again, I hardly think so, for although there is something unique and beautiful about this cry, there is something even more unique, more beautiful, namely, that simplicity and innocence of soul which clamors for recognition in every child. Such was my experience when I accompanied Father Francis Kelly, S.J., to Passage Fort, one of his many missions some miles distant from Spanish Town.

PASSAGE FORT is known in history as that strip of land where the English conquerers first landed. In the year 1644, a Captain Johnson, making a descent upon Jamaica, defeated the Spaniards who fought bravely but to no avail. We set out for Passage Fort on a Friday. It was a real Jamaican day and the scorching sun beat down mercilessly upon the roads which a few days before had been flooded by fierce hurricane rains. Driving along narrow, rough and dusty roads under such a sun was by no means comfortable, and when we came into view of Passage Fort, I, for one, gave a silent cheer. I had expected to look upon a fort and if possible to do a bit of exploring, seeking guns, etc., but the sight which greeted me struck me spellbound. A small settlement composed of poor, dirty and in many cases, dilapidated huts held together by means of bamboo poles, stood in place of my expected fort. One long, barren stretch of dry land, this settlement appeared to be a real desert. I failed to see one blade of green grass. Approaching the settlement, Father Kelly spoke to his chauffeur, Parrish,



Father Francis Kelly, S.J., before his chapel at Passage Fort which he hopes will one day be the tabernacle of a settlement entirely Catholic.

saying, "Blow the horn, Parrish." Toot! Toot! went the horn, and in an instant the whole settlement was alive with cries of "Fadder, Fadder, Fadder, him come!" What a picture! Picknies perched on the tops of fences, calling out, "Mornin' Fadder!" picknies in doorways; picknies in windows, all echoing the same cry, "Fadder, him come!" Such was my entrance into Passage Fort with Father Kelly, an entrance much unlike the entrance of the English in the year 1644; nevertheless a colorful and triumphant entrance.

TODAY, Passage Fort boasts of a University, by name, Bellarmine, and a roll of pupils to the number of twenty. Believe it or not, this University and its pupils appear in the inserted picture. Minus beauty and structure, minus marble steps leading to its entrance, minus the usual magnificent spires wending their way heavenwards, it stands, a simple Jamaican hut with a poorly thatched roof of palm branches, supported by four half eaten bamboo poles. A small dilapidated blackboard plus a few pieces of chalk were the only interior possessions of the University. Yet, despite the poverty of this little University, despite the lack of school supplies, these "picknies," in answer to Father Kelly's question, "Who made you?" responded in unison, "God." The University may not have been much, their books may have been few, yet they did realize that there was a God and that He had created them. After Father's little catechism lesson, at a given signal, they formed in line and marched to the chapel. Built along the same lines as the University, the chapel was a covering supported by four poles. I saw nothing but a spacious floor, —no magnificent altar, no beautiful decorations, no flowers to adorn it. Once within (Turn to page 266)

# Canada's Pilot Priest

Alexander Rolland, S.J.

**T**HE quiet of Hearst was suddenly disturbed. The loud, rapid exhaust-fire of the swift swooping seaplane speedily summoned housewives to doorsteps, boys to the road, and men from their work. A shout was raised, "The priest! The priest! Father Couture's plane!"

Rt. Rev. Joseph Hallé, D.D., Bishop of Ontario's far northern diocese, answering the summons of his Secretary, hurried forth from his residence to raise his hand in threefold benediction upon the two fliers and their winged craft, now circling in spectacular aerobatics overhead.

Under the scarlet red upper wing of the "Gypsy Moth" was clearly painted a large white *Botonée* cross, token of the sacred character of the plane's owner, a missionary priest, Father Joseph M. Couture, S.J.

FATHER COUTURE'S coming had long been awaited. All the north was watching and hoping to see some day their hero-missionary coming back to them, successful in his quest. All were aware that he had gone to Quebec, Montreal and Ottawa to beg alms for the purchasing of an aeroplane. His more intimate friends knew too that he would not return without it, for Father Couture's motto is, "Never turn back!"

Ten years Fathers Couture had considered a hydroplane as the one solution to the problem facing a lone missionary visiting forty Indian encampments in an al-



Father Joseph Couture, S.J., missionary priest and pilot, among his Ojibway Indians of Ontario.

most uncharted territory of more than eighty thousand square miles. At last his hope and prayer had materialized! And it is a compliment to Canada's poor that they heard, understood and answered the missionary's appeal.

This successful attempt on the part of Father Couture to introduce aerial transportation in place of canoeing and dog-sleighting marks a new and progressive era in Canadian missionary endeavor. In truth, we think the

initiative, courage and determination of a Columbus were required when Father Couture, at forty-seven years of age, sold his canoe and sleigh-dogs, took lessons in aeronautics and purchased a hydroplane, undertaking at the same time (Turn to p. 266)

After the blessing of the plane at Hearst, Ontario, when Father Couture was ready to leave on his mission rounds.



# Mindanao Catechists

John R. O'Connell, S.J.



Father John R. O'Connell, S.J., zealous author of "Mindanao Catechists" in Father Patrick Rafferty's old room at Gingoog, Talisayan, Oriental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.

THE catechetical centers of my parish at Gingoog may claim kinship with those of Father Kienle's parish at Talisayan, and the combination has broken down the wall of indifference in the wide open spaces of the "Fishery Coast" of northern Mindanao. St. Francis Xavier had his beloved fishermen and their families, and Gingoog has its hundreds of fishermen and their numerous children. The work of harvesting is growing somewhat easier, and less disappointing. I had only three disappointments on my last trip. Two centers turned out to be flat failures; a third had sufficient numbers and the children were dressed for their day of days; but, they were entirely innocent of what they were to do that day, so they will have another month to learn about confession and Holy Communion.

Meanwhile, the list of centers in Talisayan parish has dwindled. So many children in the past two years have received their first Holy Communion that not a few centers have been closed. However, from time to time, a teacher in the hills or down the coast will report that her class is ready and will either come to Talisayan church or, if distant, await Father Kienle's visit. The fact that Gingoog parish had four hundred and fifty-two first communicants from July 1, 1932 to July 1, 1933, thus eclipsing Talisayan by a handful, is evidence that Gingoog is well on the way to recovery in the matter of the reception of the Holy Eucharist, and that Talisayan has almost reached that stage wherein the yearly harvest of first Communions gathers the children who were not old enough to understand the instruction the preceding year.

HOWEVER, we are not resting on our oars,—or on the more common canoe paddle of this land. Little souls have come to know their Eucharistic Lord; but this knowledge, as far as human aid is concerned, is only an acquaintance. Much of the catechism remains to be learned; and, then, there is the background of Bible History stories,—all of which will give greater depth to the spiritual life of the Master's little ones. Talisayan glories in a first-class parochial school of five grades. While not possessing a school building other than the basement of the rectory for the boys, and the rented basement of a private house for the girls, the pupils of Mount Carmel school are developing into sturdy Catholic young men and young women who have no

apologies to make to the product of the local public school with its spacious grounds and several buildings. In point of intellectual ability, we may judge where the Mount Carmel pupils stand by the fact that, each year, two or more who pass on to the public school to complete the sixth and seventh grades are promoted to the seventh grade after the first month or so of the new school year. Daily catechism class and a weekly conference to the whole school by the pastor in the church, provide the religious instruction at Mount Carmel.

ON the other hand, Gingoog parish has not a single parochial school. I have made efforts to carry on Sunday schools for those who have received their first Communion and for others who care to attend. This work is in the Gethsemane stage at present. We have given catechisms to teachers and, recently, purchased booklets of Bible History stories—all in Visayan. Still, the work languishes.

We have, it is true, received requests to maintain one-grade schools in villages which have no school or any prospect of one. When the matter of the teacher's salary is referred to the parents, the request withers. Thanks to the world crisis, in God's own good time, the pinch of poverty has inclined not a few young women to take up the labor of instructing the young in catechism, with the prospect of receiving at least a pittance. Those who refuse the pittance are rare.

This is the Talisayan-Gingoog district broadcasting by request. I have seen catechism classes in session in Butuan and in the parish of Cagayan, and I have visited the parochial school of Occidental Misamis, beginning with Oroquieta; and of Iligan; and of all of Oriental Misamis, from Tagnipa to Talisayan; and of Sumilao, Bukidnon; and of Butuan. I have heard accounts of such schools established in other portions of the island of Mindanao. But not to all my fellow missionaries was given the opportunity of bumping (Turn to page 266)

# Christmas in Santal Land

Charles P. Miller, S.J.

The following article was written after Christmas, 1932, when the author, an American Jesuit of the Chicago Province, had completed one year as a missionary among the Santals, a tribe of aborigines in Patna Mission, India.—*Editor.*

**D**URING the past two months, many friends from back home have wished me a "Merry Christmas" and not a few have added the query: "I wonder what Christmas will be like in your mission?"

Thanks to your generosity and prayers, we had a very fine Christmas. Not a so-called "old fashioned Christmas" in the sense that we had a big Christmas tree loaded with toys, the ground covered with a white mantle of snow, and the stockings of the children hanging before the fireplace, waiting to be filled with gifts.

Christmas trees do not grow in this neighborhood. Snow has never been seen. No stockings hang before the fireplace because there is no fireplace, and come to think of it, the children have neither stockings nor shoes. How then did we manage to have a fine Christmas? Because the Christ Child was the center of it, as He should be.

**T**HE boys attended to the decorations. They brought rock from the creek bed and built a very realistic cave to serve as a crib. They made streamers and pennants from dyed cloth, and from colored paper they cut various floral designs. Nothing escaped their decorative zeal. In fact, they kept on decorating as long as the paper and cloth lasted.

Ere the sun had set on Christmas Eve, more than a hundred people had gathered at the mission. This number did not represent one half of the Christians in my mission, but the whole family cannot go away and leave the house alone over night.

"Hotel accommodations" are easily arranged. There is only one floor,—the ground



The author, Father Charles P. Miller, S.J.

floor. Therefore, we are spared the expense of the elevator. The visitors bring no baggage, or if they do bring any, they hold on to it. Hence, exit the bell-hop. The menfolk and womenfolk each occupy separate quarters. These quarters are small rooms with mud walls, a roof and a floor. Rice straw is spread over the mud floor to serve as a mattress. A single blanket suffices as covering. In a niche in the wall is set a small clay vessel filled with oil and having a rag wick. This furnishes the illumination. God's own good solid earth is bedstead, table, chair and any other piece of furniture that may be required. The nearby creek supplies the water and the place for the morning ablutions. Simple, isn't it? And everyone is contented.

**M**OTHER will persuade Dad to buy her a new *sari*, and daughter will follow Mother's good example, and if there is anything left in the family purse, Dad may indulge in a new shirt and *dhotee*. The bill will scarcely exceed two dollars, about eight shillings. There is no exchange of gifts, expensive, useless and otherwise. That custom is unknown.

I have been in this mission just a year, and I can tell you without hesitation that I am simply overwhelmed



Sister tries her skill at archery with the Santal sharpshooters.

at God's goodness to us during the past year. One year ago I had not even a complete set of vestments. A few cold candlesticks, a few misfit vases and a mud chapel— that plus my faith was all I had. There were Christians, it is true, but they were scattered. There were no schools. Many pagans were openly hostile. The depression was getting worse and many of our former donors could no longer give. The future was anything but promising.

This Christmas that same mud chapel was gayly garlanded. The altar was covered with gifts from numerous friends. Beautiful silk vestments, a splendid cope and Benediction veil, Benediction stoles, lace surplices, fine albs, new altar linen, tabernacle veils, antependiums, even new cassocks and surplices for the servers, a fine monstrance and ciborium,— these and numerous other articles, have all been donated.

Not only that, but thanks to the generosity of our friends, I have six schools with an enrollment of over one hundred boys and girls. I have six catechists in the field. Our Catholic population has almost doubled in twelve months.

**M**ORE than one hundred were present at Gajhi for Mass on Christmas Day. All are converts; some have been Christians only a few months. From more than fifteen villages they came,—men, women and children. One hundred may not seem a large number, but seventy-five per cent of them came a distance of ten or more miles, and they walked all the way to Gajhi to hear Mass. Mothers came carrying babies in their arms and with several youngsters toddling beside them. And after Mass, they had to walk back home. I did not distribute any gifts to entice them. I am too poor for that. No, like the Shepherds, they came to visit the new-born Savior.

After Mass, there was a general gathering of the families. As every one seems to be related to every one else, there were many greetings to be exchanged. The womenfolk and menfolk always remain in separate groups. This is their own custom, not a regulation of the mission.

Self-deputed cooks attend the steaming caldrons of rice and *dahl*, and ever and anon the savory odor of

roasting pig is wafted to the nostrils of the hungry guests.

The women and children are served first. After they have dined they depart for their homes in groups according to their villages. Some of the boys and young men play games, while others join the circle about the musicians and sing their age-old songs.

By 4:00 P.M., the last of the guests has departed. A

very tired Father makes his way to the chapel to thank God once more for this highly successful Christmas and to ask a blessing on the distant friends who have helped to make it such.

What a wonderful personality our Lord has! A few months ago this jungle folk were devil worshippers. They knew not Christ. Today this mud chapel, not unlike His crib at Bethlehem, was crowded with worshippers who knelt in silent adoration of Mary's Son. And no less wonderful is the charity of Christ which pervades His Church. Catholics in distant lands pray, work, deny themselves that this jungle folk may come to know Christ. Truly, it is all too wonderful to be grasped in a single glance, too sublime to be expressed in human words.

As I turned towards the people for the sermon in the first Mass,

I realized what tremendous forces are on my side in this campaign to extend the Kingdom of God. Within a few feet of me in the tabernacle was God Himself, Jesus Christ, the Great Commander-in-Chief. Before me, with their eyes fixed on the tabernacle, their hearts uplifted in prayer, was not merely my little congregation, but there were millions upon millions of Catholics, a great family whose members are my brothers and sisters, all bound together by the love of Christ, united in the Heart of Christ. Through that Eucharistic Heart I and they could communicate with one another, help one another.

And so, Christmas brought me many consolations. Of course, there have been crosses, too, but they are the spice of life. I have had my hopes raised from the basement to the roof and dropped down the elevator shaft all in twenty-four hours. What of it! The sun rose as usual next morning, the flowers still bloomed and the birds sang merrily. God was still running the universe.

### Light of the World

GEORGE L. BRENNAN, S.J.

A Star like a gem in the Heavenly Throne blazing  
a path through the night,  
And circled a dim cattle-shed with a halo  
of glorious light.  
Aflame in the sky it has summoned the Nations  
to witness God's Birth,—  
Yet has won but three Wise Men to worship the Child-King  
of Heaven and Earth!

The lights in the palace of Herod are cloaked  
in the darkness of sin;  
A shroud of indifference has stolen all warmth  
from the blaze in the inn.  
The shivering Babe in the light of the Star  
finds His warmth on the breast  
Of the Virgin who whispers her welcome and love  
to the Savior—her Guest.

With the light of His smile like a halo around her,  
Pure as the Love that has sought her and found her,  
Throned 'mid the choirs unseen that surround her,  
The Virgin Mother has called us apart:  
"Come, bring your heart, bring the world here before Him!  
Kneel with the Kings of the Earth and adore Him!  
Chasten your lips, child of man, and implore Him:  
'Come, Jesu, reign, tiny King, in my heart!'"

O see, by the light of His Star, how He smiles  
at our welcoming word,  
Watch while His eyes speak forgiveness and love  
to a world that has erred.

O, World, He is yours! Leave the darkness of sin  
for the Star's crystal gleam,  
And the Savior who loves you will reign in the hearts  
He has come to redeem!



# FROM MARY QUIRES



## CHARITY — THE HANDMAID OF CONVERSION

### The Charity of Christmas

Christmas in Mission Lands

### A Beggar in Santal Land

With the Brigands of Chusan Gands

### Under the Rays of a Torch Light

The charity of Christmas is the charity of Christ, incarnate love, incarnadined for the redemption of the souls of men.

With this charity of Christmas as their model, our missionaries, our other loves incarnate, make every day Christmas Day, in mission lands.

"A young mother, widowed and starving, her dark skin turned a sickly yellow, stands before me," writes a Jesuit from India. "Clinging to her skirts is a puny girl of three and a boy of five with sockets for eyes and ribs that could be counted from afar. A pagan India has ejected them as food consumers, not producers. 'You and the children shall stay here,' I said, 'this Mission is now your home. God is your Father.' A faint smile, a slow tear, a hug for her babes were the first signs of that gratitude which eventually led to Faith. All have been baptized and are now a happy Catholic family."

While the Sisters of Charity serve the brigands in Chusan Island, China, with warm rice, they, likewise, assuage the hunger of their famished souls. "Faith," writes one, "comes easily to these poor fellows, brigands and pirates though they be. The thought that after death there is Someone waiting for them with pardon and mercy takes hold of them. Men in the surrounding cells cry out, 'I tell you, it is the God of the Sisters who makes them come here and care for us in our misery. It is for His sake that they are so good to us and we should believe in Him and adore Him.' A dying man often lifts his head and says, 'When will you open the way to Heaven for me?' When we see the end is near, we gladly baptize him."

French Jesuit Scholastics in India on occasion use their electric torch lights in the darkness of a native hut to take by surprise grief-stricken parents and thus

to gain the bedside of a dying child. After finding that the child will not survive, they hold a consultation in Latin or French, fix the name of the child, and decide which shall baptize it. Then they wet a piece of cotton with the Holy Water of St. Ignatius, press the water over the head and the Baptism is accomplished.

### The Hermit of the Sahara

Charles de Foucauld, a French nobleman, officer and explorer in North Africa, was convinced that he must preach the Faith by charitable deeds rather than by argument. No fewer than seventy-five intractable Mohammedan nomads and beggars knocked at his door in the course of a single day.

### Mohammed Pays Homage to Christ

Recently, an Arab pointing to the Crucifix of a White Sister exclaimed: "He who is on that, must be very good; indeed, since He makes you do these things for us."

### Sisters in White

The White Sisters of the Sahara are regarded as angels from Heaven by the poor sequestered women of the desert who ply them with questions such as these: "Who are you? Are you married? Why not? Are your parents still alive? Why did you leave them?" When they hear that these Sisters have left their homes for their sake, they are filled with gratitude and admiration.

### Our Catholic Theory

"It is the souls that we intend to save in taking care of the bodies." Hospitals for many dying people are the gates of Heaven. Every vicariate should have its own, and missionaries should put forth their utmost effort to obtain permission to visit sick people in non-Catholic hospitals. Besides this, we may add that the mission should in all cases of extraordinary distress hasten to the aid of sufferers, both Christian and pagan, by protecting them against injustice and cruelty, by alms-giving in times of famine, by personal care during epidemics and so on.

The results of such activities are rich sources of individual and mass conversions.

### On a Barren Hillside

There is a grave on a barren hillside in South China. An old woman lays her heavy load of fagots, and kneeling, makes the Sign of the Cross. Interrogated, she tells of an American Maryknoll Sister buried there — "a lady doctor," she adds, "a very kind lady, who loved us all."

### Medical Missions

The need of lay medical missionaries is instant and extreme. In the mission reports, it is true that we may count four hundred to five hundred hospitals and twice that number of dispensaries. But, when we ask how many doctors and trained nurses have been employed in these hospitals the veil of illusion is lifted and we must answer: "Doctors few, or none; trained nurses, a few Sisters." In Africa, our so-called hospitals often consist of a few grass-thatched huts.

### The Grace of Christmas

Narayan, a leper, lies dying in the care of a Franciscan Missionary of Mary whom he has rebuked continually with surliness. It is Christmas night. The bell rings. "Why the noise?" "Hush, it is nothing. The other lepers going to midnight Mass." A moment's silence, "Would you care to come and see?" "Yes," very low. Narayan lies on his stretcher, his eyes wide and fixed upon the altar and the Crib. At Communion he notes the transfigured expression of joy on the poor disfigured leprous faces of his fellow sufferers as the pale Host passes their lips. The priest accidentally brushes by him on his way back to the altar. Two tears fall slowly down the cheeks of the leper. It is Christmas Day. Narayan is sinking fast. Sister has not forgotten the tears of the night before Christmas. "Narayan, did the feast please you last night?" A sign of acquiescence. Two hours later, grace completes the work. The waters of Baptism flow and towards evening the leper is dead.

Not without reason then did His Holiness select as a Mission Intention for the season of Christmas, "Charity, the Handmaid of Conversion."

# BRAZIL'S JAPANESE

Guido del  
Toro, S.J.

**T**HE immigration of Japanese into Brazil had its beginning about twenty years ago, but the work of evangelizing these Japanese was given an impulse only in the year 1926. In that year a certain young girl of Brazil who often attended catechism class in the Church of Saint Gundisalvo, asked the Director (I was filling this post myself at the time) whether she might bring a few of her acquaintances to the catechism class. She stated that these boys and girls were Japanese and that they had not been baptized. I gave her the assurance that the children would be welcome, and so on the following Sunday, April 18, 1926, she brought fourteen of these Japanese boys and girls to the catechism class. This new little flock increased day by day, and by and by their parents came to speak to me. After that, not only the children, but the grown men and women gave themselves generously to a study of the Christian religion. Among the adults, one who distinguished himself particularly was a young man named Paul Miki. I baptized him on the fifteenth of August, 1926, and thereafter he set himself vigorously to the task of bringing about the conversion of his fellow Japanese.

**O**N the seventh of November of the year 1926, permission was asked of the parents of a number of children to have them baptized, as they were eager to receive the sacrament. The parents gave consent and so, on the fifteenth of November, the Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Sao Paulo conferred Baptism on forty-eight Japanese. The following figures will explain the wonderful workings of God's grace in bringing more and more Japanese into the Church. From this November day of 1926, to December 31, 1931, a total of 1,054 were baptized in the Church of Saint Gundisalvo at Sao Paulo. Of these, 780 were adults and 274 were children. The Baptisms, administered at intervals of a month or more, were usually in groups.—the largest



*The author, with a group of Japanese gentlemen of Sao Paulo, Brazil, whom he was instrumental in converting to the Catholic Faith.*

group on any one day numbering 142, and the smallest 30.

The method I have used in converting these people is as follows. I have four splendid catechists, men of sterling character. These catechists, zealous and patient, take the prospective converts through a long and careful course of catechism. Towards the end of the course of instruction, I myself appear on the scene to give a sort of examination. Following this, we have a little investigation into each case. In this task I am considerably assisted by the prospective sponsors of those who are to be baptized.

**T**HE work is full of consolation, but sometimes we also have our difficulties. One of the sponsors whom I had secured for one of the Japanese wished to visit the child before Baptism. She did so, and as soon as the little fellow saw his intended sponsor, he fled in fear and did not return. When asked what the difficulty was, the little fellow answered that the lady was altogether too stern.

Another sample of the difficulty of sponsors is the following. A little girl who was pretty well prepared for Baptism, found out that her sponsor's name was Loretto. Now in Portuguese, *preto* means black, and so the little girl was horrified to (Turn to page 268)



# A Month



Chou-toen "possesses the only Catholic church . . . within a radius of several tens of li (one third of a mile)."

"SHE na-ke, Shen-fou"—"There it is, Father," waved my Chinese pang-nen. We had just topped a little rise. Looking in the direction indicated, I saw spread out between the long ears of my donkey, the scene of my first priestly experiences. Hid among bunches of trees that banked two shallow torrent beds, lay a small town of some four hundred families: the pride of the whole countryside, for it possesses the only Catholic church, and in black brick, too, within a radius of several tens of li (one-third of a mile).

The Chinese call it *Chou-toen*, "Bamboo Hill," but the missionaries call it "Paradise." And the missionaries come nearer the truth. Not a sprout of bamboo could I find in my various jaunts about the place, and the hill has long been washed away; but the quaint quiet of a simple ancient life harkens back to primordial days.

Adam, I dare say, had neither bricks nor tile nor planed boards nor construction steel. And neither has Chou-toen. The village is nothing



Left to right: Siao-lin (Little Forest), Siao-yu (Little Rain) and Siao-k'inen (Little Dog).

but a heap of yellow mud moulded into floorless straw-topped houses, all circled with a saw-toothed mud wall to make common cause against the brigands.

Brigands in Paradise! Oh, no! I asked Siao-yu, "Little Rain," my faithful altar boy and daily communicant, who aspires to be the district's first native priest; I asked Hwei-chang, the venerable chief of the Christian community and both right and left hand of the green missionary; I asked the stable boy and Kao the cook (who, rumor says, once prowled at night in the sorghum fields)—"Oh, no! no brigands in Paradise!" "Ts'e-ti, meou geou fou-fei!"

"Then why the loop-holed towers along the wells?"

"Oh, in case there might be."

And I wondered when the "might" might become a reality. I had not long to wait. A few days later, Christians from neighboring villages no longer came to Mass.

"It is not safe to travel in the early hours of the morning; the *kaoleang* (sorghum) is getting high." Sorghum and corn fields, towering five and six feet above a man's head, are excellent hiding places for brigands.

Only a vain fear, perhaps? The night preceding this information, two men had been killed and three others taken prisoners—for ransom. The Christians had sufficient excuse for being absent from Sunday Mass.

"But," I expostulated, "you said there were no brigands about here."

LOCAL pride had hidden part of the truth to keep the village face, "honor," intact before the newcomer. They, perhaps, meant to say that there were no brigands at the very spot, at the very moment, we had been speaking. Moreover, I had made a beginner's blunder. To ask with Saxon frankness, "Are there any brigands prowling about here?" hurts the oriental sensibilities, even of the rustic peasants. They like the oil of indifference to soften the bluntness of an unpleasant question. I should have been more discreet and asked politely, "Ts'e-ti, ping-ngan pou ping-ngan?" Which, interpreted, perhaps sounds something like the following, "Does blissful peace reign in your country roundabout?" And a smiling face will bow back the answer, "Peace does reign hereabout," or a stolid look will tell you: "Our country is troubled a bit." And the initiated know that "troubled," means only one thing, brigands.

But, Chou-toen is Paradise all the same. What a contrast to Shanghai! Dry and pure air in place of the dank noisome atmosphere that blankets China's commercial capital and the Yang-tse Valley; sparkling spring water (from the rock of Moses) that one can drink without a qualm; corn and sorghum and sweet potatoes, beans and peanuts, instead of southern rice and cotton; paths and makeshift torrent roads (washed away every week or two), for winding muddy canals; the burro and the ox-cart replacing the sam-pan and the rickshaw; a simply burly people that know but little of foreign luxury; whose wants are so few that "market" days are scarce, and the village store is closed for hours while its owner tills his few *mou* of sorghum. There are neither posters, nor bargain flags, waving in the streets, for the simple reason that no one could read them if there were, and if he could read them he wouldn't want anything anyway—nor have the money to buy it.

The Christians at Chou-toen are distinguished by the luminous smile that moons between wide-stretched almond eyes, to greet the missionary.

"Shen-fou lai-lai!" "The Father has come!" And they purr with delight at a passing word of recognition. To them, he is their king; his word their law. There are some six hundred Christians at Chou-toen, or near-about, not all models, to be sure, nor possessing a theologian's knowledge of their Faith; but good



# In Paradise



*Simons, S.J.* and obedient, having their share of oriental cunning, if you will, but utterly lacking the blazé air of the more sophisticated, who dwell in the cities along the coast.

I took many an afternoon stroll during my month at Chou-toen with Siao-yu "Little Rain," Siao-k'uen "Little Dog," and Siao-lin "Little Forest." This little trinity of Chinklets, while showing the wonders of their Paradise, drummed into my ears many a Chinese phrase, or local tone, or twist of the lip. Fine teachers these lads, whose unspoiled voices sing true their mother tongue.

No brigands in Chou-toen! Gentle sleep is weighing down two thousand heavy eyes, and outside my fragile net mosquitoes swarm and croon.

"Bang!" cracks an ancient muzzle-loader, just behind the house. The Church's *kong-sou* lies near the North Gate, always protected.

"Are brigands attacking?"

"*Pou che*" "Not at all." The guard was only warning possible invaders, known to be near, that they would be warmly received at the home fires.



*In one of the loop-holed mud towers, waiting for the brigands.*

**A**NOTHER attack at sleep. "Bam! Bam!" rings the tam-tam along the village walls; a call to arms that no one answers. Another false alarm to trick the brethren lurking in the corn fields. Blood-curdling stories they tell about the brigands. Like robber bands that erstwhile roamed through Europe, they come in tens and even hundreds, preying upon whole villages, and especially upon the so-called rich men, to extort a hundred or so Chinese dollars. These they take prisoners and beat and torture and kill to make their families raise the ransom price. Woe to the village, or man, that unsuccessfully resists!

The missionary of this district, however, has little to fear. To be sure, he does not travel at night, nor unnecessarily haunt bandit infested districts. He may at times be robbed, but apart from a few "accidents," that is all. The missionary is not only respected by them, but has proved by experience, sad to all concerned, to be poor ransom material. The Mission refuses to pay one *P'ong-pan* (copper) into robber hands.

And so, at length, I dropped off to sleep—while the mosquitoes crooned and the tam-tam rang and the occasional gun barked at the moon that sailed smilingly over my Bamboo Hill, my Paradise.

"Little Rain" lay curled up on his mat, in the courtyard before the church (where the air is fresh and cool these hot Summer nights), in the shadow of the moonlit cross, he is one day, please God, to enthroned in many a Chinese heart.

My happy Summer months at Haichow passed all too quickly, and now I have but the memory of them with me, cheered though by the hope of returning thither later for a much longer apostolate. Haichow

is indeed a promising though needy mission sector, as I can indicate briefly here. Some two hundred miles straight up from Shanghai, at the extreme northeast of the Kiangsou Province, this territory is withdrawn from the usual lines of travel and commerce, and had, up till the last ten years, remained unfertile and almost completely closed to missionary efforts. Barriers, however, have at length been broken down, revealing a simple, open-hearted people, still unspoiled by "foreign" commerce and contact, and easily entering into relations with the missionary. There are over two million of these people there, poor among China's poorest, dwelling (at least ninety per cent of them do) in mud houses, floorless and straw-topped, gathered into mud-walled villages for common protection. For brigand bands swarm the country during the Summer time. As the brigands mainly go after "rich" families, capable of handing over a fifty or one hundred dollar ransom (about fifteen and thirty American dollars), and as they

have found missionaries to be unprofitable, these latter are left alone—except on extraordinary occasions. But as one never knows when the "extraordinary occasion" may arise, usual precautions are taken against mishaps.

Poor as the Haichow people are (and a mild famine awaits them this Winter from lack of rain and hordes of grasshoppers), they are still worse off religiously. One must see them himself and prepare them for the sacraments, as I did for a few, to realize their extreme poverty in this regard. There is an almost utter lack of any idea or aspiration above their daily "fan" or food. This is natural, of course, considering the difficulties they have to get sufficient to eat. But there are exceptions—more, please God, than appear at first sight. These exceptions, together with the some fifteen hundred Catholics already in the fold, and the universal openheartedness of those without, give well-founded hopes for a flourishing Catholicity in the future. Let us hope that that future is not too far distant.



*Chinklet had a little lamb whose fleece was white as snow.*



# 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 GACHWENO, S.J.

Editor

THOMAS J. FERNEY, S.J. CORNELIUS PINEAU, S.J.  
HUGH C. DONAVON, S.J. FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.  
LEON A. FOSTER, S.J. PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.

ALEXANDER ROLLAND, S.J.

Associate Editors

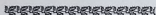
E. PAUL AMY, S.J., Business Editor

Editorial and Publication Offices

257 FOURTH AVENUE NEW YORK, N. Y.

Subscription price, year, \$1.00; three years, \$2.75; six years, \$5.00. Canadian and Foreign, \$1.25 a year.

From Alaska and the Indian country of the northwestern States and Canada; from Dakota and Wyoming and the home missions of the southern States; from British Honduras and Jamaica, B. W. I.; from China and the Philippine Islands; from Patna, India, and Iraq,—in all of which countries American Jesuit missionaries are laboring—come threry messages to be added to those of the Editors of *Jesuit Missions* as we wish all friends and helpers a holy and merry Christmas and a full share of the blessings of the sweet Babe of Bethlehem.



## In Humble Thanksgiving

THE feast of St. Francis Xavier, celebrated on the third of December, has always a deep significance about it for missionaries and mission-minded Catholics. Scarcely a priest, Brother or Sister goes to the missions today—or has gone during the past four hundred years—without being drawn in some way or other by the heroic example of the first great Jesuit missionary.

But this year the feast has a special meaning for the Society of Jesus, as it marks the close of the one hundredth year of modern Jesuit missions. It was in 1833 that the restored Society took up again a wider active interest in the missions the Jesuits were forced to relinquish when their Order was suppressed in 1773.

In a spirit of thanksgiving to God for the blessings given, for the opportunities presented in the works of His Kingdom, we may recall what the century has meant. Since its restoration in 1814, the Society of Jesus has grown in numbers, till today it counts somewhat over twenty-four thousand members. From the date of its organized renewal of mission work in 1833, its mission personnel and its mission territory have grown apace, as the mere recital of statistics makes manifest. Apostolic work in 49 mission territories (strictly so called) throughout the world is entrusted

to Jesuits. In these territories, some 3,000 Jesuits are at work amid a population of 180,321,982 souls. Catholics in these districts now number over 2,527,000; catechumens 270,000; heretics and schismatics 2,316,700; pagans and Mohammedans 175,200,000. Working with the Jesuits among these teeming millions are some 5,000 Brothers and Sisters, natives and foreign, and 21,622 catechists and teachers, practically all native.

Some facts taken from reports of activities from January 1, 1932, to January 1, 1933, both reveal the magnitude of the task and indicate the good deeds accomplished. Truly, it gives us ample reason for prayers of thanksgiving to God.

In the forty-nine Jesuit mission territories, there are 1,882 students in major and minor seminaries; in 10,645 schools, ranging from prayer schools to universities, there are 432,601 students. In these same mission territories, 107 orphanages care for 9,050 native children; in 44 hospitals, there are 5,181 beds; in 368 dispensaries, 2,439,893 patients have been attended (within the year). In the same mission territories, there are 22 mission presses publishing 59 periodicals.

The report of spiritual ministrations is most consoling. The sacrament of Baptism was administered to 232,168. Of these, 96,098 were baptized when in danger of death; of the others, 33,577 were adults and 102,493 were infants. Holy Communions received reached the total of 24,854,129. Marriages performed by the missionaries total 20,323.

The gigantic task of all these missionary works is, of course, distributed among the members of different nationalities. American Jesuit missionaries are in Alaska, among the American Indians, in British Honduras, in Jamaica (B. W. I.), in the Philippine Islands, in Patna (India), in China and in Iraq; Canadian Jesuits are among the Canadian Indians and in China; English Jesuits are in Salisbury (Africa), and in British Guiana; Irish Jesuits are in China; German Jesuits are in Poona (India), Hiroshima and Tokio (Japan); Dutch Jesuits are in Batavia (Dutch East Indies); French Jesuits are in Egypt, Madagascar, Syria-Armenia, Trichinopoly (India), Madras (India), Trincomalie (Ceylon), Nanking (China), Siensien (China), and Tientsin (China); Italian Jesuits are in Albania, Mangalore (India), Calicut (India), Pengpu (China); Polish Jesuits are in Broken Hill (Africa); Portuguese Jesuits are in Goa (India), and Shihing (China); Mexican Jesuits are in Tarahumara (Mexico); Columbian Jesuits are in Magdalena (S. America); Belgian Jesuits are in Kisantu and Kwango (Africa), Calcutta and Ranchi (India), Galle and Kandy (Ceylon); Spanish Jesuits are in Manabi-Esmeraldas (S. America), Bombay (India), Anking and Wuhu (China), Caroline and Marshall Islands; the Brazilian Jesuits are in Diamantina (Brazil).

The consciousness of all the good being accomplished in all these missions should arouse within us sentiments of deepest gratitude to God. At the same time, also, we ask our readers to join with us in asking God's blessings on the vast mission works entrusted to the Society of Jesus, so that every member may have the spiritual and physical strength to measure up to the work entrusted to him through his Order by the Vicar of Christ.

## The Mission Intention

**W**HILE the country still resounds with the echoes of the National Conference of Catholic Charities, and while the enthusiasm for the Church's NRA as outlined by His Eminence, Patrick Cardinal Hayes and eulogized by the Supreme Executive of our land, still runs high, it is both meet and timely that we point a moral to adorn the tale. This is done by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, in the Mission Intention for December in which Christian charity is advocated as an instrument of conversion to the Church of Christ. This, of course, as is so much of Christ's precept and practice, is diametrically opposed to the purpose of Protestantism which seeks to divorce charity from all lawful wedlock with the evangelization of souls. However, Mr. Gandhi in "Young India," April 23, 1931, writes: "Why should I change my religion because a doctor who professes Christianity as his religion has cured me of some disease? Or why should the doctor expect or suggest such a change whilst I am under his influence?" Because, Mr. Gandhi, such is the salvific Will of Christ, the Son of the Living God. Indeed, the pages of His biography as written by St. Matthew, St. Mark, St. Luke and St. John are hung like the corridors of an art gallery with masterful portraits of charity, serving as the handmaid of conversion. How else explain the cleansing of the lepers, the winning of Mary of Magdala, the feeding of the multitudes, the public resurrection of Lazarus, the cure of the withered hand, the ejection of devils, the healing of the cripple at the pool of Bethesda? Would any motive less worthy than their conversion be worthy of the charity of Christ? To appease the hungry, to comfort the sorrowful, to bandage the wounded, to break the chains of slavery, to solace the feeble and indigent, to release the captive, to dispense medical and surgical aid—these in the economy of Christ's mission minded Church are spiritual highways illumined by the arc lights of divine grace, leading men's souls out of this valley of tears to Heaven and home.



## The Mass of the Missions

In the Spirit  
of Humility

Because the three Jewish youths, Sidrach, Misach and Abdenago refused to adore the statue of gold erected by King Nabuchodonosor of Babylon, they were bound hand and foot by the strongest men in the king's army and cast into a furnace heated seven times over. In the midst of the flames, they offered themselves to God in these words: "In the spirit of humility and with a contrite heart let us be received by Thee, O Lord: and grant that the sacrifice we offer in thy sight this day may be pleasing to Thee, O Lord God." (Daniel iii, 39-40).

In these identical words the priest, having lowered the chalice and traced a cross with it above the altar stone, now offers to God, in union with the sacrifice of Christ's Body and His Blood, the sacrifices of himself and of the people. These sacrifices of the faithful are of many kinds and of varying degrees.

There are acts of charity and works of mercy concerning which Saint Paul assures us "by such sacrifices God's favor is obtained," and which our present Pontiff assures us, in the Mission Intention for December, are the instruments for conversion in our mission lands today. There is the offering of alms which the same Apostle calls "an acceptable sacrifice pleasing to God." The offering of Mass stipends that will relieve the penury of priests in poverty, of chapels for unchurched natives, of vestments, of altar linens and appointments. The offering of stringless money gifts for works of construction and reconstruction, for mission schools and dormitories, and donations that will pay the meager salaries of native catechists. There is the offering of Catholic literature with which the missionary may multiply his presence. There is the sacrifice of prayer for the home and foreign missions which the prophet Osee calls "the sacrifice of the lips" and Paul "the fruit of lips confessing God's name" and David "the sacrifice of praise." There is the life offering of the priest in foreign fields, of the Sister, of the Brother, of the catechist and teacher, of the medical worker, nurse or doctor. There is the noble sacrament of Matrimony, instituted by God the Father in the Garden of Paradise, and sanctified by God the Son in the wedding feast at Cana, by which a man and a woman bind themselves in the presence of a priest and two witnesses, to live together until death and to imitate in their own lives the union of Christ with His spouse the Church. Canon Sheehan once asked: "When is man greatest?" And the answer came: "(1) When he laughs amid his tears; (2) When he suffers and is silent; (3) When he labors though he foresees, he will never be repaid." "And when is woman greatest?" "And when is woman greatest?" And the answer came "(1) At the cradle of her child; (2) At the couch of the dying; (3) At the feet of God." To persevere in these and all the trials of married life, the grace of God communicated through the sacrament of matrimony is both infallibly necessary and infallibly sufficient. And yet, noble as they are, these sacrifices are merely the fruit of the Tree.

*Newly-ordained  
Father S. Ar-  
jonilla, a native  
priest of Brit-  
ish Honduras,  
offers his first  
solemn High  
Mass in the  
Jesuit parish at  
Stann Creek.*

# A PROMISE REDEEMED

With this issue the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS keep their promise, made in September, of additional pages to the magazine without additional cost to their subscribers.

Old subscribers from now on will receive 32 pages, month after month, replete with news of the missions, and no request will be made of them for an additional subscription fee to cover the cost of the magazine's greater number of pages.

New subscribers will be treated to a strictly missionary magazine, copiously illustrated, clearly printed on high grade paper, and the subscription price for them will be the same as it has been in the past—\$1.00 for one year; \$2.75 for three years and \$5.00 for six years.

- Dear Reader—and old subscriber,

Why not treat a friend to the treat you enjoy—a subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS?

- Dear Reader—but non-subscriber,

Why not treat yourself to the treat your friend enjoys—a subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS?

Take advantage of the letter which will be sent to all subscribers under date of December 1st and make a present to yourself and your friends of a subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS for the coming year, 1934



## AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

### ALASKA

Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., writing from Nome, Alaska, reports that the natives of King Island, among whom he labors during the Winter months, are gradually decreasing. He attributes this to the severity of the climate and the strenuous labor necessary on this rugged island in the Bering Sea. He continues:

"Last Winter, eight of my King-Islanders went up to Heaven. They were replaced by nine babies. That is a very slight increase. It is not a good sign. I am afraid the Eskimos will follow the Indians. Eventually, they will disappear. It is hard to find the reason for it. Away from the Whites, except for two months every Summer, they are not spoiled. None of them drink. There is no divorce among them. They live the same way that their ancestors did. The only difference is that now they eat flour and sugar. The rest of their food is the same as their forebears, and still they are declining. When I came here, thirty years ago, the men and women were stronger than the present generation—and the next generation will be still weaker. In other places they disappear rapidly. With the grace of God, I hope to be able to check the decrease."

### PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From Father Joseph Reith, S.J., Maria Auxiliadora Mission, Dansalan, Lanao, Mindanao, P. I., comes the following:

"American Catholics are so accustomed to funeral Masses that it will come to them as a surprise to know that in the Philippine Islands, where ninety per cent of the people are Catholics, very, very few are buried from Mass. The laws and customs, common to most tropical regions, prevent it. Embalming is almost unheard of, and, because of the tropical heat and danger of contagion, it is prescribed that a body must be buried within twenty-four hours after death. That gives such a short time for the necessary attentions to the dead, for notifying friends, for mourning and the like, that the Mass is usually deferred to some later time more convenient to the family and the priest.

"Although there is no Mass, every Filipino is buried from the church. It would be a matter for gossip if the body of a Filipino,—Agúpayan, Protestant, Seventh Day Adventist, Free thinker or Catholic,—were not brought within the portals of some church for a final prayer. It may be that the last time the party entered the church was the day of his Baptism or first Communion; nevertheless, he is brought back for a tearful farewell from the good Mother that once claimed him as her own.

"Burial is much the same as in the States, except that frequently a photograph is taken of the funeral cortege, sometimes with the corpse raised from the coffin. The body, amid much oriental wailing and lamentation, which begin and cease with such precision and are taken up by the mourners with such a vehemence as to make them seem insincere, is placed in a dug grave, or deposited into a concrete crypt. If the burial happens to be in the family vault, it may become the last resting place of the deceased. But there are also public crypts that can be hired. Into these the body is placed and sealed up. At the end of five years, when all but the bones of the dead have decomposed in the heat and dampness of the tropical climate, the crypt is opened and the remains removed to a niche in the cemetery church, or buried beneath the flagstones of the floor. In Mindanao, be-

cause of the poverty of the people, these customs are not extensively followed. The dead are buried in the church cemetery, which, when full, is inspected by the medical authorities, plowed over and used again. The Padre sometimes gets a notice that his cemetery is 'overburied,' which means that the place is full and the people are burying dead upon dead.

\*\*\*

Father James G. Daly, S.J., writes from Catholic Rectory, Jimenez, Occ. Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"Every corner of Bishop Hayes' diocese is anxiously awaiting his return. The Monsignor (as you know, this is the title for Bishop in use in the P. I.) will feel like another Lindbergh when North Mindanao greets him with the affection of loyal loving hearts and cheers of joyous welcome. 'Off the Gold Standard,' we still have something more precious to offer him, the gold of hearts.

"Speaking of the gold standard, the Mindanao missionaries are not only off that, but we have dropped the silver, too. With our local bands, we feel our credit is stronger on brass. However, even many of these band instruments are quite played out. Do not throw any such brass away. It will strengthen our credit here."

\*\*\*

Father David A. Daly, S.J., announces in cheerful vein that "things



American and Filipino Jesuit Brothers at Novatiches, Rizal, P. I. Left to right: Brothers Escardor (Postulant), Serpius Adriatico, Columbus Javar, Emmanuel Peugeot, John Doyle, Edward Bauerlein, John Abrams, Elizardus Solis, Aemilius Serra, Job Pacis, Ignatius Cabanilla, Brother Mata (Postulant).



Out at Cheyenne River, on a lonely sector of Pine Ridge Reservation, South Dakota, stands St. Bernard's chapel, where the spiritual needs of the Sioux are ministered to by Father Joseph Zimmerman, S.J.

have brightened up considerably in the last few months, thanks to the good Lord. A few months ago things did look very discouraging: funds were very close to zero, nothing had come in for such a long time that it began to look as though the end were near for some of our works; trying to plan for the reopening of the school was agonizing. Finally, I decided to shift the kindergarten to the care of the Sisters and drop the first and second grades, double up some of the other grades and get along with four teachers for five classes. That reduced the monthly salaries quite a bit."

Father Walter Hamilton, S.J., from whom we shall hear more at length in the near future, notes:

"A practical Catholic or nothing—to bring this about means hard wearing work, especially founding work in the distant barrios. What with native slow reaction, petty officialdom, climate, language, it is an uphill climb. Please put in my word of thanks for the great encouragement and substantial help given by Father Garesche, S.J., and his Catholic Medical Mission Bureau."

#### AMERICAN INDIANS

Early in October the sad news was received at the office of Jesuit Missions that Father William Birmingham, S.J., had died suddenly of a heart ailment in Cleveland, Ohio, only two short years after his ordination to the priesthood. Father Birmingham is well known to readers of *Jesuit Missions* for his intensely human and interesting articles on the work of the Jesuit Brothers among the Indians in South Dakota. Father had been interested in the missions for years, owing specially to the fact that he had spent the three years of his regency

as a Scholastic at St. Francis Mission among the Sioux. He went there in 1925, and for three years worked, prayed and played with and for the Indians committed to his charge. His work of teaching, prefecting and directing athletics kept him with the boys day and night. He put in many a rough day's work for Christ, and no task was too lowly for him to perform. He was a born leader of boys. Owing to this natural gift, the young Indians instinctively looked to him and followed him.

In his teaching he had a fund of patience and a good sense of humor to face the discouraging features of the classroom. The boys' recreation periods meant work for him. Here again, he spent his time and energy cheerfully and whole-heartedly on the playgrounds and in the gym, teaching his boys good, clean sportsmanship.

He developed one of the best Indian basketball teams that the Mission has ever boasted of. However, he knew that they needed something more substantial for life than mere sports and, therefore, he was above all interested in their spiritual welfare. He saw an effective way of using even his teams and his games as the means to bring the entire student body closer to Christ. Before every important game he prayed with the children at Mass, not merely for victory, but also that his players might conduct themselves as gentlemen worthy of a Catholic school. The reputation sustained by his boys is proof of the effectiveness of this part of his work.

He accomplished much, too, by inculcating a solid devotion to the Blessed Virgin Mary through the Sodality. Better yet, he continually urged the boys to receive Holy Communion. In this, he was a shining example to them, as he approached the Holy Table each day. The boys followed him, and it was edifying to see so many frequent communicants.

The Jesuit Community and Sisters' Community at St. Francis Mission will ever cherish the memory of Father Birmingham, and they will long remember the good that he did to the Indians.

\* \* \*

Father Albert C. Zuercher, S.J., Superior of St. Stephen's Mission, Wyoming, writes:

"Father Matthew Hole, S.J., is still in the Jackson Hole country, 152 miles from the Mission, near the Yellowstone Park, where he has been since June, taking care of the six Reformation Camps made up of young men from New York and Pennsylvania. He is very enthusiastic about the work, and credits the boys with a great deal of piety.

"Here at the Mission, Father Albert Riester, S.J., besides the regular work



The Chicago Province suffered a great loss in the untimely death of Father William J. Birmingham, S.J., who died of heart trouble at Cleveland, Ohio, early in October. As a Scholastic, Father Birmingham spent three most successful and zealous years, 1925-1928, at St. Francis Mission, S. Dakota, among the Sioux. He was a frequent and welcome contributor to *Jesuit Missions*

of the Mission, cares for the spiritual needs of three Indian Reformation Camps, the nearest being forty-five miles from the Mission headquarters."

\* \* \*

Father Martin A. Schiltz, S.J., Superior of St. Francis Mission among the Sioux Indians of South Dakota, reports:

"Our enrollment has been larger this year than it was last year. It now totals some 450. About eighteen of these are Whites who are day scholars. We now have a complete high school for both boys and girls, with an enrollment of eighty-one.

"The Winter ahead, according to some, is going to be a hard one for the Indians. It will certainly not be easy for the Mission, since there is such a shortage of grain owing to drought and grasshoppers, and also to the fact that stock is still so low."

### CANADIAN INDIANS

On June 10, 1933, Father Joseph M. Couture, S.J., purchased a second-hand Gipsy Moth hydroplane (with a Gipsy 2 Motor). After training in Toronto, he flew north to his Ojibway missions in Ontario. Father Couture was most fortunate in having the services of a young but skilled pilot, Mr. Louis Bisson, who generously volunteered to spend his Summer vacation in assisting the pilot-priest in his first aerial expeditions.

There was a great deal of work to be done in the missions, as Father Couture had been unable to visit them owing to his begging tour in Quebec. Mr. Bisson's presence was most opportune, as Father Couture could give his whole time to the Indians, while the former busied himself with the aircraft. Within two months and a half, Father Couture flew his Gipsy Moth 184 hours, visiting all his missions. The hydroplane was then due for an overhauling, so August 30, Father Couture flew down to Ottawa.

### CHINA

Paul O'Brien, S.J., one of the California Jesuit Scholastics in Shanghai, writes:

"We walk out on the street (there are no sidewalks), and we have to keep our eyes and ears wide open. Rickshaw drivers keep running along yelling, 'Hai, hai, hai,' as they go; and if we don't move quickly we are liable to have a sore toe. And what are these funny little things we see? Chinese children dressed up in their Winter clothes. What a sight! They are so padded up they can hardly walk, and they look for all the world like little balls of clothes. . . .

"Last Saturday about twenty of us went to Zo-se on a pilgrimage to a shrine of our Blessed Mother. The shrine has a splendid location on top of one of the few hills in the vicinity. In every direction stretch immense

fields, perfectly level, covered with a regular network of canals. Every year, on the feast of the Presentation and once again in May, the Christians make a pilgrimage to the shrine. On the eve of the feast I went to the top of the hill and looked out over the surrounding country. What a beautiful sight! From all directions little boats were slowly making their way along the canals toward the shrine of our Lady. The next morning the people began coming to Communion at five-thirty. More than two thousand Communions were distributed. At eight o'clock, all assembled to make the Way of the Cross up the hill. It was very touching. Led by the Superior of the Mission, the Christians climbed station after station, chanting their beautiful prayers as they went.

"We proceeded to break a standing custom of some fifty years and migrated to a mandarin-speaking district for the last two months of our Chinese course. So you can imagine that we are not doing much resting here. . . . It is a fine opportunity to get practice in speaking, and we are doing our best to take advantage of it.

"Incidentally, we are in real missionary country and, boy, it is great! About five minutes' walk from our house is a public park. As parks go, it doesn't amount to anything; but it is a good place to gossip, so I frequently wander over that way. All I have to do is bring along a Chinese book and begin reading it. Ten seconds later I realize that someone is leaning over my shoulder. No; these Chinese are not at all bashful. I can



Father Joseph Couture, S.J., (in white), Canada's "First Pilot Priest," at Sand Point Indian Reserve, Lake Nipigon, Ontario. In 184 hours of flying, Father Couture visited all his missions this Summer.

Surely God loves the poor—for these were the poorest of the poor, fishermen who barely have enough to live on. And yet they have a source of happiness that money cannot buy. As I watched them, I could not but feel sad over the millions of Chinese that know nothing of our holy Faith.

"Most of the Christians spent the whole day around the shrine. That evening I went out to the church for a moment. It was dark, and the doors were already closed. There, kneeling before the closed doors was a Christian family chanting their rosary. They knew that closed doors did not hide them from Jesus. Along the canal the same beautiful devotion was manifest. Gathered together in their little boats which are also their home, the Christian families could be heard chanting their rosary. . . ."

\* \* \*

Writing further, Paul O'Brien, S.J., tells of the Summer he and George Dunne, S.J., spent at Sûchow:

do one of two things: freeze him with a wicked look, or engage him in conversation. Since I'm out for practice in speaking, I choose the latter.

"How's tricks?"  
"Okay," he answers, "And what is your noble name?"

"My vile name is Yin."

"And what is your noble country?"

"My country is U. S."

"And where is your palace?"

"My cottage is at the Church of God." (We are not bashful over here.)

"Impossible!" he replies. "You mean the Protestant church?"

"No; I don't mean the Protestant church. I mean the Catholic Church."

"And then I explain for the twenty-fifth time that all Americans are not Protestants, and that the Catholic Church is not a French church. The only Americans these people ever see are the Protestant missionaries, so that they have come to believe that all Americans are Protestants. And meanwhile, a crowd is collecting: be-

fore I have finished my lecture there are more than twenty listening and chiming in."

### JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Father Charles Eberle, S.J., of Highgate, is doing much to advertise the needs and the achievements of our missionaries in Jamaica by his news reports. From his last:

"Though Christmas time is different for a northerner because of the way it is celebrated here with fire crackers, dances, etc., yet at that period, it is beautiful to see all the Christmas flowers.

"One learns to detect the seasons, too. At first, it appears all one long Summer. But already I am beginning to look forward to the coming of the poinsettias. The trees and the flowers more or less indicate the seasons, but here at Highgate as the Winter comes on, I shall have to get out the blankets just as you do at home.

"My supply of holy pictures, medals and rosaries, etc., is nearly exhausted. If you have any at home and have no use for them, I would appreciate them here, especially the medals. I give a medal to every child I baptize and the mothers seem to like the idea.

"One big event did happen, which at



Sister Marie Teresa Chin, who has the honor of being the first Chinese to enter the native Sisters' Convent in Jamaica, B. W. I., September 8, 1933.

the time gave great promise, and which would have ensured the future of the Mission of St. Mary. It failed dismally, however, and one prefers to forget the unpleasant things in life. There is an old mansion on a hill near Highgate. From the first day I saw it, I dreamed of it as a convent and school for children. It was a dream only, and as such, I always thought of it. But the dream grew and grew and at last the day came when Reverend Mother came over from Kingston to look it over. It would have made this Mission. Reverend Mother fell in love with the place. Yet, for reasons which I will not mention here, it did not materialize. The 'Friends' have bought the place, and the dream proved only a dream, and I awoke to the hard realities of another day of breaking ground.

"But I never have entirely given up the idea of Sisters and a school. It seemed the Lord did not want this school here to begin on such a grand scale. Maybe, He'd rather have a humbler and more modest beginning. I was called to Port Antonio the other day on a sick call. Father Skelly was in Kingston. Spent the day in Port Antonio. It was on this Mission Father Patrick Mulry worked for years and I know he gave his all there, and yet never seemed to get anywhere. Now they have the Sisters there and two schools. A Catholic man told me that if you come in for the eight o'clock Mass at five to eight you will not get a seat. This change from Father Mulry's time, he assured me, has been brought about by the schools, since it has happened since the Sisters have come.

"The following Sunday I was in Port Maria. There was a handful at Mass. You can't imagine how discouraging it is to travel seventeen miles to say Mass for a handful. I took the Sunday School in the afternoon. There are seventy children on the role, and eighteen were present. The Anglicans were having a big celebration of some kind. Perhaps some were there.

"Last Fall this Mission was flourishing. But a certain Mrs. Thompson, who was responsible for it all, and a great worker, left town, and since—it has been going down, down. The choir is broken up, and I have no permanent organist. It has already been mentioned how essential music is. Perhaps it is all providential, who knows?

"Later, I found the wife of a Presbyterian Minister is opening a little school, and five of the children of the best Catholic families in the town are attending. They have no place else. I am told this lady has been quoted as saying that Catholics adore images.

"That was the last straw. Mind, all the while these people have been begging me to bring out Sisters and open a school. I started out for Kingston that night. Got to Highgate and was



Sister Francis Xavier Killian, of the Congregation of the Sisters of Mary of the Holy Cross, is the first American girl to go to the American Jesuit Mission of Patna, India. Her former home was in St. Louis, Mo.

told the roads were bad and so waited till morning. Yesterday, I saw the Reverend Mother, laid my case before her, and gave her my plans."

### PATNA, INDIA

Patna Mission, field of labor of the American Jesuits of the Chicago Province, is receiving a new group of missionaries to help carry on Christ's work among the pagans. The Sisters of Mercy of the Holy Cross have sent to India their first American missionary candidate, Sister Francis Xavier Killian, together with four Sisters from other European provinces. Coming from St. Louis five years ago, Sister Francis Xavier entered Holy Cross Convent at Merrill, Wisconsin. Though as yet the only American Sister in Patna, she will open the way for many others to follow, some of them even now awaiting the end of their probation period, and the time when the young American Procure will be able to send them out.

Fellow-workers already in Patna, are anxiously looking for missionaries ready to sacrifice all to win souls for God. The work grows by leaps and bounds. This last year a new group of twenty-four native Religious under the temporary guidance of the Holy Cross Sisters made first profession. This little Community, begun in 1925, promises to do much in establishing the reign of Christ in Patna, but new missionaries are needed to educate these natives that they in turn can the more easily spread the Gospel of love among their own, of whose customs, character and superstitions they have a sympathetic understanding.

Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., who is stationed at Chakni, writes to the boys of Loyola Academy, Chicago:

"Last night I was awakened at 1:00 A.M., by the mad barking of my dogs. As I gradually became conscious, I heard an angry hissing. Thinking it was a wild cat that had been killing some of my chickens, I pussy-footed along the porch and turned my flashlight on the scene of the trouble. I saw a large cobra poised in front of the dogs in striking position. I watched it for a minute but did not see it strike, possibly because there were two dogs and it was afraid to strike alone and thus give the other a chance to pounce upon it before it recovered.

"The hissing of this big cobra was about as hellish a sound as I have heard. I ran into the house and got a strong cane, then I came up behind Mr. Cobra and gave him a 'home run' swat on his uplifted neck. It was only then that I realized the size of the snake. I beat a hasty retreat and when I flashed the light back from a safe distance I saw that the cobra had at least been stunned. I'll send you the skin later on."

Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., writes from Gajhi, his mission among the Santals:

"I know you are interested in the women of the mission, so I'll put a chair for you just outside my door. To the left several groups of men and women are working; they seem as busy as ants; they are twenty-five Santal women and about ten Santal men making rice land for the mission.

"That hillside, all scarred with ravines and gullies, will be graded by them into a series of steps and the 'tread' of the steps will be rice land, while the 'rise' are the embankments

now being made. The water from the upper slopes is made to flow from step to step thus irrigating the fields.

"It may shock you to see women doing such work, but that is the custom out here. The men loosen the dirt with their pick-axes and fill the baskets. The women carry the baskets of mud and dump them on to the embankments. Scarcely any of the women are over twenty-five years of age. They are agile, strong and graceful. Carrying heavy loads on their heads has given them an erect carriage; traveling long distances over hilly country has given them endurance; daily work in the open air has kept them strong and healthy."

## IRAQ

Monsignor Enrico Pucci, Rome Correspondent of the N. C. W. C. News Service, has the following interesting information concerning the venture of the American Jesuits in Iraq:

"Mr. Oufi, a deputy of Baghdad, a Catholic and important personage of the Government of Iraq, told me many things that should dispel apprehension. He assured me that the Catholics of Iraq enjoy the utmost consideration. Not long ago he himself accompanied the Chaldean Catholic Patriarch, Monsignor Thomas, who is more than eighty years of age, to an audience with the late King, and the King went forward to meet him and embraced him, saying: 'You are the Father not only of the Christians, but also of the Mohammedans.' And that this is not a vain word is shown by the favors that the Christian community continually obtains from the civil authorities.

"Naturally, the great majority of the population is Mohammedan. Out of three millions of inhabitants there are 120,000 Jews and only 80,000 Catho-

lics; the non-Catholic Christians—those whose Patriarch has now been expelled—are barely two or three thousand. In the Parliament, at the side of eighty Mohammedan deputies, there are four Jewish deputies and four Christian, all Catholics, one for the district of Baghdad, two for Mosul, and one for Bassorah. The deputy for Baghdad is Mr. Oufi, who is also Director-General of the Treasury, and as such enjoys a position of the highest importance in the Government of Iraq, not only for the office he occupies, but also for his capabilities. He is regarded as the only person whose intelligence and competency qualify for a post of such vital and delicate importance.

"Mr. Oufi told me a world of good news about the activity of the missionaries in Iraq. He spoke especially of the college opened only a few months ago by American Jesuits at Baghdad. About two years ago, I myself saw Father Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., of Georgetown, when he was in Rome on his way to Iraq to lay plans for the founding of this college, and I have been delighted to learn from the lips of an authoritative citizen of Baghdad the result of that initiative.

"Mr. Oufi assures me that the college has been entirely successful and that the best families of the capital of Iraq—without regard to religious confession—already vie with one another in sending their sons to the school of the American Jesuits. Only secondary courses are at present available, but very many people have expressed the desire that a primary course should be established. However, this has not been done, so as to avoid the appearance of competing with the primary schools which have been established by other missionary communities."



The Faculty and students of Baghdad College, Iraq, conducted by the Fathers from the American Assistance of the Society of Jesus. Second row (left to right): Father Edward Madarus, Province of Chicago; Father William Rice, Rector, Province of New England; His Excellency, Magr. Drapier, Apostolic Delegate; Father J. Edward Coffey, Province of Maryland-New York, and Father John Mifflin, Province of California.

# Depression and the Eskimo

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

**W**E were three teams on the Yukon. All sleds were lightly loaded except mine, which, besides a guide, carried 194 pounds of personal aivoirdupois. Yes, I am still gaining, despite the gloomy forebodings of solicitous friends about my coming to Alaska, and I might add, despite the warnings of Holy Cross Sisters concerning my cooking. Yes, I say it with pride, not only Alaska, but my own cooking agrees with me. But to return to the trip on the Yukon.

My team began to lag behind. The dogs were beginning to feel the effects of the forty-mile jaunt we had taken that day. My two parishioners, Isak and Ephinkak, who were in the lead, suddenly stopped. One unharnessed dog and came running with it to my sled. "Father, you big fellow! My dog he help maybe little bit." Sure enough, I was able with the additional straining malemute to keep abreast my friends.

We had gone perhaps a mile when another halt was made. "You likum rabbit?" Ephinkak asked, pointing to a big arctic hare sitting unconcernedly near a group of noisy ptarmigans about a hundred yards away. "I likum dead and roasting," I answered smiling. Ephinkak hastily drew a bead on the rabbit and fired. The hare merely flicked an ear. "I likum dead, too," wickedly remarked Isak over his shoulder, winking at me. Again a shot rang out, and this time both ears flicked to the ground and stayed there. An arctic hare is a big fellow and would make a toothsome supper for at least three. With fifteen or twenty of their skins you can make a robe that will resist any cold.



The author, just in off the missionary trail, when the thermometer registered at least thirty below zero.

**O**FF again we sped, leaving Ephinkak behind to recover his rabbit on snowshoes. Hardly had our abandoned friend caught up with us when a new stop was made. This time not a word was spoken. High up on the hill that banked the Yukon was sitting a wary black fox. Isak quickly got out his 30-30, slipped on a pair of snow-shoes and cautiously moved forward for about twenty-five yards. He then slowly leveled his rifle on the best of Alaska's furs, a Cross-fox. The high powered bullet smacked against the rocky bank and ricocheted back over our heads, but Mr. Fox was free and gone. No two shots here. Fifty dollars, maybe a hundred, had slipped out of Isak's hands. Was he mad? Far  
(Turn to page 268)



Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., missionary of Mountain Village, Alaska, pauses for a snapshot along the Yukon Trail.

# Christmas in Haimen

Edouard  
Coté, S.J.

**C**HRISTMAS in China, as elsewhere, carries with it much joy and consolation for the Christians. As Secretary to Right Reverend Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J., of Haimen, I had the pleasure of accompanying him for the Christmas Mass at the Mission of Seng-Mou-dang. By noon-time on December 24, the Bishop, in a palanquin, had reached the mission. His catechist and I covered the nine-mile trail from headquarters to the Mission on wheelbar-



*Not a picture of the author, but of the mode of travel used by himself and his catechist. The wheelbarrow, he says, is the "unsurpassed apparatus for registering all the bumps on the road."*

rows—unsurpassed apparatus for registering all the bumps on the road. As we approached the Mission, we could hear the church bells pealing forth their joyful message. Soon the school boys, carrying banners fastened to long bamboo poles, came to meet us. Then the procession was formed, led by buglers and drummers, and we entered the mission compound in triumph. Of course, there was the usual explosion of firecrackers, the essential accompaniment of every feast among the Chinese, in which noise is quite essential.

When we had all gathered in the church, the Bishop knelt before the altar for a short prayer and then turned to bless the people. The usual humble appearance of the little church was that day hidden under artificial flowers made by the school girls and three native nuns. There was a Crib, too, all done up in green paper. It is true, that one had to use one's imagination a bit, for the figures of the Blessed Virgin and St. Joseph were mere paper pasted on thin pasteboard.

As the day wore on, the Christians came in from all districts. Though there was no snow on the ground, the

weather was cold and so the people were wrapped in their cotton clothes. Far ahead of the hour for midnight Mass, the little church was overcrowded with people. The good native priest and missionary of the place, Father Ignatius Kiong, says that what he needs is a church that will accommodate two thousand people in place of the one he has now that can conveniently seat only two hundred.

At the stroke of midnight, the main doors of the church were thrown wide open and the procession of school girls, led by four little angels carrying the Infant Savior on their shoulders, marched up the main aisle. As they placed the Infant King in the Crib, Christmas hymns were sung in Chinese.

## To St. Francis Xavier

WILLIAM A. DONAGHY, S.J.

Hail noblest product of Loyola's art,  
His masterpiece of saintcraft. At the birth  
Of your apostleship he fired your heart  
With zeal,—as fuel, showing you the earth.  
Divinely thirsting, scorning time and space,  
A meteor of love, you swiftly burned  
Across the skies, a sign to every race  
To seek the Babe for Whom the ages yearned.

Hail husbandman, you sowed the mustard seed,  
And warmed its sprouting with the sun of faith;  
You hoed and harrowed with a holy greed,  
Wetting with tears and blood the sterile soil.  
Nor did you fear the thunder nor the blight  
Of emperors' anger. With your eyes on God,  
Striving by day and praying through the night,  
You wrenched a harvest from a sunless sod!

**B**ISHOP TSU in his beautiful vestments ascended the altar and the Mass of the Nativity began. The Christians were praying loudly, as is their custom here in China. During the short sermon of the Mass, the Bishop told his people of the joy that that night brought to China and especially to themselves and to their homes. "Judging from the choice of the Holy  
(Turn to page 268)

## THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 246)

you, to wish you "Merry Christmas." But I want you to know that I am happy—happy because of you, happy because of God, happy because of this great land of the Filipinos.

Yesterday I sent my Christmas greetings to God in this way. A sharp ring of the bell summoned me to the door of our convento where I found a mother carrying a three weeks' old child, "wraapt in swaddling clothes." "Padre," she said, "Bunyag," "Baptism." I took a look at the tot who was thus knocking at the portal of the realm of Christ, and I realized at once that I must be quick to throw open the doors. "Come, come!" I hastened to the baptistry, put on a stole, and without more ado poured the saving waters over the head of the child who was dying. Then I took my time in supplying the ceremonies as prescribed by the Church. After that I got out the big book to make the record of the Baptism, and as I wrote down the newly-given name, Gregoriana Go, the angels marked the same in letters of gold in another register. Gregoriana gave a deep sigh as if of weariness and relief—and her mother carried home a corpse. God had one more angel to sing "Gloria in Excelsis," and, perhaps, too, she will whisper the name of the Padre who sent her as his greetings to the heavenly Bethlehem.

AND now I have one more greeting to give—to the Filipino people. I will give it early, very early Christmas morning at Ipoonan, a barrio 'way off the road, where hearts are simple and life untrammelled by many necessities. After that I shall give it again in the hospital of Cagayan that sick souls might consult the Physician on Christmas morning. The third Mass of greeting I shall say at Opol, a sad barrio where only a few know the real sweetness of the Christmas King because schism and heresy have cut off the village from the sound of the angels' voices and the true tidings of great joy. Into each of these three Masses the names of my friends in America will creep;

and as I bring the Infant Babe to the new mangers of Philippine barrio altars, each of you, dear friends, like the shepherds, like Joseph and Mary of old, will be standing by, because my thought of you and love for you have put you there. May the Infant God say to you, as I say sincerely, "Merry Christmas!"

## PASSAGE FORT

(Continued from page 247)

the chapel, the children sang a hymn, and then Father distributed a few holy pictures. A few minutes later, surrounded on all sides by "picknies," we slowly made our way back to Spanish Town with the cries of, "Mornin' Fadder!" still ringing in our ears.

ON the way home, Father informed me that this settlement of eight hundred inhabitants boasted of less than a hundred Catholics. He had discovered this little settlement but a year ago. I could not help but wonder and marvel at this bit of news, because I knew that Father not only had his own church and school at Spanish Town, that he looked after the spiritual needs of the poor, the prisoners and the lepers, but that he also gave his time to his other missions at Port Henderson, Gregory Park and Old Harbor. Yet, burdened as he was with these missions, his unbounded zeal had sought out this little settlement of Passage Fort which I have just described. Much time, much labor, much financial help is needed to swell the number of Catholics in this settlement, but relying on God and his good friends, Father hopes one day to boast of a settlement, all Catholic.

## CANADA'S PILOT PRIEST

(Continued from page 248)

to be both pilot and mechanic of his own machine and to fly back alone into his missions.

The plane's rhythmic roar, so musical to the mechanic's ear, still reverberated among the dwellings of Hearst, when Father Lambert, the Bishop's Secretary, was seen speeding along the bush-road in his car towards Lake Sainte Thérèse, some eight miles distant, where the missionary's seaplane would soon

alight. Bishop Hallé sent word to postpone the evening repast for a while, and arranged a place of honor for Canada's first missionary pilot priest.

ON the morrow, Sunday, June 18, practically everyone in the district, perhaps a thousand people, was assembled at Lake Sainte Thérèse for the official blessing of the plane, which had earlier been announced during the Mass. Bishop Hallé, fully robed, wearing the mitre and carrying the crozier, and assisted by four priests in surplices, Father Zoël Lambert, Father Couture, Father Anthony Brosseau, the parish priest, and Father Alphonse Corriveau from a neighboring parish, solemnly read from the Ritual the new special blessing for aeroplanes, wherein the Church, in a triple prayer, not only dedicates the aircraft to the furtherance of God's honor and glory and to the spiritual and temporal benefit of mankind, but also most fittingly places the aeroplane under the guardianship and patronage of Our Lady.

The Bishop, reserving to himself the preaching of a panegyric, spoke with deep feeling. Father Couture's sermon was demonstrative of his faith in God's protection and his confidence in the patronage of Our Lady. He had christened his plane the "Santa Maria," and thus placed it under the protection of the Queen of Heaven.

Father Couture, having first paid his respects to his Bishop and received from him a paternal blessing, could now take his leave and fly northward to his beloved Ojibway Indians, on the banks of the Albany River and on the shores of Ontario's myriad lakes.

## MINDANAO CATECHISTS

(Continued from page 249)

along a primitive road in a hired and tired Chevrolet in the company of Father Provincial and of receiving the greetings and latest news from those teaching at my catechism centers or helping the good work. As we progressed along the highway, known, before and after, as the Provincial Road,—our only road—I felt like the fabled master

(Turn to page 268)

# BOOK REVIEWS

**Voodoo and Obeahs.** By Joseph J. Williams, S.J. Lincoln MacVeagh: The Dial Press, New York, N. Y. Price \$3.00.

To the superficial reader, this book may appear to be a witch's cauldron, filled with poisonous drugs, pounded glass, parrots' beaks, dogs' teeth, wisps of hair, egg shells and scales of alligators, sans purpose and sans all apostolic value. Yet, "Voodoo and Obeahs" is a most valuable contribution in which Father Williams, whose fellowships are vouchers for his scientific mind, defines and classifies for future students the dominant phases of West Indian witchcraft. As if with a magic wand, the author draws from his Pandora's box for the entertainment of his audience, voodooes and obeahs, myalism and mystic rites, duppies by day and duppies by night, pirates and folk lore, shadow chasers and imps, pythons and downright devil worship. Before they retire, each is introduced and its genesis explained. Of more value, however, than scientific data for the mere sake of scientific data is his priestly conclusion that Pocomanism and Bedfordism in Jamaica, B. W. I., together with the native Methodist and Baptist revivals are only a corruption or a recrudescence of earlier superstitions and that the serpent "is no longer worshipped. Our contention, too, is that it was never worshipped. It was merely venerated as a depository of some spiritual entity, not even itself divine but only an intermediary to the Divine Being who is ultimately and alone worshipped." The nature of the divinity so worshipped will be discussed by Father Williams in another volume.

**Religion and Leadership.** By Daniel A. Lord, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Company, Chicago, Milwaukee, New York. Price \$1.50.

Both in its general plan and in its detailed outline development as well as in the thought content and the format, the book is an exemplary modern instance of Augustine's eulogy of the Faith "forever ancient and forever new." Undoubtedly, it embodies that psychological approach to the study of religion for which our Catholic youth has been groping so long in the uninspiring formulas of catechetical questions and answers. As on a cinema screen the vital truths of time and of eternity are presented to the student and held in focus until they scintillate with the inspiration of their inner goodness, beauty and truth. Topics treated include: Why a Catho-

lic College? Qualities expected of a Catholic college student or any Catholic leader, namely, Faith, A Shining Example, Use of Opportunities, Honor and Honesty, Comradeship; The Mass; The Church and History; The Church and the Present; The Church as Christ's Representative; The Catholic Faith as the Working System of Life; Loyalty to the Person of Jesus Christ; A Holy Mother; Purity; The Use of Confession; Priestly Consultation; Prayer and Catholic Action. Discussion, like a revealing lens, brightens up the shadows and sharpens the student's vision, which is further aided by a select, available and adequate list of suggested readings. The book is pre-eminently like the sacraments, a work *propter homines*, a contact with life here and hereafter ever practical and ever true. It is a frank, reasonable, uncompromising, challenging presentation of moral truth for which the world is waiting and which can only be provided by Catholic leadership.

**The Catholic Church and the Modern Mind.** By Bakewell Morrison, S.J. The Bruce Publishing Company, New York, Milwaukee, Chicago. Price \$2.00.

This second volume of the series, presents in a complete and satisfying degree the modern life-like appeal of "Religion and Leadership." In the Foreword, the author writes his own review when he says: "It is a text designated for sophomore students... and shows them more explicitly how to appreciate, savor and defend their Faith in an intelligent manner. The book will make a real demand upon the intelligence of the student." Witness the contents: Is one Religion as Good as Another? What is the State of Religion in this Country Today? Is the Catholic Position Incompatible With the Modern Mind? How Did the World Come to Reject Catholicism, though Catholicism Was Once in Unchallenged Possession of Europe? What Is Revelation? The Existence of God? What Is Man? Miracles? Are There Records Which Show That God Has Spoken to Man? Who Is Jesus Christ? Did Christ Personally Transmit His Authority to an Infallible Teaching Church? Real problems, embarrassing questions, sensitive religious sore spots which will always be with us and which, to the non-Catholic world, may seem to be incurable, are treated pathologically. They have their history taken, are observed at length, are X-rayed, and then diagnosed and treated with the

good medicine of Catholicism. Our capable surgeon-author is well aware that the world of which he treats is no "straw patient" and that it can only be restored to health by the proper food of Catholic philosophy, the proper atmosphere of Catholic education and the proper exercise of Catholic leadership. The lists of suggested readings appended to each chapter are admirable, apologetic compilations as well as an idealistic portrait of the modern mind.

**Franciscan Schools of the Custody of the Holy Land, Together with Other Franciscan Schools in the Near East.** St. Saviour's Convent, Jerusalem.

This booklet deals entirely with the educational work being carried on among the poor and destitute children of the Holy Land missions in Palestine, Syria, Cyprus and Egypt. The list of schools and convents maintained by the Franciscan Custody of the Holy Land, together with the attractive photographs will, undoubtedly, win support from American readers for the land once trod by Jesus, Mary and Joseph.

**A Plea for Three Beautiful Customs.** By Rev. W. H. Walsh, S.J. The Boy Saviour Movement, 986 Park Ave., New York, N. Y. Price ten cents per copy; fifteen cents by mail.

Father Walsh pleads formally for the return, first, of the beautiful old classic form of address to our Lord in the Second Person singular, secondly, for the Bow of Reverence at the mention of the Holy Name of Jesus, and, thirdly, for the Bow of Adoration at the Consecration and Benediction. However, reverence in all its majesty is the ultimate object of the Reverend Author who is in his own person such an exquisite exemplar for his propaganda. May this pamphlet be scattered far and wide and take fruitful rest in the hearts of young America.

**Rosary Novenas to Our Lady.** By Charles V. Lacey, Benziger Brothers, New York, N. Y. Price fifteen cents per copy.

A vest-pocket manual explaining the Novena of the Rosary which consists in reciting five decades of the Rosary each day for twenty-seven days "in petition," and then immediately, five decades each day for twenty-seven days "in thanksgiving," whether or not the request has been granted. The suggestions should end the mere mechanical recitation of the Holy Rosary.

**Creed, Confitour.** By Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. The America Press, 461 Eighth Ave., New York, N. Y. Price thirty cents per copy.

That the Creed and the Confitour may not be for our Catholic faithful archaic formulas of words whose meaning has long been atrophied by disuse, and that their recitation may be rendered more intelligent than the mechanical revolutions of a pagan prayer wheel, that in the Creed, Catholics may profess their faith in the mysteries of Faith, and that in the Confitour they may humble themselves with salutary spirit before the whole celestial court, we earnestly recommend this fourth booklet in the "Let Us Pray" series by Father Francis P. LeBuffe, S.J. It is a compendium of the Faith, a reserve of spiritual sustenance that shall vivify afresh the will, the mind and the affections, and in its technique offer to a world estranged from its God, either by excessive formalism or criminal neglect, what will be to many a new and infallible code of conversation with their Maker, namely, the Second Method of Prayer as explained by the author in his Preface.

#### MINDANAO CATECHISTS

(Continued from page 266)

of Puss-in-Boots, whose faithful cat had prepared a royal welcome along the line of march. Of course, my every trip over this road is marked by a continual exchange of greetings, especially from the children who hail and wave to me even from afar. So, it may be that in receiving praise we are merely the victims of circumstances.

#### BRAZIL'S JAPANESE

(Continued from page 253)

think that she was going to have a black sponsor. We tried to explain to the little girl that it was just the word and not the person, and that the lady's name was Lopreto but that she was not preto. When someone wanted to take the little girl and show her the sponsor and prove that she was not black, the little girl fled in horror and didn't want to be baptized at all.

#### DEPRESSION AND THE ESKIMO

(Continued from page 264)

from it! He laughed, so did we all. It was an incident quickly to be forgotten with the next victim not so wary.

Such is life on the trail in Eskimo

land. It is simple and care free. The fur market may drop fifty per cent—*chanretok*—that's all right. Fish still run in the river. In Summer, king and silver salmon are turned up by the fish wheels; in Winter, white and black fish are caught by the nets. Seal always haunts the sea, affording boot-ware, food and oil for the lamps. Reindeer roam the hills in herds from one thousand to five. Rabbit and ptarmigans can be caught even by the women and children in cleverly made snares. In the Spring a change of diet is made to ducks and geese. In the Fall, berries—blue, black and red,—are gathered by young and old on vast and happy excursions into the hills.

The Eskimo knows his country, lives off of it, and loves it. He has no radio to shatter the happy and peaceful flow of his conversation. He has no false economical standard to maintain, no rent to pay, no fuel to buy, no fashions to obey, no income tax to worry over, no laws to follow except those enjoined by his Maker. He is poor, but so is everybody up here. Having nothing to lose, the depression affects him but little. His poverty never leads him to suicide, nor does his lack of education reduce him to atheism. His philosophy of life is not found in ungodly books; rather it is based on the immaculate beauty of his snow-white mountains and the streaming splendor of his northern lights.

It is true that the men sometimes gamble for bullets, the women for beans. The men sometimes get drunk on sourdough, the women gossip, but there are never any fistic battles. Men and boys have rifles for every kind of game, but murder is undreamt of. The native shivers from the merciless cold in Winter; he is mosquito bitten in Summer; but with it all he is happy, for he is the most peaceful of the children of men.

#### CHRISTMAS IN HAIMEN

(Continued from page 265)

Child," he said, "He delights to be your Friend and to be at home in your straw huts, because Bethlehem is so very much like your homes."

The majority of those present

approached the Holy Table to receive the new-born Savior into their hearts. At the close of Mass, all the mothers hastened with their children to visit the Crib. As they filed out of the church, one could see that they were filled with the peace of Christmas. There was a jolly chattering for a few moments, as friends met to greet friends, and then the various groups prepared to depart for their different villages. The creaking of the wheelbarrows broke the silence of the night as the people scattered to their villages under the brightness of the stars revealing the glory of God.

#### Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

##### Gifts for the Missions

|                              |         |
|------------------------------|---------|
| J. H. A., New York, N. Y.    | \$10.00 |
| J. M., Chestnut Hill, Mass.  | 1.00    |
| Anonymous, Boston, Mass.     | 1.00    |
| M. E. O'R., Woodhaven, N. Y. | 1.00    |
| M. D., Montclair, N. J.      | 1.00    |

For Father Reith, S.J.

|                                  |       |
|----------------------------------|-------|
| Mrs. J. J. F., Mt. Vernon, N. Y. | 25.00 |
| R. E. M., Mobile, Ala.           | 10.00 |
| E. J. D., Philadelphia, Pa.      | 10.00 |
| B. M. S., Montclair, N. J.       | 10.00 |
| D. E. C., New York, N. Y.        | 10.00 |
| Mrs. B. H., Rye, N. Y.           | 5.00  |
| C. O'H., Cuddey, Wis.            | 5.00  |
| G. D., Philadelphia, Pa.         | 1.00  |
| C. M. K., New York, N. Y.        | 1.00  |
| H. L., New York, N. Y.           | 1.00  |
| E. I. C., Chicago, Ill.          | 1.00  |
| L., New York, N. Y.              | 1.00  |

For Chinese Babies

|                            |       |
|----------------------------|-------|
| M. O'K., Manchester, Mass. | 50.00 |
|----------------------------|-------|

For Father F. Douvan, S.J.

|                                   |       |
|-----------------------------------|-------|
| R. G. B., Long Island City, N. Y. | 25.00 |
|-----------------------------------|-------|

For Father McNulty, S.J.

|                               |       |
|-------------------------------|-------|
| B. K. D., Mt. Vernon, N. Y.   | 10.00 |
| R. T. McS., Philadelphia, Pa. | 5.00  |
| E. J. M., Philadelphia Pa.    | 1.00  |

For Father Kilian, S.J.

|                             |       |
|-----------------------------|-------|
| J. L. S., Dorchester, Mass. | 10.00 |
|-----------------------------|-------|

For Philipines

|                            |      |
|----------------------------|------|
| Anonymous, New York, N. Y. | 5.00 |
| A. C. D., New York, N. Y.  | 4.00 |

For Father Rjsecker, S.J.

|                                  |      |
|----------------------------------|------|
| A. S., Buffalo, N. Y.            | 5.00 |
| Rev. H. W., S.J., Buffalo, N. Y. | 1.00 |

For Alaska Mission

|                            |      |
|----------------------------|------|
| C. M. Y., New Orleans, La. | 5.00 |
|----------------------------|------|

For Father E. J. Cunningham, S.J.

|                           |      |
|---------------------------|------|
| S. S. M., New York, N. Y. | 1.00 |
|---------------------------|------|

For India Mission

|                                    |      |
|------------------------------------|------|
| Via Rev. P., S.J., El Paso, Texas. | 3.41 |
|------------------------------------|------|

Gratitude is also expressed for five hundred and eight Mass Stipends.

# MY MISSIONS

for 1934

A combined mission atlas and calendar of convenient size, 34x22 inches, which tells at a glance

- the geography of the missions
- the number of missionary workers
- the feasts and fasts of the year
- the Catholic and total population

for  
MISSION UNITS  
CONVENTS  
SCHOOLS



Prices—postpaid—Single copies, 50c.—Six copies, \$2.75—Twelve copies, \$5  
JESUIT MISSION PRESS - 257 Fourth Avenue - New York, N. Y.

## For Your Library—Volume VII—1933 JESUIT MISSIONS

Bound in heavy red cloth, lettered in gold  
\$3.00 per volume

JESUIT MISSION PRESS 257 Fourth Avenue New York, N. Y.

Advertising  
the  
**Catholic Church** A  
TIMELY PAMPHLET  
5 cents a copy  
\$4.00 per hundred  
JESUIT MISSION PRESS  
257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

## PAMPHLETS

that foster a mission spirit.

- |  |                                    |
|--|------------------------------------|
| Pius XI, Pope of the Missions                  | Squire of Christ —St. John Lalonde |
| The Philippines, Isles of Gold                 | A Shepherd Staunch                 |
| Novena of Grace —St. Francis Xavier            | —St. Anthony Daniel                |
| The Giant of God —St. John Breubel             | Out of the Northland               |
| The White-Robed Blackrobe                      | William Stanton of Belize          |
| —St. Isaac Jogues                              | The Boys Who Wouldn't Die          |
| A Novena to the Martyr Saints of North America | The Story Wonderful                |
| Surgeon and Saint —St. Rene Goupil             | A Boy and a Girl                   |
|  | Avelino                            |

These fifteen pamphlets for \$1.00 Postpaid

JESUIT MISSION PRESS - 257 Fourth Avenue - New York, N. Y.

WEIGH  
THE  
FACTS . . . and

## GO EMPRESS



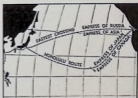
**Fact No. 1 . . .** The "Empress" fleet is the largest-ship-fastest-ship fleet.

**Fact No. 2 . . .** Fares are extremely low, First and Tourist Class.

**Fact No. 3 . . .** You save time by going on an "Empress" ship. Empress of Japan (largest, fastest liner on the Pacific) and Empress of Canada reach Honolulu in 5 days . . . Yokohama in 8 more! Empress of Asia and Empress of Russia take the *Direct Express Route* . . . and make Yokohama in 10 days flat!

**GO EMPRESS to Honolulu, Yokohama, Kobe, Nagasaki, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Manila**

All sailings from Vancouver and Victoria. Fast, convenient trains direct to ship-side at Vancouver. Orient fares include passage from Seattle. Reduced round-trip fares. Information from any Canadian Pacific agent: New York, Chicago, San Francisco, Montreal, Vancouver and 30 other cities in U.S. and Canada.



JAPAN · CHINA · MANILA

# ORIENT

CANADIAN PACIFIC

Christmas Gifts at Gift Prices

# BOOKS of Action of Catholic Action

IN XAVIER LANDS

MANGLED HANDS—*The Story of the New York Martyrs*

WHERE MONKEYS SWING

MISSISSIPPI'S BLACKROBE—*Father Marquette*

By Neil Boyton, S.J.

Price \$1.25 each

THE PADRE OF THE PRESS

*Recollections of the intrepid Philippine Missionary John J. Monahan, S.J.*

By Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

Price \$1.50

MIGUEL AUGUSTIN PRO of the Society of Jesus

*Done to death in Mexico City, November 23, 1927*

By Anthony Dragon, S.J.

Price \$1.50

Any four of the above books may be purchased for \$4.75

THE JESUIT MARTYRS OF NORTH AMERICA

By John J. Wynne, S.J.

Price \$1.50

GOD'S JESTER—*The Story of Father Pro, S.J.*

By Mrs. George Norman

Price \$2.00

ISAAC JOGUES, MISSIONER AND MARTYR

By Martin J. Scott, S.J.

Price \$2.00

A HISTORY OF THE CATHOLIC CHURCH  
IN JAMAICA, B.W.I.

By Francis X. Delany, S.J.

Price \$2.50

Any three of the above books may be purchased for \$5.00

MUSH, YOU MALEMUTES!

By Bernard R. Hubbard, S.J.

Price \$3.00, by post \$3.20

JESUIT MISSION PRESS

257 FOURTH AVENUE

NEW YORK, N. Y.