

Jesuit Missions

December, 1935

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IN JESUIT MISSIONS - PEACE TO MEN OF GOOD WILL

The Philippine Islands, a foreign-home mission comprising a large portion of the Island of Mindanao in the dioceses of Zamboanga and Cagayan, the leper colonies of Culion and Cebu, and educational work in Manila; and Missions in Southern Maryland for Negroes are entrusted to the Jesuits of the Maryland-New York Province which comprises the Middle Atlantic States. The Province Mission Procurator is

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

American Indian Missions in Wyoming and South Dakota; and British Honduras, a foreign mission in Central America amongst the Caribs and Maya Indians, are cared for by the Jesuits of the mid-western States that comprise the Missouri Province. This Province also cares for four Negro Missions: three in Missouri, in or near St. Louis, and one in Omaha, Nebraska. For these missions the Province Mission Procurator is

REV. WILLIAM J. WALLACE, S.J.
221 N. Grand Boulevard, St. Louis, Mo.

When the world lay in darkness, and all nations were steeped in sin and the vices of paganism, God gave us His Son, Mary gave us her Babe that there may be peace on earth to men of good will.

Today, when more than 11,000,000,000 people still know not God and that His Son came to save them, the American Jesuit missionaries have given themselves and are giving their lives to further the work for which Jesus Christ was born. Far from friends, deprived of the comforts of life, harassed by financial worries which gifts from friends can alleviate, turning night into day that progress against paganism may not be arrested, they are giving their best efforts that there may be peace on earth to men of good will.



We all know it is more blessed to give than to receive. But what have we given that there may be peace on earth to men of good will? Can't we try to give as God gave? as Mary gave? Can't we give as the missionaries have given?

At this holy season is it unreasonable to ask that you give to the missionaries who have given themselves that there may be peace on earth to men of good will? You are not asked to give yourself, but of your substance. Will you give some money gift, however small; or an offering for Masses to the American Jesuit missionaries? Please send your gift to one of the addresses on this page with the note—"For the missionaries, that there may be peace on earth to men of good will."

Jamaica, B. W. I., an island in the Caribbean lying south of Cuba, is the field of foreign missionary labors of the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. Educational work at Baghdad College in the capital of the Kingdom of Iraq, is entrusted to Jesuits from each of the American Provinces, but this work is administered by the New England Province of the Society of Jesus. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. GEORGE M. MURPHY, S.J.
Boston College, Chestnut Hill, Mass.

Patna is the foreign mission in Northern India administered by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province, which is made up of the States of Illinois (northern part), Indiana, Kentucky, Michigan and Ohio. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. LEON A. FOSTER, S.J.
1076 West Roosevelt Road, Chicago, Ill.

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.
Holy Cross, Alaska

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. WILLIAM J. DEENEY, S.J.
Sacred Heart Novitiate, Los Gatos, Calif.

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. JEAN LAPEYRE, S.J.
4133 Banks St., New Orleans, La.

Canadian Indian Missions along Lake Huron and Georgian Bay; north of Lake Superior; and along the Albany River are cared for by the Jesuits of Upper Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. FRANCIS C. SMITH, S.J.
160 Wellesley Crescent, Toronto, Canada

Süchow Mission, China, and Canadian Indian Missions at Caughnawaga, near Montreal, are in charge of the Jesuits of Lower Canada. The Province Mission Procurator is

REV. LOUIS J. LAVOIE, S.J.
Case postale 611, Quebec, Canada

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

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NEW YORK, N. Y.



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

Christmas with the Sioux

Placidus F. Sialm, S.J.

AS the holy season of Christ's birth is drawing near again, let me tell you of Christmas, 1934, in my mission stations in Holy Rosary Mission territory among the Sioux of South Dakota. On my Christmas trip around my eight missions I traveled nearly five hundred miles and used almost forty gallons of gas. Thanks to the generosity of friends of the missions, I had an abundance of inexpensive gifts and toys to give to my poor Indians. The people were most anxious to go to the sacraments. We priests heard many confessions before Christmas Midnight Mass.

On Saturday, December 22, I went to my furthest mission, St. Cecilia's, seventy-three miles out, to have my first Christmas. My old friend, John Apple, had put up a nice tree and fixed up the Crib beautifully. His wife is my organist, and she and her daughter are good singers. After Mass, all enjoyed the Christmas tree and the toys which had been arranged in the basement.

The next day, December 23, the second Christmas was in St. Sophie's Chapel for the Three Mile Creek people—a fine large crowd. December 24, I decorated my little chapel in Kyle. Some children helped me and it looked real Christmas-like in that old low and poor chapel. This is my central mission with a consolidated school,—three buses bringing in one hundred and fifty children. I wanted the Catholic children all to come to my new hall for the Christmas tree on Christmas Day afternoon. All preparations were made. Then after supper I ran down to St. Stephen's Church, eight miles, to hear confession till 9:00 o'clock. Then I came to Kyle and took my catechist and ran out to St. Henry's Church for Midnight Mass. These good people kept me busy hearing confessions till midnight. It was the first time in the history of their church that they had Midnight Mass. At 3:00 A.M., I returned to Kyle to rest till the second Mass at 8:00 A.M., which was a High Mass. I have a very good organist, Mrs. Cecilia Montgomery, and some good singers who sang the Guardian Angel Mass in two voices. The little church was well filled. For the third Mass I ran down to St. Stephen's and had a good crowd of people for Mass and Communion and Benediction.

MY catechist then invited me for a quick dinner. I had to hurry back to Kyle for the Christmas Tree celebration for all the school children of the district. Very bitter cold weather set in and many could not come. Two trucks which I had engaged to bring the children



A 1935 First Holy Communion Class, Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota. Center (left), Father Daniel B. McNamara, S.J., Superior of the Mission, and Father Placidus F. Sialm, S.J.

could not be started. Out here cars and trucks are kept outdoors. Two cars were able to run, however, and brought in quite a few children. Grownup Indians can face any cold weather. So the hall was well packed and a dinner with real buffalo meat was served to all. Then the Christmas program came and the distribution of gifts till dark, when I brought some children to their homes.

It was in this last performance that I caught a bad cold and got crippled up with lumbago for the next week. Yet, there is no rest for sinners. The next morning I had to go to Stephen's (being St. Stephen's Day) for a new celebration till afternoon. My catechist helped me to get to St. Barbara's Church, and on that evening we had a glorious Christmas down there from 5:00 P.M., till 11:30 P.M. The playing and singing and reciting were endless. Then a supper with buffalo meat was served and then all got their gifts. Next morning we had Mass and Communion before returning to Kyle. So I was through with my six chapels in that district.

But some families up in the woods of Medicine Root did not come on Christmas because the weather was too cold. So I went up there and had a seventh Christmas night in the chief's house. He is not Catholic, but he invited me to come every month and have services in his own house, because there is no chapel in that locality.

YET there were two more missions to visit: St. Anthony's in Slim Butte and St. Ann's in the Colored Hills. I visited them on Sunday and on New Year's, still handing out Christmas gifts and toys to all.

Oh yes, my traveling Crib! This year it made its twentieth round trip to the missions in South Dakota. In every chapel, the Indians all come up and put their offering at the feet of the Christ Child. This year I collected ten dollars and forty-five cents for the heathen children in foreign lands. Some years ago I collected a sum of twenty-seven dollars for the Holy Childhood Society with this Crib method.

St. Paul Had a Picnic James F. Kearney, S.J.

WHAT do missionaries talk about when they get together?

It was my privilege during the past Summer to give a couple of retreats in the interior of China to Irish and American missionaries who for daily bread have grown accustomed to "eat misery," as the Chinese put it. What did they talk about when they came together for recreation? Naturally, of what was uppermost in their minds: of flooded mission fields and water eight or ten feet deep in mission centers, of bandits and Reds, of catechumens who in parts are swarming by the thousands to the Church, of the cholera, and the famine that Winter will bring.

When this Summer's floods, which rendered some 12,000,000 Chinese homeless, burst without warning upon them, some pastors, using the parish house as a Noah's ark, climbed with scores of parishioners from story to story and finally onto the roof. All nearby house-tops were likewise inhabited, till many broke with the weight, and human beings were swirled with pigs and chickens to death in the pitiless waters. One such roof-top shepherd prayed to Matt Talbot for aid from the raging flood, and he and his flock were rescued by a passing boat a minute before the roof collapsed. One Chinese had his donkey on his roof with his family. As rescue work was slow, a Hankow bishop offered a dollar for every person rescued. Fishermen left off their ordinary fishing to become fishers of men. The bishop was out three hundred dollars the next day. There was talk of a town of 100,000, the inhabitants of which had been repeatedly offered the Gospel, but less than a dozen had welcomed the offer; a wall of water thirty feet high, with a roar that made Christians within miles of the place think it was the end of the world, thundered down upon them utterly without warning when a dyke collapsed at midnight, and engulfed them, walls, houses and all. For days the report was, a total loss; later reports would seem to indicate that the ten just men had saved at least part of the city's inhabitants.

THE problem of flood relief, said the missionaries, would be staggering in its proportions, and funds were lower than ever before. Fortunately, the Chinese are patience personified in the midst of calamity, and accept the ruin of all they had with stoic good humor. It takes more than a mere flood to worry a peasant. But the Winter and famine will swoop down on them with even more destructive force than the waters, and when all the berries and roots are gone they will die like flies. These missionaries admitted that the 1931 catastrophe



Altar boys of Zi-ka-wei Orphanage, Shanghai. Chinese conception of Bethlehem's crib.

accounted for some 30,000 catechumens in one district; priests then went out to refugee camps, crawling in under mat sheds to heal the sick and baptize the dying, and though Protestant missionaries likewise did heroic work, the credit seems, strangely enough, to have been given by the Chinese entirely to the *Shenfoo*. Hence the Catholic catechumens have been swarming, those of the Protestants are no fuller than usual. There's no justice in this life!

Most of these Fathers had been forced time and again to hide from bandits, some of them had been beaten and robbed, others had learned with sinking hearts of the brutal killing of nearby fellow priests. "You can't trust the modern bandit as you could in the good old days," sighed one veteran missionary.

STORIES of the Reds, though most thrilling, were not front page news this year, for one Vicariate in Kiang-si, which for a long time had been overrun with that Soviet plague, was liberated a year ago when Chiang Kai-Shek built military roads all through the province and sent a well trained army of over half a million men down to drive them out. The Fathers were able to regain their advanced posts when the huge Red mass departed on one of the most astounding military marches in history, far more lengthy and far better organized than Xenophon's famous little trek, across three Chinese provinces almost to the Russian border, leaving desolation in their wake. One of these priests had been a captive in the Red Army for months, his life in danger at every hour of the day and night. He told of his prison, where fifty men and women held for ransom were thrown in together, so crowded that there was scarcely room to move about,

so filthy that the vermin swarmed on all save him; of how his own little corner was curtained off politely from the rest by one friendly guard whom he hopes to meet in Heaven; of how the Reds used to come into this prison to preach their doctrine and force the inmates to sing the Internationale; of how death swept often through the pest-hole; and of how his own stomach was practically ruined by Red food.

I WAS told that in 1927, when the Red Army first swarmed up from Canton, two American Fathers in another section had refused to be terrified by threats when their little town was occupied. Local boys and girls of high school age were commandeered to become ardent apostles for the spread of the new ideas. The Reds, less savage in those days than later, first politely told the Fathers they had better get out. The Fathers stayed. So the Red officers began to occupy the rooms on the ground floor of the residence. The Fathers calmly moved upstairs. The church was used for expounding Lenin's doctrines, the whole compound was taken over, the rooms were occupied one by one and the priests were pushed into the very last. Politeness had given way to menaces, until one day there came a secret order from the bishop to leave for a distant place of refuge. The Fathers had urged their Christians not to be afraid of suffering for the Faith, and now they themselves were obliged to depart under orders. They went secretly, slipping past dozing sentinels, traveling along dark mountain paths at midnight, sleeping hidden in the huts of Christians in the daytime, then trekking for days over the highest ridges and down into the deepest valleys, exposed to torrential rain and gnawing hunger.

NO sooner were they in safety than their consciences hurt them for abandoning their poor Christians even under orders, and so they rested a bit and then started the return journey. By the time they got back the Reds had been driven out of their town, their mission was unoccupied, the boys and girls who had acted as propagandists for the revolutionaries were decapitated and their corpses exposed publicly, a young lady who had desecrated the church was torn asunder and left for the dogs to devour. Like the one who during the French Revolution had acted as Goddess of Reason in Notre Dame de Paris, she, standing in St. Augustine's niche over the main altar of the mission church, had played the part of a pagan goddess in a communistic revel.

One Father told of a Red who, evidently a former altar boy, dressed up in priestly vestments and celebrated

a mock Mass in his church. Two British newspaper men, sent out to get first-hand information about Red activities, were finding the territory becoming a bit too warm for them and were anxious to get out as soon as possible, when one day they chanced upon one of these priests sticking to his post in a city which had been fiercely but unsuccessfully bombarded once by a communist army and might be attacked again at any time. They celebrated his courage in a fitting way in their book of memoirs, "One's Company."

"Aw," he said disgustedly, "there was no real danger. If there had been, I would have got out."

He admitted frankly that the morning the bullets came



Typical "street scene" in many a village near Shanghai. Most of the villages are built along the canals which form the unique means of communication.

popping through the church windows during his Mass he made a quick resolution to celebrate in a safer and saner place. He asked his friend, a German priest who had gone through the World War, with two months at Verdun, how missionary life in Red territory compared with life on the Western Front.

"There is no comparison," was the determined answer. "The War was awful, Verdun was ghastly; but at least you had a gun of your own. Here you have to sit and tremble, day and night, with nothing but a cane to protect yourself."

This German Father, who had gone through the whole World War unscathed, was one day shot by Government troops who mistook him for an enemy as he rode forth from the city they were guarding.

I don't know what other missionaries talk about when they get together, but this is what I heard during the summer. St. Paul, I'm sure, must envy them their hardships. They, in turn, find in him an inspiration and a challenge to courage under most trying circumstances.

Arabian Knights

Frank A. Sarjeant, S.J.

HAVING written a little sketch entitled, "Arabian Nights," for the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, I see no reason why I should not add another letter and tell them about our Arabian Knights. Do not tell me that the letter "k" scarcely deserves a new article. I reply that a single letter can make all the difference in the world. In the fourth century, the heresiarch Arius, with a single letter tried to rob Christ of His divinity, deprive Our Blessed Mother of her most cherished distinction, and poison the wells of the Gospel. It took the might of an Athanasius, an oecumenical council of the Church, an abundance of blood, and centuries of vigilance to undo the harm wrought by that single letter of Arius. And the "k" in question here makes a tremendous difference. Whatever the glamor, the witchery, the brilliance of the Arabian Nights, those nights were dark, pitch black—for through them all can be seen only false lights, lights which fail to dispel the darkness. But add a "k" and what have you? You have that true light which "enlightens them that sit in darkness, and in the shadow



Water wheels and irrigation as in the days of the Caliphs still function in the land of Arabian Knights.

of death: to direct our feet in the way of peace." For you know that you are dealing with Knights of Our Lady, Sodalists. Let me tell you about ours.

OUR Sodality enjoys some enviable distinctions. Founded on the thirty-first of May, 1933, the first year of Baghdad College, it is the first Sodality in Iraq. It is also one of the first Sodalities in the world under the patronage of Our Lady, Mediatrix of All Graces. On the very day of their foundation, our Sodalists sent an Arabic letter to our Holy Father, petitioning him to define the dogma of Our Lady's universal mediation.

I am sure that pleased Saint Jude, our secondary patron, because the Sodality has flourished since then, and now has an enrollment of forty, one-third of the school.

We do not believe that a Sodality is a place to keep warm on cold nights. Knowing the mind of the founders of the Sodality, as also (Turn to page 307)

"If we could only make these people see the light," writes the author. "Often the earth surrounding them is nothing but one vast puddle of mud; for a bed, a mat on the ground."



Christmas in Alaska

Paul C.
O'Connor, S.J.

TAKING care of five villages on the Lower Yukon presents quite a problem to the missionary around Christmas time. Each village wants the priest for Christmas. Some sort of compromise must be made. I generally spend Christmas in one place, New Year's in another, and Epiphany in a third.

Christmas at Mountain Village this year (1934) passed off without a hitch. Snow fell in abundance the day before Christmas, giving Alaska the first good blanket of snow in two months of Winter. My people in a radius of thirty or forty miles flocked to the church and paid due respects to the wonderful birthday of the New Born King. I spent nearly six hours in deciphering Eskimo confessions—I repeat, *deciphering* is the proper word! At midnight my little church was packed. Babies there were in abundance, and each obstreperously demanding attention. For a while I wondered who would master the situation—my Eskimo choir or the infants. The decision hung in the balance up to the time of the sermon. By way of parenthesis I might here remark that on an ordinary Sunday I can usually drown out four or five bawling babies, but on a feast when the number is augmented to twelve, thirteen and fourteen—all going at once—I simply know I am beaten. You can imagine with what fear and trepidation I turned to meet my congregation. The nervousness rose, not from a lack of something to say, but from the abundance that was pouring forth from the mouths of babes!

BY some sweet disposition of Divine Providence every voice was stilled when I began to speak. For fifteen minutes I went on, marveling at the sudden stillness of this arctic Christmas night. After I had my say, the little tots resumed the thread of their discourse, mingling their lusty voices with the strains of the *Adeste Fidelis* sung in Inuit—*Agayun Malreane*. Here the whole congregation do the singing, men, women and children. They have no difficulty in memorizing three and four stanzas of a song quickly and retentively. Silent Night—*Renepak Hwankuta*—was sweetly intoned after the Consecration. Two Masses were said at midnight. All then tramped home to bed. They came again at 10:00 for a third Mass. Rosary and Benediction were given at 2:30, the church being filled as before. All in all, my people spent pretty close to four hours in church on Christmas Day, and they were happy to be there.



Caroline and her two pretty children. She was formerly a pupil at the Catholic school in Akulurak.

Christmas night was left free for an entertainment. I arranged a short skit in Eskimo, based on an ancient superstition of the medicine man taking a trip to the moon. The sequel was the moon himself appearing *en masque* on the stage at the measured beat of drums. A weird dance of comic posturing by the moon then followed to the accompaniment of drum and song *a l'Esquimeau*, which effectively exposed the trickery of the medicine man. The happy day ended with a bag of peanuts being given to young and old. I could not give more because I did not have it. We missionaries feel the pinch of the times.

The day after Christmas was one of rest and recuperation. There were a couple of teams down from Pilot Station, so I decided on the following day to avail myself of this opportunity to go up to the Yukon for New Year's. The snow had now fallen steadily for two days. The trail was anything but a pleasant prospect.

WE started five teams—all heavily loaded down with human freight. Three of them would eventually turn off to Winter camps. My team had the honor and trouble of breaking trail. Progress was about three miles an hour. The weather was fairly cold, and running in deep snow without snowshoes was an exasperating job. Four and one-half hours of running and pushing brought me to Pitka's Point where the Andreafsky sweeps into the Yukon. I was ready for dinner. The trader who lives at this point is hospitality itself. In no time he had fine baked potatoes and roast reindeer meat put before me. I enjoyed the meal thoroughly. (Turn to page 308)

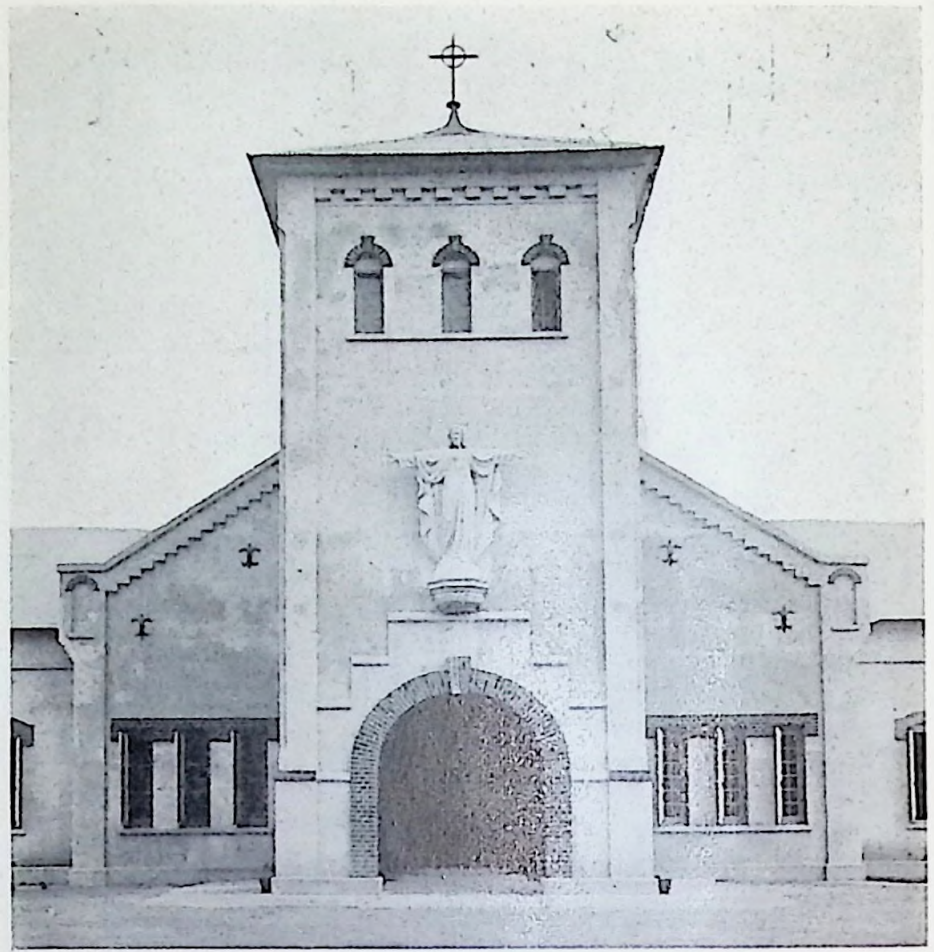
Hazaribagh

Francis Rodriguez, S.J.

HAZARIBAGH is a small little hill station situated on the northeastern corner of the vast dry Chota Nagpur plateau. The town has nothing of importance in it except its queer name. *Hazar* in Hindi signifies "a thousand," and *bagh*, a "tiger." Anyone who has lived for a few months here will see the aptness of this name. Tigers, not small, almost harmless leopards, but real Bengal tigers measuring ten feet and more from head to the tip of the tail are not rare or unknown creatures here in this place. Anybody who wants to see a tiger has just to go into the country for an evening walk. If he is interested in taking pictures, he may take his kodak with him and he will certainly have a picture, a time exposure to his heart's content.

In this place two years ago a Jesuit house of studies was opened by the Fathers of the Bengal Mission. We have a juniorate and a novitiate. There are in all, twenty-seven Scholastics and three Brothers. Of these, fifteen belong to the Patna Mission and the rest to the Bengal Mission. Of the thirty Scholastics and Brothers, twenty-seven are Indians or Anglo-Indians and three others are Maltese.

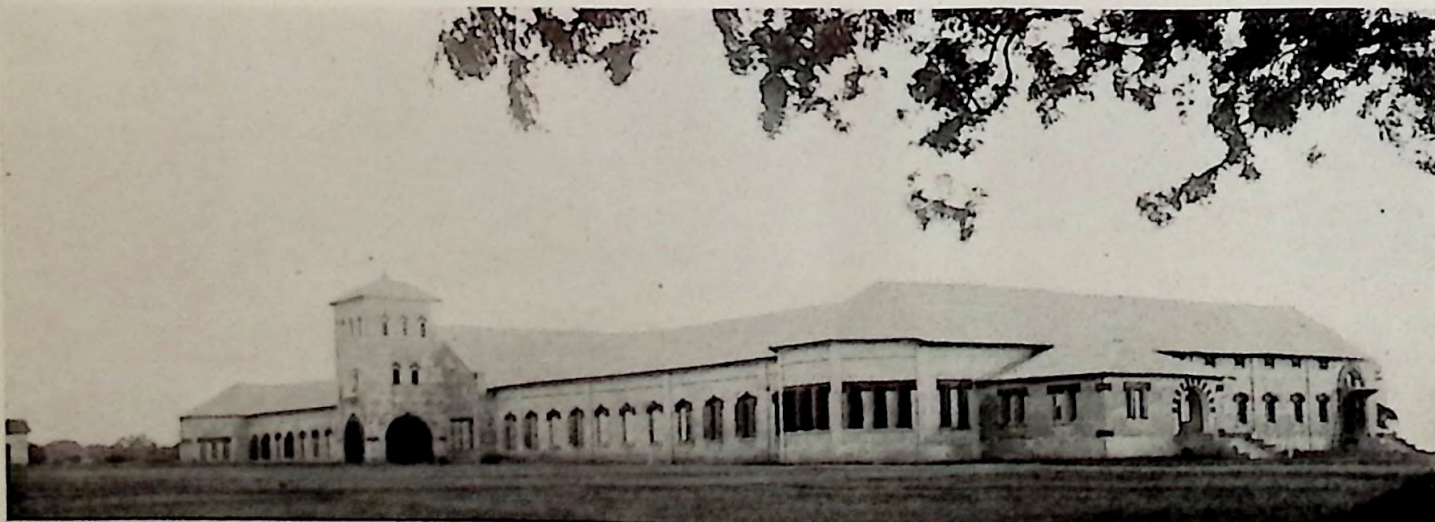
HAZARIBAGH is very hot in Summer and uncomfortably cold in Winter. During the day the airplanes roar overhead—Hazaribagh is on the air route to the Far East—during the night wild animals keep prowling about the place. Last year when Reverend Father Rector was returning from Ranchi on his motor bike, he met a huge Bengal tiger which was quietly crossing the road in front of him. Some time ago two Novices were walking along the woods near our house when they heard some noise in a nearby bush. They went to see what it was, and to their great fright they saw a huge tiger running away. Twice the tiger came into our compound. But we are not afraid of these creatures; we rather like them immensely. In our desire to have one in our Community, we constructed a big cage and placed it in the woods. We waited for several days, but no tiger came. Some days ago, while



Main entrance to St. Stanislaus College, Hazaribagh, Bihar, India.

we were all busy at our desks, we heard some noise from the direction of the woods, and thinking that at last a tiger was caught, we ran for all we were worth, to find,—not the tiger we had expected,—but a servant boy who had no business to be there. This fellow is rather curious, and in his efforts to find out everything about the cage, had gone and had been caught.

SO you see, Hazaribagh has a great deal of natural interest for us. However, we of Patna Mission have a far greater interest in other things than tigers. It is our hope and prayer that more and more of our college companions, young men of India, will answer the call of Christ to work in Patna Mission. But over and above that, there is a great need of financial assistance to see these young men through their years of training as Jesuits. It was only recently that the Superior of Patna Mission, Very Rev. Peter J. Sontag, S.J., visited us and told us of the vocations that were at hand. He told us, though, that the young men could not be accepted for the simple reason that the funds of the Mission were so low that he could not pay for their upkeep. You may be sure that we are praying most fervently each day that the good Lord may send benefactors to our Superior.



St. Stanislaus College, Hazaribagh, where fourteen future Patna missionaries (all Indians) are spending their noviceship and receiving their training in the classics.

Mission Life with a Bang

Robert L.

McCormack, S.J.

HERE was no threat of a hurricane or even the slightest storm in the still hot day that ushered in this tenth of September, national Liberty Day of British Honduras. So merry hearts were not forced to fear a repetition of the havoc the day brought four years ago. No, the city of Belize was gay in its festive dress, with banners and flags flying, and pennants and garlands in conspicuous places. Most colorful of the day's celebration was the parade of some two thousand children from the various schools of the capital. But after all, parading children are just so many little people on the march, even though they be dressed—as they are—in their coolest and freshest looking white stiff dresses or white knee breeches. So the crowds of English and native spectators that watch along the line of march welcome a little break in the sameness of the passing units. This year one break came in a most pleasing variety. It was the band, I mean the fife and drum corps, that led the marching children of Holy Redeemer (Cathedral) Parish School. Now, I'll admit that this particular group in itself was something to look at a second time: the boys dressed in white and wearing red sashes and white turbans trimmed with a dash of red, and the girls in those sparkling white dresses with a relieving touch of red here and there in ribbon or tie or kerchief or badge. But, when all is said, it was that trim drum corps that caught the eyes of all the people.

LOOK! Here they come! All in step! Forty youngsters, dressed in the classiest outfits you please: white shirts and long pants with a red stripe down each leg, a brilliant red sash and girdle dancing in the sun, and a turkish fez of the same brilliant color set off with a yellow tassel. Twenty regimental snare drums, two bass drums, and eighteen flutes, playing with the precision and the spirit of seasoned soldiers—and these hardy lads varied in ages from nine to thirteen. Flanked, as they marched along, by the khaki clad scouts of Brother Jacoby's brigade, they stole the show from everyone. But we must not forget that they were led, directed, and commanded by Georgie Gabb, the drum major, equipped with the whole uniform, the high white hat, the scarlet coat with regal trimmings and epaulets, bright green breeches and yellow rayon stockings.

But who was the millionaire, pray tell me, who outfitted a drum corps with drums and uniforms? Ah ha, where genius is there is no need of millionaires! That



Georgie Gabb, drum major, and Father Harkins' fife and drum corps which "stole the show" in Belize, September 10, 1935.

smiling young assistant pastor you see cycling out the gate on a sick call is responsible for that contingent from deer to drumsticks. When Father Harkins conceived the idea of having a drum corps march with his school children, he recognized the fact that drums did not grow on mangrove trees, and the parish was not so flush with money that it could afford to buy out a small interest in the Wurlitzer Factory. He let the hunters of the town know that he was interested in getting some deer skins. When an avalanche of such skins came pouring in from all sides, he began to think that British Honduras was a deer preserve. But deer skins with the hair on them and the buckshot still in them are a long distance from drum heads. So, with the help of faithful Brother Teson (now completing his fifteenth consecutive year of service in Belize), the skins were put into a lime bath, scraped free of hair, dried, soaked, and stretched over some hoops, made from wooden cheese boxes. The cylinders were cut, rolled and soldered by the priest and his Brother helper, and the drum heads secured by home-made rods and clasps. The belts and clasps were manufactured by the same company of Father Harkins and Brother Teson, as also the sticks.

BUT how about the uniforms? The designer of these was none other than the same assistant pastor. Riding about Belize on his bicycle, and he does a lot of this on his way to sick calls, to the prison, to the poor house, and insane asylum, he developed the notions of what the best dressed drummers in Belize should wear. The young ladies of the parish helped him execute his design and became the parish sewing guild for the time.

Free time, free days, holidays were all given up by the earnest aspirants for the drum corps, and for weeks before the parade the air about the parish unit was filled with the tra-ta-ta-ta and the da-rum-da-rum-da-da-dum of practicing drummers. So, when on the tenth of September, the drummers of Holy Redeemer Parish School played "God Save the King" as they marched in military stride, they well deserved the gracious smile of congenial Governor Burns who reviewed them.

Christmas in Ceylon

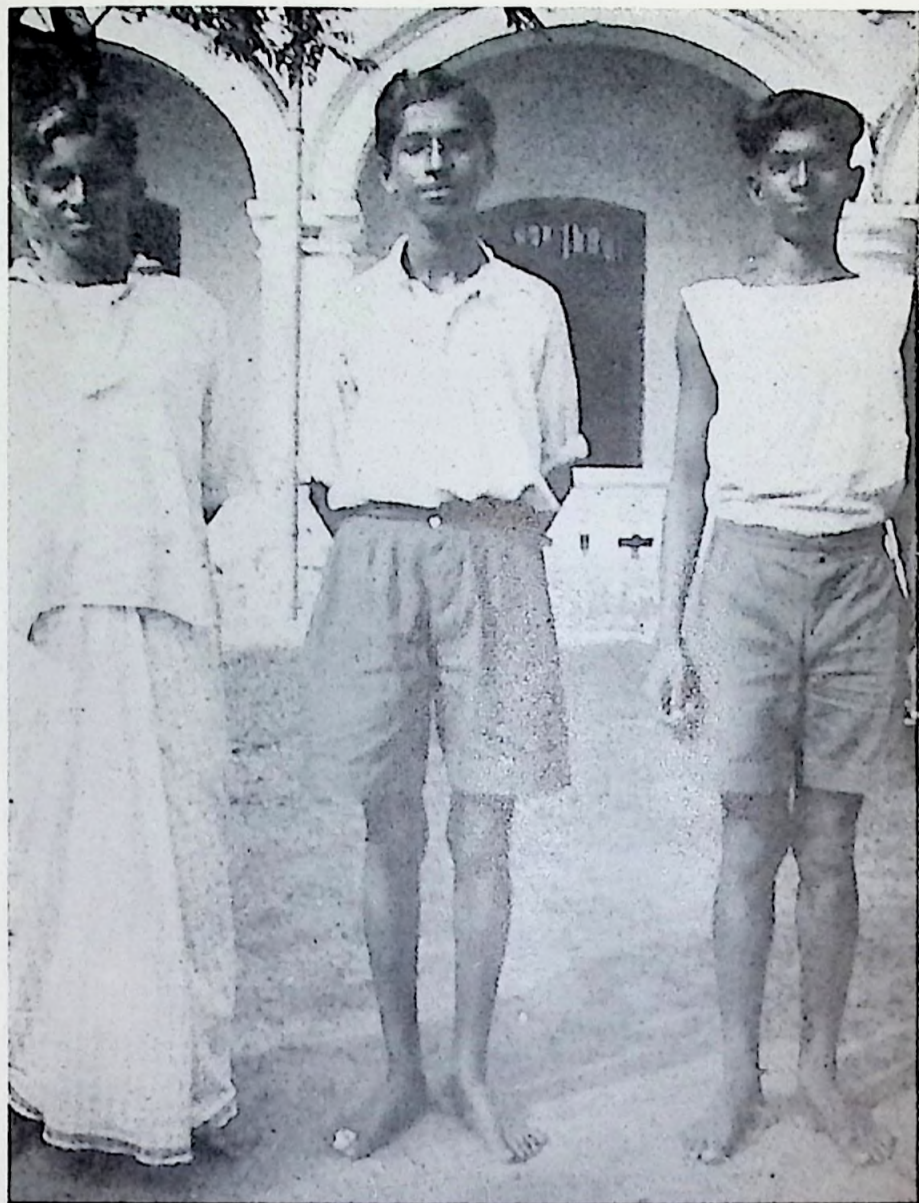
John J.
O'Connor, S.J.

ALL Christmas Eve our St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, Ceylon, was deserted. True, Brother Beau was there in the chapel preparing an elaborate Crib, but where were all the Fathers? Supper time came and still no Fathers! But the two Scholastics and three Brothers were really happy in the thought that their Jesuit Fathers were putting the grand final touches to hundreds of souls in mission, convent and church confessionals. Indeed, some had heard over eleven hours of confessions, and so, when the few home members left the modest abstinence repast and gathered for a last word out on the veranda, somehow all eyes turned heavenward and felt tingling sensations from stars and moon and the pale blue background, while all agreed, "What a grand night for Christmas!" "Surely this Birthday Party is going to be successful!" It was.

One hour before midnight, the Church of St. Anthony was crowded; at midnight it was packed. When the Deacon and Subdeacon, all gold-robed, approached the altar and turned towards the church door, it was with difficulty that a path was cleared. The vestibule, where many were awaiting the arrival of His Lordship, Bishop Gaston Robichez, S.J., was jammed, a testimony of the great esteem in which they hold their pastoral lord, it is true, but a paramount indication of the royal reception that awaited the Infant Jesus; and as in the past the crowd frowned with nature upon the Crucified, so tonight the crowd smiled with weather and nature at the Infant Savior of the world.

THEN came the solemn procession up through the church: cross and candle bearers, all red-robed and tinged with white; the nine Angel Choirs, little natives all white-robed, winged and crowned; book and candle, mitre and crosier bearer; Master of Ceremonies; Archpriest in spangled golden cope; and finally, His Lordship, Celebrant of the Solemn Pontifical Mass that was to make the Birth of Christ upon our altar equally as real as in the Manger at Bethlehem.

All eyes now focussed on the altar and every one joined the spirit of the solemn celebrations. The choir outdid itself, singing hymn after hymn of soul-stirring Christmas music. The entire congregation seemed rapt in God, and at Holy Communion time, men, and women bent with age, mothers with infants in their arms, youth and tiny children, all came forward, and for one solid hour the Celebrant and Archpriest were kept constantly busy enriching the hearts of all with the new-born Emmanuel, the "God with us" of all Catholics. They came to give their poor presents to the Christ Child on His Birthday and found themselves one hundred-fold happy



Tamil types. Students at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa.

and spiritually blessed with a peace the world cannot give.

Pontifical Mass over, the crowd besieged the Crib with the same numbers and fervor and faith they displayed at Holy Communion. Not one went away without having kissed St. Joseph, Our Blessed Mother and the Little Infant. Indeed, so simple is their faith, so warm their ardor, that many must first kiss their own hand, then touch Jesus, then place that hand blessed by contact with Jesus, even as the woman who touched but the hem of His garment, to their eyes, ears, mouth and five senses, that being sealed with the love and blessing of Christ they may never offend Him again. During the entire second Mass, Little Jesus received his "Happy Birthday Greetings" from His devoted Ceylonese.

CHRIST'S Birthday Party was an overwhelming success! Of that all were convinced and happy. The crowd seemed loath to leave, and so lingered on. Many knelt quietly in church, standing now and then to get a better glimpse of the fine Manger scene that pleased them keenly. Others gazed at the sanctuary and altar and you could see they were smilingly pleased with their native decorations. Surely they had reason, for life-green tropical ferns surrounded the hallowed spot of Sacrifice; beautiful flowers, rich purple and red, pale pink and rose, delicate virgin-like lilies, pure and spotless, and sky-blue shades banked the altar and were the more beautifully dotted with golden candle frames and lighted with the flickering flames of torches all our altars use to commemorate the descent of the Holy Ghost upon

the Apostles and the Infant Church. There were streamers, too, from topmost dome, all descending from the same source, and from these vari-colored garlands, birds of paradise poised to render homage to the God of all. Nor was this sufficient. The entire sanctuary and altar were covered with rich rugs and tapestries.

WITH Christ in their hearts these Ceylonese had every reason to rejoice. In fact, they could not contain their joy. Native bands had been hired and stood quietly on the church steps until the signal was given. What was the signal? Why, when the priest left the altar! Before his footsteps died behind the altar, and before the pattering feet of age and youth and infants could reach the door, such a musical piercing of the high heavens began that no one could help but thrill to the occasion. Native tom-toms full of vigor, high shrill single-toned musette and Tamil voices all blended in one to manifest how lively a Catholic Christmas can also be from the natural view; but the point to remember is that the celebrations centered around the church, not around a midnight show, night club, or other wee-hour frolic, and that the Christmas that Christ initiated reigned supreme in all hearts.

Never was so much life displayed in Batticaloa! True, births, Baptisms, marriages and other occasions always attract attention, but this Birthday Party was a climax. The weather was perfect, and this gave all occasion to wear their best. We had a fine opportunity to see oriental splendor in silks and laces and rich imported material, all so fancifully twisted, and adorning treasure-laden bodies sporting gold and silver and precious stones in the shape of brooch and locket, rings and bracelets. Such striking contrasts, too, between the European dress representing the West and "moderns," and the gay designed delicate Japanese silks so easily adapted to native Tamil costumes, representing the East and castes and old conservatives.

THESE native Tamils like to sing, and it seemed as one grand chorus imitating in their human way the "multitude of the heavenly army, praising God and saying: 'Glory to God in the highest: and on earth peace to men of good will.'" Here was an anomaly! For where now was the caste system? Where the prejudiced worshippers of graven images? How could they mingle with Catholics, participate in Christmas celebrations and still remain clean and undefiled? Still, they must have, because in the church compound were Tamils and Singhalese, pagans and Christians,

Hindus and even, suspicious whispers, perhaps occasional Buddhists and maybe a Moor or two, all harmonizing in joyful strains and gleeful spirits.

Now and then volcanic flares of music, shouts and laughter gave promise that mirth and glee and happy spirits would join with the heavenly bodies to keep the nightly shades bright and even outlive dawning morn.

WHAT'S this? Nearing 4:00 A.M., and still celebrating? My friend, you surely do not know Tamil customs. These are Christmas carollers, a fine mirthful troupe they were. In their midst two boys, flashing an old-fashioned neon sign, green and red and gilded by the flickering candle flames within,—a man-made electrifying banner spreading news to all of the God-conceived, Virgin-born Child: "I am thy Savior." Gather-

ing in front of the baker's neat cement bungalow, just opposite our window, the ancient tom-toming was accompanied by the musette and tender, youthful tenors that led up, reached and glided down again from the high notes demanded by native music. They performed to the man in great style, then moved gracefully to the neighboring house to be replaced always by an on-coming band of jolly carollers.

True, Mother Church had shot her chief arrow at midnight, but so deftly had it pierced man's inmost soul that its effects were to last throughout the day, and besides, more darts were to follow.

Waking hours brought three more Masses, and it is not only safe, but in all justice, due to the people, to say that the vast majority again paid fervent adoration to the new-born King. Then greetings of charity spread through the town, and Batticaloa was a constant witness of: "A Merry Christmas to You," "Happy Feast," "Season's Blessings," and the other usual salutations of the tide. Nor was the College of St. Michael spared. Literally all day long there was a tapping at our door. Before some in Europe or America had gone to church that morning, masters, students and orphans and quite a few out-and-out Hindus, had expressed their "Merry Christmas!" and enjoyed a lively conversation. Finally over came the Brothers of St. Joseph, the warm glow of Bethlehem diffusing towards their neighbors, and together we spent a most pleasant half hour. And who should come after them but the smiling, happy orphans. How their little faces beamed as they received a holy picture or a Christmas card or a bit of candy! And so, all day long there was cheer and happiness to make this, our first Ceylon Christmas, memorable.

The Innocent's Mother

(For the feast of the Holy Innocents)

LAWRENCE C. BRACELAND, S.J.

Two feet long in the grave he lay
A skeleton and a little clay—
My son.

A white-winged beauty from God's feet
Before the gate of Heaven I'll meet—
My son.

Body pure for the Savior slain,
Singing soul in the martyrs' train,
Would they were one!

A little child with smiling eyes,
A new-born angel in the skies,
Thy will be done!





FROM MANY QUARTERS



THE CATHOLIC MISSION WORLD

Death Comes to Canadian Missionary

The Vicariate of Yukon and Prince Rupert recently suffered a severe loss when the Rev. J. Allard, O.M.I., was swept from a canoe in which he and His Excellency, the Most Rev. Emil M. Bunoz, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic, were traveling alone. His Excellency narrowly escaped drowning at the same time.

The two missionaries were making a visitation of the missions in northern British Columbia and had left the mission of Telegraph Creek several days previously without any guide, since Father Allard was quite familiar with the territory. They had visited McDame's Creek and were proceeding north when they reached Cottonwood Rapids where the canoe in which they were traveling was caught in a strong current and torn from their control. The Rapids at this point are very narrow and treacherous. Overhanging trees growing close to the water add one more hazard. As the canoe was carried along by the current, a branch of one of these trees struck Father Allard and knocked him from the canoe, together with several pieces of baggage, including the portable altar and vestments. The seventy-one year old Bishop could do nothing to control the direction of the canoe and had several narrow escapes before the current pushed him in to the shore almost two miles below the scene of the accident. He hurried as best he could to the place where Father Allard had disappeared, but there was no trace of him. Alone in the forest, without food or clothing, thirty miles from the nearest mission, His Excellency was forced to remain where he was until the following day, when a passing canoe came to his rescue and brought him to McDame's. Father Allard's body was not recovered until fifteen days later at a spot ten miles distance from the scene of the tragedy. Father Allard was born in the Diocese of Saint-Hyacinthe in a family which has given many of its members to religion.

Size Twelve Shoes

Father Edward McCarthy, C.P., of South Boston, missionary in the Vicariate of Yuanling, ran foul of bandits while traveling to another mission station recently. At the point of guns they forced him to hand over what money he

had. Then they searched his clothes to make sure he had parted with all of it. They might have taken his clothes, too, as Chinese bandits are wont to do on occasion. But as Father McCarthy is of immense stature, his clothes and especially his number twelve shoes were of no use to Chinese bandits who ordinarily are of small stature. On this occasion he had several dollars hidden in them which the bandits missed.

Catholic Summer School Courses in Tokio

Two series of cultural conferences for men and women were held in Tokio at the end of July. The course for the men was organized by the Diocesan Catholic Youth organization and was attended by about seventy men from all parts of Japan as well as some from Shanghai and Manchukuo. The meetings were held at the Regional Seminary of Tokio from July 21 to 30. In spite of the heavy program (three hours each morning and two each afternoon) interest was intense throughout the course. In the evenings, animated conversations on religious topics were engaged in under the direction of foreign and native priests. His Excellency, the Most Rev. Monsignor Chambon, Archbishop of Tokio, gave a conference on Mariology, and the Apostolic Delegate, His Excellency, Archbishop Marella, gave an extremely interesting lecture on Christian Archaeology.

The lecture course for women was organized contemporaneously by the Catholic newspaper, *Nippon Katorikku Shim-bun*, and the conferences held at the Catholic Girls' High School. About thirty Catholic women attended, as well as several non-Catholics. Their Excellencies, Archbishop Marella and Archbishop Chambon, spoke on "The Responsibilities of the Catholic Woman" and "The Ideal Life of the Catholic Woman," respectively. It is hoped to make these conferences an annual institution.

In Tientsin Prisons

A model for Catholic Action in the big cities of our own country is offered by the following program being carried out in Tientsin prisons, China.

In 1930, the members of the Catholic Action groups of Tientsin, with the approval and encouragement of His Ex-

cellency, Monsignor de Vienne, C.M., Vicar Apostolic, decided to visit the inmates of the city prisons regularly to give catechetical instructions.

Before the work could be begun, long negotiations were necessary in order to secure permission to visit the prisons. After official consent had been secured and the good will of the wardens obtained, groups were permitted to visit the prisons each Sunday.

Consoling results have been obtained. At present there are more than two hundred prisoners receiving instruction, while three hundred and forty-nine have been baptized. Mass was said in the prison for the first time by His Excellency on the occasion of the first Baptism.

Many have claimed that little good could come from the work; the prisoners would study catechism only as a distraction; they would return to their old ways as soon as they were freed. To date, there has been only one prisoner whose term has expired and his life since his release has been exemplary. Upon his release he returned to his native village, which was entirely pagan, and immediately got in touch with the catechist of a neighboring village, in order that a missionary might be invited to visit the place. He goes to Mass, confession and Communion each Sunday. Through his influence, his young pagan wife has become a catechumen, and the two of them are instructing other members of the family in the Catholic religion. The prisoner has become an apostle.

Shortage of Priests in Burma

An article in a recent issue of the *Rangoon Voice* draws attention to the serious shortage of clergy in Burma. At the annual retreat for the European clergy of Upper Burma, only thirteen of the twenty-one priests of the vicariate were present; the others were ill or were unable to leave their stations. In Lower Burma, one parish with a thousand Catholics cannot be given a resident priest, many smaller parishes are in the same predicament, and many promising opportunities must be let pass because of insufficient missionary personnel. Burma, with a total population of 14,600,000, has 122,991 Catholics. There are 99 European and 68 native priests in the country, 36 European and 24 native Brothers, 212 European and 200 native Sisters.

Couriers of Christ

Vincent de Paul
O'Beirne, S.J.

WOULD you like to see a little of the Mindanao bush? Then come with me on a sick call. We leave Jasaan at 5:00 P.M., in the Ford station wagon, and ride about two and one half miles towards Kamatayan. We then get out and tuck up our skirts. A guide meets us for the hike up the hills and for the first few hundred yards progress is smooth. In the forest it is cool, and while the path is dampened with recent rains, it is very,

very muddy. Suddenly, we are accosted by a man who lives along the main road. To his query: "Where is the Father going?" I reply, "To Manuel Gansan's house, wherever that may be." But he objects, "You cannot go there today, Father, it is very far and very steep and very, very muddy." To this, there is only one answer and I give it to him, namely, that if hundreds of natives who are physically not nearly so strong as I myself can come down, then I can go up.

The path is not terribly steep, but muddy and the mud quickly forms a pad on the soles of your shoes. However, there is no sense in shaking it off since it will only come back. When it gets about an inch thick, it will just stay that way. When we reach the house we can scrape it off. It is now growing dark, but still is not dark enough for the use of my flashlight. It is useless to catch at the bamboo shoots when you slip, for they have sharp thorns on them. Another rise and still another, and by this time, since there are a lot of loose roots, my flashlight is working overtime. We cannot tell whether our feet are wet from the inside or from the outside.

AS we approach the house, we receive the inevitable welcome of the humble but ever hospitable Filipino: "Good evening, Father, but Father you will please excuse us for we are very poor."

Having scraped off the mud from our shoes, we bend almost double to enter the doorway and find ourselves inside the house. This consists of three or four rooms with a few ornaments hanging on the walls, and without chairs or table. The sick man was lying in a cubicle eight feet by eight feet, in which there was no window



Father Vincent de Paul O'Beirne, S.J., Pastor of Jasaan, Mindanao, P. I., at the mission station of Kiogawan, with some newly baptized and some interested spectators. The church is in the background, the convento to the left.

and only one door and one tiny lamp. No wonder it is so hot. This is the effect in great part, undoubtedly, of the reaction to the walk up the mountainside.

"Will you kindly get me a white cloth? I brought the Blessed Sacrament."

"Excuse us, Father, we are very poor."

This is not the first time that He had not whereon to lay His Head. The patient seems to be about ninety years of age, but in reality is only seventy-two. His bed is a straw mat on the floor, so I kneel down beside him to administer the sacraments. I need only start to bend and the perspiration starts to drip.

"Now make your Act of Contrition and I shall give you *Santa Lana* (Holy Oils) . . . and a glass of water, please, and a spoon . . . '*Accipe frater Viaticum*' . . . Now kindly hold the flashlight on my book, a little higher, please."

And all the time the perspiration is dripping on the bed. After administering the Sacrament of Extreme Unction, we sit down for a moment and rest before descending, having found a bench in the other room.

"Here take one of these, it will give you a 'lift.' I will light it for you, since I apparently am the only one who can make this lighter work."

In the meantime, the family, consisting of half a dozen adults and a dozen children, gather around.

"Are you married? And by the priest? Are the children baptized? Splendid! Then, until we meet again, *Adios*."

THE trip down the mountainside is naturally fast but no easier. As there is not much chance to talk, we think instead. Just suppose (Turn to page 308)



"Upon my request, the train stopped where there was no station, at 'Milage 35,' within reasonable walking distance of the nearest Indian mission, Sand Point, on Lake Nipigon."

"**M**AY your first Christmas as a priest be fraught with new joys and special consolations," wrote a fellow priest and friend. My joys and consolations were of a new variety and peculiar indeed to the priesthood.

Coming from the city, I had burdened myself with Christmas decorations to do honor to the Christ Child. These red and green trappings the Indians mounted at Longlac, Ontario, where I had expected to have the Midnight Mass. However, on Christmas Eve, circumstances forced me to board a train for Lake Nipigon, a hundred miles southwest.

Upon my request, the train stopped where there was no station, at "Milage 35," within reasonable walking distance of the nearest Indian mission, Sand Point, on Lake Nipigon. Debarking, I threw my baggage out and leaped into a snow bank. The train pulled out and left me in darkness, which was augmented perhaps by the thickly falling snow. I had been through to Sand Point once before with Father Joseph Couture, S.J., and knew that a dog-trail must meet the railway somewhere in the vicinity. I found the almost obliterated trail, parked my baggage on a log, walked through the bush a half hour, frequently floundering off trail, and reached the mission by the lake shore after ten o'clock.

Most all (of the six families) had already snuffed out their coal oil lamps, little expecting a priest. I made for a lighted shack. Greeted everyone. They wanted me to sit, smoke and talk, but I wanted fires lighted, a man with dogs to fetch my baggage, and someone to shovel snow. Windows and doors frustrated my efforts to enter the church, so I borrowed numerous keys. It was eleven o'clock when I got in and sounded the first bell in the silence of the night. Probably the Indians figured that it was the announcement of the passing of a soul.

LIGHTS had to be borrowed, floors swept, altar dusted and altar cloths arranged, holy water blessed, baggage unpacked, and wine, water, hosts, incense, thurible and vestments prepared. At the third bell, just before twelve o'clock, the

Nipigon's school teacher, Miss Leusch, does an amount of hard traveling in her noble work as teacher and catechist.

Christmas in

little flock began to come up for confessions. At a quarter of one I started Mass, Low Mass, for want of singers. Only tapers, paraffin candles and a couple of small glass vases of very faded paper flowers bore feeble token of the solemnity of the feast. A simple Crib with the Infant Jesus and no red garlands or balsam bouquets enlivened the dead color of the unpainted walls and unfurnished sanctuary. The shabby, scraggy sheep of our fold themselves looked so indigent that I dared not have the plate passed.

I announced my intended departure for the other Indian settlements around Lake Nipigon, read the Gospel and preached to the Ojibway. That very night after the second Mass I arranged for a team of dogs to take me to Grand Bay. Only four half-fledged creatures could I get.

"Can the dogs make the trip, Philip? Is the lake frozen over all the way?"

"No Indian has yet crossed the ice of Orient Bay by way of Eight Mile Point, Father."

"We will go, Philip. Confidence in Him whose business we do."

Philip Netamigijig would call for me at Macdiarmid, a fishing village three miles away, where I would first bring the consolations of religion which attended rare visits of the priest. Christmas morning, two more confessions and Mass, pack, load up, eat at eleven-thirty and walk to Macdiarmid. Usual night services: confessions, this time in French, English and Indian. My attempt to start for Grand Bay, December 26, was frustrated. A blizzard held sway out of doors and a sortie was unthinkable. But the Lord must have sent that storm, as my delay brought a new ministry, the kind that comes but once, and once missed, likely lost forever.

THE following day we had early Mass in the house of Tom Bouchard. Philip was joined by Denis Lesperance. With these two young braves strapped the sleigh, Philip counseled me to make a start towards a point of land four miles distant. I broke into a run, aided by a slight wind. What with overalls, the heaviest of socks, extra moccasins, a big sweater, muffler, a long caribou-hide windbreaker and double headgear, I soon perspired. I opened my coat. I froze. I perspired and froze again. Having gone just ahead. A large field of broken ice, frozen standing



Ontario

Alexander
Rolland, S.J.

On edge or piled high, stretched from shore to shore and to the full extent of vision towards the main body of the lake. Dogs and men overtook me. We picked our steps gingerly for miles and pulled logs and sleigh between or over an endless mass of slippery and sharp pointed ice slabs. We were over three hours reaching Eight Mile Point. This exposed point takes the brunt of every storm from the north and east, and consequently is one of the last corners of the lake to submit its turbulent waters to the solid grip of Jack Frost.

Nearing the point, I was ahead. Philip had run back for an axe that had slipped from the sled and Denis was handling the team. I came to smooth ice, covered thinly with fresh powdery snow. I carried no stick, so banged the ice with my mitted fist. Water came.

Dennis and I sought shore

but were confronted by approximately six feet of water. Philip joined us and pitched a tump-line to the leading dog. We three leaped to the solid shore-ice. Denis accidentally dropped the rope and the dogs were left hesitant and shivering on dangerous ice. Philip cut a long slim tree while Denis spoke gently to his team. Philip then successfully finished the loose cord and the men quickly hauled the dogs through the water barrier.

WE were obliged to creep carefully along over the huge shore-boulders which were covered a yard deep with ice formed from high wave splashes. We

broke an upright on the sleigh, so we made fire, boiled tea, fried three short fat slices of bacon for the priest, (as the Indians don't eat *en voyage*), and thawed out a slice or two of bannock. Denis, unable to extract the condensed milk, made holes in the can and turned it upside down in the boiling tea. When I was but half finished my bacon, Philip was already hewing a peg of wood to replace the broken upright on the sled.

We finished in great haste. It was intolerably cold there among the trees, as the wind had veered around and was now blowing stiffly from the north, right off a hundred miles of Lake Nipigon ice. After crossing some slush, hidden beneath accumulated snow to the rear of an island, we had excellent footing for a fifteen mile run across the mouth of South Bay. We took spells on the sleigh, but it was too cold to sit and suffer, better to run and get tired. Even though well covered right up to the eyes, I had to keep my mit to my face. I realized later that I had frozen all the tops of my fingers and my nose. Philip cut away to the left. A week previously he had killed a moose in these wilds and had left his dogs tied to the carcass. He would soon overtake us, traveling light with a fresh team.

THEN the portage! Seven miles through the bush, a small lake, and another mile of bush trail,—nine more miles to go and darkness was fast coming. No Indian had crossed the trail since the freeze-up. Six to eight inches of soft snow filled the track, leaving it hardly visible. Fallen trees, hills and thick undergrowth obstructed

our progress. Often the two teams caused their owners trouble. The Indians were constantly untangling their beasts and pressing forward. I was obliged to break trail with snowshoes too broad for the track, at each stride lifting a load of snow. Even stripped of my coat and outer mitts I perspired with the unaccustomed exercise and with the extra exertion of holding the lead, which I strove to do so as not to be the cause of delay. There was no letup,—not for sixty seconds,—till we almost finished the seven miles. Every muscle ached. I felt the cold air gripping my chest as if by steel bands. I remembered Father Couture's advice: "When you think that no more is physically possible, keep on going."

NEARING the end of the portage, we made tea. The fire blazed up under a tree, which acted as a smokestack. The guides spread balsam branches to stand on, so that our moccasins would not get wet near the



A halt on the Ontario trail in the strenuous Winter travel of Canada's missionaries.

fire. If you warmed your hands, chills played havoc with your spine. We drank and hustled on. Darkness had fallen in earnest.

Coming to the lake was a relief from the difficult path-finding of the bush, but even there, on account of the slush, we kept the racquettes harnessed to the feet. It was too much for me. I slumped on the sled. What with pity for the burdened dogs and a dangerous chill, I tried again and again to run, but there was a cramping of those new snowshoe muscles now making the knotted ligaments painful. I felt that I was still good for some miles if only I could be freed from the unaccustomed snowshoes. The dogs pulled gamely, as they always do nearing the end of a journey. Another portage, this one well used, where, thanks be, I could run in moccasins or ride, and then we were heralded at Grand Bay by an enduring clamor of loud barking from many bass and soprano dog throats.

GREETINGS were brief. I took tea and sought the couch. Next day, Friday, December 28, I ran a temperature, but fulfilled all the necessary ministry to a large group of Indians. That night, aspirin, liniment, mustard-plaster, a drink of ginger and a good sleep refreshed me for a 42-mile run. (To be continued)

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.

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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.



The Editors of *Jesuit Missions* unite in spirit with the American Jesuit missionaries throughout the world in wishing you a blessed and happy Christmas. May the Christ Child bestow upon you in a very special way, because of your deep interest in and support of the Missions, His richest graces and blessings! : : : : :



Jesuits and The Missions

ONE of the glories of the early history of the Society of Jesus lies in its important and extensive mission work. The Order, founded in 1534, was still in its infancy when St. Francis Xavier—whose feast is celebrated on December third—carried on that epochal apostolate in the Orient which has marked him for all times as one of the greatest missionaries of the Church. In the brief space of ten years he preached the Faith throughout India and Japan, converted and baptized many thousands of infidels, and died at last, in 1552, in sight of the shores of China, where he had longed to plant the Cross. With his extraordinary power over minds and hearts, his sweetness, his charity, his devotion and courage, Xavier remains the very ideal of an apostle.

Following in his footsteps, a number of eminent missionaries of the Society spread the Faith far and wide, and many among them gained the martyr's crown. Fathers Barzaeus, Mesquita and Cosmo de Torres continued Xavier's work in India; Fathers Nobrega and Anchieta, especially the latter, who is known as the "Thaumaturgus" of Brazil, are forever renowned for the work in establishing the celebrated Reductions of Brazil, the forerunners of the even more famous Reductions of Paraguay; Father Peter Claver merited immortal glory as the apostle of the slave Negroes who were landed at Cartagena; Fathers Ricci and Schall won their

way into China and established the Faith there; Fathers Lejeune, Bressani, Jogues, Brebeuf and their companions, eight of the group canonized martyrs, preached the Gospel to the Indians of northeastern North America; Fathers Kino and Salvatierra ventured alone into the Indian country of southwestern North America to bring the Faith to the savages there. To mention these is but to catch a passing glimpse of a few of the heroic names as one thumbs the pages in the mission history of the Society of Jesus. North and South America and the Philippine Islands, Ethiopia and Guinea, Senegambia and Congo, Japan, China, India—all these and many other countries felt the influence of the missionary apostles who walked in the footsteps of Francis Xavier.

And what was done in those earlier centuries of the Jesuits' history has found its counterpart in more recent years. Space forbids mentioning names of great Jesuit missionaries of the last century, but apart from names then or now, let us take a hasty glance at the Jesuit mission work today.

Statistics just compiled at the headquarters of the Order at Rome give the mission status of the Jesuits as of 1934. In 52 mission fields throughout the world, there are 3,204 Jesuits. And in these missions, mindful of the urgent appeal that the missionaries develop a native clergy, the Fathers have encouraged vocations to such an extent that today there are 712 native Jesuits on the missions. Of the 3,204 Jesuit missionaries, 1,818 are priests, 765 Scholastics, and 621 Brothers. In their missions, they have 2,845,038 Catholics and 238,969 catechumens under instruction. Within their mission territory there are 2,542,979 heretics or schismatics, and 185,388,176 pagans or Mohammedans. These present a vast field of work for the missionary, a field which can only be cultivated adequately with more men and more means to carry on the work. As valiant helpers in these missions, there are 4,932 Sisters, of whom 2,533 are natives, and 22,249 teachers and catechists,—natives whose upkeep must be cared for by the missionaries.

To give only a few items and figures indicating the work that is going on in these missions: there are 459,770 pupils or students in 10,882 schools ranging from prayer schools to universities and seminaries; there are 10,119 orphans in 140 orphanages; 39 hospitals with a total of 5,202 beds; 276 dispensaries where 2,490,603 patients were treated during the year.

In the missions of the Jesuits during 1934, there were 87,833 Baptisms of those in danger of death, and other Baptisms numbered: 38,069 adults and 121,892 infants. There were also 23,457 marriages. The total number of Holy Communions received was 26,961,725.

Surely these statistics indicate that truly apostolic work is going on in the various missions of the Order. For all these works, done in the cause of Christ the King, we are most humbly grateful to God by Whose help alone they are accomplished. For them, too, we plead for your prayerful support, for your generous alms, given in a spirit of sacrifice that the work for souls may go on unimpeded,—the work in which, too, North American Jesuits are taking an ever-increasing part, for today there are upwards of 550 members of the American and Canadian Provinces of the Society of Jesus in the missions.

The Mission Intention

Catholic Action in South Africa

THE Union of South Africa comprises the Cape Colony, Natal, The Transvaal and the Orange Free State, with a total population of 8,250,000 inhabitants. Of these, there are 1,828,000 Whites, 165,000 Asiatics and the rest are Negroes. Catholics number about 200,000. The three major obstacles which most seriously impede the conversion of the Negroes are: the evil example of the Whites; the exclusion of Negroes from posts and positions of greater importance, as well as the flagrant injustice evident in the division of the profits and lands; and Communism, which takes wicked advantage of the just indignation of the Negroes in order to draw them away from the Christian religion. Apropos of the second point, which has given occasion for the slogans: "White Capital and Black Labor and Black Brawn and White Brain"; the Negro protests in *The Bantu are Coming*, by Phillips (page 65), "This is our country, why are we pushed off our land and made wanderers on the face of the earth? When the White man first came to South Africa he had the Bible and we had the land; now we've got the Bible and he's got all our land!" A greater communion of works and wages between Blacks and Whites would offer a solution to these difficulties. For Catholics, this communion is made possible through the general platform of Catholic Action which, in accordance with the mind of His Holiness, by applying Catholic precepts to every day relations, not only acts as a spur but a safeguard for the mutual rights of all classes, race or color notwithstanding, for "there is no respect of persons with God," (Coloss. iii, 25). Already in accordance with the wish of His Holiness, Monsignor O'Leary, O.M.I., Vicar Apostolic of the Transvaal, has organized a central council of Catholic Action composed of representatives of the four regional councils of Johannesburg, Durban, Kimberly and Capetown. This is composed of members of both races and includes as an integral part of its program a plank in favor of the Blacks. Inspired and heartened by this spectacle of Catholic charity and justice, may the Negroes of South Africa finally find their way to the font of living and universal love, the Heart of Jesus, the Prince of Peace, ensconced within His Christmas crib.



The Mass of the Missions

Dominus Vobiscum Yet all this is true only if we the branches abide in Christ the Vine.
(Continued)

The priest prays: "The Lord be with you,"—"For as the branch cannot bear fruit of itself, unless it abide in the vine, so neither can you unless you abide in Me." Therefore, our Lord concludes, as should we; "Abide in Me." And if we do, He promises: and "I in you." I, Christ your Head, the Vine, and you, My members, the branches. And if you abide in Me and I in you, then truly shall the fruit be plentiful. For "he that abideth in Me and I in him, the same beareth much fruit." Then also shall your reward be beyond all computation. For "if you abide in Me, and My words abide in you, you shall ask whatever you will and it shall be done unto you." (John xv, 7.)

It is for this union of life and fruit that the priest after Communion prays: "The Lord be with you."

Ite Missa Est Here before the year 1566, the Mass ended and the priest, turning to the congregation, gave formal notice of the fact according to the conventional etiquette of the time in the words: "Go, it is the dismissal."

Placeat Resting his joined hands upon the altar, the priest bows his head and in silence offers to the Holy Trinity this memorial of the world's redemption which was Its will and Its plan. The fruits shall be distributed both to the priest and to the people, either immediately after the conclusion of the sacrifice, or later, according to the all wise and merciful providence of God.

Blessing To seal forever that union of love that has been perfected in this Sacrifice of Love, the priest now impresses a kiss upon the altar whereon Love's Victim has been immolated. He then pronounces aloud upon the Faithful in attendance Love's blessing.

"May Almighty God, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost bless you."

And when the work of our redemption was consummated, Scripture tells us that the Divine Lover of our souls "led them out as far as Bethania, and lifting up His hands, He blessed them." (Luke xxiv, 50.) May this last blessing of our God be for all of us an earnest of that perfect blessing which He shall impart to His elect upon the Day of Judgment. For unless He bless us, how can we ever be included in the summons: "Come ye blessed!"?

Last Gospel In the last Gospel according to Saint John, the soul of the virginal apostle doth magnify both the divinity and the incarnation of his Lord, while priest and people pray to see, as did Love's apostle, the glory of their Lord, the glory of the Only-begotten of the Father, full of grace and truth.

The school and convent at the mission of Father Francis G. Kempel, S.J., Seafordtown, Jamaica, B. W. I.



Jesuit Missions

Editorial & Business Offices
257 FOURTH AVE.
New York, N. Y.

Dear Reader and Subscriber:-

Nine years have passed since JESUIT MISSIONS was first published. They have been nine happy years for the magazine; happy in the friends it has made for the missions; happy in the money these friends have sent through the magazine to the missions; happy in the vocations to the missions it has fostered.

During five of these nine years not a little of this happiness has been enjoyed by the present Business Editor. Your generous response to my many appeals for subscriptions, whether from the pulpit or through the mails, has always brought a little more joy to the task which obedience has assigned to me.

I wish that I could meet the thousands who, during the past nine years, have shown their interest in our Jesuit missionaries by subscribing to JESUIT MISSIONS. My desire would be to thank each one personally. That is impossible. But such impossibility will not prevent me from expressing my thanks for all the happiness you have given the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS, and myself in particular.

During the years, I have tried to say my "thank you" by an occasional remembrance in my Mass. I feel that even that "thank you" has been inadequate. I shall try now to make up for the inadequacy.

On December 17th and each day thereafter till Christmas itself I shall offer my Mass for you. Nine Masses, - one for each year that JESUIT MISSIONS has been published - for you! A Novena of Masses which will end with my second Mass shortly after midnight on Christmas! During the Novena, you and your intentions, all your dear departed, all past subscribers, even those who have been taken by death, and all present subscribers and friends will stand with me at the altar. For you especially who have read this letter I shall plead with the Infant Saviour that you may have a truly holy and happy Christmas.

May I add one word of petition to the above expression of thanks? Please read my letter of December first sent to every subscriber, and answer it to the best of your ability. Thank you again.

Faithfully in our Lord,

(Rev.) E. PAUL AMY, S.J.
Business Editor.



A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

ALASKA

The Calumet, organ of the Marquette League for the Catholic Indian Missions of the United States and Alaska, and edited by Rt. Rev. Msgr. William J. Flynn, published the following tribute in its Autumn number:

"On the Feast of the Assumption of Our Blessed Mother, His Excellency, Most Rev. Joseph Raphael Crimont, S.J., D.D., Vicar Apostolic of Alaska, celebrated the sixtieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus.

"When Bishop Crimont was a seminarian, he had the good fortune to serve Mass for Father John Bosco, now the sainted John Bosco, who was canonized by our Holy Father a year ago. Saint John Bosco was then in the prime of his life and at the height of his career. After the priest had removed his vestments, the then Mr. Crimont asked him to remember him in his prayers, as his health had failed so considerably that his Superiors doubted the advisability of permitting him to continue his studies for the priesthood. Father Bosco looked kindly upon him for a moment and replied that he would pray for him and that his prayer would be heard, that his health would be restored and that he would be a missionary in a far-off country.

"The prediction of the future saint was verified, and having completed his philosophy at St. Helier, Jersey, in 1887, he began his course of theology at Woodstock College, Maryland. Ordained in 1890, he completed his theology at St. Helier and spent two years at St. Francis Xavier Mission, Fort Custer, Montana, where he devoted himself to the study of the native languages.

"After his Tertianship in Belgium, we find him with Father Judge at St. Peter Claver's Mission, Nulato, Alaska. From the Summer of 1898 to the Summer of 1901 he remained at Holy Cross Mission as Superior of the Mission and Vicar General of the Vicariate. On the tenth of October in 1901, he was made the first President of Gonzaga College, Spokane, Washington. In 1904, he returned to his beloved Alaska as Prefect Apostolic. From that time on, as Prefect Apostolic and later as Vicar Apostolic and Bishop, he devoted himself to the

spread of the Kingdom of Christ in that most desolate mission field,—pronounced by our Holy Father, the hardest in all the world,—covering over five hundred thousand square miles.

"Bishop Crimont is considered one of the greatest missionaries of our day. In his forty-two years in Alaska, he has visited all his missions numerous times by dog sled, train, boat, and in later years by airplane. The extent of his sacrifices and zeal for the salvation of the souls of our Alaskan Indians and Eskimos is known only to God."

* * *

Father Francis M. Menager, S.J., gives an account of Summer happenings in his mission at Kotzebue:

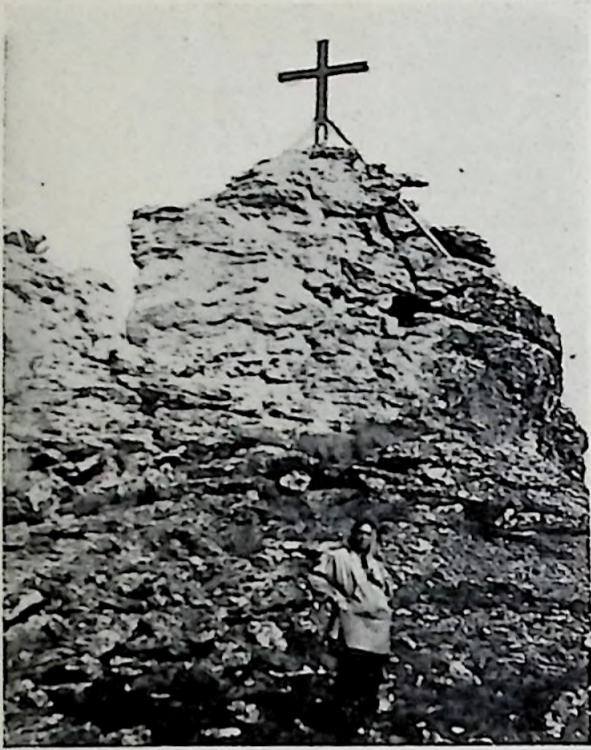
"For the Eskimo, Summer is a wonderful time; the children seem to be almost drunk with daylight and sunlight, and will not go to bed until they fall from sheer exhaustion. Then they snatch a few hours of sleep and are up again for all they can stand. Besides, in the Summer there is plenty to eat, a lot of fish and birds and sour grass, etc., and above all, there is the white whale or beluga that furnishes

a lot of blubber and meat. They are caught in good numbers around here just a little way from the village. The other day, flying back to Kotzebue from the Springs along the coast, we saw over a hundred white whales along the shore about ten miles south of Kotzebue. The natives who have no motor boat go together in kayaks, and when they sight a whale they form a semi-circle to cut off its retreat to the deep water; then with shouts and all the noise they can make by hitting the water with their paddles they drive the whale to the shallow water and there they kill it in no time, either with a thirty-thirty bullet or with a spear; then they come back to the village in triumph, dragging the beluga behind them. Those who have motor boats, and there are quite a few here, get some of their friends to come along, and they go out about four miles from the coast where they travel up and down until they see a whale. They follow the animal until they get close enough to shoot; a good shot behind the ear is enough; then they snag the beluga, tie it behind the boat and go after another one. I have seen motor boats come back some mornings with five or six belugas each.

"The beluga is a beautiful animal. It generally attains the length of ten to twelve feet and is perfectly white from tail to snout. As soon as it is landed on shore, the women come along to begin the butchering. Armed with the famous Eskimo woman's knife (a very special domestic implement made of a semi-circular blade fitted with an ivory or wooden handle), the dissection or butchering begins, while the children and puppies swarm around, eager to see the show and to snatch a bit of the precious blubber or of the boiled white skin (a real delicacy). Water is set to boil on a fire of drift wood in a wash tub or in a discarded fifty gallon oil tank; then the women slice the skin of the whale along the length of the beluga, being careful to leave about one inch of blubber adhering to the skin. This skin, before boiling, is cut in strips about three feet long and from three to four inches wide, then cut transversely across into little squares that are left hanging together, and these strips thus prepared are put in boiling water. They are left there a few min-



Father Thomas Cunningham, S.J., formerly of New Zealand, and now of the Oregon Province, has gone to the Alaska Mission as a volunteer.



Father Gabriel M. Menager, S.J., Superior at Pilgrim Springs, Alaska, standing at the base of the rock on which a cross was erected in memory of Father Frederick J. Ruppert, S.J., near the spot where the latter was frozen to death in December, 1923.

utes or the better part of an hour, according to taste, then are taken out and hung to dry on racks of drift wood. After a few hours, the skin thus prepared is ready to eat. It is soft and juicy and tastes very much like pigs feet; but with a slight after taste of cod liver oil. But if that skin is pickled, it tastes better, and that is the way most White people like it. I must confess that so far I have found it nothing to rave about.

* * *

PATNA, INDIA

Writing from Patna on July 30. His Excellency, Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan S.J., says:

"After returning to Patna from my visit to the United States, I went up to Kurseong and there had an opportunity to see our four Patna Jesuits who will be given Holy Orders on November 21. That will be a great day for Patna, when our Mission will get four more sacrificing priests. The blessings that will come to us and all in Patna from their daily Mass will be rich compensation for the lack of material wealth under which Patna creeps along. It is that same Mass, the Mass in the Mission, that keeps our hard-working missionaries going, and going grandly and joyously, in spite of slender income and money. It is that same Sacrifice that blesses our home missionaries, our faithful benefactors. You and your co-workers are amongst them."

* * *

From Catholic Mission, Godda P. O., Santal Parganas, India, Father Rudolph W. Bohn, S.J., writes:

"I returned to Godda last evening and found your letter on my desk. Many thanks for stipends and gifts.

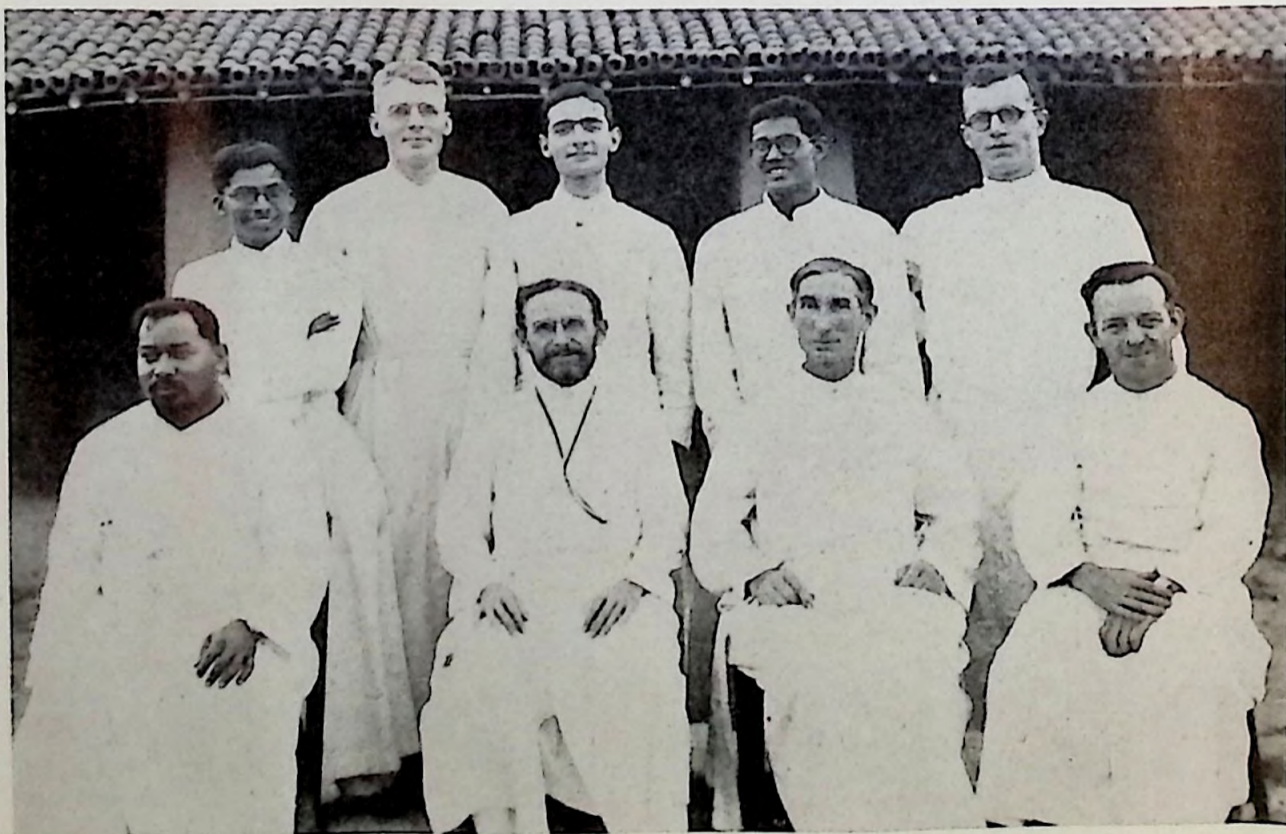
Will say the Masses at once during the next eight or nine days. Will gladly acknowledge the gifts.

"I came in from a fourteen-day trip. Had sixty-eight Baptisms during these fourteen days among Paharias, Santals and Mahles, especially Paharias; transferred four children from the Protestant Pathra School to Gokhla, opened two more Primary schools, reclaimed about twelve families who had apparently fallen away, and secured another house to serve as a church.

"Among those baptized were two *Manjhis* or headmen of Paharia villages. Two more are counted among our catechumens. Narainpur sector has many Paharias. They are a hill people, more aboriginal than the Santals. There is good hope of their conversions. The following incident occurred during our stay among them last week. Three Paharia *Manjhis* met at a market place. One was working for us as a catechist; the second had received Baptism the day before. He wore his Rosary around his neck. The third was a pagan in whose village we had played our phonograph a few weeks previously. *Manjhi* number three has asked for Baptism."

* * *

At the end of August, Father F. N. Loesch, S.J., who has been the Minister of the Khrist Raja community at Bettiah since last January, was appointed to the charge of Chanpatia station and the missionary activities carried on in Champaran District. Father Loesch replaces Father J. J. Meyer, S.J., who goes to Samastipur to take charge of that important railroad terminus and the various railway centers along the B. N. W. Ry.



The Community of St. Mary's Mission, Gokhla, among the Santals of Patna Mission, India. Seated (left to right): Fathers Beatone, P. Leo Frank, S.J., James A. Creane, S.J., and Charles D. McAleese, S.J. Standing (left to right): Brother Stephen Gerard, S.J., Father James R. Gibbons, S.J., Harold Watling, S.J., Peter Angelo, S.J., and Charles R. Bonnot, S.J.

Father Loesch will work chiefly with the Doms, a very numerous low caste found throughout Champaran District. This work was begun some years ago by Father H. I. Westropp, S.J., and has been carried on during the past year by Father Meyer.

Father Meyer's new work will center mainly around the large railway centers, Samastipur, Sonapore, Muzaffarpur and Chapra, where there are many Catholics working in the shops and on the lines.

CHINA

Father Edouard Cote, S.J., of the Lower Canada Province, who for some years has been acting as Secretary to Bishop Simon Tsu, S.J., of Haimen Mission, writes:

"In the eight years that Bishop Tsu has been ruling Haimen Mission, quite an amount of work has been done. On returning from Rome where he was consecrated Bishop by His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, he set to work immediately on the completion of his Junior Middle School from which his future seminarians were to come. In September, 1929, he founded his Preparatory Seminary. From that date to the present, the Seminary counts more than thirty-nine vocations. Two years later, the Bishop started a Congregation of native nuns under the name of 'The Theresian Sisters.' At present, there are seven Professed Sisters and fifteen Novices.

"Last February a new chapel to the Little Flower was erected and is to become a sanctuary of pilgrimage. Both the ground and the church were the donation of a wealthy Shanghai family. Another project undertaken



Brother Francis J. McGuinness, S.J., of the Province of New England, who, together with Brother John Servaas, S.J., sailed recently for missionary work in Baghdad College.

by the Bishop was the erection of an asylum for old women of the beggar class. Strange to say, these beggars hold the secret of life. More than one is long past the eightieth year. The Bishop has also opened up new mission centers and he keeps a vigilant eye over the one hundred and sixty Christianities already in existence.

"This past year has been a difficult one for the Mission, since the year started with heavy floods and ended with terrific heat—more intense than we have had in sixty years. All the ponds surrounding the hamlets went dry, and death was a busy reaper among the natives. There were many calls for Extreme Unction."

IRAQ

Father Edward F. Madaras, S.J., of Baghdad College, Sulaikh, Baghdad, Iraq, writes:

"Not the least valuable part of the shipments we receive are the packing cases. Since Iraq possesses no timber forests, wood is at a premium, and none is wasted. Most of the boxes we have received have gone into the making of shelves for the library and other household equipment. A large number were used for the ceiling of Toby's mud house, and since the ceiling has gone unpainted thus far, its origin is proclaimed by the legend in large black block-letters 'Rice—Baghdad.' That is our shipping mark, which appears on each box.

"Shortly after we moved to Sulaikh, we heard that the Imam of Adhamiyah, a nearby village, addressed his congregation in the mosque and expressed his pleasure that Baghdad College had settled in the neighborhood. As we had been uncertain how our Moslem neighbors would take to a Christian school in their midst, this news was reassuring. Later, Father J. Edward Coffey, S.J., paid the Imam a visit and was cordially received and entertained. The Imam in his turn called to see the school and appeared to be much impressed by what he saw,

not least by the chapel, concerning which he asked several questions.

"As for our other Moslem neighbors, they all seem to be genuinely friendly. As we have been giving steady employment to a score or so of laborers from the nearby Arab village of Sulaikh, they seem to have come to look upon us as benefactors of the neighborhood, and we have yet to complain of being molested in any way. Who knows but that this unpretentious beginning of ours may not eventually lead the way to bringing the light that will dispel the darkness in which they dwell."

JAMAICA, B. W. I.

Very Rev. Francis J. Kelly, S.J., Superior of the Jamaica Mission, writes apropos of Father John J. Williams' appointment to Spanish Town:

"I feel great sympathy for Father Williams, as I realize that he will have many difficulties to contend with, especially financial difficulties, although he will be much encouraged by the fervor and generosity of many members of his flock. There is much unemployment and much poverty in that district at the present time, and the poor Pastor has a hard time trying to make both ends meet. He finds it especially hard to keep his little schools going. For his large school at Spanish Town and for a small school at Port Henderson, he has Government support. But, apart from these, he has an infant school or kindergarten at Spanish Town, with three teachers, and also a school at Gregory Park and one at Passage Fort, each with one teacher. These schools depend entirely upon him for support. From experience, I know that it is not easy to scrape up money to pay five teachers every week. I trust that the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS will kindly remember Father Williams and his work in their prayers.

"Here in Kingston, one of the first things to which we have to turn our attention is to making very necessary repairs and improvements at our residence here and in buildings connected with it. At present, our Fathers are suffering many inconveniences, especially on account of toilet arrangements that are crude, inadequate and unsanitary. The well-being of our Fathers, Scholastics and Brothers demands that these conditions be remedied just as soon as possible, although this will mean a heavy drain on our rather slim purse."

* * *

As an epilogue to the unfortunate accident that happened to the Alpha boys' band and which was described by Father Joseph M. Krim, S.J., in the October issue of JESUIT MISSIONS under the title, "Music in the Air," Father Krim now writes: "Mitto" the young hero of the accident, just described his experience

to me. He is a tot hardly bigger than a Jap doll—being an East Indian he looks like an oriental mite. After the crash he lay only an inch from a boulder and the wheel of the truck—his head almost crushed. His arm was broken in two places, his leg in two and twisted around once, his back was lacerated and a rib and shoulder sprained. He has almost completely recovered and is now trying to blow away on a remade clarinet despite my warning and his still bruised rib. He pathetically admitted that he had to cry out 'jest once' when they tied his legs together and the broken one was turned back to normal position. He just remembers that he seemed to be going into a deep valley—extreme pain does that—and he saw a man in white holding out both arms to him. Too weak and hurt to make an outcry, he only could gasp. Then he began an Act of Contrition—so often drilled into his memory at school. Unable to pronounce any words aloud, he stopped and then heard someone saying the words for him. It was another orphan who in the emergency, and being a good Scout, was doing what many adults would be too distracted to do—he was 'subbing' for the priest by preparing this fellow orphan for death. Who says the Jamaican youngster does not think a lot of God?

"Who would not work hard for such holy souls? Now I must look forward to the complete reorganization of the wrecked band, and moreover, try to acquire what these little fellows have set their hearts upon, a set of uniforms; but when they will come I don't know. Surely their prayers will be heard and certainly a uniform would seem to be the best covering for such stout little hearts."

CANADIAN INDIANS

The Jesuit Scholastics who are engaged in their studies at Toronto are finding ways and means of helping the Canadian Indian missions through the sale of stamps. With the money obtained from the sale of cancelled



Brother John Servaas, S.J., of the Province of New England, sailed recently for Iraq and will be attached to Baghdad College.



Father Walter Ballou, S.J., of the Province of New England, who arrived at Kingston, B.W.I., Thursday, September 5, on the SS. Ulua, and who for the coming year will teach at St. George's College and act as Sports Master.

stamps, they buy old clothes and send them around to the missionaries who in turn sell them cheaply at mission bazaars. Those who are in extreme want are given clothes free of charge.

Acknowledging the gift of some of these old clothes, Father Timothy Dwyer, S.J., a missionary among the Canadian Indians, writes to the Toronto Scholastics:

"I arrived home tonight and found all the good things you sent for the bazaar. The old clothes are what sell most, as you will see when later on you are running bazaars for yourselves. These poor people are delighted to find coats, dresses and other needed articles for such a low price, especially at a time when they have very little to spend and have to count their pennies. This way, too, they help to support and build up their church. With the money from this bazaar, I expect to settle all my debts,—and they do crawl up when you have such a large territory to cover."

* * *

Another way in which the Scholastics of Toronto are proving their deep mission spirit is a Mission Exhibit which they held in Toronto at the Jesuit Seminary on Mission Sunday, October 20. In a later issue, we hope to carry a further account of this Exhibit.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Father James G. Daly, S.J., notes the preparations for Christmas going on in his parish at Jimenez, Occidental Misamis, Mindanao, P. I.:

"I used to think that a snow carpet was almost essential for the Christmas atmosphere. But warmer climes will soon dispel such provincial notions.

Even in distant Mindanao, where one needs never blow his frosty fingers, with flowers ever smiling in the meadow, the arctic fur-clad would hear the Angels' song at Christmas time, 'Glory to God in the highest; and on earth peace to men of good will.'

"Less than a fortnight and Mary will be at Bethlehem. Our classrooms now are beehives, as the pupils devote the industrial periods to star-making, to guide all nations to the holy Crib of Mary's little Son. Thin strips of bamboo to fashion the form, paper covered with blue and white, green and gold, and then a lighted candle enclosed, that the Magi may not lose their way in the quest divine. A source of light and devotion, these Bethlehem stars, four feet and more in diameter, suspended from pillar and ceiling in our churches. Here there is a beautiful custom of a novena of High Masses in preparation for the Birthday of Mary's Son. While the stars of Heaven protect the sheep on the hillside, the shepherds pray the *Gloria in excelsis* in the Magi-starred Bethlehem at the early morning Mass. Thus do they await the Light of the Gentiles and the Salvation of Israel."

* * *

Father Martin O'Shaughnessy, S.J., writing from St. Rita's Church, Balingasag, Eastern Misamis, Mindanao, P. I., in thanksgiving for a check forwarded by JESUIT MISSIONS, notes:

"It spurred me on to a long sick call. Why some people live so far in the woods away from everybody, I don't know. More marvelous still is where they get their food. Well, I rode the truck as far as I could, walked between four and five kilometers through cocals, along trails until I struck a rice field, a very large one on

the last stretch of the journey. With the boy we started along the foot-paths between the rice beds. I was offered a staff by the boy to balance myself, but, smart Alec that I am, I refused. I made a mistake in not changing my shoes, the soles of which are made from an old auto tire. We struck a slippery, slimy spot half of which was eaten away, and before I knew it my right leg was half way into the slippery, slimy mud, my helmet resting on my nose. Have you ever seen a rice bed? It is a goulash of the richest mud and water. I stepped out, continued the journey this time with a staff until I reached the house and the eighty-year old lady. On these long sick calls there is always consolation at the end of the trail. This old lady for years had prayed to St. Rita that she would have the priest before she died. Now she is happy awaiting the Angel's call. Old age is her only sickness.

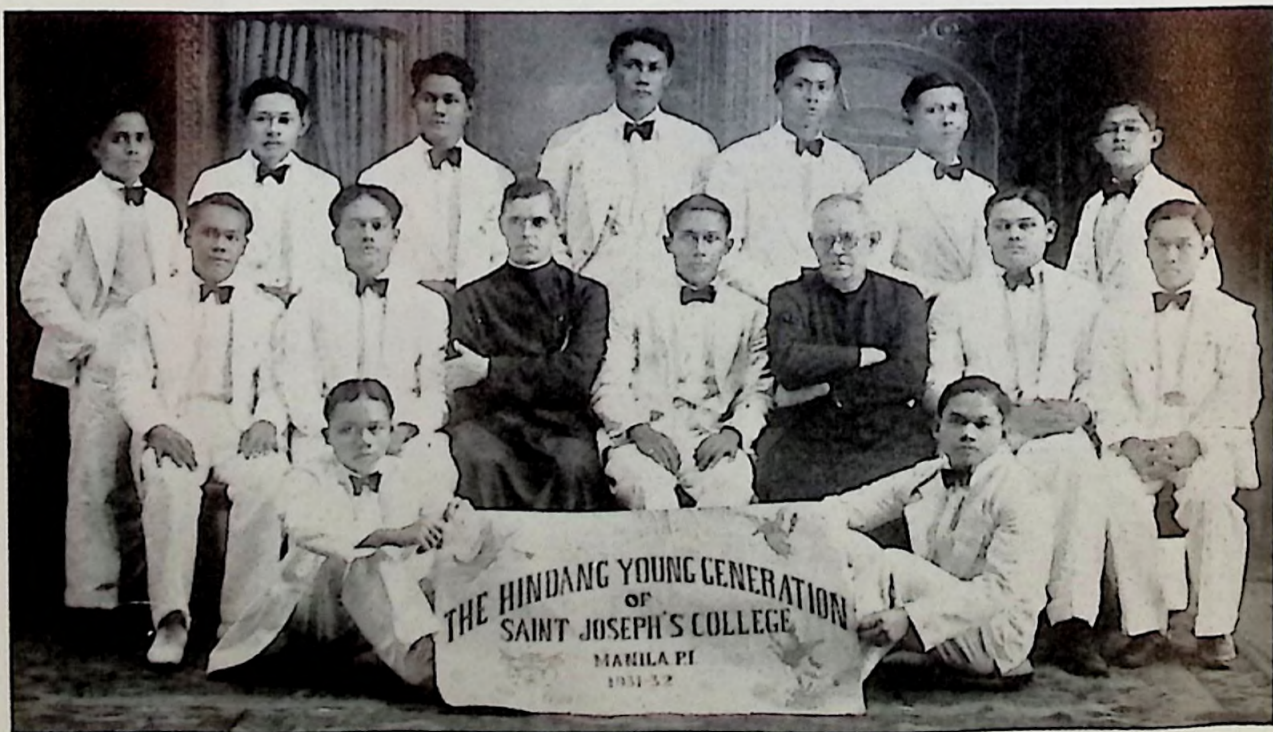
"A few Sundays ago I went on another hike not so long, and anointed an old man seventy-four years of age, fifty of which he had spent away from the Church. Some dear one was praying for him. Two days later he died.

"On Sundays in our eight or nine *barrios* we are catechizing nearly five hundred children in preparation for first Holy Communion."

* * *

Francis J. Renz, S.J., writes from the Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, Caloocan, Rizal, P. I.:

"The Scholasticate of the Society of Jesus in the Philippine Mission has entered upon its third year with the opening of classes in the second week of June. Philosophy, Science and the Classics are taught, together with all the necessary side branches.



Father Anthony L. Gampp, S.J. (left), and Brother Patrick McKenna, S.J., with house-boys of San Jose, Manila, taken a few years ago. Word has recently been received of the death of Brother McKenna in Manila. For years this veteran acted as Assistant Procurator of the Philippine Mission with a zeal and efficiency that can be adequately rewarded only in Heaven. Born on January 6, 1873, Brother McKenna entered the Society of Jesus on May 11, 1894. R.I.P.

"The Philippine Bureau of Education lays great stress upon instruction in the sciences as a prerequisite for obtaining degrees. To teach in any school recognized by the Government, one must have a sufficient number of credits in scientific courses. The scientific courses of the Society of Jesus for her own Scholastics, however, are more inclusive than those prescribed by the Bureau of Education. The difficulty comes in the fact that the Bureau also requires for standard courses, unessential pieces of equipment and apparatus that are expensive. Despite these handicaps, a real scientific course is being given that will enable the Society's Scholastics easily to meet the requirements of the Bureau of Education.

"At present there are thirty-three Scholastics preparing at Novaliches for their future apostolate in the Philippine Mission. To these may be added the Novice-Scholastics, whose number is twelve. Our present Holy Father, the 'Pope of the Missions,' has time and again expressed his desire for a native clergy in every country. The Society is trying to fulfill this desire in her Mission in the Philippines."

* * *

The Pastoral Letter of Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., on Catholic Education has reaped its first fruits. Since its promulgation, not a single true Catholic of the Diocese of Cagayan went to Silliman. Five students, belonging to this Diocese, who were in Silliman Institute, quit it as soon as they read the Bishop's letter. Ten others who were to enroll last June in that Institute abandoned their plans immediately upon learning the Bishop's advice. Fifteen boys from Occidental Misamis have enrolled at the Ateneo de Cagayan.

Bishop Hayes has written in the Catholic paper *La Defensa* a strong defense of his attitude towards Catholic Education, and a vigorous reply to Silliman Institute.

AMERICAN INDIANS

Writing from Our Lady of Lourdes Mission, Porcupine, South Dakota, a sub-station of Holy Rosary Mission, Father Leo C. Cunningham, S. J., gives us a glimpse of Christmas, 1934: "There were sun-dogs in the sky on Christmas Day in South Dakota. The wind was cold and bitter. All day the temperature was well below zero. Snow made it a white Christmas. Indian hearts were warm this Birthday of our King. The 'glad tidings' had reached log huts of Eagle Pipe, Thunder Hawk, Plenty Holes and all the Sioux. Christmas Eve found Indian families camped about the little white chapels or housed in the log meeting houses nearby. Some came in open wagons, others on horseback and a few in cars that were new some ten years ago.

"Father Daniel McNamara, S. J., Superior of Holy Rosary Mission, had his Midnight Mass at my Sacred Heart Chapel at Wounded Knee and two other Masses at St. Paul's, another of my chapels twenty miles to the north. Two of our Sisters accompanied him to St. Paul's. My Midnight Mass and second Mass were at Our Lady of Lourdes here at Porcupine. Then facing the north wind, two Sisters and I traveled twenty-five miles to where one crosses the Porcupine Creek to come to St. Mary Magdalen's Chapel in the Bad Lands. The ice broke underneath our car but we arrived ahead of scheduled time for Holy Mass.

praise to Him Who adopted us to be children of God and His own brothers and sisters.

"Christmas cheer and Christmas giving made Indian hearts beat a little faster and Indian dark eyes sparkle with delight. Cedar trees in the meeting houses bent under the weight of precious toys and dolls and bags of candy and of nuts. Thanks to our benefactors, every child of my four chapels received presents and so, too, did the older folks. What a joy to give to Christ's poor, especially on His own sweet birthday! What a blessing to be allowed to do a favor to the King in the person of a poor Red Skin of the plains!"



Friends of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, made possible this Christmas celebration last year for the first and second grade Sioux Indian boys.

"Cedar wreaths and cedar garlands, lovingly prepared by Indian hands, decorated the chapels where Christ was to appear, wrapped in the 'swaddling clothes' of the Sacred Species. Red artificial flowers and candles, donated by generous friends, made brilliant and attractive the altars where, instead of in the straw of the Manger, the God-Man was to rest in the midst of His humble adorers.

"Indian Christmas hymns, and some in English, gave expression to the joy and loving appreciation of the simple Indian heart in the Mass. With simple and loving faith, Indian men—some with braided hair and beaded moccasins—and women and children, came close to the altar and received their Divine Savior in the embrace of Holy Communion. With peace in their hearts and gladness in their very looks, these Indians of the plains—once fierce warriors—left their chapels, giving

Reporting on a unique celebration, *The Calumet*, organ of the Marquette League, says:

"On September 27, at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, the oldest mission of the Northwest, Father Louis Taelman, S.J., celebrated the fiftieth anniversary of his entrance into the Society of Jesus. But things didn't stop there. For the Indians came! Afoot and on horseback and in autos of every vintage, from far and near, the Flathead tribe foregathered at the cradle of their Faith to do honor to one of their most beloved apostles. And it took three very full days to do the honors, which included many religious celebrations, Indian dances, exhibitions of Indian curios and art work, and a great buffalo feast (yes, that's right—buffalo). For Father Taelman insisted: 'There will be no celebration unless my Indians celebrate with me.'"

Jamaica and Its People

TO remove misconceptions and to give a more intellectual background for the appreciation of the mission work in Jamaica, B. W. I., one of the two Missions attached to the New England Province of the Society of Jesus, the following survey is offered for the perusal of our readers. While a priestly training in all its phases is essential in the missionary's equipment, yet theology in all its forms naturally is called into play most frequently. This results from the various classes of society in Jamaica.

There are the aristocrats—for the most part wealthy. These are English Whites, or descendants whose children are sent to Oxford and Cambridge. Religion is more or less a fashion with them. Yet the work of the missionary at times brings him into contact with them, and the greater intellectual and cultural impressions he makes, the more God's glory is advanced. They are quick to realize the cultural difference between the Catholic and their own clergymen, even though the latter come from England.

Then there is the Middle Class—which could be divided and subdivided. Here there is a great field for work. These people are every bit as intelligent as the people in the States. A bit of colored blood in their veins keeps them from being in the first class; a social factor that at times may be overcome if they have enough money. Religion with these people is a daily topic which they are always ready to talk about. They are intensely interested. The Anglicans are the most interested in the Catholic Church; the other denominations have their strain of prejudice and bigotry, but those of the younger generation are restless under the narrow and excessively restraining atmosphere of Methodism, and are rather loathe to follow in their parents' footsteps.

IN dealing with this class of people, the missionary has to have his whole course of philosophy and theology on hand, ready to be drawn on at a moment's notice. The people may not at times clearly see the answer given them to a difficulty, but they realize that their own stand is shaken. Others will not only see the answer, but will take as fine a course of instruction as would be given to anyone in the States. A typical course of instruction would last for one hour every week. Catechism is explained and the books read are "The Faith of Our Fathers," "Theology for the People," "The Wonderful Sacraments," "Autobiography of The Little Flower," and numerous pamphlets. How many converts in the States would be interested in a course like this? Yet, there are plenty here who, if the barrier of bigotry can be broken down and God gives the grace of conversion, can take a similar course.



A bashful pickney of Jamaica, B. W. I.

The members of this second class are firm believers in the Scripture. Remove Protestant prejudice and they present a fertile field for labor. The conversion of this class means a big advance in spreading the Kingdom, for the servant class will follow them.

THE third class comprises the bush people, who are loveable but simple in many cases. To these, the missionary must give of himself generously and expect little more than a verbal appreciation for what he does. As in mission sections the world over, they are children with all the petty and passing defects of children. One must not be too hard on them. Many are willing to do their part, but some are just naturally indifferent to making a return for kindness shown unless there is a remuneration. With such a spirit, they make no advancement, and the only hope is to lift the children out of the rut. With them, patience, a sense of humor and the realization that they are only grown-up children are necessary.

Now to sum up qualifications. Virtue, patience, humility and confidence in God's Providence. A searching eye for the good points of the island and the people, with a willingness to speak about the good points and to check one's tongue about the bad. One must take an active part in their activities. They appreciate one's presence and it dispels bigotry. The priest here will not be able to let his theology grow stale. Popular apologetics and pamphlets are a blessing. In the towns one must preach as good a sermon as one would in the States. Besides the Catholic Church, there are the Church of England, the Church of Scotland, Jamaica Baptists, Presbyterian, Congregational, Wesleyan Methodist, the Christian Church, the Moravian, the Friends, Salvation Army, African Methodist Episcopal, Adventists, and various Jewish organizations.

War in Mindanao

James G.
Daly, S.J.

WES, we are having war in Mindanao, and that the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS might fully appreciate the havoc wrought, allow me to act as a war correspondent and report a typical skirmish.

As the picture shows, even the school children had to be drafted to save the rice fields from invasion by the enemy and destruction from the air. It is no exaggeration to say that the winged enemy formed veritable clouds of destruction as the myriad fleet in battle formation advanced from the air upon our half grown rice that must be our bread and butter after its harvest in October.

Perhaps there are some *incredulistas* who class locust stories with the proverbial narratives of the angler. Those who must see with their two eyes before giving their intellectual assent, should come down to Mindanao right now. Even with one eye you can see too much destruction wrought by the winged pests. Those stark stalks in the corn fields were the camping grounds of the locust army for only one night. Through the dawn's early light the bare stalks that met the farmer's distressed vision were like so many vanquished soldiers stripped of all equipment, but courageous to the end, still standing at their posts though stiff in death. If I should attempt description of high bamboos bent and broken under the weight of the locusts, you might reserve judgment until the two-eye test. Yet on second thought, recalling the poor camel that caved in with the last straw, the broken bamboos after all only follow the universal laws of physics. And the high coconut trees have become bare ruined choirs with the loss of their foliage, not by the touch of Jack Frost, but with the hungry mouths of myriad flying insects. There are rice fields that have been carried off by the locust fleet.

However, all is not waste. The winged fleet can speak of victories under cover of night. But there are sectors the fleet attempted to raid by day, but all in vain.

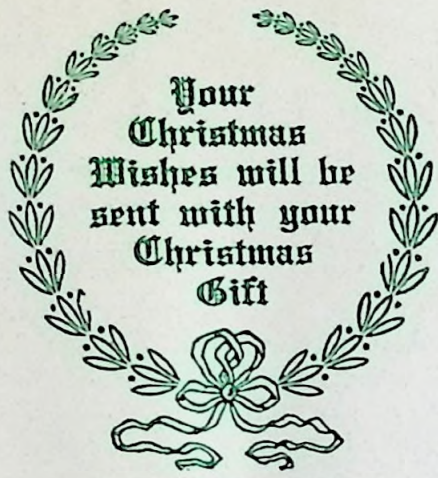
In a recent skirmish the school children were drafted to go forth to battle, when searching eyes detected the approach of distant clouds of destruction. With bamboo clappers, rattling empty cans, while the elders set off home-made explosives, the school children were willing warriors in the trenches of the rice fields. The locust fleet had no bombs to drop upon us, and lacked the courage to descend too close to our war instruments of noise. Hundreds of waving arms, shrill voices of the young and the husky bass of warriors of two score and more battles forced the fleet on to other camping grounds. As the warriors returned in triumph, their prayer was, that all along the front, courageous warriors would be holding the lines, until reaching the sharp curve in the coast, the locust fleet would continue blindly out to sea, eventually to become the food of the fishes when weary wings brought them down to ride the briny deep. And such is the law of the conservation of energy. The locusts eat our rice, and we eat the fish.

MANY stories have come down to us of wondrous, nay, seemingly miraculous happenings during previous locust infestations. Perhaps the best, from a story point of view, is that told of Father Parache, the Spanish Superior in 1883, and related by Father Joseph Reith, S.J., who is at present the zealous Pastor of Dansalan, Lanao, Mindanao. The story runs as follows. In vast clouds, the locusts had settled on the fair fields of Balingasag. The people rushed to the church, praying Saint Augustine to ward off the calamity. Father Parache read the prayers; then, taking up one of the locusts, he sprinkled it with holy water, blessed it, and bade it in the name of Saint Augustine to fly away and take the others with him. Eye witnesses declare that it rose in the air, was followed by the rest of the battalion which darkened the sky for an hour, then vanished like a cloud.

Armistice Day in Mindanao. These child warriors have successfully routed an army of locusts with bamboo clappers, empty cans, nipa brooms and home-made explosives.



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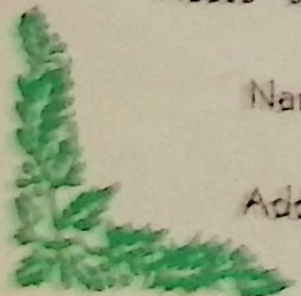
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CHRISTMAS IN ALASKA

(Continued from page 287)

Along about this time twilight came—one more hour and it would be pitch dark. I decided it would be best to put up here for the night and give the dogs a much needed rest. I asked the boys from Pilot what they thought. "*Namikika*" (I don't know). Father Prange says somewhere that "I don't know" from a native in Alaska means all the way from "I don't care to answer" to "I am too lazy to think." He said a mouthful! I delayed another hour, hoping that these inscrutable moon faces would determine on some course of action. Another hour passed. With darkness already descending, the Eskimos nonchalantly donned their parkies and decided to put out. Not knowing when another team would come up river, I decided to brave the elements with them. It would have been useless to ask them why they did not decide two hours before. The answer would have been, "I don't know!"

OFF we went over a heavy trail in the darkness. The stars came out; the night grew colder. I trudged along near the sled, sweating from every pore in my body. I made up my mind that we would reach Pilot some time in the morning—when, I knew not. It was only twenty miles or so, and one could walk that on a good trail, but the good trail we had not. I first threw off my parky; a sweater came next. I grew wet with perspiration. We

were climbing some foothills. We pushed, we yelled, we sweated! The foothill seemed a veritable mountain. At last we reached the summit. Here the snow was hard. I could take a much needed ride and get my second wind. The dogs somehow or other travel better at night. Perhaps it is because their sense of smell is keener at night, and they discover more scents to distract them from their work. Whatever the cause, we began to make better time. The wind caked the perspiration on my shirt. I trotted by the sled to cool off gradually. After a while I reached for my sweater. It was rather dark, as the night was only dimly lit up by the stars. Finally, I stopped the sled and made a thorough search. It was no use, the sweater had fallen off in the pushing and joggling of the sled. It might be a hundred yards back and it might be five miles. Thank God that my parky and mittens were still intact. "Come on dogs; we're off!"

WE had a little boy on the sled. He began to fall asleep. This was not good, especially as he had been complaining of the cold. I forced him off the sled and made him run at short intervals to keep his blood in circulation. Afterwards I made him stick his little hands into my big bear mittens. They were like icicles. I had got them just in time.

We dropped or rather fell down a big bank in the dark. We were on the Yukon again. The dogs went faster now; they knew that they were near home. But we faced a bitter north wind head on, and it cut us to the bone. I determined to stop at the first cabin, a good three miles from my church, to warm the little lad. Two more bends of the river and all would be well. Soon the lights began to twinkle in the distance—would we ever reach the place! The little Eskimo began to complain that his feet were terribly cold. "Mush, you malemites! Come on pups, do your stuff!" They did. They got a whiff of some one cooking dog feed. They fairly dashed now.

We stopped at the nearest cabin. A roaring fire greeted us as we

entered. All was happiness now. The cold of the night fell from us with our parkies. It was late; it was bitterly cold. I had enough that day. I would stay here for the night and heat up my little church leisurely on the morrow. My sleeping bag was rolled out on the floor—a Rosary, and the day was done.

COURIERS OF CHRIST

(Continued from page 293)

that these people were prosperous in the goods of this world. I do not mean necessarily very rich, but comfortably situated. I wonder what a doctor would charge to make that trip. Certainly about twenty-five dollars and it would be worth it.

Here is our car and here is the man who first directed us on our way. "Father, I was getting worried about you. Did you make it all right?" "Yes, many thanks. We had the Lord with us going up and He sent the Angels to take us down. However, not too fast, Bidoy, as we do not wish to catch cold in the night air."

Home at last. Now for a nice shower and the best cup of tea in the world. I shall show you how to make it. You must not let the tea touch the metal.

The funeral was conducted this afternoon, thirty-six hours after the death of the patient. It is only another instance of how these people know when to send for the priest, despite the fact that it would be better if they sent earlier. The dead man received a free funeral, since he was one of a group of men, each over sixty years of age, who work without salary in the cemetery of Bobontogan, thus getting a free funeral when they die.

You ask me how long was the trip. Well, "they" said about one kilometer, but if you double their estimate, square it and add your age, you come nearer to it. We walked about three miles an hour half the time and one mile an hour the other half, and it took about forty-five minutes to make the trip going up. "Neither snow, nor rain, nor sleet, nor heat, nor cold, nor dark of night, can stay these Couriers in the swift completion of their appointed tasks." If the letter-carriers can do it, we can, too.

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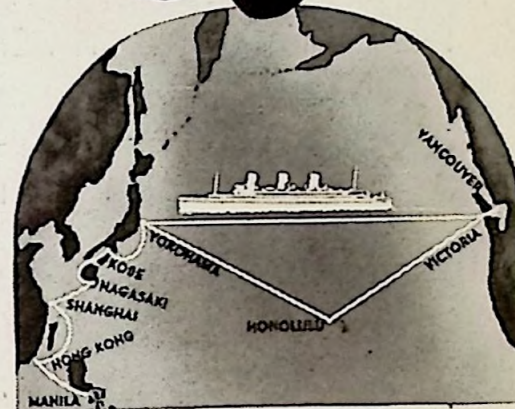
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The Catholic High-School Principal. By Francis M. Crowley, A.M., Ph.D. The Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc. Price \$2.50.

From data that are representative, though not as complete as they might be, the author focuses attention on our Catholic High School Principal and exposes his findings in regard to his age, sex, salary, his training in higher institutions of learning, as well as his professional and academic background, his educational experience and professional stability, the Principal as administrator and supervisor, his responsibilities, the Principal's own analysis of his problems, a comparison of the Catholic and Public high school Principal, and ends with a chapter on how to professionalize the Principalship. The thoroughness of the survey, plus the twenty-one lists of figures and sixty-eight tables and the appositeness of the study and its intrinsic value, is another indication of the important contributions we have come to expect from the Science and Culture Series. There is hardly a problem or a

criticism anent the Catholic Principal which is not scientifically discussed and adjudicated. We believe that the general advance being made today along the entire Catholic educational front will gain both a speedy cooperation and a real scientific impetus from the perusal of this survey.

Athens, Argentine, Australia. By C. C. Martindale, S.J. Sheed & Ward, London, England. Price 7s. 6d.

"In this book I have not disguised what a mess Christian and Catholic countries have made of things." With these words as an epitome of the contents, we attend to Father Martindale as he submits the countries through which he traveled, their peoples and customs, their institutions, political, moral and religious, to an incisive and in the main constructive criticism which may make these countries see themselves as others, or at least the author sees them. Nor does he spare his own countrymen, at least the average Englishman, "who simply will not believe that anything can be genuinely and exclusively spiritual in origin and essence." Each page is laden with valuable comments *de omnibus rebus et de quibusdam aliis*. The volume is more important in its observations than *African Angelus* and will undoubtedly enrich in countless ways the imagination, intellect, social understanding and spirituality of its readers.

Heart Talks with Jesus (Fifth Series). By Rosalie Marie Levy. P. O. Box 158, Station D., New York, N. Y. Price seventy-five cents; by mail, eighty cents.

A precious anthology of verse, prayers, scriptural quotations and devotional thoughts from myriad sources which will undoubtedly inspire the phlegmatic and sustain the fervent in their "Heart Talks with Jesus." The typography is in keeping with the general excellency of the subject.

The Means of Grace (Price \$1.00) and Test Exercises (Fifteen cents). By Rev. Leon A. McNeill and Madeleine Aaron. St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.

"These instructions are addressed particularly to the large group of Catholic children who attend the public schools and are intended as a text book for pupils of the upper grades in week-day and Sunday instruction classes and in religion vacation schools." The author is to be congratulated indeed on the peda-

gogical soundness of the subject matter, the arrangement of lessons and the thought-provoking yet reasonable problems and questionnaires. The *Test Exercises* for use with *The Means of Grace* consists of twenty carefully planned lessons, a key for scoring, and a progress chart. The work of our teachers of catechism will be rendered remarkably easier for those who use these books.

Persecuted Mexico. By H. J. Tholen, Hays, Kansas. Price ten cents per copy; \$1.00 per dozen; \$6.00 per hundred.

"Persecuted Mexico" is another contribution to the mass of evidence already compiled against the present anti-Catholic Mexican Government. Liberal quotations from the Constitution of 1857 and 1917, together with personal experiences, may be culled from this pamphlet for reference in lecture campaigns for the defense of Catholic Mexicans.

The Sunday School Year-Teacher's Plans. By Rev. Charles Francis Kelly, New Haven, Connecticut. Price \$1.00 per copy.

Forty-five Teacher's Plans or outlines for Sunday School lessons, which are as complimentary to the zeal and practical pedagogy of the author as they will be valuable to the teacher. It is work like this which will enable the Church to stem at the start the appalling tide of ignorance in which too many of our Catholics are today engulfed. A mere reading of the notes for each lesson will act as an incentive for study and a prod to the curiosity not only of the pupil but of the teacher in her preparation.

A Chaplet for Mary. By Edith Tatum. Parish Visitors of Mary Immaculate, New York, N. Y. Price fifty cents per copy, postpaid.

Thirty-six tributes in verse to the beauties of Mary our Mother. A neat little format in our Lady's blue.

The Way of the Cross for A Companion of Jesus. By Emil Becker, S.J. Translated from the French by Francis L. Filas, S.J. Loyola University Press, Chicago, Ill. Price three cents per copy.

Short reflections on the Stations of the Cross for lay or Religious, with a "Preparation for a Holy Death." The reflections stress personal devotion to our Lord, and offer practical applications in daily life.

ARABIAN KNIGHTS (Continued from page 286)

if its present moderator, we insist that a certain high standard be set and lived up to. If a boy thinks he wants to try it, we put him on probation; if he does not want to try it, we do nothing to give him the impression that the Sodality needs him. And once he is in the Sodality, he is not permitted to rest on his laurels. You are not a Sodalist because you have won one battle; you must fight the whole campaign with energy. Thus far, there have been two dismissals from our organization. Nor is this selective and purging process odious to the boys, as some might be inclined to think. Boys have an innate sense of justice and an appreciation of true values even more than many an adult. Hence not the least sign of resentment has ever been shown by any of the students. They all feel that only those who have proved themselves should be standard bearers of Our Lady.

WHEN King Solomon gave his famous decision that the baby was to be divided, he knew he was sentencing the child to death. When you divide a Sodality, reserving the recitation of prayers for the Sodality and giving over all activity to other hands, you pronounce sentence of death on a Sodality. Youth—especially zealous youth—wants action. The prayerful side of our Sodalists' life is taken care of by the regular weekly meeting, consisting of the Little Office, an explanation of the rules, an open question forum, occasional papers, spiritual reading in Arabic, and the exhortation by the Director, until recently, Father Edward Coffey, S.J. Once a month, in a private chapel, the Sodalists gather for a *Missa Recitata* at which they renew their Act of Consecration and receive Holy Communion. Three times a year, on the feasts of Our Lady, they gather for a general Communion and Communion Breakfast. In truly Catholic style, these Communions are held in turn in the Chaldean, Syrian, Armenian and Latin churches. Visits to the sick and bereaved, distribution of May medals, Lenten penances determined by the selection of penance

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slips, are duties common to all the Sodalists. Every Sodalist is a member of the "Hayat" or "Life" section, which keeps unbroken a chain of daily Communion for specific intentions suggested by Sodalists, each embodying a special need of Iraq. Some of them are interesting: our Department of Education; for those who cheat the people by their useless goods in the bazaars of Iraq (!); that useful books be brought to Iraq; that cows may give more milk (!); that Iraqi journalists may get more sensible (!); that teachers may get more reasonable (!). If some of these manifest a simplicity in our boys, we might say that simplicity is what the Kingdom of Heaven demands; and again that these are very practical intentions. But if you want depth, too, read these: that universal peace may prevail throughout the world; that Baghdad College may exist throughout the future of Iraq; for the enemies of our school.

NOBODY was ever a real Christian without being at the same time an apostle. Zeal for the spread of the Kingdom is of the very essence of Christianity. Boys who pray are boys who must work. And hence the various "sections" in our Sodality. Every member must belong to one section, but may not belong to more than two (exclusive of the "Hayat"), nor to more than one academy. A Sodalist may make his choice of the following: the Mission Section which organizes mite-box campaigns, collects stamps, corresponds with missionaries, and makes an annual contribution to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith; the Sanctuary Section, which assists at all liturgical functions of whatever rite, and organizes the monthly *Missa Recitata*; the Dramatic Section which presents an annual play, an annual elocution contest, and an annual prize debate; the Literature Section, which posts cinema bulletins, distributes Catholic papers to workers on the pipe-line in the desert, organizes academies in Chaldean, German, Italian; the Saint Vincent de Paul Section, which distributes help to the poor of the city through the various presbyteries, gives