

Jesuit & Missions

A PRAIRIE CHRISTMAS

"OUT OF BOUNDS" IN IRAQ

SHRINE OF TEKAKWITHA

A COLLEGE FOR MINDANAO

CHRISTMAS AT GUADALUPE

WINGS OVER INDIA

THE BLOOMING SAGE

Ten Cents

DECEMBER, 1938

VOL. XII, No. 11

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(Rev. B. W., New York)

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650 TIMES—A HAPPY CHRISTMAS

Six hundred and fifty American Jesuit missionaries join with their Mission Procurators, listed below, and with the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS in wishing our readers and subscribers a holy and happy Christmas. You who, in your prayerful and financial support, have been so good to the missions and missionaries will be remembered in a special way by them and their people as they plead with the Infant Savior that He shower upon their benefactors a superabundance of His graces and blessings. We voice their sentiments as we say to you—a holy and happy Christmas.

Even as the missionaries and their procurators pray for their benefactors, they plead with the Babe of Bethlehem that still others may be found who, like the Magi, will bring their gifts to be laid at His feet. Perhaps you think you can't play the part of "the other Magi." Perhaps you have only a small gift which you would wish to lay at the feet of the new-born King. Even if your gift is not gold but only humble copper or silver it will be a worthy present for the Infant Jesus.

Friends who at this holy season desire to lay their gifts at the feet of the Babe of Bethlehem and thereby gladden the hearts of the missionaries, whose lives are lives of sacrifice for the souls of men, are invited to send those gifts for the American Jesuit missionaries to one of the Mission Procurators listed below, or to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

Just mark your gift—FROM THE OTHER MAGI.

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

EDITORIALS

The Editors of Jesuit Missions unite with the American Jesuit Missionaries, throughout the world in wishing you a blessed and happy Christmas, May the Divine Child bless you for your interest in His work.

FIRST MISSIONARY

WE celebrate this month the birthday of the new world's first and greatest missionary. That this statement should suggest to most minds the name of St. Francis Xavier, whose feast day is December 3, is a rather curious commentary on our own attitude towards the foreign missions. The great apostle of the Orient would certainly have repudiated the title of "the new world's first and greatest missionary." His mind was not cluttered up with arbitrary historical divisions which make the new world begin with the Renaissance. All that is truly new in this very old world of ours, he knew, came with Him Who was born, as the Roman Martyrology so majestically puts it, "in the 752nd year from the foundation of the city of Rome, the 42nd year of the rule of Octavian Augustus, the whole world being at peace." He knew that this Child was the "first and greatest missionary" and that all others who claim the title of missionary are only able to claim it by participation in the mission of Him Who was truly *sent* by the Father. He knew further that because of this *mission* of Christ, the beginning of which we celebrate on December 25, all Christians who are reborn in the likeness of Christ, must be missionaries.

It will help us greatly to understand the deep mystery of Christmas if we approach it in the missionary spirit. For it is essentially a missionary feast and it is only those who are missionaries or who have the spirit of the missionaries who can best penetrate to the deep and innermost meaning of the mystery. A missionary like Francis Xavier who gave up the title of nobility and a brilliant career in Europe to spend his life among foreign and barbaric people in the Orient could understand it; the many readers of JESUIT MISSIONS who give up, abandon something good that is theirs in order to help the missions can also understand it. For there is more to the mystery of Christmas than the song of the Angels, the Star, and the stark and bitter poverty of the manger of Bethlehem. Really to understand these sacred incidents we must know the splendor which lies behind the humble birth. We must know that this Child was in the beginning the Word "And the Word was with God;" that He lived in ineffable bliss in the bosom of the Fa-

ther; that He was God and that being sent by the Father to redeem this far away and rebellious land which is ours, He came to us and dwelt amongst us. He did not come in the richness and power that was His by right of birth, being the Son of God; but "He emptied Himself" as St. Paul says, "taking the form of a servant."

That is why our missionaries who give up their homes and the higher culture of the lands from which they come to identify themselves with the poor and abandoned of foreign countries can understand the mystery of Christmas. That is why those who cannot abandon their homes but who do give up, empty themselves of that which is theirs in order to participate in this great Mission can understand the deep mystery of Christmas. For the mystery of Christmas is essentially a mystery of giving up what is ours in order that others may participate in the great joy of salvation. Christ has made it so.

A splendid way of preparing ourselves for Christmas and one which we recommend to our readers is to ask of St. Francis Xavier on his feast day, December 3, that he may give us the grace to see, not what he gave up to go to the Orient, but to see how much Christ Our Lord gave up to come to this world of ours on the first and greatest mission. We may ask him, too, that he make us see clearly that Christ has determined for all times the truth that it is impossible to be a Christian without being a missionary. For to be a Christian is to be like Christ. But Christ was a missionary first and fundamentally, one who was "sent" and who came to a foreign land, who gave up the home that was His that others might have the hope of sharing in that blessed inheritance. Fully to grasp this, is to grasp the mystery of Christmas and to place our hearts in union with the Heart of Christ on the first Christmas Day.

THE COUNT PASSES

THAT missionaries are Christ's noblemen, we know. But it takes an incident like the death, October 26 last, of Father Philbert Turnell, S.J., to remind us of this truth. Father Turnell's greatest title to nobility was his fifty-five years of missionary labor among the Indians of the Northwest and the Eskimos of Alaska. But he had another title about which he was singularly reticent. He was born a nobleman, the son and heir of Count George Torielli of Venice, Italy. He renounced his right of succession in order to become a priest of the Society of Jesus and a missionary. William A. Keating, S.J., has written a sketch of the colorful career of this nobleman of Christ which will appear in the January issue.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Christmas Eve on the Plains

William J. Moore, S.J.

CHRISTMAS eve in New York: Fifth Avenue glitters with light as thousands of Catholics hasten towards St. Patrick's Cathedral to prepare clean souls for the Infant Christ. In soaring apartment hotels, transposed forests of Christmas trees rise, floor upon floor, blazing with colored cones of light. Roaring subways rush Broad Street clerks and last-minute shoppers off to busy suburbs.

Christmas eve on Rosebud Reservation, South Dakota: tiny stars twinkle down on reflectors of snow in deep-mouth canyons. Through silent valleys and over windswept buttes the little cars of the Jesuit priests of St. Francis Mission are moving. The Blackrobes are riding for Christ, out towards the churches where they will say their first Mass, Midnight Mass. Wagons creak along the prairie trails more slowly, old wagons which have gone many times this way to the church, bearing families of Sioux Indians. Tiny dark-skinned boys and girls wrap themselves more tightly in rough blankets and snuggle closer to papa and mama. Darkness and quiet and slowness rule the Indians.

BY contrasting and comparing Christmas among urban dwellers with Christmas among the Sioux there is brought out the strange, humble beauty of the feast among the Indians. Father Eugene Buechel, S.J., took me with him last Christmas on his midnight ride, and I saw how the Sioux greet their new-born King. It will be the same this year, just as it has been for many years before and we trust will be for many years to come.

On the afternoon of the "day before," the missionaries pack their boxes of vestments and Mass supplies, make sure that they have a trusty shovel (in case of snow drifts), and ride away. Father Louis Goll, S.J., goes off to the northeast; Father Albert Grueter, S.J., southward; Father James Fallon, S.J., north, and Father Buechel to the west.

St. Patrick's is the name of Father Buechel's church at Spring Creek. The generous members of the Marquette League, many of whom live near the vaster St. Patrick's of Fifth Avenue, gave the money wherewith to build this little house of God. The St. Patrick's on the Indian Reservation will hold one hundred and fifty people.

Horses were champing mouthfuls of hay beside a few wagons when we reached Spring Creek about six o'clock

in the evening. In the log meeting house, where Mass used to be said before the frame church was built, the early comers were seated on plain wooden benches around the walls.

A visitor from the city unused to life on the plains would reach around in vain for a light switch at Spring Creek. There is no electricity. Instead oil lamps cast a mild, soothing glow of visibility through the small room. Seated next to John Walking Eagle, a giant Indian of seventy years and two hundred and twenty pounds, I observed this community of full-blooded Sioux as they waited for the midnight hour.



"Christmas is coming" for these happy little Sioux girls. Their puppies would be happy, too, if they could be sure they would not be the center of a Christmas dinner.

Men were seated on one side of the room, women on the other. Next to the stove in the middle of the floor sat an old woman. She sat on the floor by choice and not because she had to. So her ancestors rested. A diminutive pine tree from the canyon spread its tangy redolence through the air.

The meeting house filled rapidly, for the Sioux set out early for Midnight Mass. Soon every space on the benches was taken. Characteristically, everybody smoked. Through the thick tobacco atmosphere, teasing boys aimed flashlights across the room at bashful girls and chuckled at the subdued giggles which terminated these roving beams.

OF a sudden a chairman arose and announced that the St. Joseph and St. Mary Societies, for men and women respectively, were in session. Cigarettes were put aside and silence ensued. After a prayer, said in Lakota, the Sioux language, there were speeches, also in Lakota, on the grand subject of our Saviour's birth. In simple, unaffected style, one man after another arose

and expressed some wholesome thought on our gratitude to Christ and of the love of Catholic Sioux for the Redeemer now to be born again.

Meanwhile, between the meeting house and the church filed penitents going to confession to Father Buechel. In the toy-size sacristy the Blackrobe waited from seven o'clock until close to midnight when the last Sioux rode in off the lonely star-lit prairie. Patience, patience: it is a great word on the missions.

Midnight Mass in a little church crowded with humble hill folk was Bethlehem and the shepherds again. As the dark-brown Sioux sang high-pitched Christmas songs before the Infant in the consecrated host, one might fancy the cave in Judea filled at midnight with rude men and women whose voices were not sweetly angelic but vibrant with aspiring love.

"*Deo gratias*," said Father Buechel as he began packing away the box of vestments in the rear seat of the car at 1:00 a.m. "Merry Christmas. Now we go to Parmelee."

PARMELEE is twenty-five miles from Spring Creek. Few and far between are the tents and cabins on the wide prairie through which we drove that night. Not much room in those dwellings for decorated trees; and not much money for Christmas toys. Frank Arrowside,



"Christmas Eve on Rosebud Reservation . . ."St. Francis Mission from which the Jesuit missionaries set out to say Midnight Mass can be seen through the snow-covered trees.

the Parmelee catechist, greeted us about two o'clock at St. Agnes Church.

"Are the people here, Frank?" asked Father Buechel. "Yes," replied Frank, "they're sleeping."

The majority of the congregation was slumbering in the basement of the church. The people had celebrated with a party the evening before; and then had curled up for a nap. If bad roads should delay Father Buechel, they would sleep until he came.

CONFESSIONS began. The hours dragged for the tiring Blackrobe as he heard penitents right up to five o'clock. The Sioux in the mission camps cannot be hurried. Lining up and going to the confessor one after the other in quick order, is not their custom. The priest must even look out and beckon to the more backward penitents, lest the interval of mounting courage grow too lengthy.

Frank Arrowside is blind, but he knows the Mass prayers by heart. He said them in Lakota for the people at the second Mass at five o'clock. Blinking eyes widened to the shining altar candles, the portable organ trembled with joy, and the sacred mystery was wrought again (Turn to page 308)



Sioux Indians waiting for Christmas Mass to begin.

"Out of Bounds" in Iraq

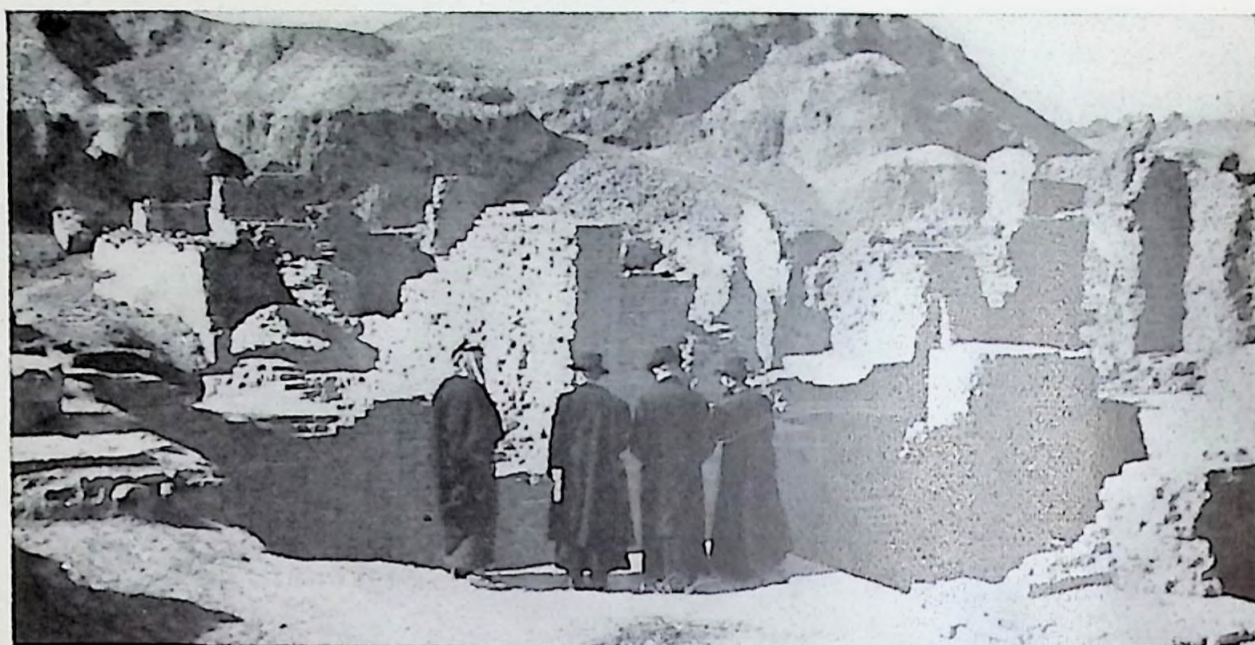
Thomas F. Hussey, S.J.

THE police of Iraq had always treated us well heretofore. Thus it was that we did not feel very uneasy when Zia, our chauffeur, said that the Captain wanted to see us inside the police station.

We Scholastics of Baghdad College had decided that Christmas vacation should not pass without a trip to Babylon and its environs. The jouncing ride over the desert tracks had been repaid by that feeling of awe which comes to you as you stand on the ruins of an ancient city, especially such a city as Babylon where you see the fulfillment of God's curse before your eyes. "Thus shall Babylon sink and she shall not rise from the affliction that I will bring her and she shall be utterly destroyed" (Jer. 51, 64). Our awe was akin to that which you feel when you look upon Jerusalem from the Mount of Olives, knowing that you are seeing actually what Our Lord saw in vision as He wept there. The Temple is leveled; a mosque stands in its place; the strife between the Arabs and Jews make the city one of strife and hate where He labored to bring peace and love.

WELL, we had seen the heap of rubbish that is Babylon and had dined on sandwiches, dates and coffee beside the Euphrates. The afternoon was still before us and that brings our narrative back to the police station. An hour or so of more jouncing brought us up to Kerbala, one of the four holy Mohammedan cities of Iraq. It was the reputed fanaticism of the place that led us to the station for we were after the police and not they after us.

Does the Captain of your Precinct invite you in for a cup of tea and a cigarette? That is the way they treated us, a good proof, by the way, that the famous eastern hospitality has survived the advent of the cops. After the usual polite interval of aimless conversation, our names were taken and here again we met that gap between the East and the West. The first name of the son here is never the same as that of his father and so for ordinary purposes of identification one gives one's first name and then that of his father. Had I told him that I am Thomas the son of Thomas, it would never have done. Therefore, I gave him my first name and my father's second name which, since I am a "junior" was after all my own name as well as my father's but we didn't go into all that. The formalities were fulfilled and everybody was satisfied. Mr. MacNeil gets out of these scrapes very easily by translating the "Mac" literally and giving his name as Sidney, the son of Neil.



An Arab guide shows American Jesuit Scholastics the ruins of ancient Babylon. Left to right: Edmond K. Cheney, S.J., Thomas F. Hussey, S.J., Sidney MacNeil, S.J.

With these arrangements concluded we were soon on our way under the protection of a plain-clothes officer and a policeman.

THE way to the mosque led through the bazaar where our anxiety at the seemingly hostile faces kept our attention fixed on the guard. The streets in this typical bazaar were covered over to keep out the blazing sun in summer months and the place was honeycombed with little shops, the sum total of whose goods ranged from gum to saddles. Will the East ever meet the West? It seems as though it had, as we heard some singing and up the middle of this ancient bazaar swung a column of Boy Scouts in their khaki shirts and shorts with blue bandannas and the shades of Lord Baden-Powell and Dan Beard hovering over them.

It was the adventure of visiting this once forbidden city that had drawn us here but we were neither disappointed nor surprised when the pleadings of our plain-clothes man did not gain us an entrance to the mosque itself. We were satisfied to see the exterior of the place. Pious Moslems of the East often stipulate that their bodies be buried near to the mosque. To be sure, the business is under the eyes of the health authorities now and is better managed, but it is said that it was common to see a donkey ambling through the streets with a couple of "dry" corpses on his back.

Of course, we felt relieved as we rode once more out of the town but there was a feeling of depression that clung to us for some time. We had been in a place where the Mass is not said. It was a feeling of having walked in darkness and was only dispelled as we knelt once more before the Tabernacle. But we kept on wondering at the paradox so often brought out in these pages, the apparent weakness of the Church and the seeming strength of Her opponents. In Kerbala there is a great mosque built over a tomb and here we have a small chapel harboring the Tabernacle.

Juramentado! Juramentado!

James Neri, S.J.

“**J**URAMENTADO!
JURAMENTADO!”
... the alarm is raised along the streets and from house to house in the Christian communities among the Moros of Mindanao and Sulu. Doors bang, windows are shut in response to the alarm while the braver members of the households watch with horror, through small openings, the grim progress of the messenger of death.

Along the road, pursuing his would-be victim, runs a Moro *Juramentado* brandishing a treacherous looking *kris*. He wears a tight-fitting pair of bright-colored trousers and a jacket, equally “loud,” fitting closely to his body. Neatly wound around the head is a homemade kerchief of bright hue. Another piece of rainbow-colored cloth is tied around the waist as a support to the wooden scabbard of the naked *kris*. He is beautifully dressed, but not a man dares to lose a second to admire the *Juramentado's* brilliant costume.

THE innocent wayfarer, caught on the street by the alarm, takes to his legs. The otherwise hospitable doors are slammed lest the swarthy Saracen round the next corner. Woe to the slow of foot, woe to the household through whose doors the fanatic manages to force an entrance. One safe refuge still remains for the fleeing victim . . . the Constabulary barracks. But even here the determined assassin would not be denied the fruit of his bloody enterprise; if the victim eludes his grasp then he engages the sentinel of the barracks in a death struggle. Such is the dexterity of the native warrior in handling his *kris* and so great is his determination to die for the Prophet that he often inflicts deadly strokes on the well-armed soldier before he himself sinks to his knees.

This Moslem fanatic, who runs amok under an oath to kill all infidels, that is, non-Mohammedans, on sight, is greatly dreaded by all. Before starting on his mission of death he makes a careful preparation. He takes an ablution, shaves his head and eyebrows and puts on his best suit. In his girdle the *Juramentado* places an *anting-anting*, that is, a special charm, usually a stone found in the entrails of certain animals, wrapped in a sheet of paper on which is written a verse from the Koran.

He then presents himself before the *Panditta* or Mohammedan priest who works on the fanatic's imagination. The *Panditta* pictures to him the joys and glories of the Garden of Allah, of rivers flowing with milk, honey and wine, besides many other lesser springs and



A Moro of Dansalan, Province of Lanao, Mindanao in the Philippines.

fountains whose pebbles are rubies and emeralds, while their earth consists of camphor, their beds of musk, and their sides of saffron. But all these glories will be eclipsed by the resplendent *houris* of paradise. These maidens are created not out of clay but of pure musk, and are free from all natural impurities and defects. The *Panditta* sings to

him his impassioned chant which shows to the *Juramentado's* entranced vision the radiant smiles of the enchanting *houris*.

Rendered frantic by the exhortation, a longing for death takes hold of the *Juramentado* and throws him like a wild beast upon his enemies. He is ready for everything. Nothing can stop him, none can make him recoil. Prodigies of valor will he accomplish until the moment when death seizes him. He starts for his errand of destruction with one aim: to butcher as many infidels as he can. The *Juramentado* kills for the sake of killing in the belief that on being killed a white horse will carry him to the voluptuous existence promised by the Koran.

ONCE determined, the *Juramentado* carries on his errand of destruction to death. Two moro fanatics with spears attacked a column of soldiers armed with rifles and bayonets. A handful of these assassins once ambushed a battalion of soldiers. They were all killed in this attack but not before they had inflicted a blow on the vanguard. A *Juramentado* repeatedly shot through the body with both legs broken, took his *kris* between the teeth, buccaneer style, and dragged himself forward with the intention of getting near enough to strike one more blow for the Prophet.

Juramentados appeared frequently in the streets of Jolo and in other Christian communities in Moroland as late as the last quarter of the nineteenth century. Many Spanish officers, soldiers and civilians fell victims to the deadly strokes of the *kris*. The white-washed tombs, scattered along the streets of Jolo, are mute reminders of the American soldiers, victims of the *Juramentados'* reckless daring during the American occupation of the Islands in the early part of this century.

Several Spanish missionaries who penetrated Moroland to bring the light of the Gospel to the Moros, lost their lives at the hands of *Juramentados*. God grant that the blood and sacrifices of these and other heroic missionaries may open the hearts of the deluded followers of Mohammed to the Truth of the Christian revelation.

To Nanking by the War Zone

James Kearney, S.J. and John Lipman, S.J.

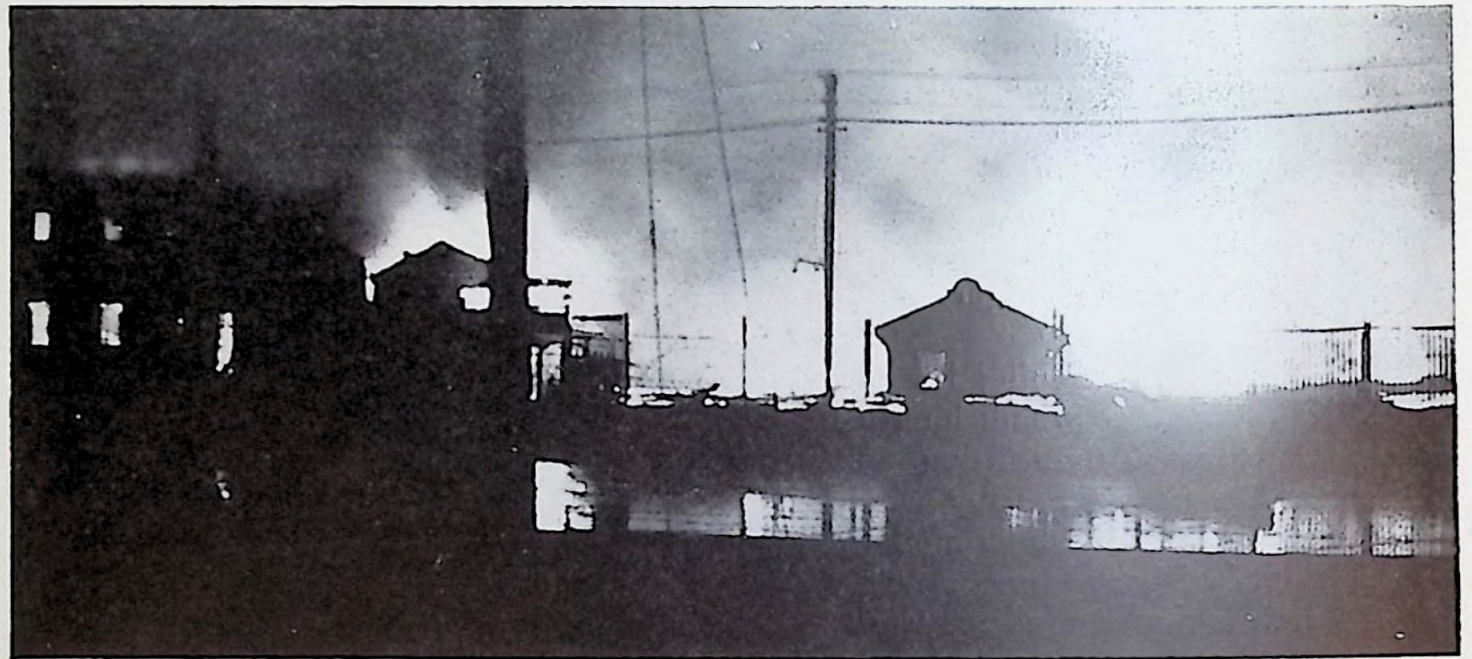
AFTER months of anxious negotiating with the military authorities, Father John K. Lipman, S.J., and I succeeded in snagging a pair of passes for Nanking. As Father Liang, a Chinese Father ordained a year ago in the former capital by Monsignor Yupin, had also received his pass we decided to go by rail and let Father Lipman come later by boat with a list of necessaries which we would furnish him after our arrival.

Tickets for the one fourth-class train a day were as difficult to get as tickets to a world-series game, so we simply had to be early. As curfew in Shanghai lasts till 5:00 a.m., we started for the station a little after 4 o'clock with a Japanese policeman in a police car, the first one either of us had ever ridden in so far. Through the unlit streets of silent Hongkew we sped, challenged here and there by bayonet-armed sentries, to arrive with the first streak of dawn at the ticket booth before which a score of Chinese and Japanese customers were already waiting for the agent.

HALF an hour later we were lugging our heavy grips across the bridge that spanned the rails to the platform from which in the distance the shell-eaten remains of the North Station were visible. There we sat on our baggage for a full hour, while a seemingly endless line of small Japanese business men and Chinese ex-refugee men, women and children streamed up to the ticket booth, then sweated their way across the bridge with bales and bundles and baskets. Soon half a regiment, so it seemed, of sturdy little soldiers with full equipment arrived, and when our streamlined special snorted into view we saw with sinking hearts that it was principally destined for the military, with but three shoddy-looking coaches for the civilian horde. Women and children are last in China, and we managed to writhe and wriggle into fairly good places while for twenty minutes the cars were being filled on the principle that there's always room for one more sardine.

With a threat of rain to keep the day cool we chugged out from devastated Chapei for what might be an adventurous trip through a ruined countryside swarming with guerillas. The fields beyond Shanghai, usually rich

with the promise of June, were deserted. The weeds were triumphant everywhere, while the industrious farmers huddled for fear in the city's refugee camps. We had crawled determinedly many miles away from Chapei before we saw the first lone peasant, who had already reclaimed a small strip of land from the invading weeds for his winter cabbages. He was like a hardy pioneer in the wilderness days of America.



"Devastated Chapei" through which Father Kearney passed on the way to Nanking. This picture was taken while the battle of Shanghai was in progress.

BUT as we got further and further from Shanghai, strange to say, conditions seemed much safer for now more peasants, men and women together, went calmly about their work, and soon half the land was under cultivation. Then we saw the first buffalo ploughing, and prospects for complete famine in this region next fall were fading. Yet the tragedy is this—there were but two or three people working their rice in fields where previously two hundred or three hundred worked. Before death came leaping out of the sky this fertile region had been literally saturated with humanity, an ironical commentary on those who would justify the war because of population pressure on one of the combatants. Almost half the farm houses along the railroad had been blasted to pieces from the air or burned as the victorious armies swept forward last November towards the capital. But half a mile away on either side the houses seemed intact. And this was symbolic of the whole war; for invasion had moved swiftly along the railroads and main highways, and the slow and difficult "mopping up" work in the countryside is reserved for the second phase. The missionaries know that means guerilla warfare for years to come.

The weary train rested along at each station, where to replace air-wrecked brick structures temporary wooden offices had been thrown up and were guarded by listless detachments of well-armed Nipponese. For months the bombardments along the railroad had been savage, and everywhere rose up the melancholy spectacle of shat-

tered locomotives, freight and passenger cars hurled violently onto their splintered sides. At Wusih, the largest Catholic center in the Nanking diocese, the station and all nearby buildings were in a particularly deplorable condition. It was at this place that two California missionaries last October somehow managed to escape being blown to pieces when seven huge planes bombed and strafed their train and the nearby station and rice fields for half an hour, with a grand total of two hundred casualties. Wusih was once a gigantic hive of industry, but today no smoke pours from the great chimneys, and the hum of the looms is stilled. Chinese priests care for their scattered flock in small, out-of-the-way chapels.

AT Tanyang the church and residence were in ruins; at Chinkiang, the church, the residence and the school. And so the litany of disaster. Nearing Nanking the countryside seemed more nearly normal. Now every foot of every field was under cultivation, and the peaceful peasantry almost gave the illusion that the war belonged to another century. New grass that quickly hides the scars of battle added to the illusion, yet the scanty hay crop showed that in early spring fear must have lain heavily on the farmer here as elsewhere.

Outside the ancient walls of Nanking lie the ruins of Hiakwan, a once populous little city razed almost to the ground when the capital was besieged in December. Here we were met by some kind non-Catholic friends of the University of Nanking and after our passports and baggage had been minutely inspected, were whisked away in autos to the great gate of the city. It was this gate that had become jammed, and the orderly retreat of the Chinese defenders of Nanking had turned into a panic. Frantic cavalymen had then ridden over the fallen bodies of infantrymen, while the tanks kept pushing in from behind, till the whole area near the gate was piled high with corpses. A man who with thousands of others had succeeded in letting himself down over the high wall told how they had crowded into junks to cross the neighboring Yangtse, and how the war planes had swooped down upon them.

MANY fear-crazed soldiers preferring the treacherous currents of the river to death from the air leaped overboard, thus capsizing the junks. Meanwhile, planes patrolled the opposite shore spraying with machine guns those who attempted to land. According to him, when his boat capsized he was fortunate enough to snatch a plank, and with it succeeded in swimming back through the icy waters to the Hiakwan side where he was later captured. Examined to see if he had any marks of a trench helmet on his head or a gun-callous on his shoulder, he had neither and thus escaped being shot as a soldier. It was difficult to believe that these wild scenes had taken place in this area only a few short months ago.

The Nanking Christians were thrilled to be able once again to confess, communicate and sing out their prayers of thanksgiving to God. We promptly began a house-to-house canvass to find out those who were in extreme necessity, and they were given immediate relief. Ten



Damage wrought by a Japanese bomb which struck the roof of Ricci College conducted by the Jesuits at Nanking.

Catholic men had been shot as suspected soldiers and ten families had had their houses burned in the long horror that followed the taking of the city. It was bad, but might have been worse. We are trying to find odd jobs in this trade-paralyzed metropolis for as many rice-winners as possible, and have rounded up in the school the poorest, homeless widows and orphans. The winter will be a hard one, as there are still several hundred thousand former inhabitants who will drift gradually back to their ruined homes.

There is sometimes a bit of comic relief, however, in the starkest tragedy, as witness this appeal to us for aid in the basest of Basic English:

"Now my grandmother, father, mother, brothers, sisters with me. We live from hand to mouth. Please: give me life annuity, God, heavenly felicity."

That's a pretty heavy order. It's the first time anyone had asked us to make him eternally happy. I gave him fifty cents, and he was ecstatic. But let Father Lipman tell about his journey.

ON June 23, I left Shanghai for Nanking on board the U. S. S. *Isabel*, bringing with me among other numerous *impedimenta* the necessary kitchen utensils, bedding and other household articles needed to refurbish our "evacuated" house. It was indeed a changed city that greeted my eyes as I landed on the Hsiakwan Bund and drove along the streets in the car sent to meet us by the American Embassy. Whatever activity there was to be seen was the movement of Japanese troops and supplies, both of which were plentiful since Nanking is now the center of military activity in Central China. But of the former teeming life of China's capital there was now no sign.

Now, as formerly, new buildings are going up, but buildings of a very different nature. The bricks and debris, remnants of the city's former glory, are gradually being cleaned up and cleared away, but in their place are springing up hundreds of little mushroom-like shops and small stores, while the streets are lined with the open-air displays of used goods and "junk" that is so typical of the interior of China. Truly, Nanking is rising, phoenix-like, from her ashes, but it will be many a year before she attains the former degree of development.

Life, however, in this seat of the "Reformed Government" goes along very quietly, though one would hardly say uneventfully. Each day brings (Turn to page 308)

Shrine of Tekakwitha

Edward J. Klippert, S.J.

A FINE, steady shower of rain began to fall as I stood with my companion on the beautiful expanse of steel and concrete, the newly constructed bridge to Caughnawaga.

"To Caughnawaga, Fathers?" A large Packard drew up, door open.

"Thank you ever so much," I said as we got in.

The bridge was crossed in short order and the main road gave us a good idea of the village, since most of the houses are built along it.

"There is the church of your faithful Jesuit Fathers," said our genial driver, a Catholic young man of Montreal. A little Indian boy was swinging on the wooden gate as we approached and, being strangers, he took us at once to the missionaries in the old house adjoining the church. The charity of Christ dwells there and so we were at home in a few moments.

CAUGHNAWAGA is a place of historical interest and also a site of great importance these days when the cause of Catherine Tekakwitha, the Lily of the Mohawks, is progressing in Rome. The only existing relics of this great servant of God are preserved there in the beautiful old church of the Jesuit Fathers, built in the year 1845. Catherine died on Wednesday of Holy Week, April 17, 1680, in her twenty-fourth year, at the Sault St. Louis Mission, situated at the foot of the Lachine Rapids, and was buried on Maundy Thursday by the river shore at the foot of the large cemetery cross where she so loved to come and pray. Her remains, enclosed in a casket, were deposited in the present church after they had followed the various migrations of the village. A portion of her precious remains had been given in the year 1754 to the Iroquois Mission of Saint Regis, recently founded at that place. They disappeared, however, in a conflagration which destroyed the chapel where they were preserved.

Caughnawaga, the Indian Reserve, is a very modest and a very poor village at the center of which is the Jesuit church, erected in 1845, as mentioned above. Gathered within the large stone walls of this church are many valuable and interesting relics of days gone by. Our attention was drawn at once as we entered the heavy wooden doors creaking on iron hinges to the ancient altar brought from France in the early year of 1680. It is all hand carved and beautifully decorated. The sanc-



Jesuit church at Caughnawaga where the remains of Tekakwitha lie.

tuary lamp is a piece of solid silver, grand in its simplicity and perfect in its effect, namely, to attract attention to the main altar. On the left side of the sanctuary is a very imposing pulpit of dark mahogany, having small statues of various saints on each of its many sides. Many a heartfelt talk and sermon has been delivered from this pulpit as the devoted missionaries explained the Word of God to the Indians or explain to tourists, as today they do, the story of love and of heroic self-sacrifice entailed and cheerfully endured by the early Christians of those very regions.

IN the residence of the Jesuit Fathers, built in the year 1720 and adjoining the church, are to be found and admired more priceless relics. Among these, as mentioned above, are the precious remains of Catherine Tekakwitha, comprising the bones of the lower portion of the body placed in a small coffin with a glass cover, making it possible to examine and to venerate them. On one such occasion the glass cover, being leaned upon too heavily, broke, and the Fathers took the opportunity to have a small piece of the precious remains removed and placed into a small case, thus enabling sick persons to touch it to the afflicted member of the body with greater ease. Also cherished here is a beautiful, solid silver monstrance, brought from France in 1668; a small chalice, unearthed rather recently and discovered to date back to the time of the early missionaries; many missals used by the same missionaries; prayer books; a belt of wampum, presented by the Loretto Hurons in 1676, and many other articles. The records of the church are completely filed and kept in perfect order, dating back to the first Christians.

"Like to see the Indian war dance, Fathers?" asked our very kind and selfless Scholastic who spends the summer months at Caughnawaga to show tourists around the church.

Chief Poking Fire, aided by his wife and some twenty other Indians of the village, (Turn to page 308)

A Guadalupe Christmas

Carmelo
Tranchese, S.J.

OUR Christmas season here at Guadalupe Mission, San Antonio, Texas, begins on December 16 and goes on until March 19, the feast of St. Joseph. A long season, most certainly, and full of events worth knowing.

On December 16, when the Novena for the Nativity begins, we start *Las Posadas* (looking for shelter). This is an old and well-rooted religious practice amongst the Mexican people. If a church has no *Posadas* during this time, there would be a strong suspicion that it is not a Catholic church. The *Posadas* are, then, of very strict obligation. When I came amongst the Mexicans, I did not know anything about the *Posadas*. But I had to learn. And I did learn from some one who taught me what to do and how to behave. How to behave is right, because when you first see them you might be tempted to smile, which would be quite dangerous.

The *Posadas* are arranged this way. The priest says the rosary in the church. After the rosary the choir sings the Litany of the Blessed Virgin Mary. Here the Children of Mary form for procession. Four of them come up to the sanctuary and take charge of a group of statues, especially prepared for the occasion. This group is supposed to represent the arrival of Mary and Joseph in Bethlehem, some days before the Nativity, when they were looking for a lodging.

THE procession march along: the Cross bearer, the priest in *Cappa Magna*, the Children of Mary, the group of the Holy Pilgrims. They go outside and reach one of the side doors, if the church has any. The girls start singing: "Who will give shelter to these poor pilgrims who come from afar and are tired of the journey?"—The Choir answers: "Who on earth disturbs us at this ungodly hour of the night? They might be robbers. . . . Go away, we have no shelter here . . ." The procession goes to another side door and repeats the same singing, receives the same answer and marches on. They go to the front door. The door is closed, like the others. The girls in the procession, and the people also, if they like, sing again the same refrain: "Who will give shelter, etc." They receive the same answer; a refusal. This time the girls who play the part of the Pilgrims, add: "It is Mary and Joseph who ask for shelter." The Choir then bursts out singing: "Come in, come in, Holy Pilgrims, accept this corner; not of this poor house, but of my heart!" The doors are flung open, the procession marches up the center aisle of the church. The priest, on reaching the foot of the altar recites the Novena



"The *Pastores* (Shepherds) is the event which gives to the Christmas season its peculiar color."

prayers, and the people sing: "Humble Pilgrims Jesus, Mary and Joseph, I give you shelter and with it my heart as well."

On the last day of the *Posadas* which is Christmas eve, after the benediction of the Blessed Sacrament, the people gather in the yard, or in some place where there is enough room to attend the performance of the *Pastores* (the Shepherds) an old traditional Mexican play which lasts some four or five hours. Hundreds witness this play, year after year, and they are delighted with it. It is always new to them. After the performance, it is almost twelve o'clock. It is the hour for Midnight Mass. The people flock to the church where they attend Mass with great devotion and attention.

THE *Pastores* is the event which gives to this season its peculiar color. The play is performed almost every night from Christmas eve until March 19. We might say that this time is all Christmas Season, because the play keeps before the people the great miracle of the Nativity.

Although the *Pastores* is a rustic and primitive play, it has a wonderful moralizing effect on the people. Everyone of the players must be in good religious standing. He must go to confession and must be a clean man. The audience, composed mostly of poor people, assist with great reverence and attention during the four hours of the performance. Nearly all the spectators have gone to confession and have received Holy Communion at the Midnight Mass. Before the Mass there is another tradition which must be mentioned: *el acostar del Santo Niño*—literally, "the laying down of the Holy Infant." The Crib is ready but the statue of the Infant Jesus is not there. A procession is formed; two of the most prominent people of the congregation, generally a man and his wife, follow. The priest car- (Turn to page 308)

A College for Mindanao

Francis J.
Ruez, S.J.

ON June 8, 1938 the Society of Jesus opened the first college ever conducted by the Order on the island of Mindanao, Philippine Islands. In 1926, Mindanao was given over to the American Jesuits as a field for their missionary activity. Two years later a high school was inaugurated in the tiny town of Zamboanga, situated at the extreme southwest corner of the island. Cagayan on the north coast received a high school in 1933 and now five years later, it has the honor of containing the first college administered by the Society in Mindanao.

Such is an outline sketch of the rapid growth of Jesuit secondary and collegiate education in this part of the world. But those few sentences are capable of expansion into a many volume story of the toil and anxiety, poverty and begging, disappointment and depression that are concomitant with any great undertaking. The work has been difficult, at times discouraging, but with the help of God's grace it has been carried on because it must succeed.

The new college building was blessed by His Excellency, James T. G. Hayes, S.J., Bishop of Cagayan, on Pentecost Sunday, June 5, 1938, and on the following Tuesday classes were opened. The building is a reinforced concrete, two-story structure. It contains on the ground floor a laboratory, dining hall for boarders, scullery and a dining room for the Jesuit faculty. The upper story consists of a study hall, dormitory and three rooms for professors. A concrete chapel and high school building were erected in 1935. The buildings form a rectangle with the chapel a separate unit in the center. The whole plant is surrounded with wide lawns, fringed with beautiful, massive cocoanut palms.

THIS year the college is offering courses leading to Pre-Law, Normal, Commerce and Associate of Arts degrees. Competent professors have been secured from Manila, the capital of the Islands, to assist the five Jesuit Fathers in the burden of teaching. Text and reference books have been secured, together with all the equipment necessary for the Commerce course. This includes a phonograph which is played while the students are practising typing in order to enable them to master the proper rhythm. The approval of the Board of Private Education in the Philippine Islands has been obtained and official recognition will follow in due time.

The sponsor of the whole undertaking is the beloved Bishop of Cagayan. Ever since his installation as Bishop in 1933, and even before as parish priest of Cagayan,



His Excellency, Bishop James T. G. Hayes, S.J., with attendants, standing at the main entrance to the new Jesuit college in Mindanao.

he has striven to keep Catholic youths from a proselytizing Protestant college on a neighboring island. Now with a Catholic college on their native island they have no excuse for going to a Protestant school for their higher education.

An encouraging feature of the school work here is the response of the people. They have heard from their forebears of the high esteem in which the Jesuit system of education is held. The Spanish Fathers of the Society, upon their return to the Islands after the suppression, opened a college in Manila seventy-nine years ago and have graduated Catholic cultured gentlemen since 1859, who have preserved that reputation.

THE reputation is an asset today for parents send their boys from all the provinces of Northern Mindanao, Lanao, Oriental and Occidental Misamis, Bukidnon, Agusan and Surigao. They come in from the neighboring islands of Negros, Bohol, Samar, Cebu and Camiguin. Last year the high school had an enrollment of one hundred and fifty of whom one hundred were boarders. This year it was expected that the number would be increased by fifty at least. But at present there is a financial depression in Mindanao. Due chiefly to this factor, the enrollment in the high school is one hundred and fifty-five and in the college day classes only twenty-three.

The college also has the first R. O. T. C. unit to be established in Mindanao. A concrete armory has been provided for the guns loaned by the Philippine Army and a drill field and rifle range are being prepared on the land in the rear of the buildings.

The Month at Jesuit Missions

Thomas J. Feeney, S.J.

In our November issue the Fordham Alumnae Mission Group indicated their intention of forwarding gift pamphlet sets to each of our American and Canadian Jesuit missionaries. The distribution began October 28, immediately after the receipt of \$250 gathered from a raffle on two tickets for the Army-Notre Dame football game held at the Yankee Stadium, New York City, October 29. One hundred sets of pamphlets, each with a variety of twenty-five titles or more have been packed and mailed to one hundred Jesuit missionaries working in Alaska, China, Japan, the Philippines, India, British Honduras, Central America, among the American Indians, Jamaica, British West Indies, Baghdad, Iraq, Rio de Janeiro, South America, and the Island of Ceylon. For Pamphlet Promotion Units eager to follow the Fordham Alumnae example, but uncertain as to the ways and means of raising money to defray the cost of pamphlets, we suggest the lowly raffle.

Gift Pamphlets for our Missionaries

New York City, October 29. One hundred sets of pamphlets, each with a variety of twenty-five titles or more have been packed and mailed to one hundred Jesuit missionaries working in Alaska, China, Japan, the Philippines, India, British Honduras, Central America, among the American Indians, Jamaica, British West Indies, Baghdad, Iraq, Rio de Janeiro, South America, and the Island of Ceylon. For Pamphlet Promotion Units eager to follow the Fordham Alumnae example, but uncertain as to the ways and means of raising money to defray the cost of pamphlets, we suggest the lowly raffle.

A sharp call for pamphlet material has just come in over the western waves from Father Charles P. Miller, S.J., working in the Catholic Mission of Gajhi, Monghyr District, India.

Calling All Pamphlets to India

Obviously impressed with the practical value of the pamphlet, Father Miller writes: "Communism is spreading rapidly in India. I have secured some pamphlets against it that explains it, the *America* series. Everybody who sees them, wants them. There must be plenty of used copies of such pamphlets in the States. Anything explaining the Catholic position and exposing Communism will be welcome, also in regard to Mexico, Spain and Russia. *I wish to read them myself and spread such literature. Whoever helps me by sending such literature to me will be doing India and Christ's Cause a great service. Send me books, too, if any are available re communism.*"

Gift pamphlets or pamphlet sets for Father Miller are hereby in order and donations for the same may be forwarded to Reverend Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Jesuit Mission Press, Inc., 257 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

In any Pamphlet Popularity Contest, our first entry would be "Advertising the Catholic Church" edited by the late Mr. Edward J. White of Pittsburgh and consisting of brief paragraphs explaining Catholic doctrine and practices. The paragraphs are selected from advertisements that appeared in the *New York Times* and Pittsburgh

A Pamphlet Popularity Contest

daily papers and have reached more than 2,000,000 readers. To date, more than 1,000,000 copies of "Advertising the Catholic Church" have been sold. Reverend Martin J. Scott, S.J., author of "God and Myself," "Religion and Common-sense," and so forth, attests: "Your pamphlet, 'Advertising the Catholic Church' is the best brief statement of our religion that I have ever seen." The power for good that this pamphlet can exercise upon the mission field is incalculable.

We invite each and every one of our readers to write for a free copy of "Advertising the Catholic Church." Having judged it for themselves, we are certain that they will automatically wish to sponsor a gift pack of these pamphlets for their favorite missionary. The cost of a single copy is 5c; 50 copies, \$2.25; 100 copies, \$4.00; 1,000 copies, \$35.00.

A member of the Veritas Catholic Action Club whose first objective is the distribution of Catholic literature reports on the disposition of several of our \$1 pamphlet sets: "First I gave a set to a Sister of the Blessed Sacrament in Pennsylvania (which Order, as you probably know, was founded by Mother Drexel and does work for the Indian and Colored Missions) and the Indian and Colored Missions) and Sister Mary Xavier's

The Problem of Distribution Solved

I am setting forth below an excerpt from Sister Mary Xavier's letter upon receipt of the pamphlets which I found most interesting: ". . . the very wonderful set (of pamphlets) came yesterday. I do not know how to thank you for these. All I

can do is to say that I am very, very happy to have them, first of all for my own perusal, and then for an exceedingly good purpose. You may know that I had the privilege of instructing prospective converts at our college in New Orleans for three months this year—from March to June. Ten were baptized, and most of them correspond with me. I tried to make them eager for Catholic literature but for them, especially during the summer when the school library is not open, it is pretty hard to get suitable reading matter. The pamphlets you sent are ideal, and honestly I do not know how to thank you."

"Another set I sent to a friend of mine in Maine who read them with a great deal of interest and then passed them on to a Father John J. Kenny who is a Chaplain in the CCC Camps. She said the CCC boys enjoyed them very much. (CCC Camps might be a possible place for those members of Veritas who don't know where to distribute their pamphlets.) A third set I gave to one of the male patients at the County Tuberculosis Sanatorium at Verona, New Jersey. Needless to say, any reading matter that one patient receives is always passed around the hospital and, inasmuch as out of five hundred patients a large number are Catholics, I know that they are read with a good deal of interest as they are instructional as well as being entertaining reading. (I know that from my own meager knowledge of the Catholic Faith and the doctrines I have learned from the pamphlets.) A few odd pamphlets I have given to our office boy whose mother does social service work at the Veterans' Hospital in New Jersey. His mother was most profuse in her thanks as she can always use Catholic literature for the disabled men. As for the monthly pamphlets we receive, I haven't really done very much with them this summer except to give them to individuals by one's and two's, trying to fit the pamphlet to the individual's tastes. The pamphlet entitled, 'Advertising the Catholic Church' I intend to give to non-Catholic individuals whose questions have indicated an interest in knowing just why we Catholics do certain things."

From Philadelphia: "The pamphlets are distributed at the Fitzgerald-Mercy Hospital, Darby, where I am employed as a Medical Technologist."

Correspondence Briefs

From Overbrook, Pa.: "You may be interested in knowing that one of our group whom I had asked some time ago to join our Unit told me she could not join us in our work but I never take 'No' for an answer when I am really interested in an individual. Therefore, Yours Truly asked her to attend the Catholic Action Rally which you gave at the Sacred Heart Convent on Sunday, October 16. She is now in our Unit and is working on another girl!"

From North 58th St., Philadelphia: "Each month I type up your page in the mission magazine and give each member a copy. It keeps them informed as to what is going on among other groups and it has been worth while as so many of the girls thought this was just a new adventure, and the fact that we are about a year or so behind the others makes them realize what we have to do to catch up."

From Philadelphia: "You may wonder why I list among our members, 'Father Hoban, deceased.' He was one of my friends of the parish who loaned me some splendid books from his library and if he had lived (he died July, 1938) he was to have started a group which would read good literature, especially books by our own people. So I am indirectly asking his help by prayers."

From Brooklyn, N. Y.: "May I ask the various societies engaged in Catholic Action to remember the sick in our hospitals? Perhaps some could donate a tea wagon on which pamphlets could be taken to the patients; other could supply the pamphlets. St. Rose's Free Cancer Hospital on Jackson Street, New York City, and St. Anthony's Hospital for tuberculosis patients at Woodhaven, Long Island, are suggested as possible recipients of pamphlets. May I likewise suggest the formation of a Pamphlet Gift Unit which would send pamphlets to missions, hospitals, prisons, orphan asylums, retreat houses, seminaries and settlement houses? Membership in a Pamphlet Gift Unit would be made possible for \$1 a year or one donation a year or a monthly donation. The idea of 'gift' should be stressed . . . a gift pamphlet through a gift donation."

Wings Over India — a Christmas

OUTSIDE the high wall enclosing the Rajah's garden and beneath the great arms of an ancient fig tree stood the last house in the village. No one remembered when the house had been built and no one recalled the exact day when the Saint had made it his dwelling.

But everyone knew the Saint. His tall, thin figure, his flowing white hair and beard were familiar to all in the bazaars and beloved by the children in every village for miles around. When he preached there was thunder in his voice and lightning in his eyes; when he sang everyone stopped his work to listen; when he prayed his vibrant words moved even the hard-of-heart to tears. The sick and the lame came in numbers to see him and with the Sign he healed them.

In the evening, crowds gathered before his house to hear his words and many lingered on after the last hymn to watch him model in clay, figures of the Virgin, Saint Joseph and the Christ Child. As he worked, he spoke of the days when he was young and described his figures as they were in real life.

ONE night, late in December, the usual crowd gathered at the Saint's doorway to see the latest set of figures nearing completion. The Saint worked on steadily but with great calm and soon the last touch was added to the Virgin's robe. The Saint was humming to himself while those about him softly joined their voices in the hymn. The Saint wiped his brush on a cloth, arranged the figures as they had been at Bethlehem, stood back to look at them, and then knelt to pray.

Suddenly the little room was filled with the singing of celestial voices and a great light shone from the Crib . . . "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." The Saint rose at the sound and faced the frightened people. At first he, too, looked startled but gradually his eyes softened and then filled with tears. "Seventy years ago this night Jesus, the Messiah, was born of the Virgin in the stable at Bethlehem; go, go tell our brethren to

rejoice and be glad for Christ is born again in our hearts . . . go, go! Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

THE people rushed forth from the little house and ran down the narrow streets, joining their voices with the heavenly choir. "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will" rang through the night. The Saint remained before the Crib and prayed. But, after a time, a turbaned figure entered the room and touched the Saint on the shoulder. "His Highness wishes to see you." The Saint rose and followed the messenger to the palace where he entered and stood before the Rajah.

The Rajah had been awakened by the singing in the village, such singing as he had never heard before and, though the song seemed joyous, fear gripped his heart, fear and a great longing. He sent his servant to call the Saint and when that venerable figure entered the room a great peace came over the Rajah and tears of joy filled his eyes. He rushed forth and embraced the Saint.

"What mystery is this, this singing . . . is it heavenly?"

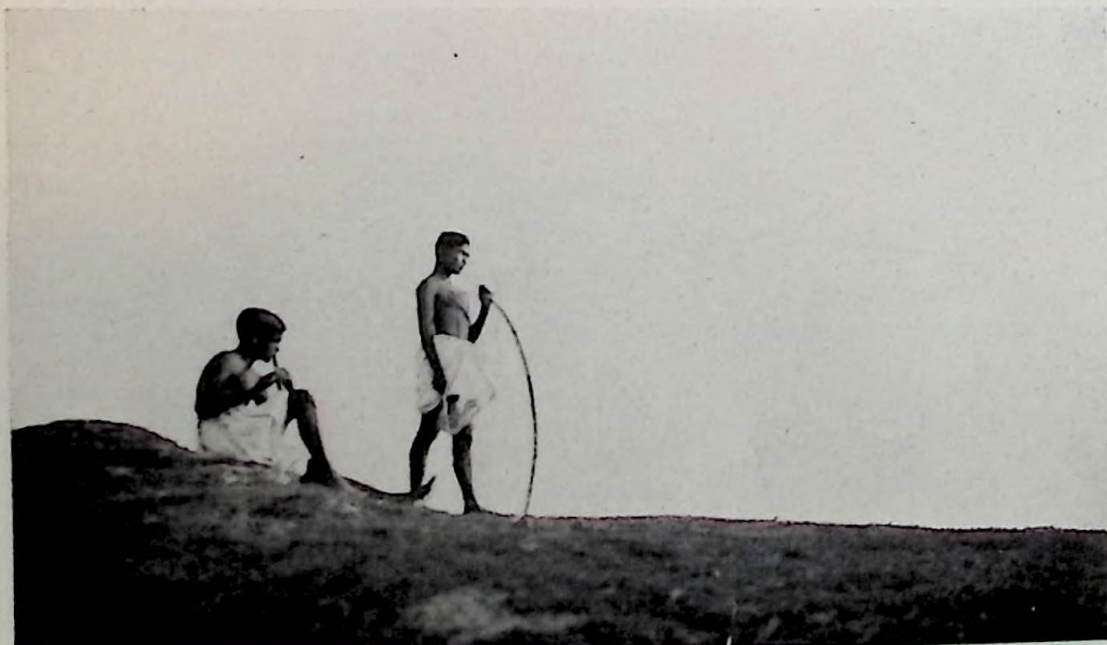
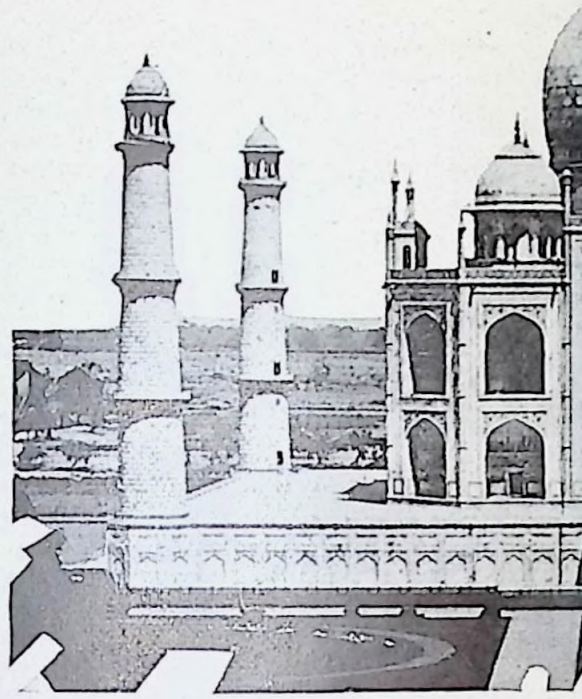
For answer, the Saint took a robe from a nearby couch, placed it about the Rajah's shoulders and said in a kindly voice: "Come with me."

DOWN the narrow village streets the two figures made their way. Everyone was singing, singing the joyous song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will." Mothers stood in their doorways, holding their babes, and sang. Children danced about and sang like cherubs.

The Saint was soon recognized and, at the sight of him, the volume of the song increased. Holding the Rajah by the arm, the Saint led him to his little house and invited him to kneel before the Crib. After prayer the Saint rose and faced the Rajah and the assembled people . . . and told again the wonderful story of Bethlehem.

The tradition of celebrating the day of Our Savior's Birth started by Saint Thomas in India has lived through the centuries and today is vigorous and strong in every Catholic home throughout the land. The "Saint" of the story is of course Saint Thomas the Apostle, who first brought the Faith to India. This incident occurred, so they say, among the first Indian converts on the west coast of India; it followed the Saint through the South and on to the place of his martyrdom at Mylapore near Madras.

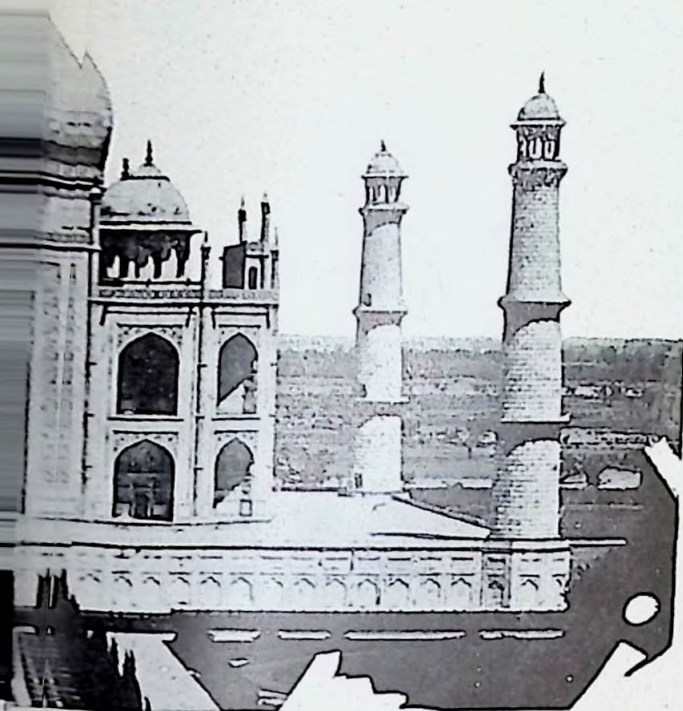
Catholicity in India survived the terrible persecutions, long hard years of isolation and was found by the great Saint Francis Xavier who came to India as a missionary five hundred years ago. The Christmas spirit survived subsequent plagues and persecutions even to the present day. W



As Santal shepherd boys watch their flocks on Patna's hills . . . American Jesuits are laboring that Christ may be born in the hearts of the multitudes of this Mission.

Legend of St. Thomas

Marion R.
Batson, S.J.



that Saint Thomas and Saint Francis Xavier, Blessed John de Britto, Blessed Rudolf Acquaviva and Robert de Nobili could return and see the Kingdom born of their efforts and pains. Would that all the missionary priests, Brothers and Sisters, catechists and lay-helpers, who have died in India while striving to establish Christ's Kingdom here, might return and see the vast throng of over five million souls who kneel before the Crib on Christ-

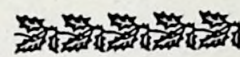
mas eve and sing, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

INDIA with all her oriental splendor, her luxurious palaces and gardens, her mosques and glittering minarets, her temples, idols, burning ghats, her court of countless gods and goddesses, her ruthless caste system that excludes all brotherly love, does not seem a fitting place for the humble Crib surrounded by shepherds gazing in awe at the Virgin Mother, Saint Joseph, and the Christ Child. But the India of modern fiction, the newsreels, and newspapers is not the Catholic India loved by Christ and guarded by His Angels. Truth and goodness are not considered news, not sensational. Yet goodness, like a rare flower, often blooms in thorny places. The Faith is old in India but it is not dead; far from it; it flourishes and gives forth lovely flowers that raise their heads above the surrounding thorns which strive to choke them.

Among the missions of India, Patna Mission is comparatively young but the labors of the first missionaries in Patna, the Capuchin Fathers, were not in vain. Their efforts are the foundation upon which we now build and the foundation has been found strong. Setbacks, disappointments, persecutions, plagues, disasters and innumerable obstacles have hampered progress, yet the Catholic population has more than tripled within the past fifteen years. Troubles and difficulties of all kinds still beset the missionary's path, but Christ's army marches on, guarded by Angels and singing the Angels' song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

THIS Christmas will see newly arrived missionaries, members of the Third Order of Saint Francis, Regular from Loretto, Pennsylvania, at work among the Santals of Patna Mission. This Christmas will see recently ordained priests offering their first Christmas Masses; postulants and novices will thrill over their first Christmas in the Seminary or Convent. This Christmas will find many new converts from Hinduism and Mohammedanism assisting at Midnight Mass and receiving the Blessed Sacrament. It will find Jesuit Scholastics and priests, fresh from America, enjoying their first Christmas in Patna Mission. Many new mission stations will have Christmas Mass for the first time and many little crib-

Above the altar of the little church on Mount St. Thomas at Madras where St. Thomas is said to have suffered martyrdom, hangs this ancient painting of the Mother and Child. Local tradition attributes it to St. Luke.



like chapels will overcrowded with catechumens and neophytes voicing their joy in the song, "Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace to men of good will."

EVERY Christian knows that the peace of Christmas, the joy of Christmas, and the indescribable spirit of Christmas can be experienced in all its fullness only when the soul has been cleansed of sin and the heart warmed by love for the Infant Saviour "whose tiny Body trembled with the chill of earthly winds but whose Heart was aglow with love for man and the song of Angels." It is my conviction that very, very many Christians appreciate the true meaning of Christmas and experience true Christmas joy and true Christmas peace; their deeds prove it . . . deeds that will live forever!

Missions in various parts of the world are vivid examples of what the true Christmas spirit can accomplish and the heart of every missionary in Patna swells with gratitude to those faithful missionaries at home who sacrifice so much that the Infant King may be born again in the hearts of their Indian brothers.

To help the missions, calls for sacrifice, generous sacrifice; it call for thoughtfulness and prayer. Yet, every Catholic can do his bit if the necessary good will is there. Prayer and gifts, constant sacrifice and much cheerfulness make progress in Patna Mission possible and the progress made so far stands as a magnificent monument to the cooperation and generosity of Patna's faithful missionaries at home. May the Infant Savior continue to bless them and may His Angels continue to guard them and their dear ones.



No Fools These

Francis B.
Sarjeant, S. J.

IT was mere chance that we began the first closed retreat for laymen at Basrah on April Fool Day. We had planned it for the week before; but as Iraq's young king, Ghazi, chose that date for the official opening of Basrah's very modern airport, we delayed it a week. For those who were to make it were not seeking refuge from their own idleness. Actively engaged in the work of the Port Authority of Basrah, they could scarce afford the time except at a great sacrifice. One of them, in fact, worked almost seventy hours at a stretch after it to make up for the time he spent on the retreat. In a country like this, real Christians must be ready for sacrifice. But then, we could have built on no better foundation.

One might justly say that this retreat was started ten months before it began. The boat which carried the Reverend Father Provincial across the Mediterranean after his visit to Baghdad, also listed as a passenger a young Catholic man from Basrah. Now whatever people may say, modern youth is a flaming youth. And not the least of those flames is the zeal which kindles so many of our Catholic youth. It was that which fired this young man as he explained to Reverend Father James Dolan, S. J., the woeful lack of priests in his home city, the ardent desires of many of his companions to do something for God, their urgent need for direction. If he talked as fervently and earnestly to Father Dolan as he did to me ten months later, then I can easily understand why Father Dolan could not resist his pleas. Before the boat docked at Marseilles, our young apostle had a promise from Father Dolan that if he organized a group at Basrah for a closed retreat, he should have a Father from Baghdad.

HE organized them. Space does not permit me to tell you what that meant; the numerous personal interviews, the hours of explaining retreat work, the countless fire-extinguishers turned on his enthusiasm, the last minute disappointments, his eleventh hour telegram "only five left—shall we cancel" to which we replied: "Father arriving tomorrow." And when the Father did arrive, he found that if some had opposed others had helped most generously.

There was Father Guoge, the Chaldean priest, who gave not only a holiday to his primary school children so that dormitory and dining room might be fashioned out of the classrooms, but also his own private room that the Retreat Director might have privacy with the retreatants. There was Father George, the Carmelite Pastor, who loaned us vestments and sacred vessels from his own church, and showed his hospitality to be truly in accord with the tradition of his Order in Iraq. There was Father Gratian, another Carmelite, who brought his



Members of the first closed retreat given in Basrah, Iraq, April 14, 1938. Seated: left to right: Father Frank Sarjeant, S. J., Director, and Jass Guoge, Chaldean priest. Standing: Left to right: Alex Beshouri, John Malcolm, Philip Abdulahad, Frank Marrow and Nasouri Thomas.

altar boys and did the congregational singing himself at Benediction. There were the faithful four who stood by the organizer. There was the spark-plug himself—still sparking—who had gone out and hired beds, hired a cook, borrowed tables and kitchen dishes and rugs and chairs and a bell; who had told the men that this retreat would cost them only time. Lest there be the slightest taint on this beginning, he stood for every cent of the expenses. And perhaps it would not be out of place to mention his Catholic wife, whose encouragement from first to last was an important factor in this success.

FOR it was a success. Through three days these men prayed, meditated, took their meals in silence, read Catholic books, pondered the eternal truths. Through some months now they have formed the nucleus of a men's monthly Communion movement. Through Basrah they have been spreading Catholic literature. But the most successful part of a retreat is not to be put down on paper. God, Who alone reads the hearts of men, knows that. These men were no fools, I say. And to those who do say that, I would recall the words of St. Paul: "the foolishness of God is wiser than men."

I am enclosing a photograph of the five retreatants themselves together with that of the Director and of our good friend, Jass Guoge, the Chaldean Father. Without knowing it perhaps, these retreatants have made history and will by future generations be regarded as the pioneers of a movement that must be productive of untold good not only in the ancient city of Basrah and the territory round about but in the entire Near East. May the universal patron of retreats, our holy founder, St. Ignatius of Loyola, aid us to reach by closed retreats those other sheep that we cannot hope to contact directly by the educational program of Baghdad College alone. We have at least made a beginning.

Catholic Schools in Japan

The Mission Intention for December

THREE potent factors are shaping the future of Japan today and unless they are guided by master minds, disciplined by a Catholic education and philosophy of life, they will, without doubt, delay indefinitely the conversion of the Japanese to Christ. The three factors alluded to directly concern the economic, political and educational policies of modern Japan.

Economically, Japan is nearly at the end of the transition stage from small scale to quantity production, from house and village industry to factory work and life and "from the old affectionate and conscientious workmanship of the craftsman, to the new, heartless and soulless and too often conscienceless output of the mechanic and machine." Nor is economic change occurring only in the industrial world. Agriculture, which is the nation's main source of life in time of peace as well as her Quartermaster's department in time of war, is threatened at the base by a movement which is perceptibly detaching the small land holders from the soil and driving him city-ward. In a lesser degree, this influence also affects the sea faring folk of Japan who in large numbers ply the waterways of her famed inland seas.

Politically, an outstanding tendency, distinct though not yet fully popularized is the movement for participation by the people in government affairs. Though the old order is still firmly entrenched and still keeps tight hold of the reins of legislation and administration, nevertheless, one who knows the Japanese may see unmistakable portents of the day when popular suffrage now so much feared will guide and rule and sway this ancient people.

The third influential factor in the life of the modern Japanese concerns his education. Of old, his fathers walked in the way of Chinese culture and like their Chinese preceptors the early Japanese shaped their educational and cultural activities towards the preservation of the five traditions that characterize both of these nations today, namely, the tradition of order, of reverence for the past, of the sanctity of the family as a social unit, of virtue and of the formalism of the Book of Rites. Yet, the reverence for the past, the sanctity of the family and the national virtue thus produced were, after all, only the effects of a dense materialism which has not yet been spiritualized either by the infiltration of Dutch science that took place before the advent of Admiral Perry nor after Perry by that materialistic contribution of western culture in which Japanese foreign students have unfortunately steeped themselves.

Unless Catholic schools are multiplied, not only will man's supernatural origin and dignity remain unknown, but his intrinsic dignity as a lord of creation will be ignored and his life as an economic slave and a mere cog in the economic machinery of the nation will be perpetuated. Again, without the sanction of Catholic teachings, either the rank and file will be denied all participation in government or if they finally win control of the same through popular suffrage, will abuse their power through ignorance of the proper functions of the

state or of the proper relations and mutual rights and obligations that should exist between the state and the citizens thereof. Finally, Catholic schools alone can correct the materialistic philosophy of life which has been the heritage of Japan in the past and constitutes the sum total of her educational wealth at present. It is from Catholic schools alone that we may hope to obtain that full and harmonious development of the faculties of man according to their essential hierarchy, order and dignity which is the heart and soul of Catholic education. No other educational policy exists whereby the individual Japanese may learn infallibly the meaning of life, the fact that man came from God, that he is one day destined to return to God and that all else in creation must be used by him as a means to lead himself and others back to God.

The greatest practical difficulty for Catholic schools on the part of the Japanese state has finally been removed. The problem to which we refer is stated thus: "Can Catholics without offense or damage to their Faith assist at public acts which in former times were connected with a pagan cult even though at present they seem to be free of any religious significance in the judgment of better educated people?" The solution of this problem is drawn from an authoritative statement of the Minister of Public Education in Japan and from the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith. The Minister of Education notes: "The visit to the national *Jinja* temples is prescribed for pupils of all superior, middle and elementary schools for motives pertaining to the scholastic program. The salute required of these groups of students has no other scope than that of expressing sentiments of patriotism and loyalty." The decree of the Sacred Congregation of the Propagation of the Faith follows: "(1) Ordinaries of territories within the Japanese Empire should explain to the Faithful that the civil authorities, as results from many explicit declarations and the common understanding of the more cultured people regarding the ceremonies which are practiced before the *Jinja* monuments civilly administered by the government, attribute to these ceremonies only a purely patriotic meaning, that is filial respect for the imperial family and the benefactors of the country; therefore, since these ceremonies have merely a civil significance, it is licit for Catholics to be present and to act the same as other citizens, declaring their intention when it appears necessary to dissipate false interpretations of their actions."

With this obstacle to the recruiting of Japanese youth for our Catholic schools removed the only difficulty remaining is the ever-present need of money whereby a sufficient quota of Catholic schools with adequate educational facilities may be provided. It is for this especially that His Holiness invites the prayers of the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS.

A severe blow to Catholic education in Japan was the partial destruction by typhoon last year of the new Jesuit secondary school at Kobe.

Afield with American Jesuits

BRITISH HONDURAS

Father Robert L. McCormack, S.J., historian and ace reporter of the Mission of British Honduras, has sent in the following account of recent happenings in the Mission:

"The rain and hot sun had weakened one corner of the roof on the Catholic school building at San Estewan. So on his pastoral rounds of that little town, congenial Father Daniel Coady, S.J., Pastor of Orange Walk, would give the leaking covering a personal inspection. School was in session, but no men were around the outside of the village school house. But what matter? There was a short ladder leading up to the top of a little out-house. He could put another ladder on this roof and throw it across to the roof of the school. All went well, and so the septuagenarian missionary about reached the roof when suddenly the second ladder gave way and started Father Coady on a sudden journey to earth. Realizing that a solid wooden shutter was open on one of the windows below him, he tried to straddle this swinging wooden rest. This might have been all right, but the hinges gave way, and down crashed the priest with the ladder ahead of him, and the wooden window coming down hard upon him. It was in quite a jumble that the Reverend Pastor of Orange Walk found himself when he awakened. No one was around to pick him up. However, he regained consciousness, stood up and thus assured himself: "Well, at least I'm still alive." But he was not so definitely certain of other things that had happened in the previous few seconds. Soon school children and their Carib teacher were running helter-skelter from the school house aghast to see the priest with blood running from his head and arms, his clothing torn. First-aid was soon administered and Father Coady lost no time in getting a crew of four paddlers to bring him back by dory to his home in Orange Walk. The three hours' trip under a blistering sun in a cramped position at the bottom of the dory was far from being a joy-ride through the tropical bush. The doctor in Orange Walk soon had stitches in Father Coady's head, and the jolly missionary assured others that now he was sure he would keep his head on. The next morning the priest was able to say Mass, although he was quite stiff in his movements, and the bandages about his head told the story of how he had been worsted in his first trip through the air. Father Coady would wish us to assure his friends that he is now again as fit as a fiddle.

Some friends of Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., in the States have manifested the sympathy they felt with him upon the loss of his beautiful church in Benque Viejo by offering what small or large financial help they could. Generous souls in Belize felt that they, too, should manifest a similar sympathy for the loss which the church in the Colony has sustained. An active young girl from the Young Ladies' Sodality organized the artistic talent of the young people of the parish, and with their very generous cooperation, she presented a program in Belize that took the form of a radio



"Have a lick?" A running board rendezvous. Father Horace B. McKenna, S.J., Pastor of St. Michael's Church, Ridge, Maryland, is on the receiving end.

broadcast, a variety entertainment in very truth, including, as it did, a short play, some graceful ballet dancing, and spirited and interpretative tap dancing, singers of oldtime songs, and new ones, dancers and entertainers, musicians, and not least of all, a rollicking bit of old-time minstrelsy. The people in Belize were so highly pleased with this very successful program that many clamored for its reproduction. By it, the church of Nuestra Señora del Carmen is the richer by quite a respectable handful of shillings; and surely Nuestra Señora del Carmen has smiled down from Heaven upon these generous and talented young people.

* * *

"These lines are to convey my jubilant thanks and appreciation for the fine box of pious articles which was recently sent me," writes Father John T. Newell, S.J., of El Cayo. I was just about out of a supply, so that these recent articles will come in very opportune as the closing of school and Christmas nears for the seven schools which I have to care for. I now have enough to provide every child with something nice.

"I am just back from one of my regular trips down the river. This latest trip was a hard one, taking eleven days. I ran into wet weather and traveling from one little pueblo to another through the bush means that one has to spend many hours in wet clothes. Finding quarters in a bush house at night, it is hard even then to get thoroughly dried. Such little items as swimming the horse across the river and answering with difficulty the calls here and there, together with having to travel long distances, make this kind of work far from naturally attractive. The numerous stations to be visited regularly require that I be out every week for several days. Often enough the hardships and arduousness of it are hard enough to bear. But, with a respite of a few days, one can always get under way again, inspired by the good that must be done for the sons of God."

ALASKA

From the two-fisted Superior of Little Flower Mission, Hooper Bay, Alaska, Father John P. Fox, S.J., comes a very beautiful little story on the Mother of God. It is a story of the help given by the Blessed Virgin to Father Fox who has what his Superior calls, "the toughest mission assignment in Alaska." Father Fox writes:

"I had this experience yesterday and since it increased my own confidence in Mary, our dear Mother, I thought it might do the same for others. I don't think the telling of it will be indiscreet.

"A few days ago my engine broke down. For the better part of three days I worked on it but could not get it to function again. Finally, while I was working on it for the nth time, I used a big wrench on a small screw and as usually happens in such cases, I turned the set-screw so tightly that it broke off at the head. The break occurred about flush with the iron case of the engine so that it was impossible to get hold of it with a pair of pliers to twist it out. Indeed I could barely grab it with the ends of my fingernails. That meant that I would be without my engine for the rest of the winter. I have no tools here for removing such stumps and to get one from the States would take till next summer. Meantime, we would be without light; further, my batteries would be ruined.

"But just then came a happy thought. Why not pray a bit? In my Novitiate we were wont to say a *Memorare* on Wednesday evening for a good day on our weekly holiday. If Mary were interested in such trifles, surely she

would listen to my plea. Would she care for my little trouble here? I knelt down where I was and prayed *Memorare* and then took hold of a chisel and thought to try forcing out the broken stump. What was my complete surprise when on touching the stump with the chisel, I found the former perfectly loose. It was so loose that I grabbed it with my fingers and pulled it out. Surely when I had turned it so tight that the top had twisted off, it should have been wedged securely in the hole.

"Well, well," I exclaimed to myself—for nobody was with me—"that's good. Why not try it again?" And I knelt down to say another *Memorare* that Mary might aid me in getting the engine to run again. So far, I had made very little progress in finding the root of the trouble. The first thing to do was to find a set-screw to replace the broken one. That is not an easy matter in a place like this where there is little or no 'junk' lying around. Strange to say, I found a screw in the very first box I opened. It almost jumped out at me for it was right on top.

"I put the screw in and while so employed, got a light. In taking the engine apart and putting it together again—which task I had performed about a dozen times in the past three days—the meshing of the gears had been changed and the timing deranged. That the timing was wrong I knew. But I had not the slightest idea how to remedy it. However, since I had just received a bit of an idea, I took the whole thing apart, figured out the proper meshing of the gears and assembled the motor. It functioned at once, thanks be to God and His Holy Mother.

"The incident may seem childish. To me, it shows the kindness of Mary, the Mary that ordered the wine at Cana, the Mary that has ever since been interested in our little trials and troubles. Further, it might help in the increase of love for our Mother and develop confidence of many a soul in Mary."

* * *

Father Segundo Llorente, S.J.,



Some of the children who took part in the entertainment given in Belize to help pay for the new church of Father Anthony R. Kuenzel, S.J., at Benque Viejo. Fire destroyed the old church.

newly appointed successor of Father Francis Menager, S.J., at Kotzebue, gives an account of his arrival at his new post:

"I came by plane from Nulato, about two hours of high flying over rugged mountains.

"The air field at Kotzebue was full of Eskimos, eager to take a close look at the plane. I happened to wear a skipper cap, so they took me for a captain. As I stepped out I greeted them in the Eskimo language as spoken on the Yukon Delta; to my amazement they did not understand. They speak an altogether different language. This calls for new work.

"It is the end of July and yet I can finish my Breviary at midnight outdoors. You must realize that Kotzebue is some thirty miles over the Arctic Circle. This means that we are going to have a very long and dark winter.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

From Cathedral Rectory, P. O. Box 153, Zamboanga, P. I., Father Eusebio G. Salvador, S.J., writes a thank-you note for Masses received:

"First let me tell you that you can be sure that the Masses will be said during the month of September as requested by you. I have told you already that at present we have only six priests here. However, one of them, Father Mariano Juan, S.J., has completely lost his sight and cannot say Mass any more. Two more Spanish Jesuits are very old and are practically out of the fight. However, they still have the consolation of being able to say Mass.

"Two weeks ago an Army Chaplain was assigned to this place. Needless to say this is a great help for us because of the lack of priests. I am trying to make his stay as pleasant as possible. The chaplain's name is Father Edwin Ronan. It is incumbent upon us to help the chaplain in every way especially here in Zamboanga where he will encounter the opposition of American Protestant missionaries with liberal means for propaganda at their disposal. The Episcopalians from Zamboanga are not working against the Church, but on the contrary are confining their work to the Moros. Those who call themselves "Protestant Evangelicals" are the most aggressive. You would be amazed to see the amount of books and bibles that they distribute. They boast that they can do anything and spend anything for the "sake of spreading the word of God." Because of the people's ignorance of religion they do plenty of harm especially among Catholic students, prisoners and soldiers. In eight months I collected nine hundred of these bibles excluding miscellaneous anti-Catholic pamphlets. We are about ready for the bonfire." * * *

Father Jaime Valles, S.J., an old-



An Alaskan bear congratulates the Bishop of Alaska, Very Reverend Joseph E. Crimont, S.J., on the fiftieth anniversary of his ordination to the priesthood. All Alaska celebrated the occasion on August 26 last.

time missionary from Caraga, Mindanao, writes:

"From the bottom of my heart I am grateful to JESUIT MISSIONS and our benefactors for their recent gifts to me. In the present crisis we scarcely have enough to support ourselves, let alone to enable us to make any improvements on our parochial schools. It logically follows that we are unable to provide the Religious who run the schools with the necessary means for doing so. In order that you may have some idea of our situation, I merely note that our parish house is the most isolated in all Mindanao. Correspondence from Manila takes more than one month to reach us. On the other hand, the people are most humble and simple, a necessary consequence from the fact that they have never seen a movie, an auto or a newspaper. Vocations to the priesthood are frequent, yet through poverty they cannot be realized. In the last few years both from Dapitan and Caraga I sent eight to the seminary and all have persevered, thanks be to God. At the present writing, I have eight more in our parish house and am directing them with the same intention, yet I am entirely without money to buy even the handful of rice necessary for their meals. The readers of JESUIT MISSIONS are acquainted with the need for the formation of a native clergy and also of a native Religious. That we are not providing for these future seminarians in a luxurious manner will be gathered from the fact that if I had the money I could support each one of them on the princely allowance of two dollars a month."

CHINA

Father James F. Kearney, S.J., describes in a recent letter a very narrow escape from death in Nanking:

"We have been having a beautiful but often too thrilling summer here, as this is a large garrison town, and we live with soldier barracks all around. Some of the events are not yet printable, but every day brings



Father William H. Hannas, S.J., of the Maryland-New York Province who has recently returned to Jamaica, B. W. I. Father Hannas is particularly interested in receiving anti-Communist literature. His address is St. George's College, Winchester Park, Kingston, Jamaica, B. W. I.

something new. I was reported killed yesterday, but believe there must be some mistake. It was too close to be comfortable, however, as we were discussing with a half-drunk dagger-waving 'crusader' whether he should or should not have the loot that he had taken from our church grounds, and that we had taken away from him. Finally, we decided to give it to him as a gift, since it wasn't worth anything anyway. Prosit!"

* * *

On August 23, in Nanking, Father John K. Lipman, S.J., was operated on for appendicitis. Under the care of the Franciscan Nuns he convalesced nicely. Before going to the hospital, Father Lipman wrote the following about the missions of Nanking:

"We are still waiting for the electricity—don't laugh—and it looks like we'll keep on waiting, for there are thousands of soldiers newly arrived in the city and moving in to all the empty houses, and, of course, they must be served first! Well, after waiting two months, a few more weeks or even months don't make much difference. And we've had a very pleasant summer, living in the Bishop's House, which is much more quiet than our place, since it's off the main road. However, since the building materials have begun to disappear off our lot again, one of us remains at our house during the day, and as soon as we get the current, I'll move in to stay.

"Meanwhile, the Sisters are getting along fine with the dispensary that

they opened at the church. After one week they are treating more than eighty every morning, and soon will probably have to put a limit on the numbers. As soon as the medicine arrives from Shanghai, they will open a second one at their own place. And next month they expect to start a small school for the children, if things work out O. K. There is much interest being taken now in Christianity and it looks as if the field here in Nanking is at last ripe for the harvest. In previous years there was more or less a distinct antagonism towards foreigners, but now that has gone. Sunday there were three Baptisms at the church and yesterday eight First Communions—one man, three girls and four boys.

* * *

Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., has acquired a small piece of property with a few Chinese buildings some twenty miles east of Shuyang. There is an old brick Chinese structure that will do for a temporary chapel, another for a school, and a mud-hut for a residence. The hope is expressed that the hut is not too infested. The place is called Mchang. Father Simons may go there and leave Father Marcus Falvey, S.J., at Shuyang.

Father Arnous-Riviere, now almost seventy years old, took care of Shuyang before Father Simons. He was moved to Hiukew, near the seashore. Soldiers came one night and took the little money he had. They returned the following night and beat him for an hour, hoping he would give them more money. Having none, he had to take the beating. Complaints were made to the officers of the Chinese soldiers, but no results are expected.

JAMAICA

Father James Becker, S.J., writes from St. James' Rectory, Montego Bay, Jamaica, British West Indies:

"Many thanks for forwarding the very kind gift. I enclose an acknowledgment in your care as you suggested. The help afforded by the kind donor was much needed, since with the receding of the months of the year, my bank account seems also invariably to recede. This letter is somewhat belated for which I trust you will pardon me. Believe me the work here keeps one busy. Take the matter of repairs and improvements which very often take one's time and attention. It is very difficult to get a tradesman to do a job properly without constant supervision, since there is a wrong way of doing most things and only too frequently he will do it in that way. The painter who put the one coat of paint that I could afford on the school started off with a very nice shade in my presence and then in my absence decided to darken it, which resulted in an effect poor but fortunately for me,

passable. I dropped him for a more dependable man to touch up the lower parts of the walls inside that had been discolored by the dirty flood water, only to discover that he had used up all the paint doing over the entire wall of one room. Neither of the two just mentioned could qualify for my next job which required an artist. I repaired the horn on the ox of my Crib set and explained to the would-be artist that he was to touch it up with a proper shade. You can imagine my surprise when I found him a little later on painting the horn of my automobile! And that reminds me of my yard-boy whom I found trying to test the pressure in the tires with my confessional counter. He just knew I had a tire tester. Well it does take time to supervise work and that is one of many things that must be done by the Pastor since capable help, if available, costs too much. Again many thanks and best wishes."

* * *

Father Joseph F. Ford, S.J., writing from Mandeville, Jamaica, British West Indies, tells us:

"I am enclosing a picture of my latest Chapel to be dedicated to St. Robert Bellarmine, S.J., on November 9th. Although it is my fourteenth one I have had the hardest struggle with it financially and feel that my list is to be completed with it. For seven years I have had to say Mass in an old movie theatre and though it is always a thrill to move out of such a place into a real House of God, most of the glamour goes when one contemplates the unpaid bills and the means of liquidating gradually narrowing



Father Cecil H. Chamberlain, S.J., of the Chicago Province, who is leaving his post as associate professor of history at John Carroll University, Cleveland, for missionary work in Patna. He sailed November 4.

down to a zero point. I ask your prayers for my work and know you will remember me."

IRAQ

Sidney M. MacNeil, S.J., gives us the most recent news from Baghdad College, Sulaikh, Iraq:

"The setting of the opening of this letter is at once historic and, surely, a delight to the Most Sacred Heart. The first boarders of Baghdad College—23 in number—(all for whom we could make room) are here with us. They are a joy to us all, for they represent the extension of the apostolic influence of our school to all the boundaries of the Kingdom of Iraq. The former school-building, now the residence of the boarders, is an old ark—far from what we hope for in the future. The two dormitories were formerly the science-laboratory and the library. The study-hall has been fitted out with new desks and it presents a very respectable appearance. The dining-room, too, is a former class-room.

"In comparison with American standards, the boys here have very little—but they are very happy and that is all that matters.

"At present all the Fathers are sleeping on cots: they gave up their beds for the boys. Some new beds are on their way from the United States and it is rumored that they are as near to us as the Persian Gulf. They should be here by Thanksgiving.

"The Community is composed of several Fathers of weight and several of ascetical appearance. Father John Mifsud is not of the latter classification. But, generous man that he is, he offered his bed for the boys' dormitory. The offer was promptly accepted and Father Mifsud got in exchange a canvas cot. Very good—all was well until Father went to bed (but not for long)—for Father Mifsud went crashing through the cot on to the stone floor.

"To make room for the incoming boarders, six of the Fathers had to pick up their cots and walk to a nearby house which we recently hired. This moving was done in the August hot-spell when the thermometer was soaring to 115 degrees. The two who deserve special notice as professional movers are Father William Sheehan and John J. Williams.

"Classes began October 3rd in the new school building—admitted by all to be the most beautiful in all Iraq. There are five classes covering the Intermediate and Secondary studies. There are on the average 22 in each class. A canteen has been built near the school. Father Sheehan has again proved his general ability by constructing this combination lunch-and-recreation room on such classical lines that the Fathers are thinking of seiz-

ing it for their residence.

"Fathers Leo J. Shea, S.J., and Richard J. McCarthy, S.J., are here with us now after their 'Roma' cruise. Father Shea is teaching English and Religion and is Sub-Minister of the boarders' residence. Though here only a few weeks he has entered upon his ministerial duties with a zeal and zest that leaves us all confounded. Mr. McCarthy has been assigned to study Arabic for the coming year and is already hard at work.

"Rev. Father William Rice, S.J., is back from Rome and he is still Acting-Apostolic Delegate to Iraq.

"Those who have borne the brunt and burden of starting a boarding school in an almost impossible building, deserve the continued prayers and assistance of all friends of JESUIT MISSIONS. They are: Rev. Father Frank Sarjeant, S.J. (Vice-Rector), Father Edward Madaras, S.J. (Minister), and Father Frank Anderson, S.J. (Dean of studies).

"All of the 'Baghdadis' wish to express their heartfelt thanks and deep appreciation to all our faithful friends and benefactors who manifest so consistently their interest in Baghdad College."

AMERICAN INDIANS

His first impressions of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, are given by John M. Scott, S.J., who is one of the recent arrivals there:

"The dust coated Mission car tilted its nose to the sky as the motor whirred and the heavy duty tires climbed to the crest of one of the many hills over which the twisting highway traced its course in heavy, grey dust. For a moment the dazzling rays of the rising sun shone painfully bright. As the car leveled out, they reflected off the windshield, and the landscape became visible.

"It was my first Sunday at Holy Rosary Indian Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, and I had the good luck of being able to accompany one of the Fathers to one of his far-flung mission stations on the Reservation. After spending the last three years on the somewhat limited campus of St. Louis University, St. Louis, Missouri, it was a treat to feast my eyes on the scenery that unfolded itself before me.

"Far to the east, solitary pines were etched in black against the glow of morning. To the north, buttes of white clay, furrowed by the winds and rains of many years, gleamed like beacons where the morning sun fell full upon them, while their receding recesses fell backwards into the shadows. Sweeping southward, the parched, brown prairie stretched in endless billows into the distant horizon.

"After several miles of running up and down the roller-coaster hills of South Dakota, a sudden turn in the road brought us into sight of the white speck on the prairie that was St. Agnes Mission Chapel.

"As the beckoning tones of the church bell echoed on the clear air, the congregation began to assemble. Along the winding highway old wagons, drawn by long-maned horses, bumped and rattled over the loose stones, while clouds of dust, like pennants, trailed behind. A battered, old Ford of the fast disappearing species chugged into the yard piled high with children. The one streamlined automobile moving noiselessly seemed strangely out of place among the shaggy cow ponies tethered to the barb-wire fence.

"It was a grand sight to watch the Sioux file up the path and into the church door. Old, wrinkled, copper-colored full bloods, descendants of a proud and powerful race that once roamed free and wild as the wind,



Church in Goa, India, where St. Francis Xavier's body rests. In Patna, the Jesuits of the Chicago Province are erecting a building to commemorate the four hundredth anniversary of the great Apostle's departure for India. It will serve as a central residence for the missionaries.

squaws attired in shawls of brilliant reds and yellows, young girls bashful and modest with hair black as a raven's wing, Indian braves in wide brimmed hats and tight fitting cowboy pants; all mingled harmoniously with the setting of free flung and wind swept prairie.

"The interior of the chapel, like the country it served, was simple and rugged. A pine log set on end and covered with a tough strip of burlap served as organ stool. A husky, cast-iron stove occupied a corner of the sanctuary, while chubby faced angels fluttered up and down the sides of the rude brick chimney.

"Throughout the Mass, the dusky Indians maintained a reverence and attention which would compel the admiration, if not the shame, of many a city church-goer. The faithful catechist, following the actions of the chasubled minister of the Great Spirit, lead the prayers in native Dakota. The many voices, rising and falling in melodious harmony, brought to mind more forcefully than ever those majestic words of the prophet, 'From the rising of the sun to the going down thereof, My Name is great among the Gentiles.' Yes, even on the bleak, wind swept stretches of the great west the bronzed children of the prairie offer to the Father of All a spotless sacrifice, a clean oblation."

PATNA, INDIA

"Within a few months we hope to begin building operations on our new St. Xavier's Residence in Patna," writes Very Reverend Frank N. Loesch, S.J., Superior of Patna Mission. "This residence we hope to complete by 1940 as a memorial of the fourth centenary of the Society and St. Francis Xavier's departure for the Indian missions. This residence will be central for the Mission; it will provide room for those busy with administration and give us a place where we can develop higher educational work and the intellectual apostolate. It will provide a home where our tired missionaries can rest and afford hospitality to those who necessarily have to come to Patna on business. It will also house our Mission Band, recently established for all India parish missions. In connection with this residence we have an existing hostel for our Catholic students attending the university. To date, we have twenty students. Father Marshall Moran, S.J., is in charge of them. Father John Sloan, S.J., is the Superior of the Mission Band and to date Father Richard Welfle, S.J., is his only co-helper. We expect another Father shortly for the Band. Father Moran and Father Michael Lyons, S.J., have been quite successful in popularizing the American Jesuit Program of Social Justice.

"Mission work among the Depressed Classes continues to be very fruitful. We require, of course, many more workers for this rich harvest, as well as material means to develop it solidly. Many chapels, churches, mission stations and lands for them are an imperative necessity, to say nothing of catechists, teachers and schools.

"Fortunately, the coming of the Third Order Regular of Franciscans from Loretto, Pennsylvania, is something very timely. They are to take up a part of the Santal section of our Mission. We welcome them with open arms.

"Khrist Raja High School is functioning nicely under the able management of Fathers August Wildermuth, S.J., Charles Saldanha, S.J., and company. Father David Pinto, S.J., is in charge of a Normal Teachers Training School which aims at forming catechist teachers. Father Leon A. Foster, S.J., is the Minister to the Community.

"Fathers Marion Batson, S.J., and Frank Welzmler, S.J., are forging ahead among the Depressed Classes. The Big Chief, Father Henry I. Westropp, S.J., is not lagging behind either by any means. We have just secured property for him on which he will be able to have a home and a place to call his own. It will be a central mission station for his section. He needs about fifteen hundred dollars for a chapel very urgently for this place."

* * *

Father Marion R. Batson, S.J., the energetic Pastor of Mokameh Mission, writes to answer some more questions that have come in about his very important post:

"Do you work among the Untouchables only?"

"I am at the service of any person, regardless of his caste or creed, who asks for instruction in the Catholic religion. Within my territory the

greater per cent of those asking for instruction are the Untouchables because there is a movement among them towards Christianity and because the poor are the most numerous in any country, especially in India. I have every hope for the conversion of many of all castes but, at present, my main work is among the Untouchables who, in spite of persecution and indescribable hardships, show the greatest courage and eagerness to embrace the Truth.

"What are some of the difficulties you have to face?"

"The extreme climate which, just now, is *hot*; the difficulty in getting water and proper food when on tour; the difficulty of reaching almost inaccessible places where many are asking for instruction; the vastness of my territory which demands that I keep moving constantly in order to see and help all instead of remaining with one group at the expense of the others; the opposition of those who hate Christianity and missionaries (opposition takes the form of lies about Catholics, about priests, about the Sisters; persecution of new converts by beating them, ejecting them from their homes, and by ridicule), but the greatest hardship of all is the grave lack of funds which prevents me from spreading the good news of the Gospel to the remotest corners and the lack of a *reserve fund* which would ensure that emergencies would be cared for and that work, once begun, would be carried on steadily.

"Why do missionaries need so much money?"

"Missionaries must live; they do not eat more than other people but they must eat; they have no means of support except what friends send them; their new converts are too poor to support their own families and so can hardly contribute to the support of the missionary or to the expenses of his mission activities."



Teacher and pupils at Montego Bay Mission, Jamaica, British West Indies.

COMMUNICATIONS

The Editor will welcome your communication on any topic connected with JESUIT MISSIONS and Jesuit Missionaries.

A Chinese Jesuit?

To the Editor:

I thought you would be interested in a splendid young Chinese I have under my wing—the highest type of a young man I have ever met in my life, at home or in China—who aspires with all his heart to become a Jesuit and to work with our American Fathers in China. He needs a solid year of Latin studies first, however; Chinese studies, too, for he received a foreign education here in Shanghai. Speaks and uses English like any American lad his age. After this year of preparation (which I am getting for him at Aurora University) he will be received into our Chinese novitiate here in Shanghai.

His parents, still fervent Buddhists, cannot help him, for they are poor and besides don't look with any too great pleasure on his leaving home and becoming a priest. It doesn't take much, with the exchange at such a high rate as at present. Twenty-five dollars American (\$150 Chinese) will board him for this entire year of his preparation. A second twenty-five dollars American will pay his tuition and necessary incidental expenses for the same time. With that, we'll be sailing pretty and the young fellow—George B. Wong—will be sure of his vocation. And he has a vocation, if anyone ever had. Extremely bright, a saintly lad who has received Holy Communion every day from the time of his Baptism at the age of seven, he is, in the opinion of all our men here, a superior candidate. His life-long prayers and sacrifices as a Jesuit and Missionary among his Chinese people will constitute the best reward he could possibly give a benefactor.

Jesuit Scholasticate, (Rev.) Francis A. Rouleau, S.J.
Zi-ka-wei, Shanghai, China.

Travel and Mission Minded

To the Editor:

The enclosed check is to cover renewal of my subscription and the additional sum is for a subscription to forward JESUIT MISSIONS to the missionary at Icacaki, Marague P. O., Africa. I am one of your readers who holds that JESUIT MISSIONS is an excellent Travel File, therefore I do not pass them one. However, I cannot but appreciate the value, inspiration and comfort a missionary in a far away land might gather from the contents of the magazine. Actually it is a history of the effort of those who devote their lives to enlightening the world. This is no legend or fairy story to disguise the actual happenings of an era—it is the eye witness account of the restoration of mankind. I have been fascinated by the illustrations in JESUIT MISSIONS—of those who have found happiness in your efforts to help them. One cannot escape the radiance in their countenances and think that their expressions bear none of the evidence of corruption as is often witnessed in the areas where religion has lost its primary brilliance and fundamental purpose. One wonders whether these newly awakened apostles will carry on the light of Faith in a future civilization shorn of the artifices and hypocrisies which now hold the world in a vice of suspicion and fear. Just seeing and reading of them is evidence sufficient to realize that you are aware of the frontiers and are eliminating the barricades of opposition and darkness. Too few at home realize their responsibility and obligation to those who venture forth in this noble work. This is not disrupting the equilibrium of the forces of society in any way. It is helping to harmonize them.

New York, N. Y.

Name Withheld.

The Editor is grateful to the many others who provided for subscriptions to JESUIT MISSIONS in the name of the African missionary who made his appeal in our November issue.

Human Consolation

To the Editor:

Please forgive my apparent discourtesy in not replying to your two charming letters before this. The delay has not been due to any rudeness or lack of response. The truth is I have been hunting all this while assiduously for one of the depression dollars; I had almost come to the conclusion that there was no such thing—even in its shrunken state—when I finally found one. I am hurrying it off to you for that most noble and inspiring project, your JESUIT MISSIONS. Please believe it is my earnest hope that I may some day be able to send you a substantially greater subscription, though I am well aware that no amount of money will ever compensate for the strength and courage that has come to me through reading the pages of your magazine.

Priests and Religious, I suppose, experience very little human consolation because of the difficulty in knowing directly how

widespread is the good they do; but I feel certain I speak for thousands when I say that every issue of JESUIT MISSIONS brings us closer to God, nearer to "the depth of the riches and of the wisdom and of the knowledge of God."

New York, N. Y.

A. M. O.

Vacation in the Missions

To the Editor:

Please find the enclosed \$1.00 for one year's subscription. Yes, I received your other letter, but it was vacation time for me, thus I was using that dollar.

This year I visited at Hardin, Montana, with the Rev. Charles Owens, S.J. (a very good friend of mine) for a few hours—it was a two day and two night trip, but it was worth it to visit with him again after not seeing him for six years. He has a nice church at Hardin, Montana, and a fine school at Xavier especially. How much he has accomplished in the four years he has worked there. Everything so clean, children and Sisters happy, and all so willing to work for him. He has a splendid cook (Miss Lix); with some extra help she has canned 1,500 quarts of fruit and vegetables. Father Owens wrote me the condition of St. Xavier's when he first went there four years ago; what a transition in that time. Nice classrooms, walls all painted, lighting plant, wash rooms, etc., just splendid. Of course he needs all the help he can get to keep it going, as it's a big upkeep to look after 112 Indian children. Last year I visited at DeSmet, Idaho. You should have Father R. F. Savage, S.J., of Davenport, Wash., write an article about his new stone church he has built by hand. What a task he had. It's beautiful now.

Lynden, Wash.

Louise Cusin

Excused!!!

To the Editor:

A model supporter in returning some chance book tickets on the Army-Notre Dame game, the proceeds of which were destined to further a Pamphlet Promotion Campaign in the missions, writes as follows:

Dear Miss _____

I'm returning the tickets. I have just contributed to Santa Susanna, Jochi University, Monsignor Cashin's new Church, The Paulist Fathers' auto, Father Capuano for his living in Naples, Maryknoll, for a Sister going on a mission, as well as their mission sale, Marymount card party, again Maryknoll on November 12th, Seton Hospital last Saturday and The Chaplain's Aid Society, etc.

For ten years I have been supplying missionaries at Cape Town, and up the East Coast of Africa with "America," "The Universe," "The Sentinel of the Blessed Sacrament," "The Field Afar," "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart," "The Victorian," "The Indian Sentinel," "The Sign," "Catholic News," two issues of the "Commonweal," and a subscription to Father Braun at Moscow who is acting Bishop there.

I have also provided a chalice, altar cards, altar linen, etc. to a Brooklyn priest in Nagasaki and I spent \$4.50 taxiing, to catch the ship, with clothing, books, holy pictures, rosaries, and useful articles for the Sisters of Nazareth in Durban.

Really, I cannot take on any more outlets for my meagre funds.
New York.

Name Withheld.

Christmas Gift Pamphlet Drive

To the Editor:

Before long the Christmas season will be here. I wonder if some of our Parish Sodalities, Alumnae Associations, or Catholic Action groups would consider the missionary working for God, away from home and personal friends, at Christmas.

I would suggest that each group adopt a missionary (just as some of us adopt orphans and send toys at Christmas) and send him a five dollar gift package of pamphlets. The gift package would include one hundred pamphlets with holy pictures depicting Christmas that could be distributed on the missions. May I ask the Editor to list the names of missions or missionaries to be adopted or offer to give such names to organizations wishing to adopt a missionary at Christmas. Perhaps the January issue would list the "thank-yous" from the missionaries with prayers and blessings for the New Year. May I also remind those who send gifts to the hospitals that a pamphlet is a welcome gift to one who is ill and is able to read. Individuals might cooperate by sending an offering for the "Christmas gift pamphlet drive" and allow the Editor to send the pamphlets to individual priests, nuns, and catechists working in the mission fields.

A happy and holy Christmas to all at JESUIT MISSIONS.

New York, N. Y.

Mary Wise.

The Editor gladly will give the names of missionaries to be adopted.

The Blooming Sage

Edgar Dowd, S. J.

“YOU bet, I can give you an interview. I’ve got just the right kind of relatives and ancestry.” Paschal laughed. He was comfortably propped against the large pine that stands between the church and the Fathers’ residence at Sacred Heart Indian Mission, De Smet, Idaho. “Take two of my ancestors, for instance. My grandmother’s name was Hen-quem-quemgin, that means, Beautiful Talker. But the way we are sitting under this tree reminds me of my own granddad. His name was Bull Sitting Down.”

Paschal J. George, the one-time pest and policeman, now the Indian poet and sage of the Coeur d’Alene of northern Idaho was silent for a moment. His eyes rested on the Indian cabins huddling below the Mission, and then strayed to the rolling prairies beyond.

“Before I go further, promise me that you’ll say I’m one of those ‘Injuns’ up here, who is running around in a breech-clout, waving a tomahawk, and grunting, ‘Ugh! Ugh!’—if you don’t do that, you’ll ruin those fellows in New York who write thrillers about us savages.”

INDIAN PASCHAL wore a tweed suit, sharply pressed and well fitted. Like most Spokane Indians he has good features, a personable appearance. He is neither tall like the Blackfeet nor fat like the Gros Ventres. His eyes, black and alive with good humor, differ from the half-closed optics of the Flatheads. A white shirt, tie and pearl-grey hat made him look like a banker on the job—if the banker wore a hat on the job. Like all Indians, Paschal J. George likes his hat, and likes it on.

“To begin with,” said the Sage of the Coeur d’Alenes, “I don’t know when I was born. It was at Garden Springs, near Spokane, Washington, in 1888; but as Indians in those days didn’t have calendars, I don’t know the exact date of my birth. Recently when I got a driver’s license, I told the clerk the mystery that shrouded my nativity. He said: ‘Well, we’ll make it the Fourth of July.’ Being a true American, I was satisfied.” Paschal rammed his hat tighter on his head, an action indicating he had remembered some great moments in his early life. “The first time I came to DeSmet I needed a hair cut; but they didn’t cut off my hair for two years. I don’t know how many times I served Benediction in my long braids. In 1893, when my name was Thomas, my religion, Presbyterian, and my tribe, the Spokane, I was brought to the Mission to be made a Catholic, named Paschal, and become a Coeur d’Alene, by my dad who was after all only my step-dad. He was called by the Indians, Quill-il-lackin, signifying Sunshine-on-the-arm—and he liked the name of Paschal. I wish old Quill-il-lackin had left things as they were, for I liked Thomas.



“—Promise me that you will say I’m one of those ‘Injuns’ up here who is running around in a breech-clout and grunting, ‘Ugh! Ugh!’” Paschal George dresses like a banker.

“After a few years at his Mission school, Joe Seltice and I were sent to the Government school at Chemawa, Oregon. I went there with the understanding that I could come home for vacation. When school closed and Seltice went home I asked the same permission, but was turned down,—so I left on the quiet. But, next fall, when school started again, I was jolly-on-the-spot, but the school authorities told me I owed Uncle Sam four dollars. They had used that amount the June before on telephone calls trying to head me off. I told them I would pay them the four dollars, if they would give me the twenty-five dollars reward offered to the one who should return me to school—but it was no dice.”

Paschal chuckled. He still owed Uncle Sam four dollars.

“From that day the U. S. Government and I have been at logger-heads. Not the Government, perhaps, but some of its employees. By golly, I kept the officials on the jump, but I was always one jump ahead. I was a pest, but I didn’t mind that as I had no use for any of them.”

BRIEFLY, Paschal realized the Government officials were such good targets that he couldn’t pass up the fun. Via grapevine, he liked to start rumors, and send the officials storming into empty cabins miles away upon a deserted prairie. When they returned, he would tell them there had been trouble in town. “Where were you guys?” Pest Paschal was costing the Government so much money it decided to hire him and for twenty years he has worked for Uncle Sam, off and on—in and out!

Policeman Paschal was a good officer. The Coeur d’Alene Indians get into trouble only when intoxicated, and when intoxicated they are plenty—well, extremely hypersensitive. “Some fellows,” remarked the Sage of

the Coeur d'Alenes, "think they are pretty good if they can tell at a distance of a quarter of a mile whether or not an Indian has been drinking. Why, that's nothing. I can tell at the same distance not only if he's been drinking, but *what* he's been drinking."

Of course, Paschal isn't *always* "one jump ahead," but when he isn't, it doesn't make any difference. Last year he stole a march on fellow tribesmen by driving out of town to meet Right Reverend Edward J. Kelly, D.D., the Bishop of the Diocese, who was en route to the Mission for his annual visit. But Paschal didn't make connections. His Excellency used another road, and one-jump-ahead Paschal roamed the tall-grass prairies until at length he surmised something must be awry. He returned to camp as the Bishop was concluding a talk to the tribe assembled in the church.

With aplomb to spare, Paschal—who was also the official interpreter of the tribe—walked up the middle aisle of the church, right to the Communion rail, nodded to the Bishop, spoke a few words to His Excellency, and then turned around and translated the Bishop's address. Paschal talked for forty minutes.

WORDS never fail him. After we had talked an hour or so, he suggested: "Now let me state a few facts about myself." Paschal writes prose and poetry—but his prose is better. He can delight a hall full of people with his witty monologues or he can, as he says, "day-light them with straight-from-the-shoulder talk." One of his favorite expressions is "day-light." In the May 1938 issue of the *Coeur D'Alene Teepee*, a periodical published by Reverend Cornelius E. Byrne, S.J., and Reverend William J. Ryan, S.J., Paschal told a bear story, titled, "How I Day-lighted Mr. Bruin."

Crippled with rheumatism, Paschal several winters ago, found himself face to face with a bear. He shot the animal once with his 22-rifle, but the bullet only irritated the beast, and started it traveling—toward the Sage of the Coeur d'Alenes. Unable to run, Paschal decided to "shoot it out." He tried to pump another shell into the firing chamber, but the gun's bolt action jammed. Now Paschal was traveling. A hill was handy, but too steep for his speed. He slipped, fell, but "I rolled to one side to give Mr. Bruin the right-of-way. He had trouble, too. And when he tumbled, I doubled-back." Whoever imagines Indians don't laugh are unfamiliar with the facts. Paschal was living again that exciting moment, and roaring. When he quieted down he remarked philosophically: "One thing about that experience: it certainly cured my rheumatism."

His column in the *Coeur D'Alene Teepee* is captioned: "The Indian Sage." He recounts incidents of the past and present, composes fables, writes short-short stories, poetry. Some of his memoirs have been printed in the *Spokesman Review*, a fair-sized daily of Spokane. Often

he gives a serious message to the tribe. "In the early days," a portion of his Christmas message went, "our forefathers were wild, and yet those great Jesuits, Fathers Ravalli, Joset, Cataldo, Diomedi and others, had little trouble with them; but we Indians of today, we who are supposed to be civilized, cause the Fathers, now with us, worry all the time. The priests are trying to help us correct our defects, and still we are causing them trouble every day. We are the wild Indians, not our forefathers!"

AND Paschal is sincere. He admits that he wasn't always an angel—far from it; but "once I realized I was the biggest darn fool walking on two legs, I made a right-about face, and I've kept going in the right di-



"We are the wild Indians, not our forefathers," say Paschal George. But this Rogation Day Procession at Sacred Heart Mission tells another story.

rection since then. And now I want to do everything in my power to help my Coeur d'Alene people. And in leading a good life myself, I wish to prove my gratitude to the missionaries who have worked so long and so hard amid us Indians."

Paschal's days for being pest and policeman are past. He is now a poet and philosopher; but after reading all his current poetry, I think his greatness lies in his philosophic prowess. He thinks deeply and focuses life clearly to its few essentials. The foibles, fears and incongruities that perplex others, only excite Paschal to rich laughter. Like all Indians, he is patient, accustomed to suffering in any form, and humble enough to enjoy life.

WHEN a faction of lawless Indians tried three times one day to burn his house, he told me about it in a matter of fact way. They hadn't succeeded, so why worry?

"Mary sniffed the smoke," he said, "and just tossed water on the flaming logs they had thrown against the building. I wasn't there at the time."

Mary is Paschal's wife, whom he married in 1911. They have two sons living. All the members of the family are Catholics.

NEW BOOKS

Why Am I Tempted?

F. J. Remler, C.M.

An excellent and extremely practical explanation of the nature, elements and causes and benefits of temptation, with positive norms for conduct during the same and instructive examples with which to protect ourselves during the spiritual struggle in which the tempted is invariably involved. The real value of this little volume is impossible to estimate as the problems it solves and the peace of soul it engenders can never be adequately calculated this side of heaven. It is a guide for the scrupulous, a source of inspiration for the mediocre, a deterrent for the lax or gross, while for souls of more delicate texture it will be a revelation unfolding the spiritual value of temptation as well as its proper place in the economy of redemption and salvation. Viewed in the light of God's designs and of His permissive providence, temptation is a period of probation for the soul, a source of growth in humility and in the love of God, a means of penance for past sins and an occasion of merit and eternal glory. The contents of this volume should be publicized and taught from every Catholic pulpit, in the curriculum of every Catholic school, by the members of diocesan and religious Mission Bands and by directors of retreats.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.
\$1.25.

The Life of Jesus

Designs by Rudolph Koch

cut on wood by

Trude von Goldenstube

As a Foreword to this unique collection of designs intended to illustrate the various leading phases in the life of our Lord Jesus Christ we read that the author, Rudolph Koch of Offenbach, has drawn the present series from an earlier collection of Christian symbols published by him in 1932. The symbols were cut on wood by Trude von Goldenstube. To help in the interpretation of the symbols themselves, the author has printed the Scripture text which they are intended to explain. The text is taken from the Roman Catholic Westminster version of the New Testament. The symbols will not only provide for students of the liturgical arts an incentive for imitation and stimulate new creations, but will assist our meditation upon the life of Jesus as do the fine arts themselves. If the artist is known by what he omits, then Rudolph Koch is an artist whose work is distinguished by the chastened technique of the Greeks and the sympathetic interpretation of the Christian.

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Translated from the German by
Harwood L. Childs, with a
commentary by William E. Dodd

If you would know at first hand what

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Harwood L. Childs is assistant professor of Politics at Princeton University and an editor of the *Public Opinion Quarterly*. He obtained a copy of this book in the German original while abroad on a Guggenheim Fellowship, and translated it—believing that no understanding of present-day Germany is possible until foreigners know that the Nazis themselves intend and preach.

Out of their own mouths . . . !

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A most timely book and one that is sure to create a tremendous amount of comment. It is of the utmost value as a source of information that will clear up many of the controversial points of the subject. Carleton Beals lays bare the whole web of international intrigue being wrapped around the countries to the south of us—our Western Hemisphere neighbors. Here is the up-to-the-minute story of the struggle for the rich resources of the twenty Hispanic countries, the drive for trade, for control of raw materials, for military, naval and aerial advantage, the continent-wide Fascist propaganda—all the forces that menace the future peace of the New World and the future security of the United States. This vivid account is based on documented facts, personal investigation and twenty years of first hand study and travel in Latin America. Within a decade our whole relationship to Latin America has completely altered. Our government faces tremendous problems in policy and action that never before existed. Our representatives must constantly take new and swift decisions for which we have never had any precedent in all our history. On those decisions may depend the future peace of the Western Hemisphere. This is not an alarmist book, but one of sober fact, brilliantly presented and skilfully analyzed, with the same

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Bertram B. Fowler

Nownere in the world has the cooperative movement wrought miracles comparable to those accomplished in Nova Scotia. In Sweden, in Denmark, in Great Britain, and even in our own United States, co-operatives have been successful in reducing the cost of living for their members and raising their standard of life. But in Nova Scotia, under the guidance of leaders connected with St. Francis Xavier University at Antigonish, co-operation is actually transforming society.

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The Eucharist and Life

Martin Jenneskens

Adapted from the Dutch by
the late Gregory G Rybrook,
Ord. Praem., S.T.D.

This work comes to us with the recommendation of Bishop Schrembs who declares very truly that the author rather completely and thoroughly covers the subject the title announces, "The Eucharist and Life." Father Rybrook, he declares, has considered the Holy Eucharist in its manifold phases as it affects all life—individual, social and educational. A look at the Table of Contents will confirm this, containing as it does a variety of chapters on the relation of the Eucharist to life and worship.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J.,
\$1.50.



Jesuit Missions

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

Dear Reader and Subscriber:

If you have been reading JESUIT MISSIONS for a year or more it may be that on receipt of this December issue, you will first turn the pages to see if the Business Editor is to give his usual Christmas present to all readers and subscribers. Happy am I, as you turn to this page, that you will not be disappointed. Happy again am I that I can give evidence once more of my gratitude for your loyalty and friendship.

Twelve years ago when JESUIT MISSIONS was first published we could say: "2,200 Jesuits are laboring among 200,000,000 infidels. Over 200 of these Jesuit missionaries are from Canada and the United States." Today we can say that more than 3,600 Jesuits are missionaries and of this number more than 600 belong to the Jesuit provinces of Canada and the United States. But real consolation comes from the realization that, even as the number of Jesuit missionaries has increased, the number of their friends made through JESUIT MISSIONS has grown through the years from a few thousand to several tens of thousands.

In gratitude for and in appreciation of all that these friends have done through the years by their prayers and financial help, I am giving them my Christmas present of a Novena of Masses. Beginning on December 17th and each day thereafter including Christmas day itself, I shall offer my Mass for all readers and subscribers, all our friends and benefactors, their intentions and their dear departed. As I stand at the altar each day of the Novena, and especially at midnight on Christmas, I shall plead with the Infant Jesus that yours may be a truly holy and happy Christmas, and that He may shower upon you and yours His choicest graces and blessings.

May I make just one request? Please read my letter of December first sent to every subscriber. I am sure you will answer it as best you can. Again a holy and happy Christmas to you.

Faithfully in our Lord,

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

Read JESUIT MISSIONS, the illustrated mission magazine.

CHRISTMAS EVE ON THE PLAINS

(Continued from page 285)

for the Sioux of Parmelee.

Day peeped over the horizon as we rode through a white wilderness to White Horse Camp where the third Mass was scheduled.

"There's Moccasin Face," said Father Buechel. An old Indian with a wrinkled, leathery face was awaiting us at Sacred Heart Church. Only one family was present; the rest were creeping slowly in wagons and cars over the rolling waste land. Long, long minutes of patient waiting followed. The minutes expanded into hours.

"I could hardly stay awake between confessions," Father Buechel declared as we returned home.

Patience is a wonderful word on the missions, especially when your nerves are on edge after a long night's vigil and scores of confessions. During his short Christmas sermon a little girl of about two years toddled up the aisle to a place directly in front of Father Buechel and began to compete in a sing-song voice. The child's mother did nothing. Sioux parents have the foolish weakness of refusing to punish and of rarely scolding their children.

But when the angelic strains, "Peace on earth to men of good will," are still echoing in the South Dakota canyons, the zealous missionary simply smiles. It is Christmas, merry Christmas. Three times he has offered the Christ Child to the Heavenly Father. It is worth it—this riding for Christ and His Sioux.

SHRINE OF TEKAKWITHA

(Continued from page 290)

put on a show every day for tourists. Two little bears, a few months old, steal the show by drinking Coca Cola with great ease and skill. Very near the scene of this dance and show are the three schools, conducted by the Sisters, and these buildings are a living testimony to the devoted care they have of the little Indians. Almost all at the Reserve are Catholic, the few exceptions being pagans, as they call themselves in a very satisfied tone.

As we returned to the residence a sick call came in and the Reverend Father Superior, tireless, zealous, kind with the charity of Christ, was on his way to answer it.

"Come again and visit us. Always glad to see strangers—Jesuits. Goodby," and down the narrow street he went, accompanied by six or more Redskins, who never seem to leave the yard of the Fathers. Their excuse to remain there is always the same: "Can we kiss the relics, Fadder?" They love the Mission; the missionaries; they love Catherine, their own sister; they love Caughnawaga.

A GUADALUPE CHRISTMAS

(Continued from page 291)

ries the Infant Jesus. When they reach the Crib, the priest hands the Infant Jesus to the gentleman who reverently

lays the image down on the bed of straw prepared in the Crib.

It is simply astounding to see the importance these people attach to such things as these, as also to the children's festivities which I have not space to describe. But they are worth a three-week Mission to them. . . . I have seen people who would have turned a deaf ear to St. Paul if he had preached to them, go to the sacraments that he or she might assist worthy at the Christmas ceremonies.

TO NANKING

(Continued from page 289)

new problems, new situations that arise and must be handled discreetly but firmly. Many of the little incidents that happen are such as to require the patience of Job if one is to keep smiling, but on the other hand, sometimes things do take place of just the opposite nature. For instance, only the other day there was the case of the arrival of the six Sisters, Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, who like Father Kearney, had been trying since February to get back to Nanking, but who just received their passes on July 30. They left Shanghai by train early on Monday morning, August 1, and were expecting Father Kearney to meet them here in Nanking with the necessary autos to take them to their house. The train had been arriving at seven in the evening for the past several months, but it would take this day to arrive, not an hour late, if you please, but an hour early, with the result that there was no one at the station to greet the Sisters and arrange for their transportation to their home.

It so happened, however, that in their car on the train there had been several rather high-ranking Japanese officers who had been quite kind to the Sisters during the trip, and now when they saw that the Nuns were stranded, as it were, they personally took charge of them. First they had the station master get some soldiers to handle their baggage—with which they themselves did not hesitate to lend a hand—and then when it was seen that there were no taxis to be had, one of the officers commandeered a public bus that was getting ready to leave the station. He chased out a number of the passengers who were already seated, and placing the six Sisters in it with all their luggage, he told the driver to take the Nuns directly to their house. When the Superior asked what they should pay, the officer told them to give whatever they wanted, but the driver hastened to assure them that three dollars would be enough. This isn't bad, especially in view of the fact that the fare for a single taxi, when there is one, is now four dollars.

And to top off the story, none of the Sisters had to undergo the spraying with disinfectant of both person and baggage to which everyone entering Nanking must now submit. All of which, perhaps, augurs well for the future work of the good Sisters who are to play a vital role in the spiritual resurrection of Nanking.

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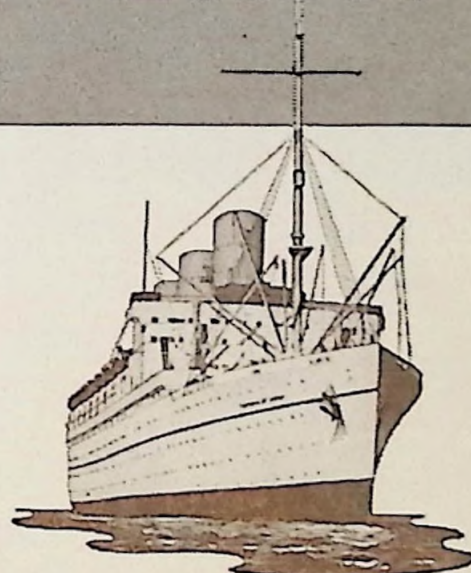
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