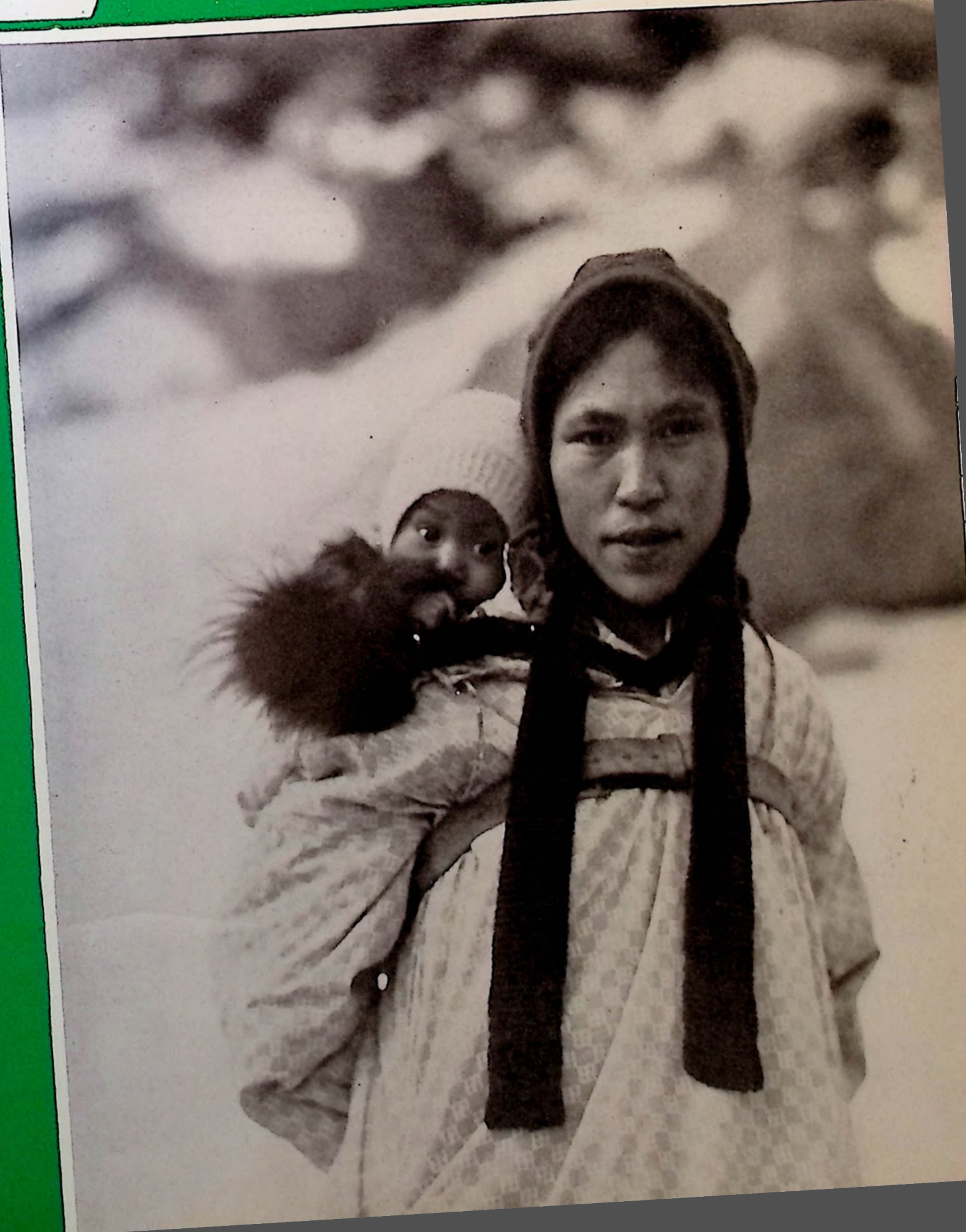


Jesuit Missions

DECEMBER
1940

Ten Cents

Vol. XIV
No. XI



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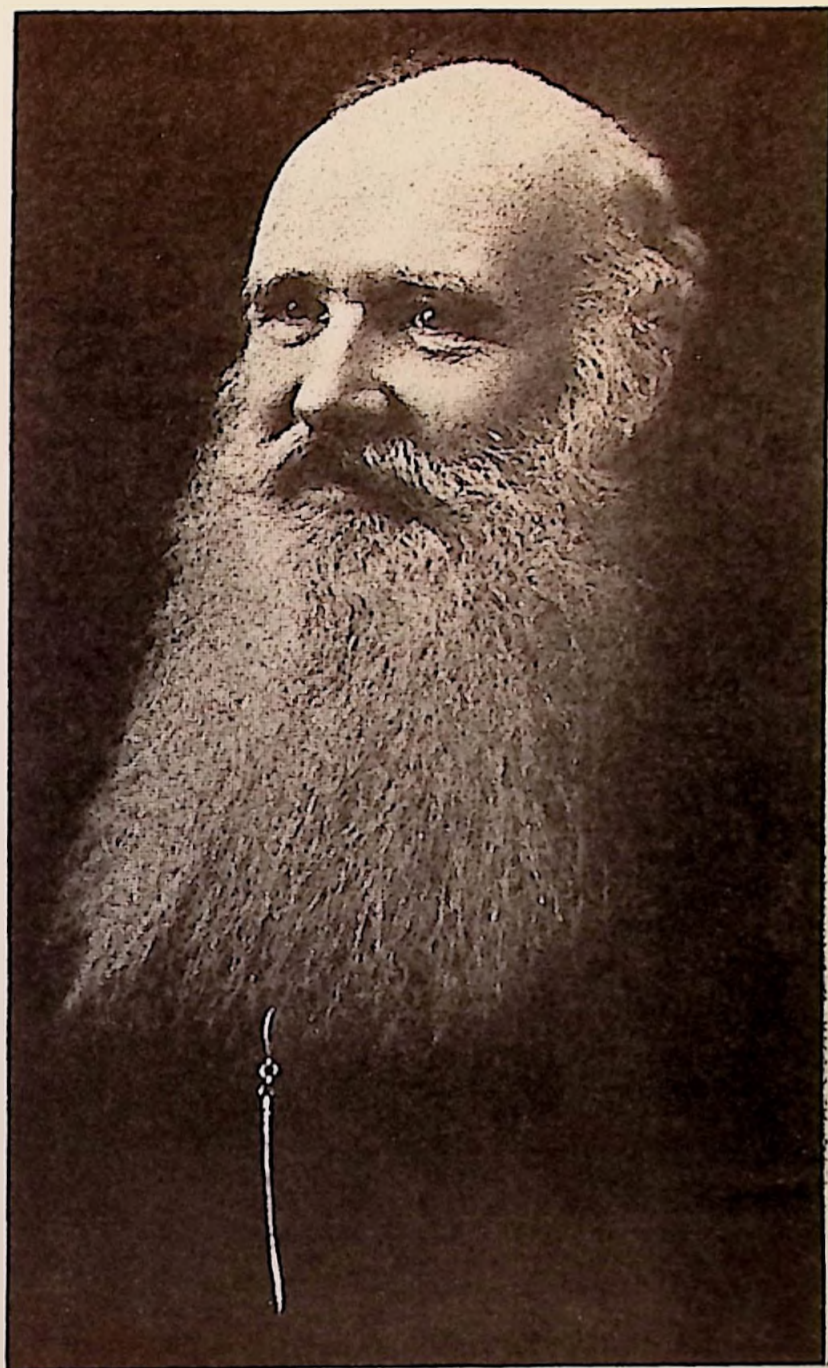
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Santa Claus —Really?

No, not really, though he was known as "Father Santa Claus." And yet really, for he did what Santa Claus never could do for the missions. In America Father Van der Scheuren collected thousands of dollars for the poor of India, where he had labored for forty years. But we fear, were he alive today, war clouds would hide his smile from the missionaries who would look to him for a happy Christmas.

However, in the missionary's heart hope springs eternal. In the hope of what will be done for him, he smiles the smile of peace, God's gift on earth to men of good will. In gratitude for what you will do to make his Christmas happy he wants you to know and have the same peace. And, so each one joins in greeting our subscribers—



Rev. T. Van der Scheuren, S.J., who died just ten years ago.

A Holy and Happy Christmas from The American Jesuit Missionaries

Now we Editors venture a suggestion. Let each of our readers be Santa Claus—really. But for you, Christmas would be dull and dreary in home and foreign missions. Won't you be Santa Claus to the American Jesuit missionaries and give real peace and happiness to them and their charges in the missions?

Please send your Christmas gift for them to JESUIT MISSIONS, 257 4th Ave., New York

Just mark your gift—FOR SANTA CLAUS—REALLY!

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

DECEMBER

1 9 4 0

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • AMERICAN INDIANS • JAMAICA • CHINA • BAGHDAD • INDIA

CONTRIBUTORS

What sympathy and cooperation Christians should have for each other is brought out in *Christianity On the Last Frontier* by JOSEPH P. KELLY, S.J. It re-echoes the words of St. John to his people in his last days, "Little children love one another."



Joseph P. Connell, S.J.

Beguiled in Goa is a colorful and humorous story from the pen of RICHARD A. WELFLE, S.J. of the Chicago Province. Many have fallen into the hands of such a person as John and have not fared as well.

FATHER FRANCIS G. DEEVY, S.J. (*Hail and Farewell*) after teaching for a year at St. George's

College, Kingston, Jamaica, enters upon his new duties as Pastor of Mandeville. These are his first impressions of his mission station.

War is terrible. Its shadow has already blighted the youth of many lands. FATHER JOSEPH P. CONNELL, S.J., in *Clouds Over the Desert* fears for the youth of Iraq.

Respect for parental authority is very strong in the Chinese character. How its influence extends even to marriage is seen in *Wedding Bells of Old Cathay* by FATHER FRANCIS A. ROULEAU, S.J.

In British Honduras many of the missionary journeys are by boat. The hazards and danger of upset are numerous. *Up the Moho River to Santa Teresa* by FATHER ALLAN A. STEVENSON, S.J., describes one such excursion and its upsets.

Side by side and sometimes in advance of the frontiersmen and plainsmen of our early history in the West, went the missionaries seeking treasure of greater value. JOHN MARTIN SCOTT, S.J., in *Brother Good Horse* tells of one such early pioneer.

People spend hours and hours planning how to spend their summer vacation. No better way could possibly be found than that related by FATHER THEODORE E. DAIGLER, S.J., in *Bernardo, Apostle of the Sobanons*. Mass conversions are rare in these days because the wheat is choked by the cockle of heresy.



Richard A. Welfle, S.J.

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COVER—The Madonna and Child has been a favorite subject of painters of many lands. Our Lady and the Babe of Bethlehem have thus taken on the features and apparel of many nations. A Chinese artist portrays Mother and Child with the features of his race. An Italian painter brings out the contours of the sunny South. The German, the heavier, placid features of his people. All are beautiful in their relation to Mary and her Son, The Word made flesh, Who dwelt amongst us. Our madonna and child come from the frozen wastes of Alaska. They are Eskimos from real life. Father Bernard Hubbard, S.J., took this picture on one of his expeditions. Dearer by far to Jesus and Mary are this mother and child than the greatest masterpiece on dead canvas.

EDITORIALS

Your six hundred and twenty-five American Jesuit missionaries join with the Editors of Jesuit Missions in wishing you a holy and happy Christmas, filled with blessings, from the new-born Babe, Christ Jesus, our King.

THE FOUR HUNDREDTH CHRISTMAS

NOT long ago a Jesuit missionary in Alaska was making a journey from his rocky island in the Bering Sea to the mainland in order to lay in some needed supplies for Christmas and the long Arctic winter. It was in late Fall before the ice had begun to form but when the weather was dangerous and unpredictable.

The missionary was traveling alone in a frail Eskimo kayak propelled by an outboard motor. Half way in his journey a storm arose and the traveler was forced to seek temporary refuge on a rough and desolate strip of beach. While he was looking around to see where he could camp for the night, he heard the hum of an airplane overhead. It was a plane bound for Nome and the pilot had apparently spotted the lone missionary for he was swinging the ship into a general wing-over and was making for the beach.

One look at the terrain told the missionary that it was suicidal for any one to try to land. So he ran up and down, frantically waving to the pilot to keep on going. But the pilot paid no attention to him and soon had put his ship down neatly between two huge boulders. He called out of the open cabin door: "Come on, Father, I'll take you to Nome." While the missionary was putting his belongings into the ship, he saw that the pilot had a passenger and that the passenger was not only a very frightened but a very angry man. "I'm an important official," he was saying, "and I have paid you good money to take me to Nome and you risk my life by putting me down in this God-forsaken strip of beach!" The pilot turned to him very quietly and said, "Listen Mister, I don't care if you are the President of the United States. When I see a missionary in trouble, I'm going to help him."

When I see a missionary in trouble I'm going to help him. These words expressive as they were of the sentiments of a weather-beaten Alaskan pilot, are also equally expressive of the spirit of Catholics all over the world. It is this spirit on the part of the Catholic laity that has made it possible for the Catholic Church to have missionaries and were it not for that spirit, the Catholic

Church would not be the universal Church. For the business of sending missionaries into foreign lands to preach the Gospel is only a part of the Church's missionary work. If these men and women are not backed up by the prayers and financial support of missionaries at home, the whole thing becomes a grandiose but futile gesture.

No one realizes this more than the missionaries themselves—and among these we include especially the 625 American Jesuits staffing a string of missions that encircle the world. These men are doing heroic work but they are not doing it alone. They are doing it together with their thousands of co-missionaries at home. And for this they are acutely conscious and grateful.

Christmas 1940—the four hundredth Christmas of the missionaries of the Society of Jesus—will find not only the American Jesuits but all the more than 4,000 missionaries of the Society offering up sincere prayers of thanks to God for their fellow workers, men and women at home. May God bless them.

FRANCIS XAVIER

FRANCIS XAVIER, as almost everyone knows, was the first Jesuit missionary. Four hundred years ago he received the order from Ignatius Loyola to set sail for the first Jesuit mission. The first in a long line of famous Jesuit missionaries, Xavier also stands as a type and symbol of all missionaries, great and small, Jesuit and non-Jesuit. He is symbolic of them in many ways, of course, but one way especially stands out this year, the anniversary of his departure.

Xavier was a man of very high intellectual attainments and, of all the companions whom Ignatius gathered about him at the University of Paris, he was the most gifted, the one most likely to win fame and applause for himself and for the young Society in the European arena. Yet it was he, and not the others, who was asked to bury all this promise in far-off India. He did so willingly, knowing that he was saying farewell to the intellectual and cultural life of the Europe he loved so well. He did not say, why not send someone else who has less talent than myself, who is less fitted to defend the Church in the universities of the West and in the palaces of princes and nobles. This more conspicuous work he left to others.

Every year this sacrifice made by Xavier is repeated by many men and women in our own country and all over the Christian world. And it is done quietly—an oblation understood only by God and those who offer it.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

Editor: CALVERT ALEXANDER, S.J.

Associate Editors: JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.; JOHN J. O'FARRELL, S.J.; JOHN E. REARDON, S.J.; PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.; FRANCIS B. PRANGE, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; JAMES MCGIVERN, S.J.; ERNEST LALANDE, S.J.

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

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Christianity

The Eskimos of King Island, in the shadow of Soviet Russia, have the fervor of primitive Christians.



King Island hunters dragging home the skin of a 250 pound walrus.

ON a huge mass of granite rock rising sheer above the dark blue waters of the Bering Sea, dwell a people who are fired with the fervor of the primitive Christians. This outpost of the American Republic is King Island—situated within the shadow of Soviet Siberia and lashed by the fury of the Arctic waves. The residents of these jagged and precipitous cliffs, are united by the closest bonds of Christian faith and solidarity. Here we see a communism, truly and thoroughly Christian—working at its best. All strive and work for the interest of their neighbor and their little community. Chiefly responsible for this happy condition is the veteran missionary Father Bellarmine Lafortune, S.J., who has been in Alaska for thirty-seven years.

The utter isolation of their island home, far removed from the materialistic influences of modern life, unites the Eskimo cliff-dwellers in the most intimate ties of human fellowship. At its best, the mode of existence is indeed precarious and never lacks a real element of danger. One would expect that their persistent struggle to exist, would exert a depressing influence on the mentality of the natives. On the contrary, they are most cheerful, and all are imbued with a simple, child-like faith in their heavenly Father.

Some months ago, an incident oc-

curred, which strikingly revealed their true solidarity and real community spirit. The hunting season found all the men in search of the mighty polar bear. One of their number during the day got separated from the main body of the hunters. At the end of the chase, the horns sounded the signal for reunion. However, one young man, John, who had pursued an elusive polar bear alone, was too distant to hear the call of his friends. All having reassembled, it was discovered that one was missing, and a hasty discussion ensued. Darkness was falling rapidly, for the sun pays a very brief visit to these Arctic regions, during the long winter months. The eerie silence was broken by the crunching, grinding and jamming of the ice. The question was proposed—What shall we do? It would be suicidal to search for the missing man. Consequently, all decided to return at once to their rocky fastness and hope for the best.

SOON the sad news spread all over the village. There followed much consternation and discussion. A council was held in true Eskimo fashion. Something must be done. And yet, the question of rescuing was rejected by the island sages. They argued back and forth. It was bad enough to lose one. However, they were still far from losing hope. The Divine Shepherd who will not

suffer even the loss of one of His flock, would not now desert them. They prayed for light and guidance.

All night long, a man walked on the rough rocks, swinging a lantern to and fro. Next morning, many anxious eyes scanned the horizon with powerful binoculars. Meanwhile, the chapel on stilts had its steady stream of devout worshippers, earnestly entreating the Divine Consoler. Even the little tots refrained from simple frolics and were observed wending their way to the chapel. Many were the conjectures formed. Some were dubious and all were fearsome. It was now the fifth day and nothing had been heard or seen of the lost hunter.

HOWEVER, the old weather-beaten stalwarts did not lose hope. They repeated again and again with all the solemnity of their race: "If he did not fall in the water, he can last a long time." Then something rather unusual happened. A niece of the missing man, a mere child of seven years, awoke one morning in a very jubilant mood. She romped and sang about the house. Puzzled and perplexed, her mother inquired of her why she felt so happy. The youngster replied with the utmost confidence and assurance, "Uncle John is coming."

Just an hour later, the look-out hurried from his lonesome post with

on the Last Frontier

Joseph P. Kelly, S.J.

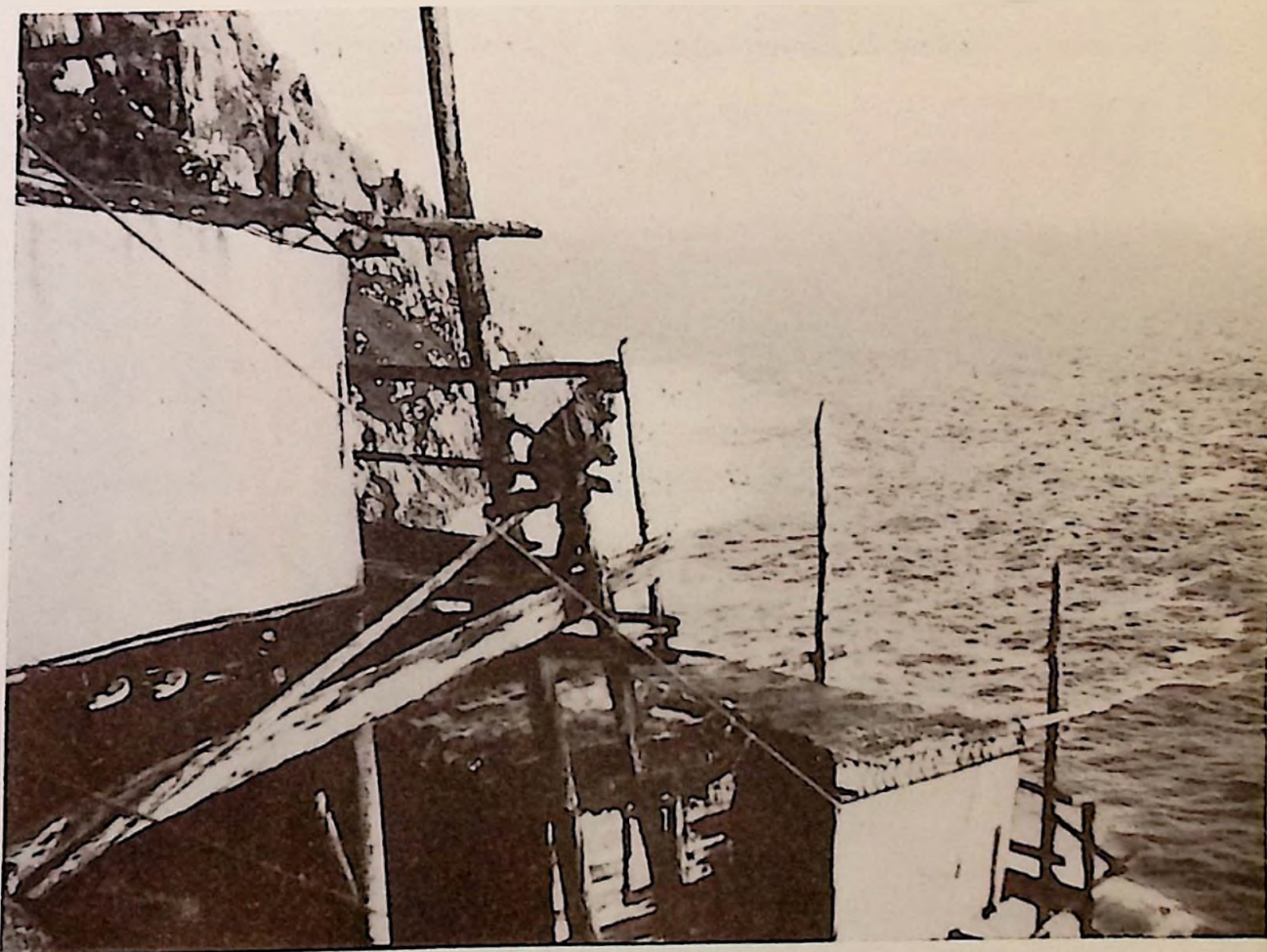
the glad tidings, that he had sighted the black dog of John, in a south-easterly direction. The tension of the electrified atmosphere broke into one of exuberant joy. Again the merry laughter of the children rang through the frosty air. Even the canine inhabitants joined in optimistic howlings.

IMMEDIATELY, a party of five fleet-footed young men volunteered to fly to the rescue. A sled and heavy furs were procured. The old timers who had spent many years hunting, suggested that John's greatest need would be a suitable stimulant. Accordingly, they approached their unfailing friend and counsellor, Father Lafortune. They asked for fruit juice but such a beverage was not to be had. However, the good Pastor gave them a few ounces of Mass wine. This exceeded their fondest hopes and without further ado, they began their mission of mercy. During that twelve mile journey, not a moment's respite was taken. They arrived just in time. A few hours more and the unfortunate man would have succumbed to the cold and hunger.

They carefully wrapped his frozen and emaciated body in warm furs and slowly administered the life-restoring wine. His tongue had been partly frozen, in his vain efforts to satiate his burning thirst. The lips were (Turn to page 308)



A landing on King Island's rocky shores.



An Eskimo lad views the sea from above. (Below) A hunting party returns.



Beguiled in Goa

It couldn't have happened to any one but this particular pilgrim to the tomb of St. Francis Xavier in Goa.

Richard A Welfle, S. J.



The author (and also the pilgrim) gets an earful of a gurgling waterfall.

WHAT had really lured me down the coast from Bombay to Goa was the body of Saint Francis Xavier. But even after I had experienced the thrill of saying Mass at his tomb, and had wandered among the historic ruins of that old dead city which once flaunted the proud boast of "Lisbon of the East," I still wanted to linger on. Everything was so interesting and the people so charming, that I finally tumbled to the realization that I had simply fallen in love with Goa.

Pangim, the present day capitol of Goa, is situated just above the mouth of the Rio Mendovi, and across the river lies the district of Bardez. This is tropical country of the picturesque variety that one reads about in books. When I gazed at the stately swaying palms, they waved a welcome that I could not resist.

SO the following morning found me not on the steamer bound for Bombay, as I had planned, but in a small launch, crossing the Rio Mendovi. I stepped ashore at the little village of Betim, then set out in a bus. And as we weaved in and out among the cocoanut palms, through mango groves, past hill-sides smothered with bushes of cashew nuts, I had the joy of watching a boyhood dream of fairyland come true.

But we had not gone far when I was startled from my dream by a woman's cry. The bus came to a halt with crunching brakes, the driver jumped out and dashed to the back of the bus. Words were flying fast in a language that I did not understand, but in the midst of the commotion I beheld a woman, wailing frantically and clasping a baby which appeared to be in the throes of convulsions.

The flying buttresses of St. John's Church, Goa.

To my amazement, the driver quickly lit a *biri* (native cigarette) and blew a good whiff of smoke in the baby's face. The next moment it was coughing and kicking lustily. Then a woman came running with a bottle. She poured out a spoonful of its contents, and it looked as innocent as water. But later I came to know that it was a mighty potent beverage. In Konkoni it is called *feni*, but in any other language it would be liquid fire. I had occasion to sample it myself, and I swear by all that is lovely in the land of Goa, that any baby that can survive even a few drops of that brew will one day be a man.

THE baby in question qualified in class A. He smacked his lips with blissful satisfaction, then a searching look came into his glistening eyes which seemed to say: "But where is the rest of the bottle?" This was the signal for everybody to relax, and as the driver took his seat again, he must have got off a good wise-crack, for the bus moved on, everyone rocking with laughter.



Another hour of delightful scenery, then we arrived in a little village, called Arpora. Here I met Father Mendonza. And may I get warts on the back of my neck, if I ever forget his glowing hospitality. Father Mendonza is a human dynamo. Among other things he conducts a large English school for his Goan boys. Unfortunately, the school had just closed for the May vacation, so I could not meet the lads. But I did have the pleasure of meeting Father Mendonza's charming father, and his no less charming uncle, Monsignor Mendonza, both of whom had come down from Bombay for a bit of a holiday. Later, when I announced that I must be on my way, they strongly supported Father Mendonza with vehement protests. I simply must stay on and share their holiday. I countered with polite excuses, but characteristically Father Mendonza had already conceived a plot to circumvent them.

"Stay at least until this afternoon," he urged, "and then we'll listen to your excuses."

IN the afternoon a car drove up to the school. We all got in, and Father Mendonza gave directions to the driver. Half an hour later we reached a village, called Anjuna. As I stepped out of the car, I got a bracing whiff of salt breeze, and heard the booming of the sea. We then climbed a small hill, and as we reached the top, I thrilled to an enchanting view the memory of which still haunts me. Before me spread the vast expanse of the Indian Ocean, with a bank of flame-tinged clouds far out on the horizon, and the red disc of the sun just dipping down into the sea.

I stole a glance at Father Mendonza. He was smiling. "Stay till tomorrow," he said, "and you'll find a palm leaf shelter down there on that beach. There's a little chapel back among the palms where we can say Mass. The rest of the day we'll swim, at night we'll spread our blankets right there on the sand, and sleep beneath the stars."

NOW I ask you! It was more than mere flesh and blood could resist. So the following day we moved over and took possession of the beach, and there I remained the guest of Father Mendonza for two glorious never-to-be-forgotten days.

But the time had now come when I simply had to get back to Bombay.

"I should have booked a cabin," I remarked to Father Mendonza, as I was preparing to leave.

"Oh, you'll be the only passenger on the cabin deck," he replied. "At this time of the year everyone is coming down to Goa. There's no one returning to Bombay."

Then as a parting gesture of his lavish hospitality Father Mendonza presented me with a basket filled with one hundred luscious Alphonse mangoes. Now anyone who has a passion for mangoes as I have, will easily understand why I personally supervised the tying of that basket on the back of the car. He will likewise have little difficulty in picturing my consternation when the car reached Betim minus my mangoes. I immediately lost all my clerical dignity.

"Driver," I barked, "turn right around and streak along that road until we find those mangoes."



A view of the harbor of old Goa where St. Francis Xavier landed.

But three miles later I looked at my watch and realized with a heavy heart that the mango hunt was a lost cause. I had to catch that boat for Bombay.

As we drew up to the Betim landing for the second time, another catastrophe stared me in the face. The place was simply swarming with prospective passengers, waiting to cross the river, and take the boat back to Bombay.

"There must be something wrong with this picture," I said to myself, recalling Father Mendonza's assurance that scarcely anyone would be traveling to Bombay at this time of the year. Then, as I stood by my luggage, trying to adjust myself to the situation, I noticed a streamlined individual across the way, wearing shorts and a perky little mustache, with a sun helmet tipped at a rakish angle on one side of his head, and a cane draped on his arm. There was a large crowd trying to get at him; he seemed to be dispensing tickets of some kind.

"THAT chap may be able to tell me my next move." I thought, and was just about to try my luck, when he glanced up over the crowd and spotted me. The next instant he had dropped all those about him like so many hot coals, and came dancing towards me.

"Good morning, Father," he said breezily. "My name is John. Are you going back to Bombay, Father?"

"Well, I was thinking along those lines. Why?"

"May I book your cabin for you, Father?"

I had to restrain myself from tickling John under the chin.

"But is it still possible to get a cabin?"

"Father," said John, dripping with suavity and self-assurance, "leave everything to me. I'll arrange everything . . . Coolie! . . . Coolie! . . . Here, coolie, take this luggage. . . . Father, just follow the coolie. That's my launch down there at the dock. It will take you across the river. Have the coolie put your luggage on the Bombay steamer, and just wait on deck till I come. My name is John. I'll arrange everything."

Then John vanished completely! (Turn to page 308)

Hail And Farewell

Francis G. Deevy, S.J.

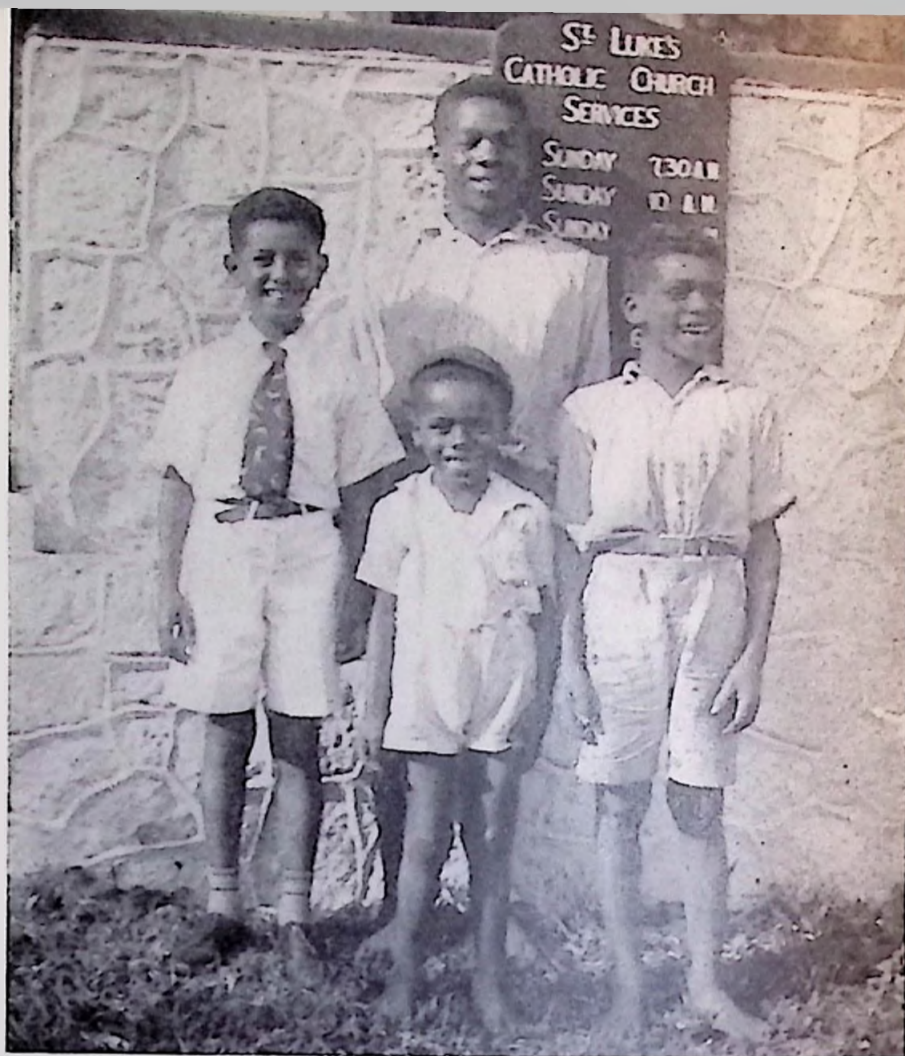
FOR two weeks I had known that I was to come to Mandeville. That gave me time to adjust myself to the idea. I had been in Kingston, Jamaica, for over a year but that was different. There I lived in a community and taught in the college. My worries never went beyond the walls of the classroom and the progress of my students. What I ate and when, how the bills were paid never bothered me.

Now comes the change. I am on my own at Mandeville. Not quite alone because Christ is very much present in the tabernacle in our little church. I have a house which is a very good house, but a man makes a poor housekeeper. Then I have a garden, but while waiting for the new pastor, myriad weeds took the opportunity to push their foul heads above flowers and grass. Finding the flowers is much like finding my few poor Catholics in the vicinity. I also have a car. It rides well and comfortably despite the miserable roads it has to travel. It has only one bad habit. It drinks gasoline which is the most precious of all fluids in Jamaica. Otherwise, I would take it out much oftener and we might find more Catholics in the mountains and valleys.



On Sunday, I said Mass at two of my churches. I have four altogether, besides three stations where I say Mass on a weekday once a month. At Mandeville we not only heard the new pastor for the first time, but also the new organ. The organ was good. Modesty forbids that I go further. After the Mass, I wanted to meet my new

Father Francis G. Deevy, S.J., the new pastor of Mandeville. Previously he had been stationed in Kingston.



"Some of my altar boys outside my main church at Mandeville. The church holds seventy-five with a lot of pinches."

flock, but they were either bashful or they were not my flock.

My second Mass was at Christiana, which is fourteen miles up higher in the mountains from Mandeville. On reaching the church I must send my car back for my parish. They are very few and scattered over the countryside. If I did not send for them, they would have no means of coming to Mass. During the week, I traveled a round trip of ninety miles, in order that two devout families might have Mass. Without that journey, they would never be able to hear it and it is important that the young people, especially, be kept in contact with their faith through the Holy Sacrifice.

THE church at Christiana is not much. The walls inside are unfinished. There is, however, a fine altar made from native wood. The church also boasts an organ but unfortunately the congregation can provide no organ player. This lack did not prevent them from singing. One of their number had the heavy responsibility of raising the tune for the hymns.

At Christiana, I administered my first Baptism. Anastasia is the name she received. Naturally, she will be a pet of mine from now on. Since Sunday, I have baptized three more. My second effort was a double header, nothing less than twins. One of them took the ceremony as calmly as I did. The other howled all the way through it. She was calm and quiet only when she could clutch the ritual book. Now that she is a little Christian, perhaps she won't howl so much. I subsequently learned that the difficulty was not the Baptism but hunger. She wanted her dinner and she was informing the whole world in the only way she knew how.

The mother of these twins

(Turn to page 308)

Clouds Over the Desert

Joseph P.
Connell, S.J.

FOR days on end the desert sky is cloudless. The pleasing monotone of blue is relieved only when lengthening nights announce the approach of the winter season. It is then that puffs of white cloud drift vagrantly across the heavens by day, hastening westward towards evening to keep a rendezvous with the sun and tinge the sunset sky with gorgeous gold.

It is nearly time for clouds to gather in the desert sky. This year, will they be war clouds? One fears.

The East is in arms. Egypt is invaded; bombers have dropped screeching cargoes on the port of Palestine; guns of a new conqueror point across the Red Sea to Arabia. Will some new war machine head into the desert? Will the Valley between the Two Rivers resound again to the thump of marching men over the steps of Alexander, Timur the Lame, and Townshend?

These are the fears of Baghdad fathers and mothers.

How different from the tranquil day in June when Baghdad College was conducting its first commencement! Open-air exercises concluded, the students revealed to awed parents the wonders of their new school. There were the classrooms with a chair for each single boy. There was the library with more books than you ever imagined could be printed, let alone collected in one place. There was the infirmary, little different from a hospital. In the laboratory

Butros and Yacoub were fingering all the fantastic instruments and envisioning for hopeful parents their future medical careers. And there was the chapel, spaced between canteen and dean's office. Why, the chapel was really a part of the school! Indeed, the chapel was the most important part; for there the Great Teacher, Whom the boys visited before and after class, lived in the flesh.

A new Christian era! The present is grand. And the future so bright.

THE Fathers of Baghdad College were overwhelmingly happy, because Almighty God had stamped their venture with such evident success. Father J. Edward Coffey, S.J., left the gathering to its enthusiastic joys and hopes and sought the quiet of the river across the street.

A lone figure stood on the bank. He stood motion-

less as the cloudless sky and the palm branches which shaded him from the sun. A *kufa*, carried on the slow-moving current, drifted lazily round the bend in the river.

"A beautiful day!"

Father Coffey thought to interrupt the man's reverie. The man nodded a greeting.

"Weren't you at the commencement exercises when Youssef went to the platform for the prize in Arabic?"

"Yes, *Abouna*, I was there.

And I was very proud of my son."

The man spoke softly. His eyes remained fixed on the scene before him. What so fascinated him?

"This is a lovely location, isn't it?" persisted Father Coffey. "So much cooler than the city! And the palm trees! And that bend in the river?"

"*Abouna*, I can't keep my eyes off that bend. Just twenty years ago today I came around that bend on a raft. For ten days and nights I was on that raft. I was homeless, orphaned, hungry. And terrified. Only God knows how I escaped across the desert and down the river when so many perished. You can't imagine, *Abouna*, what it is to see your family, your whole nation..."

Father Coffey remained silent. He understood. This was not his first meeting with those brave souls who form the remnant of the Armenian nation. Even as the man detailed his experiences, Father knew the unprintable scene of

horror and carnage beyond the bend that the man was reliving in memory.

"... Baghdad was the end of my wanderings. But it was only the beginning of struggles to exist. Yet, God has been good to me. And now my son is getting a Catholic education, a thing I never thought possible."

The man smiled graciously.

"This is a lovely spot, *Abouna*."

They started for the school. The man took one last look backwards and halted.

"Do you suppose, *Abouna*, do you suppose my son will ever carry memories like the ones that haunt my mind?"

It is nearly time for clouds to gather in the desert sky. Please God they be not war clouds. For days on end the desert sky is clear and blue. In the face of a menacing world a father fears for his son.



Father Connell, the author, spent his regency at Baghdad College, Iraq. Naturally he fears war clouds in the East.

Wedding Bells

Francis A. Rouleau, S.J.



"The bridal chair, ornately carved, is sent over to the bride's home to fetch the betrothed."

WHEN light-hearted Ming-fu looks glum, put your stakes on a brewing tragedy. Long-faced as a paid funeral mourner, he came slipping puss-footed into my room one night with a yellow envelope crushed in a soft pearly fist. Elegant boy, this Ming-fu. Rich-textured robes, a slight graceful body, manners ever genial and winsome . . . he is labeled at once as the offspring of wealth and culture; while any native will tell you, on catching his accent, that he hails from Ningpo. Both of which are correct. Mandarin Loh's first-born, if you please! Besides that he is my star pupil—bright, studious, enormously likable.

"Read this telegram!" he sobs, spreading the crumpled sheet out on my desk. "I've got to go home and get married! Imagine, *mon Pere* . . . and I'm only eighteen! What's more, I have never seen the young lady before"—trembling petulant lips—"don't know her from the 'Old Buddha' herself!" Silk sleeves sponge off the dripping hot tears.

Sympathetically I motion my disconsolate young friend to a chair, hitch my glasses up on my nose and frown with judicial severity over the fateful message. Through watery eyes Ming-fu looks on, nervous and expectant, until I fold back the yellow paper and begin wiping my spectacles again.

"Brace up, old fellow!"—leaning father-like towards the silken girlish face and the oiled aromatic hair. "You know the rites on filial piety. It's a parental affair, probably framed up when you were still toddling in the diaper era. You have to go through with the ceremony, of course. Now make up your mind to live it like a gentleman."

What else could I tell him? In the

traditional Chinese family, match-making is still the divinely-ordained business of the parents, not of the marriageable children. For a melancholy half hour he sits there, crestfallen and mopish, all the while swaying to and fro like a mother grieving over her dead child. At last, sweeping me a generous bow, he patters softly out of the professorial presence.

"Believe it or not"—it is his parting shot at the door—"I have nothing at all to do with my own marriage except to act the part of a bridegroom!"

TO "act the part," Mandarin Loh's darling shortly afterwards took the boat south for his ancestral home near picturesque old Ningpo. Headed in the opposite direction, I rode a cramped third-class coach car-



There is a noticeable American touch to this Catholic Chinese wedding.

In Old Cathay

rying me after two days to the little farming town of Langshan, with its drab mud walls sprawled over the flat northern prairie, where I was to spend several weeks among the poor tillers of the countryside.

"Just in time!" veteran Father Yang exclaims by way of welcome, when at last the squeaking wheelbarrow dumps me and my baggage off at his door. "There will be a wedding at your Mass tomorrow morning, if you don't mind. Farmer Cheng's second boy, Rugged Virtue, and Farmer Hu's girl, Plum Blossom."

Mind! Why, news like this is better than liniment to rub out the sore joints after the jolting barrow trip across the corrugated fields from the railway station. Especially since it would be my first marriage as a priest. And something of a coincidence, eh, what? thinking of youthful Ming-fu: two weddings at the same time, one gorgeous with pagan frippery, the other Catholic and exquisitely humble.

"And lest I forget"—Father Yang fumbles in the pocket of his coat—"here's the ring. Give it back to me after the ceremony."

As pompously as though it were a diamond platinum he slips me a sizeable ring, made of tin and tarnished with age, the one he uses recurrently whenever these poor, stalwart, clean-hearted young peasants of his plight their troth in the village church.

NOT in a church, but in the great hall before the family ancestors, Mandarin Loh's pretty Ming-fu takes unto himself a wife. Festivities are under way now, the eve of the wedding day. The sumptuous vigil feast, called in Chinese the *Meal After the Pigs Are Killed*, is being served to the invited guests. They are already milling about in gay, varicolored crowds, puffed big with red-paper bundles of presents; and the charming slip of a bridegroom, radiant in brocaded silks, waltzes about graciously among the merrymakers, bowing and smiling and uttering well-bred niceties in the best tradition of the literary caste.

Out in the court yard under the acacia trees long rows of tables are loaded down with fat raw chickens, geese, fish and pork, all fresh from sacrificial slaughter and dressed for the morrow's banquet. Over these huge platters Buddhist monks chant their magic formulas of prosperity and the incoming visitors, with smoking incense sticks, kow-tow before the *Goddess of Wedded Bliss* hanging up stolidly on a post nearby. Illumined by a thousand paper lanterns, the princely old mansion of the Loh clan rollicks late into the night with music and feasting and the pantomime dancing of a hired theatrical troupe. . . .

HUSHED and unlit, the mud-caked houses of Langshan stretch out at dusk like a purple patch quilt. In the darkness under my window a shadowy figure is prodding and cursing his donkeys to stable. For an hour or more I gaze out dreamily over the spread-



"The bridegroom had to hustle out early in the morning to yoke the water buffaloes before the bell called him to the wedding Mass."

ing plains broken here and there by clumps of trees that splotch like black hillocks over the crude earthen dwellings. No doubt Farmer Cheng's Rugged Virtue, in the wooden tub at the well, would be washing his strong young limbs after the day's dusty harrowing and then, dead-tired and sleepy, squeezing himself alongside his younger brothers on the planks that run up under the thatch of their modest farmhouse. He would have to hustle out early in the morning in order to yoke the water buffalo to the plow, switch the pigs to pasture and get the other chores under way before the bell in the slim white tower called him across the green fields for the wedding Mass. Farmer Hu's Plum Blossom would be scouring the iron griddle after their evening meal of corn pan-cakes and pickled spinach. She had almost finished hoeing the soy beans that day . . .

WHEN morning dawns over Ningpo the bridal chair, ornately carved and brilliantly painted in red and gold, is sent over to the bride's home to fetch the betrothed. Until then it has rested in state in Mandarin Loh's ancestral hall, where sacrifices of fruit and wine and incense have been offered daily to the *Goddess of the Bower* to insure felicity on the forthcoming union. Mandarin Loh wants grandsons. Not less than four, all healthy and clever and future mandarins, he informs the goddess who takes care of these things, every time he plumps a lighted joss stick in the brass incense-burner. His order is as curt and business like as when buying new rice at the grain shop or having a bandit's head lopped off at his official *yamen*.

"There goes the bride!" someone cries. It is the signal for a general lamentation—mostly for show. First the bride strikes up a pathetic plaint, like the weird sobbing of an obole; and then the whole family take up the note with expanded lungs and throats, running the scale in various tonal pitches of sorrow. Blame it on the rites. "The more you cry at the moment of mounting the bridal chair," the old saw has decreed, "the greater happiness will attend your married life."

But this orchestral wailing is soon drowned out under

a tropical hurricane of less lugubrious emotions. Preceded by a "modern" brass band that plays over and over and over again the chorus of *My Wild Irish Rose* and escorted by a prancing, gabbling, yelping army of curious spectators and torch-bearers and fire-cracker shooters, the long noisy procession stumbles its way slowly out into the country and at last to the gates of Mandarin Loh's rambling estate.

Inside the spacious ceremonial room the splendid silk-clad heir of the House of Loh taps back and forth in fidgety impatience to show everyone his uncontrollable eagerness for the bride's arrival. This is beautiful manners, especially in a lad of eighteen first-moons. The guests chirrup their admiration. Mandarin Loh, flitting about from one to another, gleams all over like a magnified firefly. His precious first-born is playing the part with dutiful elegance. Just as dutifully and elegantly, like the thoroughbred young gentleman he is, Ming-fu will live it. I know this star pupil of mine well. "Here comes the bride!"

THE thrilling news is shot up from the garden and instantly ricocheted off a hundred squealing throats. Straight into the great ornamented chamber the sweating, grunting porters lug their glorified burden. Quick as a flash the giggling bridesmaids unlatch the door of the bower. Restive Ming-fu skips over to help his spouse out. Her veil is removed—and then for the first time the youth of Sinim sets eyes on the life partner his folks have chosen for him. ("She's a perfect dear, of course . . . but . . . well, not very pretty!" he afterwards told me, naively, in detailing the events I am recording.)

Side by side the two coddled pets of the aristocracy begin their rounds of kow-tows, prostrating themselves to the floor; first to lordly Mandarin Loh and the mother seated high up in their ceremonial chairs; then before the tablet of the ancestors; after that to old relatives and friends by order of seniority, and finally, a reverent prostration to *Tien-Ti*, Heaven and Earth, the religious ritual making them man and wife until death do them part.

NO flamboyant bridal parade splashes its red and gold about the mud walls of the farming town up north. When I step across the yard for Mass, Farmer Cheng's second boy is just bounding in lithely through the lilac bushes—a smiling, straightforward, handsome fellow, bronzed as an Indian from the weather and dressed in everyday grey-cotton pajama tunic and pants.

Say, it would warm the cockles of your heart to see that boy's simplicity and at-homeness. Right up to the altar rail he walks, kneels down like a child at First Communion and begins telling his beads. Not five minutes later Farmer Hu's girl, fresh blown as the country air, edges her way through the neighbors clustered near the sanctuary and drops down serenely beside her boy—as simple as all that! On this one solemn day at least let no one begrudge Plum Blossom her bit of feminine chic, even though she be scorched and hardened with swinging a sickle in the sun. Not too glamorous either:—A celluloid spangle in periwinkle blue, like those you see on Woolworth's ten-cent counters, clasps

her black hair flat to her head and lends a dash of coquettish color to her oft-washed calico pantaloons and blouse.

As soon as my altar boy espies the two at the railing, he bounces out like a charging infantryman with the regimental colors, holding the tin ring proudly aloft on a piece of crockeryware stolen out of the pantry for the occasion.

“CHRYSOSTOM CHENG, wilt thou take Annabelle Hu here present . . .” and so on, chant-like, all the way down through the staccato Chinese formula and winding up with a sonorous *yao pu-yao* (will not-will?).

Farmer Cheng's Rugged Virtue lifts up his clean-scrubbed boyish face, flashes his big black eyes straight at the Tabernacle and emits a *yao* so resonant that all the whitewashed old rafters in the church will forever stand mute witness to the fact of its validity.

Impressively and reverently I turn to the dreamlike glory of the periwinkle brooch and the chaste sweetness of the new-washed calico.

“Now, Annabelle Hu . . .” and again the formula is intoned with canonical solemnity. As blithely as Cinderella of fiction, the brown homespun lass raises her clear wondering eyes and sings out the sacred *yao* that binds her for better or worse on Farmer Cheng's corn patch.

Under my animated coaching the tin ring, blessed and sprinkled anew, is pushed with innocent clumsiness over a bridal finger that already this morning has weeded the cabbages for an hour after daybreak. Suddenly, like a full symphony blast, the catechism youngsters shrill out the clarinet tones of the litany. The farmers shuffle back to the benches. The Mass proceeds. And it is thus that the liturgical splendor of Mother Church, just as for prince or society debutante, overshadows and welds in sacramental oneness these wholesome young bodies of the good earth.

HERE in China, remember, firecrackers are a time-honored rubric of the liturgy, printed everywhere in bold-faced red. Big-hearted Father Yang always keeps a package on hand for these beloved farmer youngsters of his. Outside they go sizzling and crackling off even before I can untie my vestments; but, curious as everybody else, I stretch my head out the sacristy window above the hollyhocks and continue murmuring my *Benedicite* on the morning air, already warm with the smell of turnips and honeysuckle. Farmer Cheng's boy and Farmer Hu's girl stand there grinning as enraptured as children—as indeed, thank God, they are! When I come out a few minutes later they are trekking across the wheat fields. Only their heads and shoulders show above the green stalks—Chrysostom's hobbling up and down in front, Annabelle's a yard or so behind. They are laughing gayly in the white Summer sun.

After their Communion breakfast of corn gruel, they will pick up their home-made grub-hoes and push side by side through the rows until sundown, chopping up the hard clods in between the budding grain. Why not? They have Christ in their hearts and His promise of mysterious new life to come.



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

Skating

Some recollections of youth always remain vivid. I remember very well my first pair of skates. They were clamp skates and cost at that time the huge sum of forty-nine cents. The very next day I was literally on the ice with my new skates. Maybe that is why the recollection is so vivid—I fell and I fell and I fell, each fall becoming more painful. That noon time I returned home, one triumphant bruise. I had learned to skate.

The same cannot be said for my efforts here in the office. I'm still pretty wobbly despite all the assurances of a patient editor that I'm doing very well. Because he is so patient I'm still trying.

Mission Mother

In such a state of mind any interruption is welcome. Mrs. Morrison of St. Louis, Missouri, visited us the early part of the month. She has given two sons to the Society. One is stationed in Patna, India. Her cheerful and spontaneous nature win you immediately. A few years ago Mrs. Morrison made the trip all the way to India to be present at her son's ordination. Since she returned, everything is Patna, India. The first question she asked me was, "Are you from Patna?" I had to inform her I was not. From that moment I noticed a lack of interest in her manner. How I wished I had Father George Kilcoyne's mother by my side at that moment! Her conversation was all about Jamaica. Ah, there I obtained a hearing! Just the past year Mrs. Kilcoyne had gone to Jamaica to visit her son on the missions. Her big-

gest disappointment of the trip was the inopportune sickness of her daughter which caused her to lose one whole day of seeing the missions. She is all eagerness to pay another visit to her son next year. Jamaica or Patna, what does it matter? The glorious thing was to behold how cheerfully these mothers give their sons to God's work, how wholeheartedly they interest themselves in the great work of the missions. A salute to them and to all mothers who thus courageously participate in their sons' vocations. Christmas is fashioned around a Mother and a Son. Mission mothers are Christian mothers in the truest sense. Mary gave Christ to the world of men. Their sons continue to bring Christ to men.

Veteran Missionary

Not long after Mrs. Morrison's visit Father Joseph Ford, S.J., formerly of Jamaica came to see us. For twenty-four years he worked on the Jamaica Mission. During that time he built fourteen churches in various parts of the Island. The amount of spiritual good he accomplished is unknown to men. His heart is still in Jamaica. A few months ago Father Ford came back to the States because of ill health. Superiors thought it imprudent to send him back to the tropics. So Father Ford is going to work in St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, familiarly called "Willing's Alley." He might justly write "finis" to his years of service. A man has few regrets who has given the best years of his life to the missions. Father Ford had none but the highest praise for the young men who carry

on in his footsteps. Meanwhile, he wants to write about Jamaica as opportunity offers. Twenty-four years' experience in the field should make him a pretty competent ghost writer. We spent a very interesting hour talking over the missions and the difficulties a missionary must face.

All the hardships, the missionary faces willingly. It is only the feeling of financial insecurity that discourages him.

Conscription

There is only one topic of conversation in the air this past week, conscription. Our shipping manager as well as the boy friends of the feminine staff are eligible. Naturally, fear and alarm are fluttering about the office, the corridors and the elevators. With the State, conscription is necessary and good. In the Kingdom of Christ the word is unknown. The soldiers of His Kingdom offer a free service. The whole world is their battlefield. This Christmas eve look out your window, to the North, the South, the East and the West. There "on a thousand, thousand altars candlelit" the "foreign legions" of Christ will be celebrating the Birthday of their King. To their congregations of Black and Brown and Yellow and White they will speak His message, "Glory to God in the Highest and on earth peace to men of good will." There would be no need for conscription if men heeded this message. In sacred hands they will cradle their Infant King, echoing from grateful hearts the Song of the Angels. That same message and blessing comes to you from us.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.

Up the M to Santa T

Allan A. S.

this time of the year on account of the strong current of the swollen jun-

An Indian guide rights a dory after a spill in the rapids.

gle-stream, against which my little cedar dugout with its four horse-power out-

board motor would have been powerless. But happily the Colonial Surveyor's party had to go up Moho River to the Guatemala Frontier and they had a powerful 14 H.P. outboard motor. We arranged to travel with them and take my little dugout (which we call a "dory" here) in tow for our return trip down river.

AFTER Mass and breakfast we started from Punta Gorda—the surveyor's big 14 H.P. dory towing our cedar dory, six miles over the Caribbean Sea to the mouth of the Moho River. And very soon we found out what a tropical bush river is in the rainy season. A few miles up there is a big boulder in the middle of the river, called "Rock Dondo." Usually it towers twelve to fifteen feet out of the river. Now

OF all the Jesuits in British Honduras, Brother Joe enjoys the distinction of having celebrated his Silver Jubilee of uninterrupted missionary service in this Colony. Others have been here longer than twenty-five years, but we have all had one or two trips back to the States, if not for a downright vacation, at least for a lecture tour. Brother Joe never had a trip home; and so it was quite natural that by and by the advisability of a change at least within the Colony made itself felt; for he had and has always been stationed in Belize in the service of St. John's College before and after the hurricane.

So Father Superior asked him one day, "Brother Joe, I think you need a little vacation and a change. Where would you like to go?" "Well, Father Superior," said Brother Joe, in his gentle drawling way, "I think a mission trip with our busy missionary down in Punta Gorda would perhaps be the best." "All right, Brother," said Father Superior, "I'll write to Father Stevenson. Get ready to leave for Punta Gorda." So Brother Joe got ready and soon arrived in Punta Gorda. Punta Gorda is the southernmost town on the coast of British Honduras and the missionary residence and headquarters for the Southern District. It has the distinction of

being the most romantic (and, therefore, toughest) of all our mission rounds and has the greatest variety of population: English, Spanish, Carib, Kekchi and Maya; and the missionary needs at least a little bit of all these languages. Punta Gorda itself it almost exclusively Carib, the race that gave the Caribbean Sea its name.

BROTHER JOE and myself spent the day in preparing our trip up Moho River to the Kekchi village of Santa Teresa. I decided on this as our first trip in order to give my good Kekchi Indians in Santa Teresa a surprise visit for their Saint's Day, the Little Flower's feast day of October 3rd. I should not have been able to go at



A group of Kekchi Indians of Santa Teresa.

Ohio River ' Teresa

Wenonson, S. J.

the top just peeped out of the raging waters. And the current was accordingly! At times our strong 14 H.P. Elto forced our dory against the stream only inch by inch and our Indians (oh yes! the surveyor had brought down Kekchi Indians from the interior) had to help along with all their might, straining at the poles and the long ropes—always along the edge of the river. Stout-heartedly, Brother Joe did his share by wielding a big paddle to assist the outboard.

ONCE we nearly lost our own little dory. The river brought down all kinds of rubbish which we had to be careful to dodge, not to get swamped. Well, as we approached the Narrows, called "Hell Gate," my little craft got tangled up in a heap of this rushing rubbish and under the resulting strain began to ship water to an alarming degree. We fastened the big dory to a projection on the bank of the river and then with difficulty securing the tow-line and straining with all our might brought in the three-quarter-filled craft just in the nick of time. My *petaca*—the Central American telescopic traveling basket, quite water tight when standing up, but not made for tilting over sideways in water—had shipped enough water to soak all its contents. (It was not quite as bad as on a previous occasion when I got swamped in the sea near Stann Creek mouth and the red Mass vestments dyed all the rest as with red ink.) Well, we bailed out the dory and succeeded in getting through the furious "Hell Gate."

We reached the landing place for Santa Teresa at the Falls of the same name just before dark. The village is over two miles inside the



Getting the dory afloat after another spill.



The author doffs his hat in a rare moment of smooth sailing.

bush and it was too late under the circumstances to reach it safely. So all of us, surveyors and missionaries, got ready to sleep in the jungle under the dory sheds, and were soon lulled to sleep by the roaring music of Santa Teresa.

AS mentioned before, my Indians were not aware of my coming since this was an extra trip—Brother Joe's. So I walked ahead of Brother Joe to advise the Indians of our coming and prepare for High Mass. Brother Joe had to tramp laboriously through the deep mud of that jungle trail—his first experience of a real dyed-in-the-wool tropical wet season bush walk. By the time he arrived we were ready for High Mass in honor of The

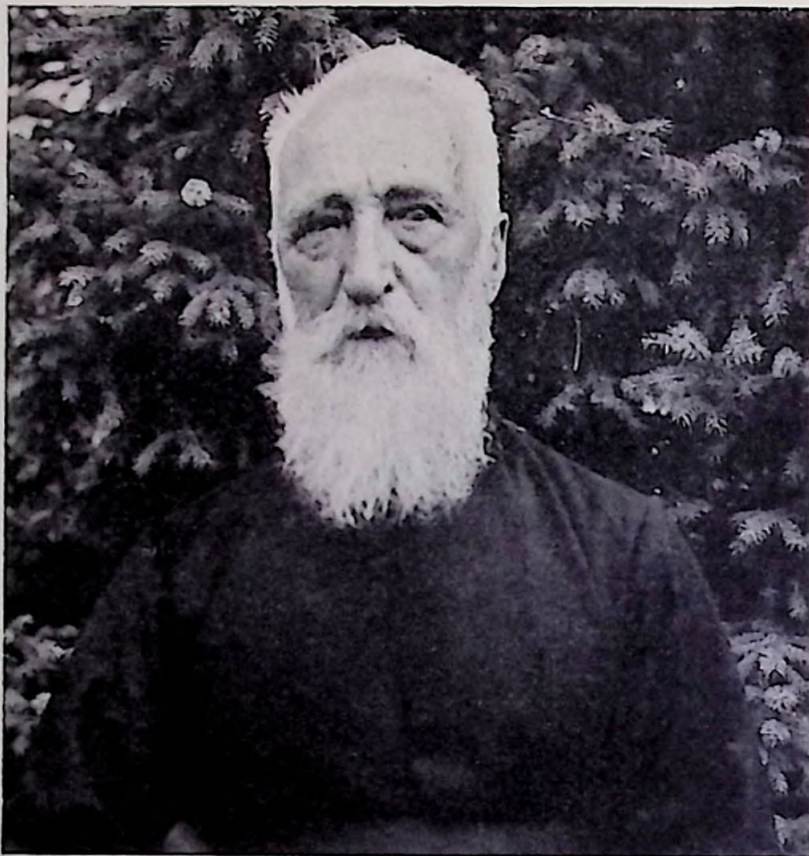
Little Flower. Yes, High Mass, if you please, in this little bush settlement—the "*Missa de Angelis*." Brother Joe was delighted with everything and everybody; and so were the Indians with him—old and young. His broad Polish sympathetic smile was quite an efficient substitute for glib conversation, he talking in English and the Indians in Kekchi; both parties understanding the spirit if not the words.

BROTHER JOE was so delighted with this novel experience of his that like Oliver Twist of old "he asked for more." He was to get more than he had ever dreamt of (and for that matter I too!). But about Mission Trip No. 2, in the next issue.

Brother Good Horse

John Martin
Scott, S. J.

FIFTY-THREE years ago three horsemen rode into the West—Father Jutz, S.J., an Army officer, and Brother Henry Billing, S.J. They reconnoitered among the pine timbered hills of Pine Ridge, South Dakota, for a suitable spot to build a Mission. Of the three who chose the peaceful valley watered by White Clay Creek, Brother Billing was one of the most enthusiastic, and the one privileged to see Holy Rosary through its first fifty years. It was he who felled pines for the log cabin that was the first dwelling. The brick ovens, lime-kilns and saw mill he helped build provided material for the erection of the first of the present unit of buildings.



Brother Henry Billing, S.J., the last of the valiant founders of Holy Rosary Mission.

This edifice modeled after an English convent still stands sound and servicable, but Brother Billing or "Brother Good Horse" as the Indians called him, has ridden on to a better land. The veteran missionary died recently at the age of seventy-nine.

THE school bells of Holy Rosary Mission had been beckoning to the children of the plain for a little more than a year when Sitting Bull and the medicine men returned from the wide valley of Nevada and their visit with Wanekia, son of the Great Spirit. The promise of a messiah who was to restore to the Red children the freedom of their ancestors inflamed imaginations. When Kicking Bear inaugurated the Ghost Dance at the head of Cheyenne Creek, Whites surrounding the Reservation, polished Winchesters and smoked the sights. Despite rumors of outbreaks Brother Billing, together with the rest of the mission staff, continued calmly about the duties of the school.

As an intimate friend of Father Jutz, the Superior, Brother Billing was much concerned when that dauntless Blackrobe ventured into the Sioux stronghold in the weird formations of the grim Bad Lands to invite Two Strikes, Big Turkey, and Short Bull to attend a peace conference with army officers—a conference that proved futile.

When dawn stalked cold and still out of the long December night, the muffled thunder of wagon guns (cannon) rumbled into the Mission from the distant, blood-stained ravine of Wounded Knee. Through the long weeks of terror that followed the Big Foot Massacre, Brother Billing was among the brave group of Fathers, Brothers and Sisters who stayed at the Mission, guardians of the Indian children entrusted to their care; nurses

to the sick and wounded. Lakota warriors, wooden with cold, as well as curly headed buffalo soldiers from Hospital Hill, experienced Brother Billing's patient care and thrilled to the magic of his smile. Deeply interested as he was in the Indians, he felt strangely moved when starving, shivering warriors, realizing the wisdom of Red Cloud's insistence of the futility of resistance, gave up their rifles and surrendered their title as lords of the vast plains from the Yellowstone to the Platte.

Though war drums no longer thundered in the night, the years that followed were not easy. While metal crazed pale-faces fought in the lurching streets of Deadwood and highway men talked with the boom

of a .44, Brother continued his quiet work among the Sioux.

The century turned and Brother was appointed head of the mission ranch. His occupation was changed, but his troubles only increased. Well he knew what it meant when a three-day blizzard leaped down from mile high Harney Peak to whistle across the prairie and pile the swirling snow high against the plank door of his cabin. In the teeth of the Storm King it was folly to venture farther than the woodpile. All day the lamp burned in the dark bunk house. Out on the range white-faced Hereford steers were drifting with the storm into fence corners, or wandering into smothering snow banks.

WHEN the wind died, hot coffee was gulped down, saddles cinched, and with ropes, shovels, and hammers the work of tracking down the range critters began. Yet often, despite heroic efforts, the pile of hides grew. One winter a cold spell so long and intense crept down out of the North upon the Mission that a barn of ancient construction had to be torn down for fuel until the team could get through the drifting.

The bloom of spring on the Panhandle meant only more work for Brother Billing. As the seasons rolled past, his hair whitened like December snows, but his figure remained that of a rider, straight and tall. His piercing eyes sparkled with wit and humor. In latter years when old age deprived him of active work, his lively interest in those about him and his unfailing charity made him beloved of all. Among the Indians he was commonly known as Brother Good Horse, a name bestowed upon him by an old Indian woman in recognition of a favor done her son. In his work on the mission ranch Brother Billing was always in the saddle.

For All Works Which Help the Missions

The Mission Intention for December

SERIOUS mission-minded people, such as you, a reader of *JESUIT MISSIONS* who religiously read the explanation of the monthly Mission Intention and really pray for that intention, have learned of many different aspects of the missions. One year the explanation of the monthly mission intentions gave a bird's-eye view of missions in various lands alike, Africa, China and India; another year, various religions such as Buddhism and Mohammedanism, with which missionaries have to contend, were explained; this year, several aspects and adjuncts of the missionary apostolate were presented for your thoughtful consideration, fervent prayer and financial support.

The Mission Intention for December—"For all works which help the Missions," because of its sweeping universality has something extremely pathetic and timely about it. The appeal is pathetic because it does not beg your spiritual and financial support for this or that, but, like the muffled cry of a drowning person, it comes hauntingly over the storm-tossed waters of the world—save us, lest we perish—save all the works which help the missions, lest those very missions perish.

O SAVE the missions by praying for vocations. Pray that grace and courage will be given to those thousands of generous young men and women whom the Divine Missionary is calling to His side. Pray much for them, for the writer knows from personal experience that many missions are about to crumble and disappear unless double the number of missionaries and native priests pour into these missions.

Save the missions in a practical way by paying for vocations. What a thrill it would be for our readers to do this—and why could not hundreds of them be supporting a native priest? Pope Leo XIII had this possibility in mind when he uttered these startling words: "We will be more happy to know that YOU have ordained one native priest than to learn YOU have converted 50,000 pagans."

Save the missions by praying and paying for another work that helps the Missions—the Medical Mission Crusade. Countless mission dispensaries, hospitals and orphanages, formerly supported by the munificent generosity of European Catholics, now depend upon that organization to sustain their "through the body to the soul" method of conversions. Get in touch with this organization and you will be amazed how much you can help the missions, and how much you will enjoy doing it.

SAVE the missions by praying and supporting that lonely little band in mission lands who are carrying on one of the most important yet frequently unheard of kind of work—the intellectual apostolate.

Frequently their type of work does not provide them with the spiritual joy of direct apostolate and the work of conversion. For years they may have to labor towards acquiring a perfect command of a difficult language. They write or translate Catholic books, they teach in

native seminaries, they talk over the radio to unknown audiences, they publish articles in refutation of attacks upon or misunderstandings of the true position and doctrines of the Catholic Church. Often by their writings and research, meant for civic leaders and government officials, they make it possible for hundreds of missionaries to carry on their direct apostolate in the "bush." Their whole life is a hidden one, spent in sowing what others will reap. They need your prayers, and your material support for libraries and other instruments of research.

Save the missions by praying and supporting all works which help the Home Missions. Too often people think that work in our Home Missions among the Indians and Negroes is less important or less in need of support than Foreign Missions. The fact that two home missions were recently closed for lack of support is ample proof of what can happen from such reasoning.

ALL the works which help the missions, like the rosary with its chain of Our Fathers and Hail Marys, begins with the cross and ends with the cross—the symbol of salvation. It is the missionaries who carry this symbol of salvation and the meaning behind it to distant mission lands. And without vocations, there would be no missionaries. As we started this partial list of works which help the missions by speaking of the vital needs of a great increase in vocations, we can conclude in no better way, because of the tremendous importance of it all, than by insisting again on your prayerful and financial support of those who are about to answer the call of the Divine Missionary or who have answered it either here or in some missionary country, and who are yet in their period of training. Vocations, vocations, vocations: pray for them, save for them, give to the support of them.

In supporting this great work—in fact in supporting "all works which help the missions" you are carrying out the order of the late Pontiff, Pius XI, the Pope of the Missions: "Whether we regard the vast territories which are still unopened to Christian civilization or the immense number of those who are still deprived of the fruits of the Redemption, or the necessities and difficulties which beset and impede the missionaries, through lack of numbers, it is necessary that the bishops and the faithful cooperate in order that the number of Christ's ambassadors may increase and be multiplied."

IN supporting "all the works which help the missions" you will be responding to the plea that our present Holy Father, Pius XII, addressed to all American Catholics on the radio, October 19th: "Pray," urged the Sovereign Pontiff, "that the Master of the Vineyard send workers for these, your brothers, too, for they also have been called to be born again in Christ. Prayer is the sword that pierces the heart of God and lets flow His love and mercy." How many lives are strewn with the wreckage of lost opportunity! Pray now.

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

BRITISH HONDURAS

Dr. Muntsch in the Bush

The well known Catholic ethnologist, Father Albert Muntsch, S.J., is doing real missionary work along with his ethnological investigation, according to a letter from Bishop William A. Rice, S.J.:

"Father Muntsch is taking over the twenty stations in the vicinity of Corozal. After six years residence there, Father Bernard Zim-

Orange Walk School

Another famous missionary-scientist was the famous Father "Buck" Stanton, S.J. Father John T. Newell, S.J., describes how he has rebuilt a mission school near Orange Walk started by Father Stanton in 1907:

"Several years ago, owing to conditions, the school lapsed temporarily, and educational activities were transferred across the river to Banana Bank which had a good number of children. Thus

"With the fairly large and stable population of the locality, the new building is slated in the ordinary course to render years of excellent service in the cause of religion and education.

"The school equipment for the present building is all new, being supplied through Very Rev. Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Mission. The splendid mahogany altar and benches, church bell and other church equipment together with the building itself are gifts of the Melhado family.

"Since the new school was opened at the beginning of the year, it has more than justified our hopes—the children are coming faithfully to school from all points in the vicinity.

"It is also to be noted that the Melhado family, in its unflinching solicitude has built a nice Mission House—including a veranda and adjoined to the church building proper by an extension of the veranda. A water vat, a well-fenced yard of ample proportions and a garden for the instruction of the children in the art of cultivation complete the arrangements for the church and school."

JAMAICA, B.W.I.

We Are at War

Jamaica is a Colony of the British Empire. Father George Kilcoyne, S.J., of Holy Cross, Half Way Tree P. O., brings this fact home to us in the following excerpt:

"Here in Jamaica we have not experienced the grim reality of war in the form of land or naval battles, air raids and the like, but there are frequent reminders which make one realize that the country is at war.

"Daily the parish roll of honor grows with the names of young men and women who have gone to serve their King and Empire. This week I had the pleasure of receiving a young man into the Church the day before he left to join the Royal Air Force. Following the ceremony a very touching scene took place, a truly modern Nisus and Euryalus episode. The two young men had been



Father John B. Sifton, S.J. (center), veteran Alaskan missionary who died recently at Hooper Bay. Father Sifton was formerly Superior of the Missions in Alaska.

merman, S.J., has been transferred to Punta Gorda where he will tend to a few of Father John A. Krizek's sixteen stations. These are among the most difficult to get at in the Colony. There are no roads at all in that vicinity connecting the various villages. And all the traveling has to be done by native canoe, horse or on foot. This is all quite romantic when the weather is fine, but when the rainy season is on, the mud and rain and mosquitoes make traveling anything but pleasant. The rivers become torrents and the trails bogs. With Father Zimmerman's eight year old Ford, Father Muntsch can rumble all around the country and visit his people. The missionary must be versatile, becoming sailor or horseman as need be."

matters stood until about a year ago, when it was thought more desirable to remove the school from Banana Bank to Orange Walk again. This was made possible by the generosity of the Henry Melhado family, the donors of the new church and school building.

"In mid-June of this year, Father Stanton was present again at Orange Walk, this time in spirit, for the blessing of a new church and school building that completely outshines anything else of a similar nature in the many stations that he had to visit. His Lordship, Bishop William A. Rice, S.J., had come by car and horse from Belize to give the blessing. Present were the Melhado family, and a full church of happy members of the Faithful in the vicinity.

ALASKA—PHILIPPINES—INDIA

bosom pals since childhood days. They had played together, attended school together, attended instruction class at Holy Cross together and together they volunteered for the Royal Air Service. One was accepted, the other refused, because of his youthful age. For the first time in their lives they were to be separated. They clasped each other's hand, yet they spoke not a word. But no words were necessary; the big tears that rolled down their boyish faces spoke far more eloquently than words could express the feelings of their hearts. Few of those present at daily Mass the next morning realized that the young man in military attire who approached the altar rail and hurriedly left the church was receiving his First Communion. His ship was leaving shortly and he must make his thanksgiving on his way to war.

Heat, Heat and More Heat

"I am told by some Jamaicans that the secret of enduring Jamaican heat is not to let one's self become conscious of it, not to talk about it, but to prescind from it entirely. This may be good psychology, but I must confess that I have been unable to follow out the formula during the last three months. Last week when some of the newly appointed Fathers were asked their impressions of the heat, they informed us that it was no worse than they had been experiencing in Boston and New York. In America such heat is an extraordinary thing; here it is the ordinary thing; at home such climate is reckoned in terms of days; in Jamaica it is reckoned in terms of months."

First Shepherd

Father Andrew B. Ochs, S.J., and Father Thomas Burke, S.J., of Sacred Heart Rectory, Highgate, Jamaica, B.W.I., take up an antiphonal strain to record their missionary activities:

"One year on the missions—yes, and the results have been most consoling. We look back with a little pride to our achieve-

ments. Over a hundred and fifteen Baptisms, fifteen marriages, thirty converts, three First Communion classes, two sodalities organized, one Sacred Concert, one Bingo Party, a Delco Electric Plant for our house, two organs repaired, a church repaired and painted. Not too bad if you ask us, and all made possible by the generous cooperation of our good friends in the States.

The Other Shepherd Now Speaking

"I was surprised to meet so many Burkes here, dozens of them, but judging from the exterior they are not from the same branch of the family. Also the Lynch, O'Neil and Casey families north of the border would wonder what had happened to their kinsfolks' complexions.

Just Up the Hill

"That is what one sad man told me at May River, my wildest mission, when he asked me to get his wife back for him. 'Just up the hill' was four miles up a cliff—my horse couldn't make it so I had to walk under a blazing sun. His mother-in-law had taken her daughter back because the young man's grandfather's *duppy* (ghost) was a bad actor and was causing trouble. Plenty of wailing—and plenty of tears. I couldn't understand them and they couldn't understand me. We didn't get the wife back then, but expect to next month.

Ain't We Got Fun

"Thus spoke Father Burke a few evenings ago when, flit gun in hand, he dashed from his room after a big roach. Said Father Burke: 'Andy, these roaches may not be exterminated in a night, but at least they realize we are giving them a fight.' By grim determination to rid the house of every roach and by a remedy given to him not so long ago, Father Burke successfully banished roaches from the Rectory.

"Here's the secret: mix a little boric acid powder with cornmeal, spread it about the house



Group of young Sodalists in Ceylon amongst whom the Jesuits of the Southern Province are working. The boy in front row belongs to Junior Sodality.

and we guarantee that within a week there will not be a roach in the house. Housewives, please take notice.

Horses

"Today is Father Hokes (Ochs to you) turn to ride. He has gone to Mile Gully, and a place where he must use a beast, as they put it here. He is a trifle over a good jockey's weight. My horse, 'Floo-gie,' who takes me from May River to Mt. Joseph, either thinks he is a tightrope walker or has a queer sense of humor as he insists on walking on the very edge of chasms."

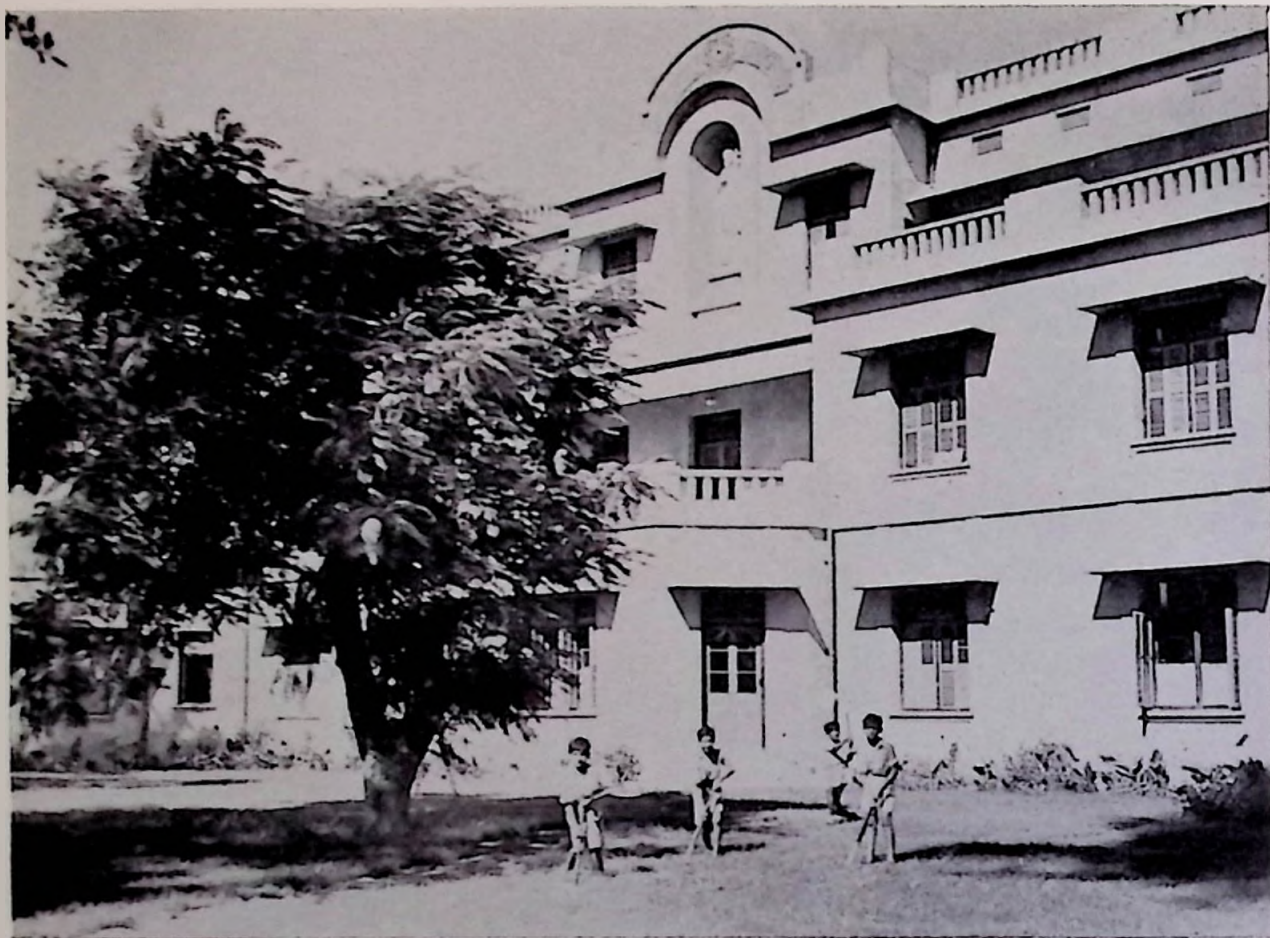
ALASKA

When Winter Comes

From Nulato, Very Rev. Joseph L. McElmeel, S.J., describes the coming of winter and what it means in Alaska:

"From my window I can see that there was a heavy fall of snow on the mountains above the 2,000-foot level sometime during the past few days of storm. The bars in the Yukon are beginning to show as the river 'thins' down for the winter. In a word, our

BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS



St. Xavier's School, Patna, India. It was built in Patna City in honor of the four hundredth anniversary of Xavier's commission to go to the Indies in 1540.

nicest time of the year, the cold months, will soon be with us. And because the cold days are so near I have been about as busy as a man can be getting everything all set against the days when we can no longer work out in the open. Storm windows have to be put up, the banking of the house has to be attended to, the wood supply, a mighty big item, has to be put under cover, and all the other thousand and one jobs must be seen to or else. Once the cold gets a grip on us it will not let go until next May.

"Father John B. Baud, S.J., is now in Kaltag giving his beloved Indians a few weeks of intensive teaching before they go away for the hunt. He will be back to Nulato before the ice clogs the river.

"Father John P. Fox, S.J., dropped in on me yesterday on his way from Fairbanks to Hooper Bay. His eyes and teeth were giving him a great deal of trouble so when a plane chanced in at Hooper Bay he came on up to get the necessary work done. As always he was full of plans for the work in the Hooper Bay district.

"Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., is now in the Sisters Hospital in Fairbanks. Too much longshore-

man's work injured him in some way. He is most anxious to get home to get his dogs and sled and harness ready for the trail work he does during November and December. Father Edmund A. Anable, S.J., is ably carrying on while Father O'Connor is away."

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Harvesting

From Cagayan, Oriental Misamis, Father J. Edward Haggerty, S.J., lets his friends at home know how much he is accomplishing through their assistance:

"I want you to know some of the things you are helping us to do:

"Not one single student from our Diocese has gone this year to Silliman University—an American Protestant school, where the first requirement for entrance is to give up your Catholic Faith. Formerly from fifty to one hundred went every year.

"We have now more than twenty preparatory seminarians—where before hardly a boy from Mindanao ever studied for the priesthood; although many priests have more than 40,000 Catholics to care for.

"In places without priests our students are teaching catechism to nearly 1,000 children.

"This school year we baptized in our school alone more than twenty Aglipayan schismatics; and more than twenty first-year college students (all baptized Catholics) made their First Communion at the age of eighteen or twenty.

"One of our students (the son of a pagan chief) went home during the vacation and had his people build little nipa chapels and so instructed his tribe, that one of our priests could baptize nearly two hundred of them without further instruction."

No Etiquette

Father Alfred F. Kienle, S.J., writing from Mount Carmel Church, Talisayan, Misamis Or., Philippines, admits certain conventions are overlooked in the rush of missionary activity:

"I certainly was glad to get your letter though I confess I ought to be shot, yes, shot, for violations of all the codes of Etiquette, Correspondence and Gratitude. Also appreciate your kind words of congratulation and encouragement. The Lord knows that I need something like that here and now, seeing as how I am almost dizzy with the work on church, sacristy and convento in the newly erected Parish of Kinoguitan about ten miles down the lane. God willing, I start all over again right from the ground up in that new Parish. That's why I read and reread that part of your letter wherein you so generously promised to do what you could to help this old 'tao' carry on.

"You can't go wrong no matter what you send because right now all we have is a roof over our heads."

"Suffer the Little Ones"

Father Andrew A. Cervini, S.J., is building for time and for eternity at St. Michael's Rectory, Iligan, Philippines. Thus he wrote:

"Plans for our new church are now in the making. It is to be all concrete. I am putting your gift

JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON

to the building fund. This year we began to introduce religious instruction in the Public School. Teachers give the children all kinds of extra work so that they are kept busy. However, we manage to get about thirty or so in each section to come. We are reaching many, many more children in this way than just by the afternoon class."

A Reminder

Father Vincent I. Kennally, S.J., of Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, Caloocan, Rizal, P. I., prays for and begs the prayers of all:

"We are all greatly indebted to you for the new Missal, a constant reminder also to remember you at Mass. I certainly congratulate myself on being such an excellent beggar and to be so fortunate in finding such a soft-hearted victim. I'll try to think up something for the next time—now I only beg the prayers of all."

Bigger and Better

Hernando Maceda, S.J., writing from Jesuit Scholasticate, Baguio, P. I.:

"Just now there are more American Scholastics in the house than Filipinos (fifteen and eleven). We hope you send us more of the type we now have, industrious, cheerful, prayerful."

IRAQ

Merry Christmas Now!

A word from Mr. Francis X. Cronin, S.J., of Baghdad College, Iraq, arrives in 'decent' time:

"Since we bade God-speed to our guests (whom I told you of last month), we've fallen back into our quiet ways, and stayed in our rooms during the heat of the day—ranging around 108-118 degrees. Just to make sure that we should get out of the house at least once a week, we have been taking turns going down to a Chaldean compound in the other side of the city, where Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J., commandeered a room that he filled with magazines, ping-pong table, chi-

nese checkers, etc. About twenty youngsters come daily.

"Our *Arabisant*, Father Richard McCarthy, S.J., is earning his daily bread by giving the rest of the Fathers a course in conversational Arabic, and giving our workmen catechism in Arabic every Friday.

"Father Vincent Gookin's heart is singing these days for a box of medical supplies came from Father Edward Garesche, S.J., and now he is set for the men and youngsters who come around with cuts and sprains and headaches. The sun is too much even for the natives some days, so they come around looking for medicine for thumping temples.

"The way the mails are going, perhaps I ought to wish you a Merry Christmas now. But I'll chuck the cynicism and pray St. Anthony to get this to you in decent time."

CEYLON

Ceylon's Sodality Day

"Last Sunday was Sodality Day at Batticaloa," writes Father John T. Linehan, S.J. "The proceedings began at 7:30 a. m., with Mass and Holy Communion for the sodalists of the Trincomalee Diocese in this section. Mass was sung by Father Marian, S.J., the diocesan director of the Sodalities. Sodality members from Batticaloa, Kalmunai, Tandavanvely, and other places in this vicinity attended. After breakfast the Sodality members convened at St. Cecilia's Convent for discussion of the Sodality Activities of the year just closed and to make plans for the coming year.

"The question of federating all the Sodalities was discussed and the motion was passed by an almost unanimous vote. It was decided to issue a small paper from time to time as a means of keeping the different Sodalities informed as to what the different Sodalities were doing. Here the language difficulty was brought forward. To solve it, it was decided that the publication be bilingual. Sister Casilda, Apostolic Carmel, of St. Cecilia's Convent, Batticaloa, was chosen as English editor and a Brother of the

Society of St. Joseph to be the Tamil editor. The Brother has not yet been chosen. I came out as Treasurer of the undertaking. I do hope that some money materializes to finance the paper.

"In the evening at St. Michael's College hall, hymns, dialogues, poems and such like offerings in honor of the Blessed Mother were given. Each of the Sodalities present contributed one or two items to make the program a success.

School Difficulties

"At present we are badly up against it with regards to our schools. New regulations are made which make it very difficult for our Director of schools. In the old days, it was not necessary to have cement floors and such things in the village schools. Mother Earth was good enough then, but now the good old cabook walls are a thing of the past. It looks as though we shall have to close some of our schools or rather the Department of Education will close them for us, if



This is a Kekchi Indian maid at Aguacate, British Honduras. Her native dress has a charm of its own. She not only smokes but rolls her own.

AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

we do not meet the building requirements at the date that they set. One of our industrial schools is in a particularly bad way. It will be a shame if that is closed because it was doing excellent work.

"The war has not touched us directly up to now. The Royal Indian Navy has taken care of five Italian submarines that were in the Indian Ocean. Of course, we may have a visit from the German raider that is reported to be in the Indian Ocean near Madagascar. We are suffering financially as a result of the war. I suppose you get that from all sides."

PATNA

"Santal Jim"

For his great pioneer work among the Santals, **Father James A. Creane, S.J.**, came to be known as "Santal Jim." After sixteen years he has now been transferred for work among the Untouchables at Gaya. He tells about his transfer in a recent letter:

"Note the new address: 'Catholic Mission, Gaya, India.' I have been transferred from Santal work at Poreya to Gaya where I am to be in charge of nearly all of Gaya District. The district has an area of approximately five thousand square miles and a population of over two million. There are seven towns of considerable size and more than six thousand villages. If I were to visit a village a day (and surely that is very little time to devote to a village) and try to make personal contact with the people that way, how long do you think it would take me to make the rounds just once? More than sixteen years! That gives you an idea of the immensity of this new territory that I have been told to evangelize. Of the whole world's pagan population about one in every five hundred lives in Gaya District.

"Apart from an Anglo Indian community and some fifty old Indian Catholics in the town of Gaya itself, we have a few hundred recent converts scattered

through the district. Practically speaking, I am starting almost from scratch. Any help you may be able to steer our way will be most welcome."

The Mail Goes Through

"The war has people convinced that their letters cannot get to India safely or that the censors hold them up. This is not the case at all," writes **Father Marion R. Batson, S.J.**, of Catholic Mission, Mokameh Junction, Patna District. "Letters, checks, currency, Money Orders (few but mighty welcome) have reached here safely. Prudence and lack of donations demand utmost retrenchment in my mission work these days and, as a consequence, I am almost desperate. The work must go on; I cannot abandon my new converts; I cannot leave my new chapels and schools half finished; the work begun must be completed somehow. I have had to reduce the number of my catechists and teachers and this means heaps more work for me and leaves me with little or no time for writing letters or articles. Yet, unless I receive help from faithful missionaries at home, unless I thank them for their help and encourage them to continue to help me, they feel that I am ungrateful and their letters and help cease. If my friends will trust me just a little while longer and help me over the present crisis, I'll give Heaven no peace until their names are writ large in the Book of Days.

Mokameh Grows

"At last (after two years of trying) I have secured a nice plot of land here at Mokameh. We began building the same week and are trying to get the greater part of the work done before the rains come. Life in the bazaar has its thrills but this bazaar and this tiny little house are not the best location for missionary work. All the people are very happy over the new site and by baking our own brick and employing Catholic labor, we will have a nice layout of humble and suitable buildings for our school, chapel (gift



Father Walter J. Ballou, S.J., who has been appointed Head Master of St. George College, Kingston, Jamaica, succeeding Father Leo T. Butler, S.J., who becomes Supervisor of Catholic schools throughout the Island.

of Mr. O'Dea of Canton, Ohio), teachers' and catechists' 'apartments,' a deep well and a wall to keep the goats and buffaloes out.

A Plug for Canton

"Thanks to the generosity and true zeal of the Canton (Ohio) Mission Circle, and the untiring energy, patience and cheerfulness of Miss Elizabeth Py, the Secretary, my mission station at Kherwara is swiftly becoming one of the best I have. In the beginning it was easily the most promising place but, as soon as we started to work it hard, troubles began and persisted until just recently when there has been a decided swing to happy days again. The persecution some of the Catholic families endured there was heroic. They bear their poverty, sickness, troubles, abuse, with true Christian patience. St. Charles School at Kherwara is the best looking building in the whole countryside and can be seen for miles across the level Ganges valley. With the most recent donation from the Canton Circle, I intend to dig a well for the Catholics in a nearby village. They deserve this prize for remaining faithful despite persecution."

COMMUNICATIONS

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

A Suggestion

To the Editor:

As a subscriber to your JESUIT MISSIONS magazine a thought occurred to me just today that I believe would create a great deal of interest in your magazine and increase its circulation considerably. I believe your magazine has an international circulation which would probably further substantiate the above beliefs.

There are many people interested today in genealogy. The interest is constantly increasing in family records. My thought is that your magazine could start a Questions or Queries section wherein subscribers could ask questions on their ancestors or family records in which they are interested or for which they are searching. Some of these questions might be answered by people in others parts of the world where the individual or descendants of the individual may have migrated.

By making the Query section open only to subscribers I believe your circulation would be greatly increased. The idea is at least worth a try and you would be doing a noble work for those who through your magazine would be benefited.

My hobby is Hill Genealogy. I have records on thousands of Hill men from all over the world on 3x5 cards, filed alphabetically and set up on each man to include as follows:

1. His full name with birth date, death date and places.
2. His father's full name and mother's maiden name.
3. Wife's maiden name with marriage date and place.
4. Children's full names with birth dates and places.
5. Daughters' husbands' full names with marriage dates.
6. Sources from which records are derived.

These records are all indexed as to women married to Hill men, also men that married Hill girls.

I hope you will give this suggestion all consideration that it may warrant. I wish you success forever in the work of the Jesuit Order and its missions.
Indianapolis, Ind. EDWIN P. HILL.

A Request

To the Editor:

At various times I receive copies of your splendid magazine, forwarded by some interested friends who collect Catholic literature for me. Even back editions are eagerly read and are much appreciated.

There is no fund set aside with which to pay for subscriptions. I wonder if I may impose upon your kindness and ask you to place my name upon your mailing list? I know no place where the Apostolate of the Press can accomplish more good. These men have much idle time and will read wholesome literature, if I am able to supply it. I would wish several copies in order to distribute them to the Hospital, Honor Farm, etc.

I can assure you that your charity will be sincerely appreciated by my men and myself. We pray God to bless and spread your noble work!

U. S. Penitentiary, H. E. PHILLIPS,
Atlanta, Ga. Catholic Chaplain.

A Response

To the Editor:

For quite some time I have been a reader of JESUIT MISSIONS. In the November 1940 issue, I find what I think is a little inspiration. I wonder if you would have any use for back issues of JESUIT MISSIONS, Sacred Heart Messenger, holy cards, medals and possibly a few prayer books?

No, Father, I'm not giving up the Faith. I have so many of these varied objects that I think they can be of more use to others than to me. How did I acquire them? Well, Father, every time a Nun asks a favor she usually wants to pay for it—so these are nearly all "thank you" gifts.

Knowing your time is both limited and precious, I'd like to know if you can use them, and I'll do the rest. I'm always on hand for the new issues of JESUIT MISSIONS. At home we all read it, then pass it on.

Philadelphia, Pa. JOHN J. MARKS.

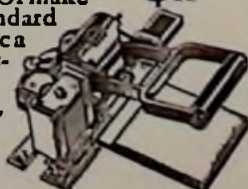
SAVE YOURSELF the LABOR and BOTHER of HAND ADDRESSING

CLUB SECRETARIES or anyone having periodical addressing of notices, announcements, statements, etc., should investigate the new

Elliott ADDRESSERETTE

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WINES AND LIQUORS

Bernardo, Apostle Of the Sobanons

Theodore E. Daigler, S.J.



Father Daigler and a little friend all dressed up, but minus one shoe.

BERNARDO is a very healthy, well-built young man. He is the largest of his tribe. In June, 1939, he enrolled in the first-year college normal class of the Ateneo de Cagayan. He came to us a pagan. Very few of the thousands of his mountain people have been baptized. A minister had tried to induce him to study theology in the Protestant University of Silliman, but God's inspiration guided him to us.

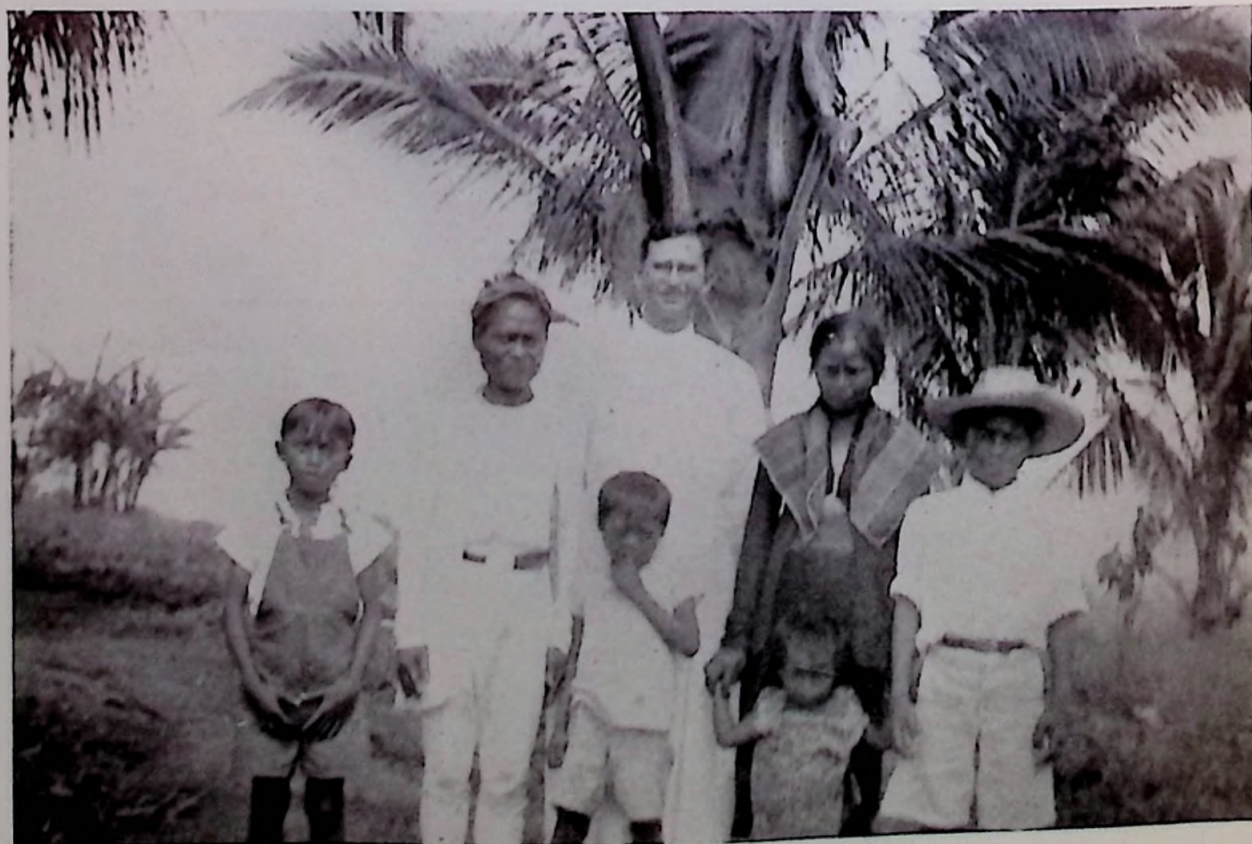
Scarcely more than a few weeks after his arrival, Bernardo came to me and asked to be baptized. The beauty and truth of our holy religion was finding fertile soil in his sincere soul. About two months later I baptized him and a week later, Bishop Hayes confirmed him. The gifts of the Holy Spirit were poured out generously on Bernardo. At once he was on fire to convert his family and all the Sobanon people. How he grieved when he told me of Protestant ministers going up to his village and of the deceptions they used in trying to trap his people. He wrote, "Above all, my conversion to the Faith gives me a Christian duty of bringing my Sobanon brothers to the Catholic faith in the near future." His gratitude to us also found words. "I make special

expression of thanks to the altogether benevolent Jesuit Fathers, who made possible my conversion to the Catholic faith. In them I shall forever remain loyal, respectful and grateful even to the life hereafter."

THE Sobanon people inhabit the Provinces of Zamboanga and Misamis Occidental in the Philippine Islands. They are a simple, peace-loving people, but when roused by injustice, they can fight, as a very old Sobanon proudly told me, "When the Moros tried to make us slaves, we ran away; but

our strong men fought them, and one of ours could kill a hundred of them." The Sobanons retired from the Christians, fearing lest they lose their customs and ancient religion.

BERNARDO began teaching catechism during his visit home in October, and again during the Christmas vacation he gathered the children and the men and women and told them of the love of our Lord and His holy religion. At the new year he insisted that I must go home with him during the long vacation. He wrote to tell the people of my coming and soon both Chris-



On this trip, a summer vacation from teaching, Father Daigler baptized more than a hundred and thirty of this pagan tribe of Sobanons.

tians and pagans were working together building a chapel in their village to prepare for my coming.

After school had closed in March, Bernardo wrote from his home:

"The news of your coming with Father Joseph Reyes, S.J., threw the entire people of Dalaon, Sobanon and Visayan into a frenzy of cheer. Day after day their eyes wait for the arrival of the representatives of God on earth."

AFTER a long wearisome journey then, Father Reyes, who is Pastor of Dalaon, though his residence is seventy kilometers away at Pagadian, Father Patrick Cronin, a zealous Columban priest from Tangub, and myself arrived at the roadside on the afternoon of the Wednesday of Easter week. Bernardo, all jubilant, had met us along the way. As we rested in a small house, two lovely little boys, wearing plaid handkerchiefs wound around their heads, came up with their father and kissed my hand. They were the first of the dear Sobanons I saw.

Outside a banjo-ukulele orchestra made merry; perhaps fifty men had come down the mountain to meet us. They carried a banner inscribed: "Welcome to the Jesuit Fathers." Of course, Bernardo had seen to this. No priest had ever come to their village before. Fire-crackers exploded and a crowd of people gathered as we dismounted and ate lunch in the house prepared for us.

That afternoon Father Reyes instructed the children in the chapel while old and young, pagan and Christian, hundreds listened to his words and laughed with him as he catechized lovingly the little ones. All that night the village talked about their joy of having three priests in their midst, three, and this the first time!

THE next morning there were confessions, two marriages, several Communions, Baptisms, etc., the routine order of *barrio* visits. One thing was unique, however, that morning. The third Mass was a *Missa Cantata*. Father Cronin was the celebrant and the choir? There were no lay singers, so we had a priestly choir of one. I was it.

After the Mass, a handsome Sobano, wearing a Moro fez, danced for us outside the chapel and we were invited to Bernardo's house for the afternoon.

We arrived there about noon. The house consisted of one large room resting on slender wooden posts covered with a low sloping grass roof. The floor was made of bamboo slats spaced a half-inch apart. Here were squatting or sitting or standing all around more than two hundred men, women and children, dressed in their colorful costumes. Chairs had been carried up from the village for the visitors and even a few bottles of *Truorange* to quench our thirst.

Bernardo entered an open space in the center of the room and in the



"Bernardo's grandfather, the patriarch of the family whom we baptized Solomon," poses with Fr. Daigler.

Sobano language gave a speech of welcome to the Fathers. He then translated it into English. He spoke of the happiness of his people in welcoming us and of their eagerness to be baptized in the true Faith of Jesus Christ.

After the introduction, I rose to explain the Apostles Creed. Bernardo translated with the greatest fluency. To many of them he had explained it before I arrived. All listened with rapt attention to the word of God.

When I had finished, Father



"Bernardo's intelligent, diligent and modest manner impressed the whole College."

Reyes spoke for some time in Visayan. Most of the Sobanons understand that language. Then he answered questions. When these difficulties had been satisfactorily answered and Father Cronin also had spoken to them in Visayan, we began to prepare the children for Baptism. Nearly a hundred of God's little ones, whom Bernardo had instructed were placed in a great circle in the center of the room, where Father Reyes baptized them.

After the children most of the adult relatives of Bernardo were baptized by Father Cronin. Chief among them was Bernardo's grandfather, the patriarch of the family, whom we baptized Solomon, and his father, Constantine, and his mother, Elena.

Afterwards, I distributed holy pictures to all and instructed the people about the Holy Eucharist and the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

NEXT morning while I offered the Holy Sacrifice, Father Reyes explained to the hundreds of Sobanons and Visayans who crowded into the chapel, the significance of the Mass. At Communion time, Bernardo's mother, father and brother, Eduardo, received their First Holy Communion. Later on in the morning I baptized two more, cousins of Bernardo and chil- (Turn to page 308)



NEW BOOKS



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degree, of every Catholic. The book breathes the finest tradition of Spanish Catholicism and culture bequeathed to the new world. Her fulsome description of the setting and early life of Cartagena, of the fetid holds of slave ships and their burdens of misery and suffering, of the Negro dance and rites on the plantations are vivid. The book is eminently worth reading, telling us of a man who overcame self, the disapproval of his own brethren, the greedy complaints of Spanish Dons, the ignorance and fear of his black children. "Be it so if at this price I can help a soul." We need that kind of charity in our own lives.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc., New York, N. Y., \$2.75.

The Jesuit in Focus James J. Daly, S.J.

"The Jesuit in Focus" is an apologia of the Society of Jesus done in a scholarly and objective manner. The opening chapters should not be read but meditated upon. Therein is contained the secret and inspiration of the Society of Jesus. The rest of the book is a series of Essays, designed to prove that the spirit of the Society "creates a type of man altogether different from that so often described in unfriendly history." In the words of Father Daly, "I have accordingly in these pages attempted to give some notion of the interior spirit of the Society, the spirit which should inform and dominate the life of every Jesuit." I liked especially his chapters: The Jesuit Lay Brother; Persecutions; The Embittered Ex-Jesuit; The Jesuit and Other Societies in the Church; The Old Society and The New—in short, the whole book. The contents of "The Jesuit in Focus" are of such import that it seems trivial to comment on the style and expression. Suffice it to say, that this book is a fine contribution to the literature of the Society of Jesus on its four hundredth anniversary.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wisc., New York, N. Y., \$2.25.

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tian asceticism and perfection, and then by unanswerable *a fortiori* arguments gives their application to the priestly life. His chapter on the forms of religious life gives a compact answer to many mooted questions, while that on "Churchly Sense" is an appreciation of what Holy Church means to the true Catholic and holy priest.

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We heartily recommend this book to our American priests and Religious. It is instructive yet never boring, tenderly devout but with no touch of sentimentality. The laity, too, should read it for a better understanding of the sublime dignity of their own priests.

B. Herder Book Company, St. Louis, Mo., \$2.00.

The Doctrine of the Trinity

Abbé Felix Klein

Translated by Daniel J. Sullivan, M.A.

Abbe Klein, several times the recipient of the French Academy award, writer and lecturer in English and French, contributor to *Les Correspondent*, *Revue des Deux Mondes*, *Le Figaro*, *The Atlantic Monthly* and other periodicals, has crowned his many successes with the publication of this recent work. The French edition, *Le Dieu des Chrétiens*, has merited unstinted praise for the masterly manner in which the author handles his subject. The translation has not detracted from the clearness and simplicity of his style. This little work "does not pretend," as the author states, "to recount either the history or the theology of the Trinity, but endeavors to call to mind briefly its origin and then to develop in as simple language as possible what Revelation interpreted by the voice of the Church tells us about it." He proceeds to remove the intellectual fears associated with the consideration of the Mysteries as, in clear simple language, he begins with the knowledge acquired by natural reason, and then by the aid of God's revelation, brings the intellect to contemplate its eminently proper object, the Eternal Truth, Wisdom and Goodness. The book is designed to inspire and foster a devotion to this essentially characteristic Christian belief. It is definitely an exceptional work by a gifted author upon the most sublime Theme.

P. J. Kenedy & Sons, New York, N. Y., \$2.50.

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In a field where Father Heeg is most successful he outdoes himself in presenting practical helps for children. Of especial value is treatment of the examination of conscience, what to say to a child, what the child should say to the priest and also prayers that he recommends for children before and after Communion.

The Queen's Work Press, St. Louis, Mo., twenty-five cents each.

The Unavoidable God—Booklet No. 15, Radio Replies.

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The City House Alumnae, Convent of the Sacred Heart, 334 North Taylor Avenue, St. Louis, Mo., \$1.00.

The Book Survey—June, 1940

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Catalogue of Recommended Books Available in the Somerville, Massachusetts, Public Library.

Mt. Benedict Council Knights of Columbus, Somerville, Mass.

This catalogue is a public service feature for Catholics of Somerville, Mass., by the Mt. Benedict Council K. of C. It suggests three things. Somerville Library is well stocked with Catholic books. The author of this pamphlet is an exceptionally practical and zealous man. Why can't we have more catalogues of this kind?

CHRISTIANITY ON THE LAST FRONTIER

(Continued from page 285)

parched and cracked. The eyes, hollow and sunken in their sockets, wore the glassy stare of a dying man. One of his legs had been badly frozen and he believed that his end had come.

When the rescue party returned to the village, many prayers of thanksgiving were offered. After some days in bed and with careful attention, John recovered. To one of his intimate friends he confided, "I never prayed so much in all my life, and that wine stopped my thirst right off." During those five excruciating days, he had managed to snatch one and a half hours of sleep. He succeeded in killing a seal, which gave him some bodily sustenance. The greatest suffering was the overpowering thirst. However, John again hunts the polar bear, happy in his belief and grateful to

the Sacred Heart, that he had been snatched from the jaws of death.

BEGUILED IN GOA

(Continued from page 287)

The boat was leaving soon and I had no ticket. A gentleman in dungarees came up to me. "Good morning, Father." "Good morning," I replied, not too brightly. "It seems John let you down, Father. I'm sorry he failed to book you a cabin. Look here, Father, I'm chief engineer. John asked me to come to the rescue, his rescue, I guess." That was music to my troubled soul and I began to soften towards John. In the end I returned from Goa in cabin class for the paltry price of a third-class fare.

HAIL AND FAREWELL

(Continued from page 288)

lives nearly ten miles from here. In order to get to Mass, she must leave her children with someone else and walk the whole distance over dusty hot roads. It was impossible for her to bring the babies here for Baptism. I had to go to her home.

I take this occasion to say a word of appreciation for my predecessor, Father Joseph Ford, S.J. He spent many valuable years and much valuable effort on these missions. His was the difficult task

of the hard beginning. If well begun is half done, then he has already completed half the work of these missions. Where he found no Catholics, he left a small but devout and loyal congregation. Where he had to live in a little room behind the church, he has left me a comfortable rectory. Even the church was not here when he first came. It is a monument to his success, as are the many others that he has been instrumental in building throughout the Island.

BERNADO, APOSTLE OF THE SOBANONS

(Continued from page 305)

dren of the "big chief" of the Sobanons.

On the third day, then, about four o'clock in the afternoon, we bade good-bye and rode down the mountain. God had blessed our efforts. One hundred and forty-one Sobanons had received Baptism. As far as we know, this is the first time that any large group of these people have been baptized. Bernardo will continue to instruct them this vacation and translate the catechism into their own language.

Next year with the financial assistance of friends, we hope to bring several other bright Sobanon boys to our school, the Ateneo de Cagayan, and later send them home to their villages, apostles like Bernardo.

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M.S., Topeka, Kan.	1.00
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<i>For Southern Missions:</i>	
W.T., Detroit, Mich.	1.00
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Gratitude is also expressed for two hundred and eighty Mass stipends.	



Jesuit Missions

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

Dear Reader and Subscriber:

With more reason than ever this Christmas do I greet our readers and subscribers. In this, the quadricentennial year of the establishment of the Society of Jesus, our hearts are filled with joy and consolation in the realization of all that God has permitted us Jesuits to do for His greater honor and glory during the past four centuries.

Through all those years the success of our labors, beyond God's grace, has been due in large extent to the cooperation of our friends. And in more recent years, what we, the editors of JESUIT MISSIONS, have been able to accomplish for the missions has been due to your cooperation. Can you wonder then that I want to greet you and wish you a holy and happy Christmas?

For all that you have done for us in prayerful and financial aid you deserve a rich return. So it is with real pleasure that I tell you of my Christmas present to you. I am going to offer a Novena of masses for you beginning on December 17th and ending with my second mass on Christmas, a little past midnight.

Each morning as I stand at the altar I shall plead with the Infant Savior for you, your intentions and all your dear ones both living and dead. I shall ask Him to give you graces and happiness abundant, a reward for all that you have done for JESUIT MISSIONS and the American Jesuit missionaries. May you have a truly holy and happy Christmas.

And now, just one request. Will you read the letter which I shall have sent under date of November twenty-seventh to all our subscribers? May the Infant Jesus bless you abundantly.

Gratefully in our Lord,

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

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