

Jesuit & Missions

DECEMBER

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Ten Cents

Vol. XV

No. XI



CHRISTMAS SUGGESTIONS

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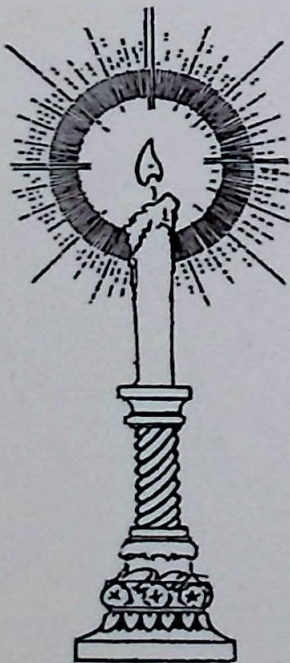
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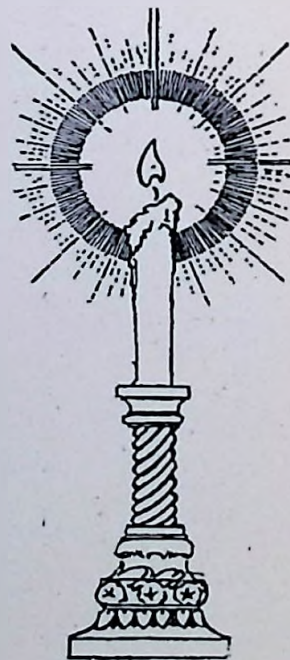
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Dear Father Masterson:

Will you kindly send a Christmas greeting card to those listed below informing them of my Christmas gift of JESUIT MISSIONS?

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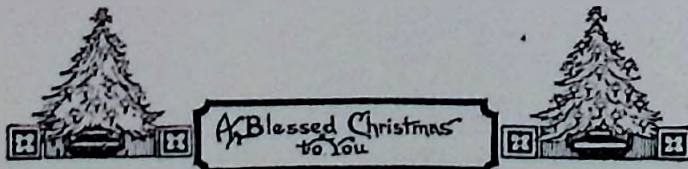
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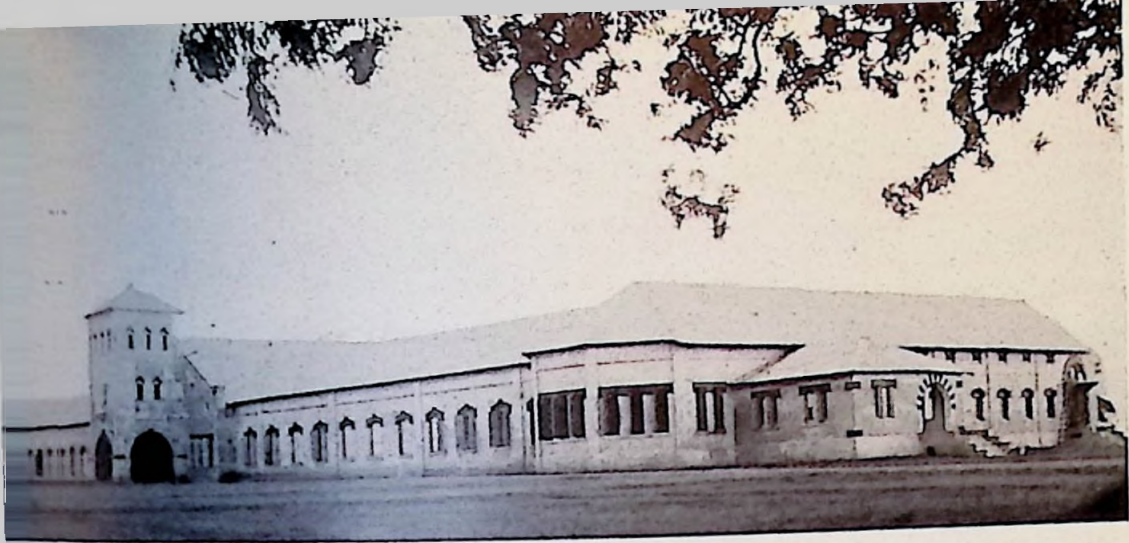
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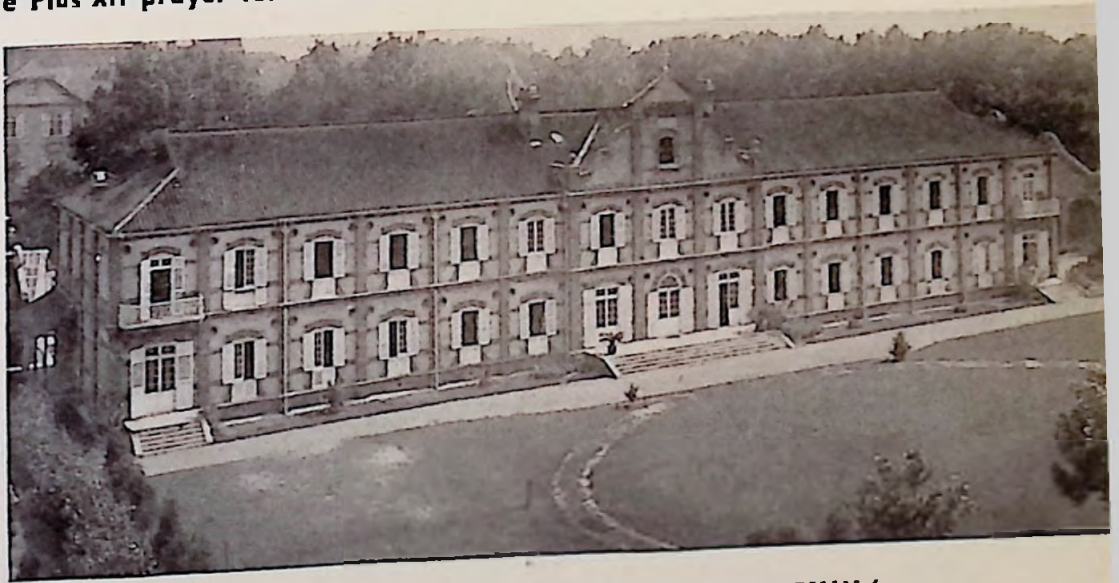
"To help a poor boy to become a Priest and a Missionary is more pleasing to God than building a beautiful Church or donating an altar of fine marble."

Pius XI

"O Jesus, who from the tenderness of Thy Divine Heart uttered the first cry of compassion for poor humanity seeking a guide that might conduct it along the difficult paths of the world, towards the light and life; O, Lord, who maketh messengers of Thy angels and flaming fires of Thy ministers; send to these people who are thine, and who wish to be thine, many priests and vest them with justice so that Thy Saints may rejoice." (From Pope Pius XII prayer for vocations.)

Again God's Providence rules supreme! While war threatens irreparable havoc to His Missions, one great force, vigorous in its new-found strength, combats on—the Native Clergy.

The phenomenal growth of the Native Clergy in recent years can be gauged from figures in but one of the ten mission fields cared for by the 619 American Jesuit Missionaries. The Philippine Mission now counts among its Jesuits 116 Filipinos, while training an additional 130 natives for the secular clergy.



MINOR SEMINARY, ZIKAWEI, CHINA

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50c will support a seminarian for a day \$15.00 will support him for a month \$150.00 will support him for a year



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Generous benefactors have made possible the Seminaries pictured here.

Support from you whom God has blessed through the ministrations of His priests is needed.

In gratitude for all God's priests have meant to you and those dear to you, we ask your help.

"And then, O Jesus, in their turn may they become true angels for Thy people; . . . angels of charity who renounce the sweetness of an earthly family to create another and greater family of which they shall be both father and pastor and in which the little ones, the unfortunate, the weary and the abandoned shall be the object of their predilection; . . . angels of sacrifice who shall be consumed for the welfare of their brethren like holocaustal flames; . . ." (From Pope Pius XII prayer for vocations.)

ST. MARY'S, KURSEONG, INDIA

"Thou, Who knowest all hearts . . . inspire in generous souls an efficacious desire to come, with charitable hands, to the aid of Thine elect whom poverty prevents from following Thy voice."

Pius XII



JESUIT MISSIONS

DECEMBER

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

1941

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

CONTRIBUTORS

Tuning in we find FATHER JOHN P. FOX, S.J., pastor of Saint Teresa's Church, Hooper Bay, Alaska, and a member of the Oregon Province, striking the first note of Christmas in *Hooper Bay Calling*.



William R. Hussey, S.J.

Swinging over to the Near East, we have FRANCIS X. CRONIN, S.J., of New Haven, Conn., in the New England Province, taking the Christmas pulse of Baghdad College where he is now teaching. *Come in Baghdad*.

Turn the dial to China now while FATHER WILFRED LESAGE, S.J., of the California Province speaks from Wuhu where he is finishing his course of studies as a Jesuit. He gives us *A Chinese Christmas Carol*.

On short wave we pick up Godda, India. FATHER BERTRAM E. ERNST, S.J., of the Chicago Province is pastor of that mission and describes how *Our Lord Is Born in India*.

FATHER JOHN P. DEEVEY, S.J. (*—and in Jamaica, Too!*), formerly in Jamaica and now attached to JESUIT MISSIONS office here in New York, goes back in memory to a Jamaican Christmas.

In the Far East *Where Christmas Eve Is Ten Days Long*, FATHER EDWARD J. DUNNE, S.J., taught for three years in the Ateneo de Manila, Philippine Islands. He has returned to his own Province of New York to complete his studies and is now in his final year at Auriesville, N. Y.

ROGER FORTIN, S.J. (*Band of Six at Suchow*), belongs to the Province of Lower Canada. This year he finished his teaching years at St. Aloysius College, Suchow, China, and is now studying theology at Immaculate Conception College, Montreal.

Also a first year theologian at Immaculate Conception is DANIEL HANNIN, S.J. (*Santa Came Late*). He belongs to the Upper Canadian Province and formerly taught at the Indian Residential School, Spanish, Ontario.

As pastor of St. Mary's Mission, Abulurak, for the past six years, FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J., must have dreamed of a boat *Built for the Yukon*. The *SS. Sifton* is a dream come true.



Albert F. Grau, S.J.

WILLIAM R. HUSSEY, S.J. (*The Lepers' Angel*), of the Chicago Province has finished his theology at St. Mary's, Kurseong, India, and is now doing mission work in Patna.

One night Mr. ALBERT F. GRAU, S.J., of the Maryland - New York Province saw a river procession in Naga, P. I., where he is now teaching. He describes it for us in *"Viva la Virgen."*

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JESUIT RELATIONS was the name given to the correspondence of America's first Jesuit missionaries who 300 years ago discovered, explored and evangelized large sections of this country. The Jesuit Provinces which grew from these missionary beginnings today conduct a string of missions which encircles the world. The American Provinces have 619 men in the Philippines, Alaska, India, Iraq, British Honduras, Jamaica, China, Ceylon and among the Indians and Negroes. The Canadian Provinces have 112 men in China and among the Indians of Ontario. JESUIT MISSIONS is their magazine, now "The Modern Jesuit Relations."

COVER—Not Santa Claus but one of his closest neighbors is this happy seal hunter of King Island, Alaska. As the Catholic father of a family of Eskimo boys and girls, he earns his living the hard way and thus is also one of good St. Nick's many indispensable helpers. (Photo by Father Hubbard, S.J.)

OUR CHRISTMAS ROUND-UP

—OF AMERICAN JESUIT
MISSIONARIES 'ROUND THE WORLD



CHRISTMAS in Baghdad is not quite the same as Christmas in Boston. There is a notable difference between Christmas in Zamboanga or Nome and Christmas in New York or New Orleans. To a native of Nanking, a Chicago Christmas would seem strange. . . . And so on, throughout the circuit of the world, the customs that surround Our Lord's Nativity vary from latitude to latitude, from people to people.

These differences notwithstanding, Christmas is fundamentally the same everywhere. It has a common heart and center, and it is this common heart and center which is the most important thing about Christmas and makes it what it is. The Angel who spoke to the shepherds on the first Christmas Day has well expressed it, "I bring you good tidings of great joy that shall be to all the people, for this day is born to you a Saviour Who is Christ the Lord."

IN this issue we present a series of articles on the various ways in which Christmas is celebrated in the many strange places of the world where the 619 American Jesuit missionaries are laboring. Our purpose in doing so is not so much to stress the differences in Christmas customs, which are interesting, it is true, but to bring out into fuller relief the important heart and center of Christmas.

In the many beautiful customs that surround our own American celebration of Christmas, is there not some danger that we may lose sight of the true meaning of the feast? We sometimes hear people say that this Christmas or that Christmas did not seem much like Christmas. They usually attribute this to some circumstance like the unseasonable warmth of the weather, the absence of a Christmas tree, or to the fact that they were unable to get home for the holidays. But true Christmas joy should be quite independent of all these things—a fact well known to the missionary. He spends his Christ-

mas, year after year, in sweltering heat and far away from home, among people who know nothing of plum pudding or holly or Santa Claus. Perhaps it is the very absence of these ornaments of our northern Christmas which makes him the better able to grasp the true basis of all Christmas joy.

WE have a custom of giving gifts on Christmas. We know, although we do not always advert to it, that these gifts are a symbol of the great gift which God gave to mankind on the first Christmas Day, Christ the Saviour. Now the greatest Christmas gift that any of us can give to another, is the gift of faith in this Redeemer, to make the Light shine in the dark places of the world. It is to the giving of this gift that the missionaries have consecrated their lives. As Catholics we have all been made beneficiaries of this gift of the missionaries. Time was when there was no Christmas in America, no midnight Mass, no Christmas tree, no Crib. The missionaries brought that to us just as they are now bringing it to millions of other people throughout the world.

As friends and helpers of these apostles who are bringing the good news of Christ's birth "to all the people" you deserve to participate in the joy of those who give God's greatest Christmas gift. As their helpers and co-workers, the missionaries salute you from their distant posts and extend to you their greetings for a Happy Christmas.

WE know that your Christmas will be a happy one if you spend it in the company of the missionaries. So, we invite you to this round-up of the American Jesuits throughout the world. We invite you to listen to their story of Christmas as it is celebrated in many exotic places from Iraq to Cagayan and from the Yukon to the Yangtze. We begin with the far North. Let's pick up an Alaskan station. Come in, Hooper Bay!

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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HOOPER BAY CALLING . . .

John P. Fox, S. J.



CHRISTMAS IN ALASKA

Old Man Winter makes one of his first stops at Saint Teresa's Church, Hooper Bay, burying the mission in snow.

OUR Christmas congregation started to gather a week before the feast. Three days before Christmas every igloo and cabin was already crowded with visitors from our dependent mission stations in this district. But more kept coming till the eve of the feast when eight dog teams, all heavily laden, arrived together from Scammon Bay.

They had started across the Eskinok Mountains, December 23rd, but due to the extreme cold, the sleds dragged heavily over the fine drifted snow, so that they made very poor time. Night caught them still about four hours from here so they dug down into the snow for the night and came in at noon of the twenty-fourth.

WE had midnight Mass in church. Due to the unmanageable crowd, the usual sermon was postponed to the third Mass, a *Missa Cantata* at ten o'clock, Christmas morning. A third Mass was also said in the new chapel of the convent at daybreak. The music for all the services along with the singing was furnished by the village choir under the direction of Jimmy Droane, helped by Theodore Hunter. They did a fine job.

At the risk of being tiresome, we wish to comment on the crowd and how they were managed. We have ordinary benches, as pews would take too much space, and every available spot was filled with extra stools, boxes or something in the nature of a seat. From the first, the children were kept off the seats and squatted on the floor in orderly rows right up to the communion railing and up against the crib.

The Sisters (our Eskimo Sisters of Our Lady of the Snows, of course) along with a few others, were shown to Father's room next to the sanctuary, and from there through two large windows placed horizontally into the partition, they assisted at midnight Mass. The church was crowded half an hour before services began.

THOUGH bitterly cold outside, we had learned from previous years that it would never do to heat up the stove. To begin with, people were crowded in almost on top of it. Then, too, the natural heat from the bodies of so many crowded into a small church was more than enough to make the place intolerably hot. Many of the men peeled off their parkas and assisted holy Mass in shirt sleeves, with the sweat

rolling down their noble brows.

But they were not the only ones sweating. The walls and ceiling were wet and little rivulets of condensation were running down to the floor forming little pools that I found frozen solid the next morning. The ventilators were wide open and as the cold air entered the room, it immediately turned into a stream of steam.

AS soon as the services were over we fired up to dry things off a bit, but much of the moisture stayed on the walls and glazed them over by morning with a sparkling coat of ice. Only after two days of constant firing (except during the night) was everything dry again.

With the moving of the Sisters into their new convent, their former dining room at the back end of the church has been left more or less free. This we intend to annex to the church so that by next Christmas we hope to handle our visitors more kindly and comfortably. The change will involve no expense as all that is necessary is to remove the partition or cut large doorways into it.

In a crowd pick-pockets and kidnappers generally thrive. And we had a little distraction here, too,



Two little Eskimo crib-raiders registering injured innocence.

from that source. As the children were crowded right up to the crib, which for the sake of the little ones we placed fairly low, some of the little hopefuls reached over occa-

sionally to help themselves to one of the little lambs (birds of a feather flock together), and rumor has it that some of the shepherds, too, are in danger of being kidnapped. In



There was no need for kindling wood midnight Mass. And boys don't ch wood for fun. Another crib-raide

fact, not a few times parents have come to Father, bringing him the result of little sonny's last raid on the stable of our Infant Savior. Such is Christmas at Hooper Bay, Alaska.

Come in, Baghdad!

Francis X. Cronin, S.J.

CHRISTMAS at Baghdad College! There was the usual exodus of the Fathers to various churches in the city for midnight Mass and Mass Christmas morning. Some of the Scholastics got their first job as subdeacons.

At home, Father Rector said a midnight Mass for about fifty people. Within the past year, three Christian families have moved "out our way" and they constituted most of the congregation and choir—singing Chaldean hymns and chants that were really beautiful.

Several English groups were present, plus a couple of other parties—packing our little chapel and giving Father John Mifsud, S.J., the opportunity of hearing confessions in Arabic, English and Italian.

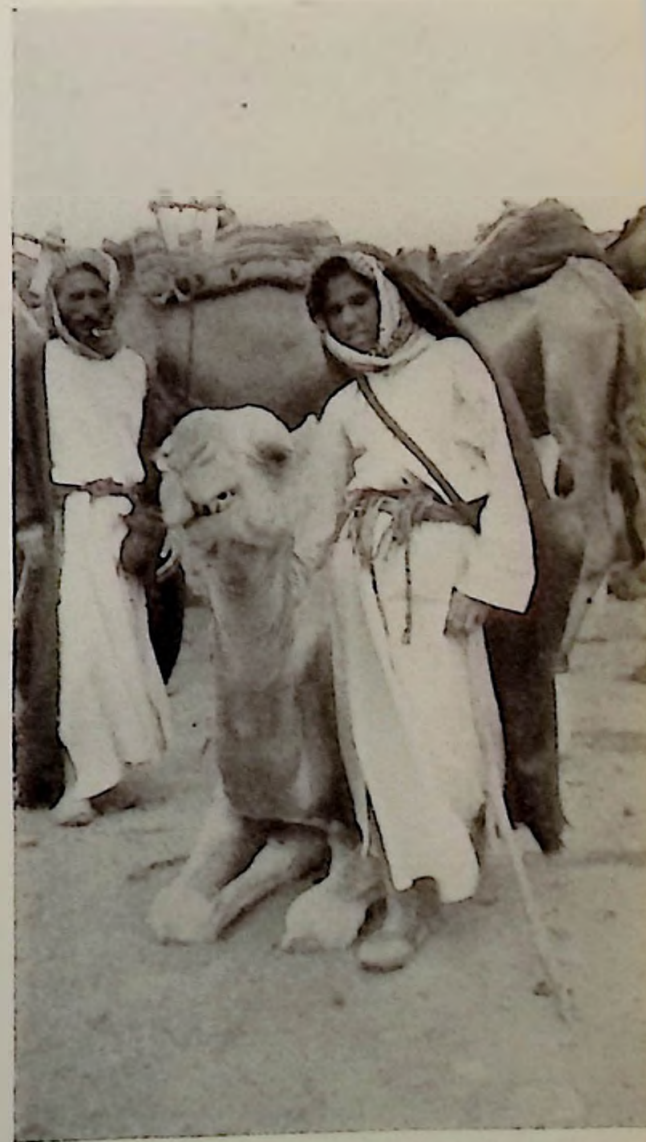
Christmas morning, *diwan* duty began soon after breakfast, and there was a steady stream of visitors up to greet "the Fathers." This *diwan* affair goes on for three days and

demands an answering visit. When these days were over, along comes Epiphany which is the Orthodox Christians' big feast, so off into the whirl goes Father Rector and staff.

THEN came four Moslem holidays with their obligatory visits. These calls are formidable. It is not mere business of hopping in, saying hello, and hopping out again; it means a cigarette or two or three, a cup of coffee, a piece of candy, and a load of other dainties. And this in every house! A cast-iron stomach is a part of the grace of this state.

While the boarders were home during the holidays a group of Royal Air Force men came over for a couple of days of recollection under the direction of Father William Sheehan, S.J. Our Fathers still go out to their camp week-ends for Mass and confessions.

On these "ships of the desert," a common sight in Baghdad, the wise men followed the Star to Bethlehem.



A Chinese Christmas Carol

Wilfred J. LeSage, S.J.



(Above) A Christmas banquet in China has one course, a bowl of rice.
(Below) Oriental voices swell the chorus of angels, singing "Glory to God."



CHRISTMAS past! "I am sure I have always thought of Christmas time when it has come round—apart from the veneration due to its sacred name and origin, if anything belonging to it can be apart from that—as a good time; a kind, forgiving and charitable time—and, therefore, though it has never put a scrap of gold or silver into my pocket, I believe it has done me good, and will do me good; and I say: God bless it!"

The above passage taken from Dicken's "Christmas Carol" brings to mind a pleasant memory. Back in the early days at Los Gatos, California we put on a little play based on the story. Those were happy days, indeed, for all of us at Sacred Heart Novitiate. What Jesuit will ever forget his first Christmas in the Society of Jesus? But that is only the beginning, for the young novice looking at the

priest at the altar—has already a yearning for that future day when his own lips shall call down the Infant Savior from Heaven. That was Christmas Past!

with his garments all the time; turning them inside out, putting them on upside down, tearing them, mislaying them. 'I don't know what to do,' cried Scrooge, laughing and crying in the same breath. I am as light as a feather, I am as happy as an angel, I am as merry as a school boy—a Merry Christmas to everybody!"

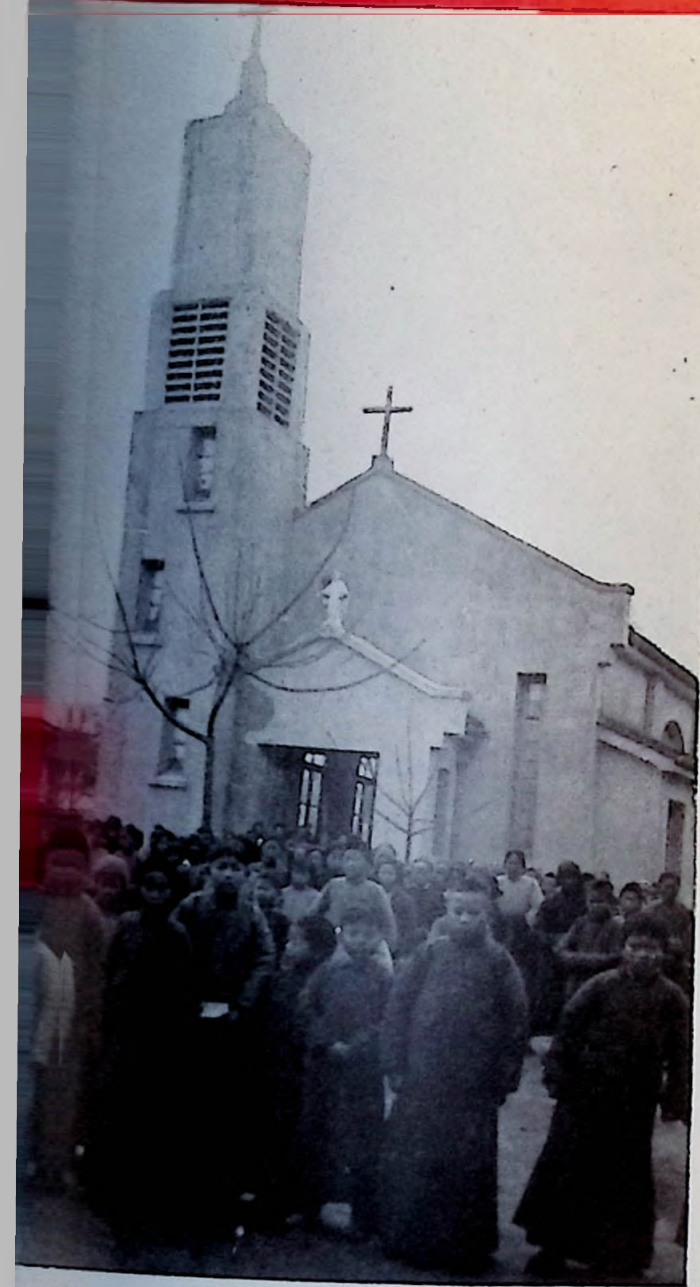
That was the way old Scrooge felt about it, and I do not hesitate to confess that my own experience this last Christmas bore some similarity.

SUDDENLY I awoke and groped for the light as usual. No light? What? . . . the bed, the room, the light—nothing my own? Where am I? Sure enough, this was Chang-Ching, China, so I jumped up and lit a candle. And this without the least notion of being, "as light as a feather, as happy as an angel, or as merry as a school boy." Brrrr . . .

it was cold! Where are those socks? What day is it? December 24th! The day before Christmas, and soon I would be saying my first Christmas Masses; somewhere my classmates would be doing the same. God bless them! Yes, it was going to be the happiest Christmas of all . . . something like Bethlehem.

Voices outside! Little shepherds? No, but just as poor and simple,—little fishermen and their families who had come to Chang-Ching for Christmas. The Chinese priest, Father T'sa, said that four thousand had come. There would be separate Masses for the men, women and children, since it would be impossible for them all to find a place in the remaining part of the church. And that is a story in itself; briefly, the facts are as follows:

IN the first few months of the present war, soldiers came to Chang-Ching and requested to see everything in the mission. Father Kin, the resident missionary, obligingly took them through the priests' residence, the church and the school. The soldiers then demanded to see the girls' school and Father Kin likewise accompanied them there. When the soldiers made a further demand to take two of the women teachers away with them, Father Kin flatly refused. He would allow no one to be taken away. Enraged at his firmness, the soldiers took the good Father outside. Meanwhile, all the teachers and pupils fled and



The weather was cold and the children of Se-Dong had on their cotton padded clothes, more serviceable than stylish.

and contrition. There were over two thousand confessions.

Finally, after a busy morning, came a nice warm dinner. Old Wong, the servant, came tripping in with a tray of assorted tidbits and a large steaming pot. Here was service with a smile and I could not help but notice his pleasant expression peering through that maze of wrinkles bent over the pot and rice.

"Are there many conversions here?" I asked Father T'sa as we began to nip here and there with the sticks, chop-wise.

"The vast majority," he replied, "are old Christians, but there are a few new ones—Old Wong here, for example."

AND Wong was a perfect example. (Once again the "Christmas Carol" was ringing in my ears.) I could just imagine Ebenezer Scrooge nervously tapping his cane on the floor and glaring at Old Wong. "Boy!—I say, you rascal, where's the bowl my rice was in?" "Oh, you're filling it again—a smart boy, an intelligent boy. I say, be quick!"

There was no doubting Wong's intelligence. He is a convert from Buddhism, now enjoying the blessings of the true faith. His one ambition is to help the missionary at every turn. Soon after our tasty dinner, it was decided that the two Chinese priests would remain at Chang-Ching for Christmas, and I would set out for the small mission of Se-Dong about five miles away. So bidding goodbye to Chang-Ching, our little boat headed toward the north, old Wong at the oar.

SE-DONG is a very picturesque little mission even in winter. Long before we reached the village, the church steeple could be seen towering over every other object. In a few hours, Christians would be coming along this same canal to Mass. Gradually, we approached the village; everybody knew old Wong, but who was the other fellow in the boat? Soon the murmur of "Zen-fu" (Father), was passed along, until a little group of Christians had gathered around the boat as old Wong brought us safely to the landing.

And a happy landing it was! The

Chinese Catholics have a way of making the "Zen-fu" feel right at home. Every little courtesy, every kindness is offered and in such a way that makes one feel the privilege of being "somewhere in China." Together we went into the church. For a visit? No, because the Blessed Sacrament was not there—but happily to find a few children fixing up the crib. It was Christmas Eve . . .

CHRISTMAS morning! "This day is born to you a Savior." What priest will ever forget his first Christmas at the altar? About three hundred Catholics came and we joined together in offering those three Christmas Masses. Old and young knelt side by side. Finally came the moment of Benediction over those bowed heads—when the true spirit of faith and love join in that sublime act of adoration. Christ had come into our very midst—had filled our hearts with the joy of His real presence. It was Christmas, and Christmas among God's little ones.

Who could describe it as it really was? I have told something and yet there is much more left unsaid—something which words cannot bring into focus. Nevertheless, I shall never forget that beautiful little scene at Christmas time—its simplicity, its likeness unto Bethlehem. And now were we to write our own "Christmas Carol" as did Charles Dickens, and perhaps call it the "China Christmas Carol" we would surely bring this closing chapter to the same happy ending—not, however, as seen through the eyes of "Tiny Tim"—but as seen through the eyes of the Infant Jesus in far away China.

HE did see everything: those goodhearted fishermen and their families, the old and young, several little cripples, Lau Ta-Ta with her bundled up "Ma-ri-a," the bright-eyed altar boys, little tots around the crib—good old Wong with his cheerful smile—all of one heart and one faith, He saw them, and heard the chanting of their prayers. These were His own little souls, receiving, adoring and giving thanks to Him—the Infant Savior! Indeed . . . it was like Bethlehem.

were saved. Father Kin made the Sign of the Cross. It was his last prayer upon earth. He was shot; one of the bullets penetrated his body and lodged in the wall.

After dragging the body of the intrepid missionary into the church, the soldiers then set fire to the building. The school and rectory received the same treatment. What remains standing today? A mass of ruins and less than half a church.

BUT now it is Christmas time, and once again the Savior of the world would be born in poverty among the ruins of Chang-Ching. This name, by the way, means "Long Stream"; the mission is seventy-five miles from Shanghai, located on one of the many winding canals. Hundreds of small fishing craft were huddled close together along the extensive mission front. Old and young drifted toward the church, another—long stream—of souls flowing on and on, with faith



It is not hard to renew once again the story of Bethlehem around this Santal mother and her child, beautiful indeed, in relation to Mary and her Divine Son.

Our Lord is Born in India

Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.

HERE is how we celebrated Christmas at Godda, India. It was our first celebration since our new combination house and chapel were completed and the first time that many of the people had seen it as some of them live twenty-five miles away. They seemed to be delighted and proud of their new mission and the children had a great day. They visited every corner. But Santal children are wonderful and, though we have a garden of flowers and vegetables, including tomatoes, not a child would touch a fruit. I have never seen other children just like them.

MY people started to come Christmas Eve and we had to hire a tent as even with the new buildings there is not room for all of them. The tent man was late in getting here and the nights now are bitterly cold, at least for those who are accustomed to and dressed for this climate. But we finally got them sheltered after a fashion while they huddled down in rice straw. Father Ed Scott and I were busy far into the night hearing confessions and then about a half hour before midnight James Hansdak and the others lighted rows of little earthen lights

placed in rows on top of the new buildings and also the Star of Bethlehem which Simon *misteri* (carpenter) had made of a kerosene tin, an old packing box and some heavy paper.

With the twinkling lights and two shadowy crosses above and the Star of Bethlehem softly glowing, there was a sight the like of which most of these people had never seen before and probably will not soon forget.

THERE were about two hundred Holy Communions at the midnight Mass, and most of the people remained for the two Masses which I said immediately after. Then they dispersed to their shelters, some to rest, some to sing Christmas hymns and thus try to drive out the cold. At break of day they had fires going to make tea to go with the *kajeri* (puffed rice, Indian style) and thus get a little warmth inside. Some one thought I looked cold and hungry, too, and brought me an earthen cup of tea, sweetened with *gur* and a handful of *kajeri*. It was not bad.

Father Scott said his three Masses after daybreak to give the late-comers a chance to get to con-

fession and Communion. The religious services closed with Benediction.

In the meanwhile, the main meal was being prepared. The preceding day they had asked me to go to two nearby villages, Jamua and Gangta, where they had purchased two half wild pigs. These animals are not easy to catch and dangerous when caught alive. So I took Father John Kilian's old ten-gauge shot gun, loaded with heavy shot, and cycled over.

WE got the pigs without too much trouble. I was more successful than two years ago when one wounded pig ran about twenty miles, tired out all our Santal catechists, and so exhausted some of them that they could not sing at the midnight Mass. But this year things went better and by dawn of Christmas morning the two porkers were ready to go into the pot, except the bristles which the enterprising James sold for about two rupees. They may come to America some day in brushes.

While the rice and pig *utu* (curry) bubbled, the young people danced and sang and the old ones visited and arranged marriages. Later, Father Scott gave prizes to the most able members of our village schools. By the time the short December day was drawing to a close and most of the merry-makers were well on their way homeward. A few remained to help clean up the debris, and we had a wedding the following morning, and thus, I hope, ended another little irregularity among our young people. It is hard to break them of their old pagan customs in regard to marriage.

THE people are tired after the celebration to say nothing of some of the Fathers. It is work and expense to arrange the Christmas celebration, but it is worth the trouble and expense. Our Christians are very scattered and Christmas and Easter are the two occasions during the year when we try to get a representative group from the whole mission together. I feel that it can hardly be overvalued as a means of uniting and strengthening the Catholics religiously and socially.

-and in Jamaica, too

John P. Deevy, S.J.

THE night was still, the shadows deep. Overhead the Southern Cross added its twinkle to a silver world. The young missionary sat in the shadow of the bougainvillea vine which lent a touch of tropical beauty to the weather-beaten porch, concealing its age. He was tired and in the mood for reminiscence.

His first Christmas in Jamaica! It was over and had been quite a day. It started the night before at about eight o'clock. Aubrey, his sexton, had told him to be sure to go down to the town and see the celebration.

MAIN street was a miniature boardwalk. The whole town was out promenading. Stalls had been set up along the sidewalks on both sides of the street. Old Colored ladies, their faces dark and shiny in the fitful glare of oil lamps, hawked their wares in cracked voices; dolls and monkeys and fire-crackers and sparklets. How did the spirit of the Fourth of July steal into the Christmas mood of an English colony? Here was an open charcoal fire with cashew nuts roasting; there was the peanut and popcorn man. Further along at the corner the omnipresent cart of ices and bright colored syrup was doing a rushing business. You could get a glassful for a penny. Some of the young fellows formed a chain gang swinging along, hands on shoulders, singing noisily. A gang of youngsters darted in and out of the crowd in a pack like wolves. To them the Roman collar was a magnet. Dirty, emaciated, bare-footed, they flocked around, "Fadder, me beg you a penny for ices." Poor things! Their kingdom for a penny. Soon, very soon, "Fadder's" pockets were empty of pennies and his promenade was over. Well, he must get back to the church and hear confessions and get ready for the Midnight Mass.

At five minutes to twelve Aubrey

rang the church bell, a last warning to all stragglers. No need tonight. As he vested he could hear the tell-tale rustle and stirring of a crowded church. A last lifting of his heart to God for the momentous event about to take place and he was at the altar. *Gloria in Excelsis Deo et in terra pax hominibus bonae voluntatis*. His people had good-will tonight and the children. My! how they sang. The volume of song ascended to the roof and broke in a sweet cascade of liquid notes. It seemed as if the Angels were actually joining in the song. Certainly human angels had a voice in it. For months the Sisters had been preparing for this moment. The results showed it, God bless them.

He thought of the poor imitation of a crib at one side of the altar. With a few bits of clay and straw and paper these good Sisters had tried to make the story of Bethlehem live once again for their pupils. Never mind, he would call God down from Heaven. He would take the Infant Babe in his priestly hands and place Him in the warm manger of these children's hearts. It was close in that crowded church but he didn't mind the heat or the sweat now. The Infant Babe would soon be cradled in his own heart too.

MASS over, his work was only one-third done. He left the church to Aubrey, packed his damp habit in his bag and hurried out to his car. There was another High Mass to sing at two-thirty at another mission station, twenty miles away. The night air was cool, too cool after the drenching he had taken at the first Mass. He pulled his coat up around his neck so that the Undertaker's Breeze wouldn't find any chinks in his armor. He didn't relish a cold or fever with the annual Garden Party in the offing.

The second Mass over, he was really tired. Well, he had a respite before the third Mass. That would



"And the light shineth in darkness: and the darkness did not comprehend it."

not come until tomorrow. Tomorrow! Why today was tomorrow. He threw himself on the bed in the sacristy and tried to snatch a few winks. Sleep, gentle sleep evaded him. It must be nerves. He would get up and read some Office. Just as he was finishing Matins, the noise of a band struck his ear. It was the Salvation Army. They were none too friendly and sometimes maliciously played near his church while he was preaching. Tonight they made him roar with laughter. With full cheeks they were blaring out "*Adeste Fideles*" at three o'clock in the morning! The tension left his tired body. He laughed himself to sleep. This was Christmas in the tropics.

EIGHT o'clock Christmas morning he was on the road again. This time he had only thirteen miles to go up into the hills but it was rough going. "Sun hot and day don't born yet," is a Jamaican way of saying, it's a hot day. The heat came right through the top of the car. Goats and (Turn to page 307)



In the Philippines—

Christmas Eve Is Ten Days Long

Edward J. Dunne, S.J.

CHRISTMAS in the Philippines. . . . How the mystery of Christ's coming among men has woven itself into the very warp and woof of the Filipino soul! To a stranger from the North, accustomed to look for ice and snow and the sound of midnight bells pealing out their glad tidings over the frosty air, this land of warm blue skies and December green fields seems strange indeed. One looks in vain for the holly and the ivy and the other greens that make up Christmas in the North. Here he must be content with huge masses of poinsettias growing outside his door and delicate greens from the thousand and one varieties of trees that are green all the year round.

But the spirit of Christ is there, and the coming of Christ in the stable at Bethlehem is commemorated in such a way that one becomes more and more aware of the fact that Christ came for all men.

PERHAPS the most noteworthy of the strange Christmas customs is the *Misa de Gallo* or Mass of the Cock. How strange and wonderful it is for us Americans to leave the newly decorated Christmas tree at eleven o'clock and walk through the quiet snow to attend the midnight Mass. Yet in the Philippines ten days before the



(Left) The cool dark, stone church is filled with people long before the dawn.

(Above) Bethlehem comes to life again at the touch of this imaginative people.

feast of Christmas, the midnight Masses have begun. In every town and village and *barrio* for the nine days preceding Christmas, a special Mass is said at the first crow of the cock, about three o'clock in the morning, whence the name the Mass of the Cock. One need scarcely be reminded in this green land to do his Christmas shopping early, for the preparations for the glad season simply do not let one forget.

You are scarcely asleep it seems, under the mosquito netting, when you are awakened by the beating of drums and the notes of a cornet. You turn over sleepily on your side and then the band begins to play. Perhaps they are way over on the other side of the town, but they will

soon be passing your house to make certain that every one in the village is awake in time for the *Misa de Gallo*. When you think they have gone for good, you suddenly hear them in front of the church on the town plaza. There is nothing for you to do, poor man of the North, but get up and make your way through the quiet streets to attend the *Misa de Gallo*.

THERE in the cool stone church, built centuries ago by the zeal of the missionary and the faith of the Filipinos, the altar is ablaze with lights and color, while the rest of the church is filled with the shadowy forms of the pious faithful who have left their beds to attend

this early Mass. Even on the first day every one is there, already looking forward with eager hearts to the coming of Christ, yet in the meantime not forgetting the daily miraculous coming of Christ upon our altars.

One would think the early morning noises would decrease about the fourth or fifth day of the novena, but instead of that the noise and bustle seems to increase as the young men of the village grow bolder and bolder. It is a wise thing, too, to have a stout lock on your chicken coop, or one or two of your precious *manoks* (chickens) will disappear. This is a custom legitimated by years of tradition.

SO off you go again in the early morning to the *Misa de Gallo*. On the eighth and ninth day, if you are not too sleepy, a walk through the village will reveal a hustle and bustle of quiet activity. The men of the village have cut down some of the tall bamboo trees and split them into long strips. These they fashion with ingenious fingers into stars, crosses and other shapes. The women now take over the frames and cover them with tissue paper of various colors, red, green, yellow and white.

When you wake on the last day to attend the early morning Mass the streets are no longer dark, for every little house has one or more of these lanterns, gleaming in the darkness and swaying in the gentle breeze of morning. The little village has become a softly lighted fairyland and you walk through streets that have the air of a fiesta about them.

THE Mass itself is more solemn than ever and the choir which has been improving daily outdoes itself on the last day. Needless to say, the band makes its share of noise and the poor cock if he should try to crow would make scant headway against the blare of the cornet and the ruffle of the drums.

Christmas eve is a wonderful day. The *Misa de Gallo* has made every one Christmas-minded, and all kinds of last minute preparations are going forward. Somewhere in the town, generally in the

town plaza near the church, the crib or *belen*, is erected. According to the size of the town and the wealth of the inhabitants, the *belen* is large or small. But every one of them is packed with all the dear figures so dear to our Northern hearts, from the beautiful Virgin and Child, down to the little dog that came with the shepherds to adore the Child.

IF you are a stranger in town it is well to have a stock of small presents. Almost anything will do, a picture postcard, or some holy pictures, or a stock of medals. Only make certain that you have at least one for everybody that comes to your door for the *Aguinaldo* or Christmas present. Christ, they say, gave Himself to us and, therefore, we should share in the giving, especially on His birthday. The children do not look for much on Christmas day, that will come later, for the night before the feast of the Magi, they will put their little shoes in the window and the Wise Men from the East will fill them to overflowing. But they expect some little thing on Christmas Day and they get it.

ONE old missionary tells the story of his first Christmas in the Philippines. Two young girls in his parish had faithfully attended the *Misa de Gallo* every day, walking more than two hours to be present at the Mass. On Christmas morning they had returned to their homes after Mass and did not return until late in the day. The missionary had dug deep into his stock of small presents and now they were exhausted completely. "At last," he said, "the last, last present has been given away."

But he was mistaken, for up the path to the house came the two young girls. They handed the Padre their *Aguinaldo* and waited to see what the Padre would give them. When he explained that he had given away absolutely everything he owned in the way of presents, they looked at (Turn to page 307)



Poinsettias spring up in rich red clumps like weeds along the side of the road.

"One looks in vain for holly and ivy and other greens that make up Christmas in the North."





columnist, founder and first rector of Bellarmine College, Tacoma, Washington, and served as Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS from 1927 to 1929.

CATHOLIC FEMININE PIONEERS. Twelve in number, the first graduates of the first Catholic college for women in the whole of China received their bachelor degrees from the Aurora College for Women, conducted by the Religious of the Sacred Heart in Shanghai. One of the graduates, Miss Mary Bono, was awarded a post-graduate scholarship at Loyola University, Chicago; another Miss Milly Ouang, expects to receive a scholarship from the Catholic School of Social Service, Washington, D.C. It is a significant fact and distinctly characteristic of the spirit of New China that these pioneer Chinese college girls began their higher studies to the accompaniment of exploding bombs and artillery fire.

SPRINGFIELD MISSION EXHIBIT. Under the auspices of His Excellency, Most Reverend Thomas M. O'Leary, D.D., Bishop of Springfield, Mass., an inspiring and extremely informative Catholic Church Mission Exhibit was held in the Springfield Auditorium from October 15 to 19. An average of six conferences and six mission films were presented each day by the members of the various missionary groups. Forty-six mission organizations had an unusual variety of mission exhibits. Much of the success of this Mission Exhibit must be attributed to that tireless and hidden worker, Reverend George J. Hurley, Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in the Springfield Diocese.

After the formal opening of the Exhibit with a procession and mission pageant, addresses were delivered by Rt. Reverend John P. Phelan, Vicar General of the Diocese, Rt. Reverend Thomas J. McDonnell, National Director of the Propagation of the Faith, and Very Reverend Richard Ackerman, C.S.Sp., National Director of the Holy Childhood Association.

THE CATHOLIC CHURCH EXTENSION SOCIETY has during the past year built 125 chapels in the United States, donated \$50,000 to home missionary bishops for the education of indigent students for the priesthood, subsidized 150 priests in poor mission districts with monthly grants of \$25 each, and distributed over 200,000 Mass stipends. Congratulations are due the Extension Society for its wonderful work for the Home Missions, and Most Reverend William D. O'Brien, the Society's President. Bishop O'Brien presided at the thirty-sixth annual meeting of the Extension Society.

THAT FIRST VOCATION. "The Dove" a Catholic Social Service League modelled on the Society of the Sisters of Social Service, founded in Budapest in 1908, was introduced into Shanghai several years ago by Reverend Stanislaus Fitzgerald, S.J. One of its first members, Miss Gladys Wai, is now Sister Candida of the Society of Sisters of Social Service in Los Angeles.

SULPICIAN TERCENTENARY. More than a hundred members of the hierarchy attended the ceremonies at St. Mary's Seminary, Baltimore, on November 10, 11, 12, marking the tercentenary of the Society of St. Sulpice and the one hundred and fiftieth anniversary of St. Mary's Seminary. Lest one feature of the grand work done by the Society of St. Sulpice be not sufficiently emphasized, it should be recalled that, though the Sulpician Fathers first came to this country as refugees from the French Revolution, they carried on as missionaries. The history of their first seventy-five years in America makes inspiring mission reading. The Sulpician Fathers helped largely in the foundation of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in America, and were most cooperative with Maryknoll's founder, Bishop Walsh, of happy memory, in developing the foreign mission spirit in the United States. May they continue this spirit now that treble the number of both home and foreign mission vocations must come from America.

GREAT MAN FOR GREAT CAUSE. Though given up for dead twenty years ago, and having been confined to his bed for a good portion of the intervening years, Father David P. McAstocker, S.J., volunteered for and has been appointed by His Excellency, Most Reverend Charles F. Budde, Bishop of San Diego, to the pastorate of Christ the King Church there to devote his entire time to the spiritual welfare of the Colored race. "Father Dave" now fifty-seven years of age, is the author of nearly a dozen popular books, a widely noted educator,

MARTYRED MISSIONARIES IN AMERICA. His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty of Philadelphia, has forwarded documents on the lives of 111 American martyred missionaries to His Eminence, Cardinal Carl Salotti, Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Rites in the hope that a postulator will soon be appointed to conduct the preliminary procedure of beatification. These documents were prepared by His Excellency, Most Reverend John M. Gannon, Bishop of Erie, Pa., and a committee of historians after two years of patient historical research. The total of 111 American martyrs is made up of 76 Franciscans, 15 Jesuits, 7 Dominicans, 4 diocesan priests, 1 Sulpician and 8 Indian laymen.

①

ABOUT ONE-FOURTH. Nearly one-fourth of the 18,000 male Catholic missionaries in the world are Jesuits; about one-fourth of all the 2,500 foreign missionaries from the United States are Jesuits; more than one-fourth of the 3,000 male Catholic missionaries in China are Jesuits; nearly one-fourth of all the Jesuits engaged exclusively in the external work of the Society of Jesus are missionaries.

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CHRISTIANITY AND CHINA'S LEADERS. On numerous occasions Generalissimo and Madame Chiang Kai-shek have praised the Catholic Church and her missionaries. The Generalissimo devoted an entire lecture to his officers exhorting them to imitate the devotion of Catholic missionaries. Madame Chiang has recently said: "The beginning of the Christian life is really a moral change, radical and permanent, effected in a supernatural manner, and commonly called a 'rebirth.' A change with respect to belief, a reform of life and manners, the adoption of a new mode of life under the Holy Ghost; such is this new Life from within." No lack of understanding here.

Preservation of Neophytes

THE DECEMBER MISSION INTENTION

● "*Feng chiao shih ch'ih chiao*"—"To enter religion is to eat that religion;" in other words, "you will only profess that 'foreign' religion as long as your belly remains full" was the cynical and devastating taunt that held back normal christianization in Yangchow, Kiangsu, China, for dozens of years.

This district of Yangchow, situated where the Grand Canal empties into the Yang-tze river has been recently confided to the care of the California Jesuits.

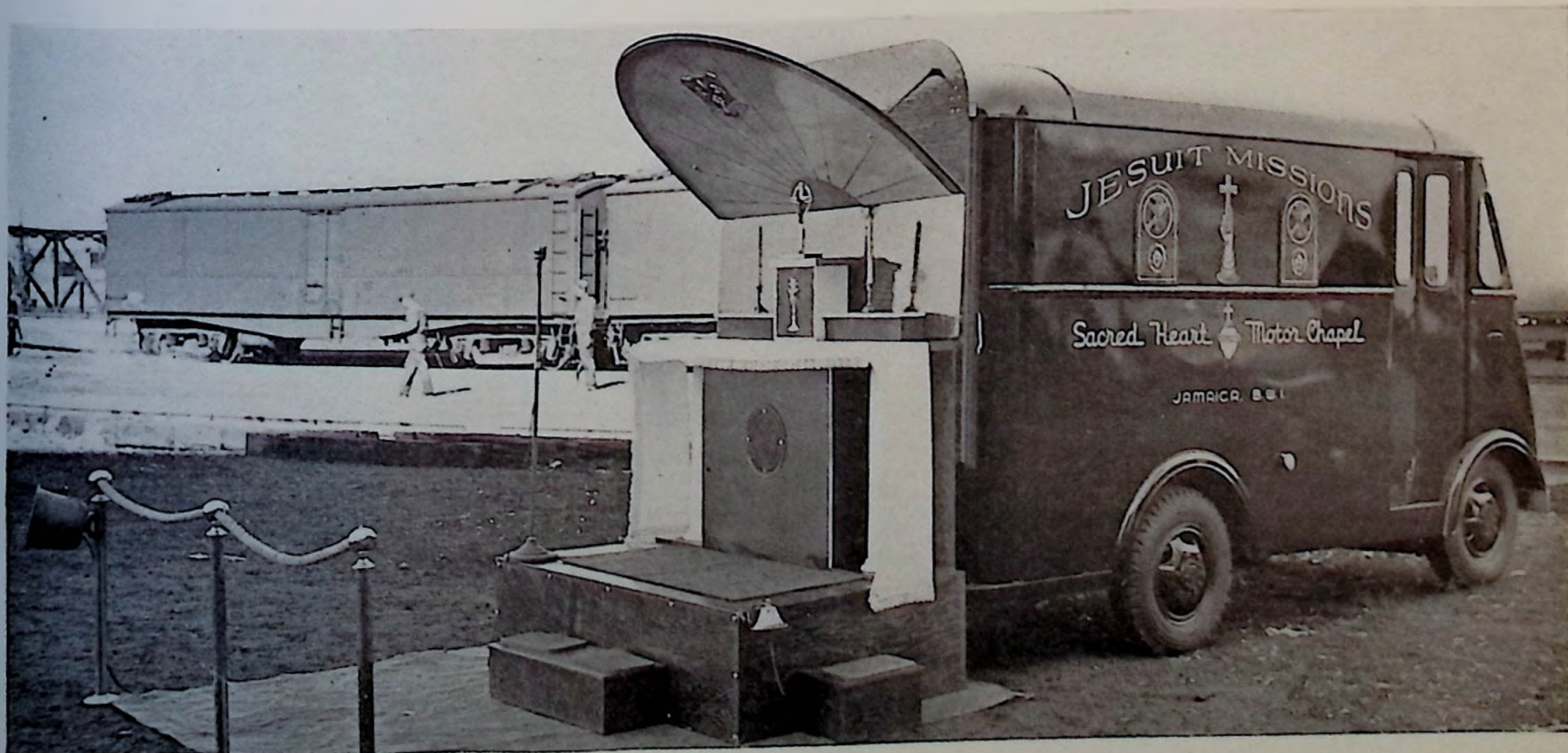
● During the past few years the Sino-Japanese "incident" has reduced once proud and Buddhistic Yangchow to the status of a degraded and vassal city. Here many Christian neophytes have been made. It is for the perseverance of such as these, for several hundred thousand more in China, and for the thousands upon thousands of other neophytes in India, Africa and other mission lands that Holy Mother the Church asks you to pray.

● Pray for these delicate blossoms surrounded by the almost choking thorns of superstition.

Pray for those young neophytes who, owing to the collapse of European mission alms and personnel, cannot be properly cared for.

Pray, for the end you have in view — perseverance of neophytes, but pray also for the means to that end — the trebling of mission vocations and mission aid from America.

● Missionaries sow, God gives the increase, but you, by your unified prayerful intercession for perseverance, must water daily these "new plants" of Catholicity, the neophytes of mission lands all over the world.



Completely equipped modern chapel car which will soon be cruising over the mountain roads of Jamaica in search of souls. Donated by the Public Works Building Mission Circle of Boston to Most Reverend Richard J. Cushing, Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, His Excellency graciously placed the car at the disposal of Very Reverend Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., Superior of Jamaica. Many Jamaicans in the remote districts will now have Mass.

Band of Six at Suchow

Roger Fortin, S.J.



THIS is a true story. The scene is Suchow College, China, several months ago.

Chang Tai-Yuan was one of my pupils. The son of a well-to-do silk merchant, he was a fine young lad of sixteen who had been a Catholic for two years. He was a very serious convert and during the holidays he served two Masses every day with remarkable devotion. Like several others, he enjoyed listening to the Chinese music of my little gramophone and used to come often to my room.

DURING one of these little gatherings he spoke to me about his conversion and the difficulties it had raised for him at home. His grandmother, a dyed-in-the-wool pagan, often heaped curses on him; on Fridays they tried to make him eat meat; in the springtime they all rose up against him because he refused to pour wine on the graves of his ancestors; and, finally, he suspected that they were arranging a marriage for him with a pagan girl. "But," he said to me with his pleasant smile, "it will all come out well; I have trusted my perseverance in the faith and my other intentions to the Blessed Virgin." Chang Tai-Yuan was a fervent Sodalist.

At the beginning of classes he met five boys whom he had known at primary school when he was still a pagan. Tai-Yuan took up with them and they became six inseparable

companions in studies and in games. Tai-Yuan, talented in science and mathematics, explained equations to Li Yu-Chin; Fan Pao-Hua and Wang Tsung-Yao brought their difficulties in English to Chao Hai-Tsun who had followed Father Laramée's summer course; and Ma Kai-Lung, son of a professor of literature, solved for his friends the enigma of Confucianist texts. They all went together to the same restaurant for their two *yutiao*, a kind of flat fried doughnut, which make up the whole lunch of the average Chinese. After classes they waited for each other and went on together to study or recreation.

ON Saturdays Tai-Yuan was well pleased to do something extra for the Blessed Virgin and he unhesitatingly sacrificed his basketball game to attend the Sodality meeting. On the first Saturday in October, Father Tchou, the Sodality Director and a great friend of Tai-Yuan, explained in his little sermon the motto "Be Apostles." For a small group of thirty Chinese sodalists in a pagan student body of one hundred and thirty, these words were laden with significance. They meant conquest in more ways than one.

Tai-Yuan meditated on the priest's words and then set for himself a stiff task, the conversion of his five friends. He thought out his attack. He must, of course, avoid clumsy blundering, but that

would not be hard for him. His Chinese bringing-up had prepared him well in the niceties of dealing with his fellow men. Above all, he must beware of indiscreet words which would widen the chasm instead of bridging it. But there remained one way—that of prayer. He offered his rosary each day, one decade for each of his five friends. To his prayers he did not forget to add the example of an irreproachable life.

BEFORE and after classes he used to make a short visit to the church. To his friends he would say smilingly, "Wait a minute! I am going to say Hello to my *Sheng Mou*." He was such a gay companion at all times that they did not in the least mind waiting for him. They imagined that *Sheng Mou*—Holy Mother—was something like the *Kuan Yin*—goddess of mercy—whom the Buddhists esteemed so much.

One day Tai-Yuan suggested to his friends that they assist, out of curiosity, at the weekly catechism class held by Father

(Left) Chang Tai-Yuan and his friends

(Above) A pagan friend

(Below)





...his rosary each day for his five
...when he was still a pagan.

...Christ never gives up in his cam-
...though things go against him.

...they waited for each other."



Chen, a Chinese priest who, like Father Tchou, had come to Suchow from the Vicariate of Paoting. "Father Chen," Tai-Yuan told them, "has a lot of interesting things to say about superstition." The friends agreed and they continued to go faithfully to the lectures for the rest of the term.

THE frantic last minute rush of preparation for the January examinations began and the boys were at their books morning and night. Tai-Yuan judged the moment favorable for a new advance. "If you come with me," he said to the five, "and kneel before my *Kuan Yin*, I am sure you will pass your examinations." Before study, his five pagan friends followed Tai-Yuan into the church to kneel before the statue of Our Lady. They did the same thing every day of the examination week. Their prayers were heard and all six passed with honors. Tai-Yuan thanked his Mother in Heaven for this favor and saw in it a sign of the Baptism of his friends.

But the *mo kui*, the devil, was watching. He did not like the way the game was going against him. "However," he told himself, "the second semester is going to be mine." It was easy for him to find a way. He introduced a black sheep into the little fold. Yu Po-Lang, twenty years of age, started to attend the college. One of the five, Ma Kai-Lung, a cousin of the newcomer, introduced him to the group, and everything was spoiled. They told him the story of how the examinations had succeeded, thanks to Tai-Yuan's Catholic *Kuan Yin*. But Po-Lang was a sophisticate, a man of the world, and that made him laugh—"A lot of superstition!"

HE made his influence felt on the younger boys. He stopped them from coming to my room. "Haven't the foreigners deceived us enough? Read your history. Do you have to go and flatten yourself out under these supervisors?" A spirit of defiance began to reign in recreation. I found that basketballs were being used up very quickly; many tennis balls were lost in the street and the football

rose boldly close to the windows of the main building. Po Lang spent a lot of time learning the dormitory regulations and on Sundays the five pagans followed him somewhere away from the college.

Tai-Yuan kept up his daily visits to the church and said his rosary every day. He exercised all his skill in combatting the evil influence of Po-Lang. He organized tennis games and basketball games to keep his friends away from the shady excursions sponsored by the older boy. But in spite of occasional victories, Tai-Yuan felt that he was losing ground.

ONE day the *mo kui* registered a decisive victory. It was over the Apologetics course. For the second semester the professor of Chinese literature introduced his free lessons on Mong-Tze at the same hour as the course on Christian Doctrine. The six friends started off together for Father Chen's class. Po-Lang saw them and began to ridicule them: "Go ahead to Jesus Christ, I'm going to Mong-Tze. Are you simple enough to think that our Mong-Tze is less wise for us than the foreigners' Christ?" Po-Lang was twenty, the others sixteen. They gave in before his attack and followed him. Tai-Yuan went on alone to the Doctrine class but his heart was bursting with chagrin. That evening he recited, as usual, his five decades of the rosary for his five friends,—and he added a sixth for Po-Lang.

MAY came, the month of Mary. Tai-Yuan had a long talk with the Blessed Virgin about his campaign. He decided on a new offensive for this month of his Mother. He knew that he was as highly thought of as ever by his friends, so everything was not lost.

We have a beautiful tradition at Suchow that every evening of the month of May the litanies are chanted to a poignant Chinese melody. On the first evening, Tai-Yuan poured out the invocations with all his heart; at the words, "*Shan Tao Chih Mou*"—Mother of Good Counsel—he stopped and prayed: "This month, my dear Mother, will (Turn to page 307)



The S.S. Sifton, named after the late John B. Sifton, S.J., is a model boat for the Yukon and the pride of St. Mary's Mission, Akulurak.

Built for the Yukon

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

TRAVEL over Alaska's barren wastes is still largely confined to sled in winter and boat in Summer. For mail delivery and long-distance hops, the airplane has long since been requisitioned. For us common folks here on the Yukon Delta, the dogs are as important as ever in Winter, and water lanes are the summer trails. The entire Yukon Delta is crisscrossed by sloughs and rivers. The Yukon, of course, is the main waterway and highway. At its mouth its wide girth resembles more an inland sea than a river. Given the proper wind direction, treacherous waves are stirred up. To travel consistently and safely on such channels a good sea-faring shallow-draft boat is a treasure that many want, but few possess.

For the past thirty years St. Mary's Mission has experimented with many boats of various sizes and shapes. Some were good for shallow waters, others for deeper channels. We have never been able to combine both features.

Father Edmund Anable, S.J., and

Brothers Alfred Murphy, S.J., and George Feltes, S.J., put their heads together and for two years did much planning and drafting. Finally, a model boat was achieved which we thought would fit the mission work of fishing, rafting, and freighting. Let us pause here a moment while I explain what this means.

FIRST of all, our fishing is done forty-five miles from the Mission proper. Last year we filled thirty-two tierces (800 pounds each) and smoked and dried twenty-eight thousand fish. To empty wheels and carry this amount of fish to the Mission, a fair-sized boat is needed and one that can make a speedy trip without the fish spoiling on the way.

Rafting also involves a lot of work and travel. Wood is assembled into huge rafts along the Yukon and then towed sometimes as high as two hundred miles to the Mission. Fourteen stoves burn a lot of wood during nine long months of winter and drift wood keeps the "home fires a burning."

Freighting also is no small task. We must go ninety miles to the Upper Yukon to haul our freight and get our mail. All in all, we figure that our boat goes between three and four thousand miles a year. We consider it moreover the most important piece of equipment on the Mission. It is our life line.

TO handle the above mentioned work properly, we decided that the boat was to be sixty feet long and fourteen feet at its widest beam. A counterbalanced raising propeller and rudder was to smooth the boat over shallow water. Plans were finally sent to boat architects in Seattle who recommended an 83 H.P. Gray Marine Diesel which they said would give about a seven and a half mile per hour upstream.

I need not tell you that building a boat in Northern Alaska is quite different from boat building in Seattle. You can easily imagine how detailed our order had to be down to the last plank of lumber, and to the last bolt of hardware. What we didn't have on hand we knew that we would have to make out of old iron and steel laying around the Mission. Luckily we are blessed with an acetylene torch, a forge and a lathe. With this very useful equipment and the genius of Brothers Murphy and Feltes we bravely started ahead.

WITH two expert carpenters, old Mission boys, we went steadily on during the long Winter months of 1940 and 1941. Summer would be short and Spring would be shorter still, so we prepared ribs and frame in a knock-down manner. As time went on we found many things that were missing. We actually had to send our dog-team on a three-hundred mile round trip to St. Michael's to get needed parts that missed the last boat up river. Our little transmitter was set to work broadcasting our wants, and in true Alaskan style, pipe-fittings and other necessities were rounded up all over the Seward Peninsula. Alaska is now covered with a huge network of amateur radio. Mission friends heard of our wants and even went so far as to prepay airplane mail on needed (Turn to page 307)



Falchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

An Accident

The following letter from a missionary in India written to a friend who was injured in a fall, expresses far better than any words of ours the real message of Christmas. We quote it in full:

Dear Tom,

The last letter from the folks brought the news of your accident. Tough break, old man. Even a cat dropping sixty feet and landing on asphalt would yield up one of his nine lives. Consider yourself lucky to come out of it with a couple of smashed ankles. And just a few months before Christmas too. Pretty rough when I recall Christmas at your house. Of course, the nurses will do their best to make you forget the hospital on that day, but four white walls, a bed and a bunch of pain can't be disguised too well.

Santa Claus

You were always generous, Tom. When we banged around together, money burned holes in your pockets. At Christmas time you were a regular Santa Claus, cluttering up the front room with toys. I loved to drop into your house just to watch your glow of satisfaction at the shouts and joy of the kids. Your spending orgy was a success because your gifts made them happy. Because you are so generous, my idea of a real Christmas will appeal to you. So hear me out. This thought came to me the other night. We had gathered together to celebrate the silver jubilee of a veteran on the missions. The toastmaster's closing words impressed me. He said: "I wish to congratulate a man who for the past twenty-five years has devoted his life to the missions,

who is always putting into life and never taking out."

Gifts and Gifts

We often miss the real point of Christmas. We begin at the bottom and work up the scale. This old missionary began at the top, with life. The most precious gift we have is life itself. The other things we wrap up so carefully may cost a few dollars and may make us feel good at the pleasure of our friends but what about the Christ Child? It is His birthday. What gift have we set aside for Him? The chances are we never even give it a thought. That remark made me realize that there are gifts and gifts. And the nearer the gift is to our own person, the more precious it is. It is not the amount of money that clinks across the counter but the amount of ourselves that goes into the gift. You remember that Mrs. Johnson in the old neighborhood, who sacrificed the sight of one of her own eyes that her baby might have normal sight. That was a precious gift both in the eyes of the world and in the eyes of God. A gift to be worthwhile must somehow be part of ourselves.

Christ's Gift

The gift which Christ offers us on His birthday is Himself, His own Life. It is a mystery of divine love and condescension. The Son of Mary! See how tiny He looks in the manger. His little hand could hardly curl around your little finger. Mary, His Mother wouldn't let us touch Him because we might drop her Baby and that feeble life would be snuffed out before the will of God was accomplished. So small He is and yet that Life will redeem

men and remove the sting of death brooding over the world since Adam's sin. This was His gift to us, His Life that all men might live forever.

Be Like Him

Perhaps you surmise now why I am perfectly happy and will enjoy this Christmas out here in India. We missionaries are like Him in our own little way. To be sure it's a poor exchange of gifts. Yet Christ wants our weakness united to His strength to complete the glory of His life amongst men. The Word was made flesh because men sorely needed Him. You'll need Him this Christmas, Tom, because from now until Christmas and then some, you'll have pain for a bed-fellow. It will be very much a part of you. Don't try to fight it. The secret is to receive it, to welcome it with open arms. Save it all up and give it to Christ for His birthday.

Pain a Gift!

Pain is a wonderful gift in the eyes of God if accepted and offered to Him as part of yourself, part of your life. That will be the Christmas present you're going to give Mary's Son this year. Never mind about the green wrapper or the red ribbon or the sprig of holly. Just gather up all that pain, wrap it up in the love of your heart. You'll find it's a pretty expensive present before you're through, but remember it's all for Him. Don't try to take one bit of it back. Who knows, perhaps for this suggestion the Christ Child will grant me a few hours of your pain to save souls out here in India. As ever,

Bill

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



The high school team at the Indian Residential School, packs a mean shot on a hockey rink.

Santa Came Late

Daniel Hannin, S.J.

IT was the 27th of December and Santa Claus had not yet arrived at the Indian Residential School, Spanish, Ontario. The recreation hall was alive with the spirit of Christmas. Two Christmas trees with their twinkling lights, streamers of red and green, garlands of ground spruce, a stage set in winter dress, and 132 red-skinned sons of the white north awaited the arrival of the cheery old chap with the long white whiskers.

As supper ended and the bell tinkled its signal for prayer the recreation master read a telegram: "I will be here at eight o'clock tonight. Love to the boys. Santa Claus." The dining room trembled, the pictures on the wall shook, the decorations danced as a yell burst forth from over a hundred throats.

THE clock struck eight, the bell rang, venerable Fathers and Brothers, sturdy workmen and excited boys seated themselves in the hall. The air was filled with queries, "Father, how will Santa Claus come this year?" "What will he bring me?" "I asked him for a big car and a knife?" The spirit of Christmas pervaded every inch of the hall, the excitement was intense for this was the night of nights, the long

awaited evening. Listen to them—John Wagosh (Fox) is talking to Henry Penassie (Bird). "Two years ago Santa came in an airship, last year he came by dog sleigh. Sure! He drove his dogs right up onto the stage." All eyes are turned to the front, all ears catch every word. It is another telegram. "I am only ten miles away but the snow is very deep. Santa." The chattering starts again but stops when the third telegram arrives. "Sorry, boys, the snow is too deep. Cannot come tonight. Santa." A cry of despair arises from a hundred lips, the Prefect on the stage tries to look desolate and holds up his hand. "Well boys, I think we better go to bed." "Oh no Father! No!" comes the answering echo. The Prefect is adamant and out of the hall, up the stairs, slowly, slowly go the little feet.

ONE of the Fathers pleads with the Prefect. "Let them go out and play for a little while. I have a number of firecrackers which they can set off in the snow." With seeming reluctance, the Prefect agrees and then, well clothed, armed with fire-crackers, the boys go out into the yard. The fireworks begin to bang, the showers of col-

ored sparks fall on the white snow, a spot-light on the school roof casts its light around the yard. Never was such a weird scene, red faces gleamed as the bright light circled round, black hair glistened in the rain of colored sparks.

The spotlight ceases to circle the yard. It now shines on the road outside the school. What is that gigantic object? "Look! Look!" The boys rush to the school gates. Slowly down the road, the light shining on it, comes a monstrous sleigh drawn by two reindeer and driven,—driven by Santa Claus. The shout that came forth from those husky throats must have made the stars laugh. "Back. Back boys. Let Santa Claus come in." The old man whipped up his reindeer, they raced into the school, pranced around the yard, going about twenty miles an hour, and after them was a living stream of boys, from Big Orsawamic to Little Rice.

THE sleigh stops. Santa Claus stands up. "All you boys go into the recreation hall and then I'll come in." There is no need to urge them, there are no stragglers. The Prefect has planned a hearty welcome for the redcoated gentleman. He lines up the boys two by two, each has a handful of confetti and a devil bomb. Amid explosions and a colored barrage, Santa makes his way to the stage. Who is Santa Claus? The boys soon discover. "It is the cook."

Now comes the most important act of the night, the distribution of the presents. Eight little dwarfs fill the stage with boxes before the bulging eyes of Indian boys. The Fathers and Brothers receive their gifts, then Santa dips into one of the big boxes. "Jimmy Wabigigib." Up rushes Jimmy, thanks Santa and goes back to his place. The box is opened, the candies and fruit are put into his pockets, the toys are examined, the balloon blown up, the horn allowed to shriek. This happens to a hundred and thirty boys, a hundred and thirty horns are blowing at once, a thousand questions are asked, a thousand comparisons made. The shrill sound of mechanical toys running on a cement floor, (Turn to page 307)



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES



THE NEW ORDER

- From a batch of Chinese letters we glean the following on mission happenings in China:
- The New Order in East Asia now requires that missionaries remove their shoes and socks when they are being searched. With trains and even less humble modes of conveyance becoming more scarce, fifty mile bike rides through the fields and fifteen mile tramps through the mud are ordinary inconveniences for the missionaries.
- The Chinese are certainly quick to learn, for they now carry a box of homing pigeons on top of their busses. When the bus stalls, they release one carrier to fly back to the point of departure for help, another to the terminal with a message "our coming is not being accomplished."
- Occupied China has been divided into three zones of confusion: North, Central and South. It is a veritable madhouse trying to get from one district to another. Sometimes to go twenty miles south you have to walk fifteen miles north to have your picture taken for a pass that may be "frozen" by the time you get back.

SHINING IN DARKNESS

- In Shanghai a certain non-Catholic grew so accustomed to the sight of his friend turning into the driveway of Christ the King Church every morning for Mass, that he offered to and did erect a gatehouse with a neon

light over it in memory of this faithful church-goer.

- The big accomplishment of Father Wilfred LeSage, S.J., in his Tertianship, was the sale of a Japanese pedigreed bull, owned by the Spanish Jesuits, to the U. S. Navy.

CALIFORNIA DIPLOMAT

- Father Mark Falvey, S.J., is noted for dozens of miles around for his medical ability and his *hao hao ti t'ang* or hard candy. His town possesses a rare specimen—a lisping Chinese; still rarer, is the fact that in this "neutral" town, the leading family has one member the County Supervisor—a Communist, and another the District Manager—appointed by the Japanese. To the Communists, Father Falvey is an American, even though he is a priest; to the Japanese, he is a priest, even though he is an American. More important than his diplomatic skill, Father Falvey has sent his first native vocation to the seminary.

CATHOLIC REVIEW

- About eight years ago, Jean Armstrong, an Australian newspaper woman, stopped off in Shanghai on her way back from a pilgrimage to Xavier's shrine in Goa, where she was suddenly cured, and started Shanghai's first Catholic news review. After eight years of pioneering and persevering effort, she and her husband have turned it over to the American Jesuits in Shanghai. Fathers James F. Kearney, S.J.,

and John K. Lipman, S.J., are the Editor and Managing Editor respectively.

MUKLUK HUNT

- Well known to our readers because of his splendid pen pictures of Alaskan life is Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., who has just been transferred from Akulurak to Kotzebue above the Arctic Circle. On his way up to his new post, Father O'Connor stopped in to see Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., at Hamilton. He writes:
- "The monotony of Eskimo life was broken last night by the appearance of a huge mukluk (seal) in mid-Yukon. In the twinkling of an eye five kayaks and three kickers were pushed out for the hunt. These mukluks can stay under water about ten minutes and during that time they cover almost a mile. The hunters' trick is to tire the mukluk—should they shoot him he sinks at once and is lost. He must be speared with a spear that is connected with a string and floater. His position is then found and in a half wounded condition, he is captured. This mukluk had the Eskimos guessing for almost two hours—he finally tired of his long swims under water and was finally speared. The carcass is judiciously divided according to time honored customs of the chase."
- A letter from Father John P. Fox, S.J., of Hooper Bay, reports a similar chase at his Mission. After all the men of the village had engaged in the chase and



William S. O'Leary, S.J., one of the new arrivals in China from the California Province, immediately makes himself at home with the children of Peiping.

spears were flying fast, the seal was finally caught and turned out to be a baby one, only twenty inches long.

BLOW IN BELIZE

• A hurricane striking British Honduras is always news, at least, to the inhabitants of Belize who remember the devastating wind and tidal wave of 1931. Letters from missionaries have been filled with the news of a recent Fall hurricane. However, it turned out to be something of a dud, despite the earlier reports from airplane pilots and boat captains that the whole town of Stann Creek had been wiped out. **Very Reverend Marvin M. O'Connor, S.J.**, Superior of the Mission, hurried to Stann Creek immediately but found that there was no loss of life, although considerable property damage which will keep the missionaries and the inhabitants going for some time putting back tin roofs and trying to straighten out partly blown over houses.

GREAT MISSIONARY

• From St. Josephs' Mission, Culdesac, Idaho, **Father Aloysius G. Willebrand, S.J.**, tells about the celebration of the Golden Jubilee of the veteran missionary, **Father Emil Boll, S.J.** Among those present were Bish-

op Kelly of Boise and Very Reverend William G. Elliott, S.J., Provincial of the Oregon Province. Despite his seventy years, Father Boll is still an active missionary.

CEDAR FACE GOES HOME

• "A few Sundays ago," writes **Father Joseph A. Zimmerman, S.J.**, of Holy Rosary Mission, Pine Ridge, South Dakota, "when I returned from the Bad Lands, sixty miles out, after hearing over sixty confessions, saying two Masses, giving two sermons and two Benedictions, and bringing Holy Communion to three sick persons, I found a note in my mail box reading: 'Cedar Face wants the last sacraments.' As it was five o'clock I was rather tired and sleepy, I figured that I would stay at home until after supper, then something told me, 'What if he should die without the sacraments?'"

• "I filled my gas tank and hurried fifteen miles to the Wounded Knee District. Had I delayed my coming, Old Cedar Face would not have received Viaticum. Within an hour he was dead. In the early days of the Mission, this old Indian had many times gone through wild storms and over dangerous trails to accompany the priests on sick calls. God will never allow Himself to be outdone in generosity."

FIRST MASS AT TIKALAAAN

• Recently **Father Edward J. Wasil, S.J.**, of Talakag, Bukidnon, P. I., said the first Mass that was ever celebrated in the *barrios* of Tikalaan and in San Antonio. The Protestants were supposed to be very strong in San Antonio but the reaction of the people to the Padre's visit seems to indicate that the Minister was merely tolerated. Before long Father Wasil expects to have a chapel there. The land has been donated and the people will gather the materials from the forest and do most of the work.

• The *barrio* of Tikalaan is thirty-four kilometers distant from

Talakag and the round trip took two days. The trail was very steep and slippery and led across a very deep river which was forded by riding a bamboo raft and swimming the five horses that were used on the trip. Two generous showers made it all good clean fun. The fruit of the trip was fourteen Baptisms and a new catechetical center established. Many more wanted to be baptized but Father Wasil stopped with the infants and let the others wait until his return when he hopes to find them with some knowledge of the faith.

SALAY PUSHES AHEAD

• "We expect to make this a banner year," writes **Edward J. O'Byrne, S.J.**, from Salay, Oriental Misamis, P. I. "While we have no parish school, we expect to push forward as much as we can the catechism work for all the children in all the public schools in our parish. We shall have well over 2,000 children to provide for. It pays to give all the attention possible to them



Travel these days in China is a real missionary headache. Here's John J. Gordon, S.J., of the California Province, patiently waiting for a train which is bound not to arrive. Pretty soon he'll get up and walk wearily to his destination.

because it is through the children we can regularly contact the people. Last year we had about 500 First Communions among the school children, and we won't have less this year, I am sure.

- "My living in Salay naturally make things better for all the people; already marriages have picked up fifty per cent. We have six marriages a month now whereas before we had only about four a month. Baptisms, too, this year are away ahead of last year when I had to attend this place from Balingasag; we have about 60 Baptisms a month now. Sick calls are not what they should be yet as the people are not used to calling the priest. Good old Uncle Sam hasn't helped us a bit by the licensing of crops from the Philippines; he has cut the price of coconut in half, and coconut is our one paying crop here."

RETREAT PROBLEM

- Every Jesuit has to make an eight day retreat annually. Father Richard A. Drea, S.J., writing from Spanish Town, tells us how they do it in Jamaica.
- "Father Francis Gilday, S.J., is going away for retreat today, and is the arrangement a complicated one! Father Edward Scollen, S.J., leaves Holy Cross and gets here within the next hour and I go with him in his car to Mandeville. Father Joseph LeRoy, S.J., leaves Seafordtown and meets us at Mandeville. Father Francis Deevy, S.J., takes the Seafordtown Ford and goes back there for his retreat—Father Scollen stays at Mandeville and I take Father LeRoy to Spanish Town and Father Gilday goes on from here to Kingston and makes his retreat at Holy Cross—complicated . . . yes, but it solves the retreat for all of them.
- "Father Joseph Dooley, S.J., is living at High Gate until he can make arrangements satisfactory for a residence at Annotto Bay . . . Father Edward O'Keefe, S.J., is filling in at Morant Bay just now. Father Thomas O'La-

lor, S.J., is teaching in the Prep with Father Joseph Krim, S.J."

EPIDEMICS IN PATNA

- Late rains and bad crops seem to be causing quite a bit of famine and cholera epidemics in Patna Mission, according to letters from missionaries. Father Frank Welz-miller, S.J., reports that in his province there were over a thousand reported deaths in one week and he estimates that there were an equal number not reported. "I spent two weeks in a village where sixty had died before I arrived," he writes. "However, medicine and nursing kept deaths to almost nil when we got going. Tuberculosis, cholera, smallpox, dysentery and in some places plague take a large toll yearly among the ill-fed poor. The rains have been six weeks late this year and with prices high and a poor crop in prospect, it looks like even harder times."

AND THE RAIN FELL

- Father John A. Morrison, S.J., reports that in his district of the Santal Parganas, everybody was praying for rain. When he and his pony, Oscar, went out on a call the prayers for rain were suddenly answered, while missionary and pony were crossing a stretch of open country. "Oscar wouldn't head into the blast for shelter. In fact, when it got real hard, he wanted to bolt. Hill rivers rise and fall fast and my carriers had to bring the Mass box and other things across the Daroo River with water almost up to their armpits, but we all got back in with nothing more than a good wetting."

WHAT'S IN A NAME?

- Mr. Andrew Abejo, S.J., of Novaliches, P. I., finds a few startling twists in native names:
- "Name, please." *Melipa* sounds innocent enough but it is nevertheless unfamiliar. The sponsor is asked where the parents got the name. "You see, Father," the sponsor explains, "the child's



Father Edward J. Wasil, S.J., pastor of Talakag, depends upon this wiry little Filipino horse to take him over the rough roads of the Bukidnon hills.

father is *Melecio* and the mother is *Paz*. Besides, Father, the mother is thrifty and the father is hardworking. In order, therefore, to get a name which would express their affection, and perhaps effect a combination of their virtues, the parents agreed to take the first syllable of the father's name and the first two letters of the mother's name. And, Father, since the child is a baby girl, the name has to end in an 'a.' Hence, the '*Melipa*.'" Had the child been a boy, the name might have been *Pamel*!

FATHER DEOSEF LUCAS!


- Novel names are drawn from almost anything. *Socony* (gasoline) suggested *Soconita*. But the list would be endless!
- An anecdote is told about this fancy-name business. A boy was asked to spell his name which sounded strange. He rattled off: D-E-O-S-E-F. A fast objection was fired: "That is no Christian name! That is Russian!" Laconically, the boy answered, "How about Father Deosef Lucas?"

GIFTS, GIFTS, GIFTS . . .

No wonder! Man has always tried to be like God. In feeble imitation of the divine, human hearts expand at Christmastime.

All Christmas gifts glow in borrowed light, be it from the Tree or Crib. What lends them value is the little bit of Heaven they conjure up.

Measurements are sordid at Christmastime. True, beside God's twofold gift of "the Child and Mary, His Mother" our gifts are but tinsel. Implications, conscious or otherwise, make for their enduring worth.



All human love must be wrapped in gifts, symbolic of ourselves. So God, the Giver par excellence, asks gifts from man—fruits of the earth, fruits of his industry.

Hardest of all to give is health. Yet, God has asked this gift of 10,000 lepers cared for by American Jesuit Missionaries. 'Tisn't life He asks—but a living death, long years of loneliness.

For the faithful Jews, long were the centuries of waiting for God's gift of Himself. Equally slow will drag the twenty, thirty or forty years of wretched misery that await the leper children pictured here. For leprosy does not kill!



Years ago our heart was seared by the shrill, parched plea of a leper lad as he sang—

*Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
What do I ask of thee?
I do not sigh for the joys of earth,
For the pleasures that fade and flee.
But, Mother of Christ, Mother of Christ,
This do I ask of Thee,
The bliss untold which thine arms enfold,
The treasure upon thy knee.*

To keep fixed that faith in the Great Gift death will bring to the world's outcasts, we beg your help. Material comforts, too, practically all, must come from the missionary.

Have pity, at least you whom God has blessed with health and surrounded with a home, have pity on those denied these.

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COMMUNICATIONS

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

Semper Fidelis

To the Editor:

Enclosed find \$1.00 for renewal of my subscription to the JESUIT MISSIONS magazine. I promised St. Francis Xavier in a Novena I made about fifteen years ago that I would take the magazine as long as my Father kept the job he obtained through the Novena.
Kansas City, Mo. Mary Boden.

Pleasant and Pathetic

To the Editor:

Am forwarding the subscription for JESUIT MISSIONS. I was hesitating about renewing it but I think I should miss it very much now. I look forward to its arrival with eagerness as also do the friends to whom it is passed on.

Formerly, I posted used New Zealand stamps to one of your Mission Bureaus, but their exportation is forbidden during the duration of the war. Poor missionaries everywhere are undergoing much suffering from dearth of funds. Even in our own Pacific Isles, there is starvation and want. I trust God will inspire generous souls to help all your wonderful mission centers, and I ask a kind remembrance in your prayers.

Sacred Heart Convent, M. Gerard.
Wanganui, N. Z.

"... of Sainly Memory"

To the Editor:

Enclosed please find a money order for one dollar (\$1.00) as an offering to Jesuit Missions in thanksgiving for an intention received through the intercession of Pope Pius X.

Would you please publish this thanks in your "Communication Column."
S. J. M.

Schooled in Sacrifice

To the Editor:

Your notice that our fees for JESUIT MISSIONS are due reached us yesterday. To show our good will, we shall answer promptly.

Although there are many calls for our pennies for war purposes, we cannot let the missionaries down. It simply means giving up candy and gum. What's the use of buying gum? It only lands in the

waste basket (if Sister catches us chewing). It would be a shame if we could not give up our little pleasures when you give up home, country and even your lives for poor pagans. We trust that people will be generous with prayers and coins.

God bless the missionaries and their work.
Grades Fifth and Sixth, St. Mary's School.
Owen Sound, Canada.

Another Apostolate

To the Editor:

I am enclosing this five dollars which I promised in honor of St. Francis Xavier for a great favor received. The time of his novena last March I prayed to him for the conversion of my boss who was very sick at the time. In fact he never was baptized. He got sick around Christmas and I asked him if he would like to become a Catholic and he said he didn't know and was putting it off from time to time. I prayed to St. Francis as I knew he was the patron of converts. So thank God he was baptized the 19th of April and I was his godmother. So, dear Father, won't you remember him in your prayers that God will give him the grace to live up to it. He is a man about 65 and isn't able to go out. He is nervous and cannot learn many prayers. So say a little prayer for him that God will strengthen his faith and lead him on to a happy eternity. Also say a little prayer for me.
N. C.

Philadelphia, Pa.

Sympathy Encourages

To the Editor:

Enclosed you will find \$1.00 for a subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS magazine. Also \$1.00 to be sent to any mission you choose. They all make my heart ache so—I wish I had many dollars to send you. God grant that regularly I may send you a little donation.
Brooklyn, N. Y. Mr. W. T. L.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Are the Best Sign of a Paper's Vitality
The Correspondence Page of
THE CATHOLIC HERALD
Is Famous

In a single recent issue our correspondents included the following:

Richard O'Sullivan, K.C.; R. R. Stokes, M.P.; The Duke of Bedford; Philip G. Fothergill, Ph.D., Lecturer in Durham University; Dr. Halliday Sutherland; A. C. F. Beales, Lecturer in London University.

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A group of smiling Santal boys interrupt their game to listen to Father William R. Hussey, S.J. Santal shepherds still use bow and arrow to guard their flocks.

The Leper's Angel

William R. Hussey, S.J.

“**Y**OU are as proud as a peacock and as stubborn as a bullock,” Jerome’s mother used to tell him when he was moody. He knew she was right. He was proud. Not that he had ever achieved anything to justify that pride. It was simply in his blood. As far back as he could remember he had heard over and over again the glories of his race. His ancestors had been brave warriors. With steel-pointed arrows they had conquered man and beast to assure for their progeny the independence every aboriginal loves. Jerome, too, was a Santal. That is why he was proud. His stubbornness he excused on the pretext that he was a boy, not a girl. Girls should do what others command. But a boy in India has his rights.

Jerome was his mother’s favorite because, in a mother’s way, she could recognize sterling qualities beneath his more evident defects. There was thoroughness in his work. When he consented to do a thing it was always done well. More praiseworthy was his devotion to the sick. Even as a child he seemed to understand the helplessness of those who were ill. He never needed coaxing to do his bit to ease their

sufferings. Then he was all heart.

One evening as he entered the courtyard after a day in the jungle with his bullocks and goats he was alarmed by the unusual quiet. There was always excitement at sundown. His mother and sisters would be hustling about preparing the evening meal; his father and brother cleaning their ploughs or sharpening tools. Instead, there was a group of men, among them his father and brother, in solemn huddle. Hurrying the animals to their shelter he overheard a sentence or two. “Yes, she was a good woman.” “It will be hard on the children.” Turning back towards the house he saw anxious-faced women moving about a bed on the verandah. A sudden chill scurried up his spine. Something had happened to his mother!

SHE died that night. While picking matkom blossoms she had fallen from a tree. Excited companions hurriedly carried her home. Their efforts to prolong life were all in vain. Her agony of pain was mercifully over. Jerome had lost his mother and friend.

Events moved quickly. A few days later Jerome and his younger

brother were packed off to the mission school. He still felt the loss of his mother but his grief was smothered under the demands of school routine. Occasionally he became moody and stubborn. When called to task he remembered his mother’s chastening words: “You are as proud as a peacock and as stubborn as a bullock.” There were times when strong measures had to be taken, but punishments were always tempered with kindness. No one could forget his devoted care of the sick. When his younger brother was down with malarial fever or was struggling against pneumonia, Jerome never left his side. With the ease of an experienced nurse he gave medicines at the appointed time, fed him with maternal affection and nursed him back to health. Not only his brother shared his attentions. Other boys, too, learned to appreciate the services of Jerome.

AS a reward for his excellent record he was promoted to the job of mail boy. It entailed the sacrifice of many a game of football, and Jerome enjoyed his games, but it carried with it the coveted privilege of riding a bicycle. He often went out of his way to circle the playground before heading west to the post office, just to let the other boys envy his skill in maneuvering the cycle. It tickled his pride and Jerome was still as “proud as a peacock.”

Soon after he was entrusted with a mission of mercy. On the road to the post office was a leper woman recently discovered by the Father in charge of the district. She was alone and abandoned, often without food. Jerome was to bring her a daily supply of rice. Each day when he stopped his cycle near the Tamarind tree, the leper raised herself to greet him. With chattering teeth she blessed her “guardian angel” as he poured the rice into the rag she held in her shaking hands. They always had a few words together before he resumed his journey to the nearby bazaar where the post office stood.

Day after day for many a month the “guardian angel” stopped off at that Tamarind tree. Sometimes, during the full (*Turn to page 308*)

"Viva la Virgen"

Albert F. Grau, S.J.

river procession began to chant a native hymn to Our Lady.

AS the *bancas*,—hundreds of them—passed by, the watchers on the shore began the Rosary. From one side of the river came "Dios Te Salve, Maria . . ." The last *Gloria* of the Rosary was just being recited when the climax of the river procession was reached. The *Pagoda de Nuestra Senora* came into view, and all the people on the shore knelt down.

The pagoda was a huge bamboo raft, brilliantly lit with candles and decorated with flowers. In the center of it, the famed statue of the Virgin of Peñafrancia was enthroned. Around the throne knelt Father Yllana, custodian of the statue, and a company of the diocesan clergy. Behind the throne, three stalwart oarsmen plied long bamboo poles. Clinging to the side of the raft, were dozens of swimmers who preferred to show their devotion by staying in the water. Now and then the raft would lurch precariously as one of these kicked off to swim.

SLOWLY and majestically, the pagoda passed by. After a few minutes, it was out of sight. One by one, the watchers along the shore arose from their knees and left the river bank. Soon all was quiet once more along the river, and all was dark, save where a lone candle or two flickered spasmodically in the occasional breeze.

It was a beautiful sight, this river procession in honor of Our Lady of Peñafrancia, and Our Lady must surely love these simple folk who, each year in September, hold it in her honor. The devotion to Our Lady of Peñafrancia goes back a long time, and has its origin across the seas. On the outskirts of Naga, home of the new Ateneo de Naga School, is the shrine to the Virgin of Peñafrancia. This shrine is a replica of one located in France.

The story of the original Peñafrancia shrine runs something like this: Our Lady appeared to the servant of a Spanish monk, and told him to look for her statue buried in Peñafrancia, a little village in France. (Turn to page 308)



Year after year the people of Naga, P. I., hold this river procession in honor of Our Lady of Peñafrancia. On this day the whole town of Naga is in festive mood.

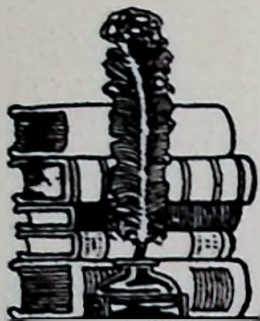
Attention!—"Information Please." What town in the Philippines is the scene of an article which appeared in this magazine several months ago entitled: "Philippine Boom School, Ateneo de Naga"? What town is the home of the Ateneo de Naga, now the largest Jesuit High School in the Orient? What town each year has a procession on the river in honor of Our Blessed Mother? (Clue: The answer to all these questions is the same, and will be found in the article below.)

THE September night was quiet with the solemn stillness of prayer. Below us, the black waters of the Bicol River swirled silently along their course. Along both sides of the river, myriad candle lights flickered, and were reflected in the darkling waters below. Now and then a slight breeze would steal timidly through the trees, and the huge banana leaves would sway as if impatient of the long watch. We had been waiting a long time. Suddenly, from the down river distance, there came a sound of repeated thudding. The

first *bancas* were coming. The watchers on both sides of the river stirred into expectant attention.

SOON the *bancas*,—long, slender, hollowed-out tree trunks,—came into view. Ten to twelve men sat in each, silently paddling. These passed, then silence fell once more, but not for long. Soon more *bancas* slipped into sight. And to their dull thudding as they bumped together, was added the sound of voices. "Viva la Virgen!" was the cry of the leading boats, and as if in echo, the boats behind answered, "Viva la Virgen!"

The procession proper was now coming into view. It moved slowly, for the *bancas* were tied together, prow and stern. Louder and louder grew the ejaculations of the boatmen, and as the first boats stopped and the whole river in front of us became temporarily cluttered, the watchers on the shore added their cries to those of the men on the river. Here and there, an athletic zealot, impatient of the procession's progress, leaped from his boat and began to swim ahead. The *bancas* began to move again, and the entire



NEW BOOKS



The Jesuits in History Martin P. Harney, S. J.

After writing this book, the author could well have put his pen down with a satisfied sigh and echoed the words of the poet Horace, "*Exegi monumentum.*" To give a complete historical study of the Society of Jesus through four centuries is a monumental task. This the author does and compresses the whole history into about four hundred and fifty pages. For that reason this book is an excellent reference book for every library. It is practically an encyclopedia of historical facts which up to the present have been scattered piece meal through many volumes and libraries. Of necessity, the treatment of person, places, events and movements had to be brief, yet it is clear, objective, dispassionate, authoritative, and drawn from sound unimpeachable sources.

The opening chapters consider the special need of the times which called forth this new Religious Order in the Church, the personality of its founder, St. Ignatius, and his first companions. The spirit which inspired them is found in a consideration of the Spiritual Exercises and the Constitutions of the new Society of Jesus. For the greater glory of God these giants of the heroic age rushed to the defense of the Church in her abandonment. These intrepid sons of Loyola stopped the seemingly unconquerable advance of Protestantism and fired the hearts of Catholics with new loyalty to the Holy See. Neither friend nor enemy could resist these men of God, tireless in labor, gifted in talents, beautiful in character.

In the darkest hour of persecution and disintegration this new Company of Jesus fought mightily for the preservation of the Faith in all Europe and turned back the tide of Protestantism. Then came the period of consolidation and expansion. All the Princes were begging Ignatius for men. Jesuit schools, colleges, universities, sprang up almost overnight. Pulpit, classroom, street corner and Church Councils echoed to their stirring words.

Not content with Europe, the sons of Ignatius looked for new worlds to conquer. They found them in India, China, Japan, Africa, America. Wherever the explorers went in quest of gold they went searching for souls. "River by river, canyon by canyon, tribe by tribe" they penetrated into the heart of heathendom. Always the march went on East, West, North, South, to spread the Kingdom of Christ. All this was not

accomplished without tremendous opposition and storms both within and without the Church. Hatred and envy dogged its steps and grew and grew, finally bringing about the suppression of the Society of Jesus.

The end apparently had come, but no, a brave remnant of that brave Company survived in White Russia. There was a "Second Spring" and all the painful rebuilding on the ashes of what had been. But the phenomenal growth of the new Society especially in North and South America manifested the same indomitable spirit of the old. The author closes his magnificent apologia of the Society with some interesting appendices and charts and a first class bibliography. There is a very pleasing and delicate touch in his dedication of this opus to his brother, Father James Harney, S. J., who returned to his mission post in Jamaica, B.W.I., just as this book came off the Press.

America Press, New York, N. Y., \$4.00.

Greater than the Great Mogul Richard A. Welfe, S.J.

Under the magic of a colorful pen the ancient city of Goa and the citadel of the Great Mogul rise from the dust, sparkling once more with all the glorious splendor and enchantment of the fabulous East. Into this setting steps a young Jesuit of noble lineage whose military forebears fought against the Turk and shared in the victory at Lepanto. Rudolph Acquaviva, S.J., came to the Great Mogul not with the sword but with the Cross of Christ. With heroic courage he confounded the pagan priests of Mohammed in their own stronghold. He won the affection and admiration of Akbar as he pleaded before him the cause of Christ, but that was all. Sadly Acquaviva after three years, left the Great Mogul who was still his friend and protector but not a convert to the faith. A short time later, Acquaviva was put to death with four other companions in the city of Cuncolin. So desirous was he of martyrdom that he turned back the collar of his cassock as the flashing scimitar descended upon him. His life was not in vain, for it paved the way for later missions into northern India. Today American missionaries are establishing there the Kingdom of Heaven amid the ruins of the decayed empire of the Great Mogul. The story is very well done and the page illustration the best of its kind that we have seen.

Light of The East Series, Catholic Press, Ranchi, India \$1.00.

Wonder-World of The Soul A Sister of Notre Dame (DeNamur)

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—AND IN JAMAICA, TOO . . .

(Continued from page 289)

chickens flew from under his front wheels. The last turn and there was the house of his Baptist friend.

This house wasn't quite as bad as Bethlehem. Well, at least Christ finds room in a Jamaica Inn for the sum of five shillings. It was odd to say Christmas Mass in the front room of a Baptist's house but there was no other place either large enough or central enough for his little flock. Besides the Baptist's daughter was a good organist and gave her services free. In time he hoped they would have their own church.

At last the third Mass was over. Weary, wet and hungry, he started back to his main station and a bite to eat. A shower and a change of clothes and a substantial breakfast and dinner in one made him feel like new. He spent the rest of the afternoon and early evening checking up on last minute details for the Garden Party. Then came Benediction. Before he knew it night had swept down from the hills, leaving him alone with his thoughts in the friendly shadow of the bougainvillea vine.

He missed the White Christmas at home. The pine and spruce mantled in fresh snow and gleaming with a thousand jewels in the early morning sun, the whole world fresh and clean as when as a youngster he had peered through the banister to see what Santa Claus had left him. And the laughter and cheer of that family circle, how he cherished it! Well, there was no White Christmas here, no Santa, no trimmings, only the great reality which makes Christmas what it is, the birthday of Christ. A glow of satisfaction and peace stole over him. He had brought the heart of Christmas to his people, namely, Christ Himself Who still comes down from Heaven to strengthen and nourish men of good will.

A white clad figure came up the walk. It was Aubrey. "Good evening, Aubrey." "Ah, Fadder, I didn't see you in the darkness. Here are the keys of the church. I just locked up. Christmas come and gone for another year." "Aubrey, how would you like to see a White Christmas?" "But Jamaica is always green and beautiful, Fadder." "Aubrey, what Jamaica needs is a good snow storm." "Maybe, Fadder him sick for home tonight?" "Maybe, Aubrey, Goodnight." "Goodnight, Fadder."

The young missionary stood up. A noise at his elbow caught his attention. He smiled. It was only Jiminy Crickets, a friendly little lizard who had taken over the old victrola on the porch. Now he stood at the opening of his new home and gazed curiously at the priest talking to himself. The young missionary was whispering a brief goodnight to His Master, Who swung the Southern Cross overhead and gave His peace to a weary world.

WHERE CHRISTMAS EVE IS TEN DAYS LONG

(Continued from page 291)

him in astonishment and tears started in their eyes. Touched by their grief and disappointment, he excused himself and went back to his room to have one last look. There on a shelf in his room were his comb and brush. When he returned to the two girls he solemnly handed one the comb and the other the brush. Now tears of joy welled up in their eyes and smiles stole over their dark faces, as they thanked him. One would think that he had given them presents made of gold instead of a second-hand comb and brush.

"What made you part with your comb and brush?" he was asked.

"It must have been the simple faith that the *Misa de Gallo* stirs in their hearts," he said, "and after all, Christ gave everything to us."

So, when next you think of Christmas, and the shop windows and the newspapers are reminding you of its commercial aspect, pause a moment and refresh yourself. Refresh yourself with the thought of a land far across the southern seas, where the sun always shines and the cold winds of winter never blow. Where the Babe of Bethlehem is a living reality to the dark-skinned inhabitants. Where His coming is heralded for days by the Mass of the Cock, and His spirit is shown in the universal giving of the *Aguinaldo*. Where Bethlehem and its dear familiar figures are given room in the hearts of the people. Where every house shows a lantern to guide the Blessed Virgin and Joseph and the children wait for the coming of the Magi. Where a band of music bids welcome to the Infant Savior, and hearts are bright and happy at the thought of His coming. Above all, where His daily coming upon our altars is not forgotten, in the rush and bustle that precede our Northern Christmas.

BAND OF SIX AT SUCHOW

(Continued from page 295)

we be victorious?" It seemed to him that he heard this reply: "Let them come themselves and sing my praises. I shall speak to their hearts."

As long as Po-Lang controlled the little group it would be ill-advised to propose the chanting of the litanies in the same way as the prayers had been suggested at examination time. But Our Lady knew that the opportunity would come. In the spring of every year, Po-Lang was subject to malaria. His annual attack came and the five friends were left entirely to Tai-Yuan.

"Come along with me and sing the litanies before my *Kuan Yin*. You'll hear something beautiful; it is Chinese music."

Quite willingly the five followed him to the evening devotions. The church was in darkness; the only lights were on the altar and on the statue of Our

Lady. The seminarians and the Catholic students, singing alternate verses, seemed to be striving to outdo each other in fervor. The good pagans were captivated by the scene. What Our Lady said to them, we do not know. But she did speak to them. For from then on, Tai-Yuan's *Kuan Yin* became for them as for their friend, simply *Sheng Mou*, Holy Mother.

Were they converted? When I left they had not taken the great step. I hand them over to you who read this. Perhaps there is nothing lacking but your prayers. Tai-Yuan is doing his part well, it remains for you to do yours. To the most fervent, I give Po-Lang.

SANTA CAME LATE

(Continued from page 298)

the sound of Popeye dancing, tiny machine-guns sparking, all blend with the exclamations of joy.

Sleep comes to weary little heads, and now they trudge up the stairs, treasures under their arms, to dream of Santa and his sleigh. The Prefect goes from bed to bed, examining, praising each gift. The lights go out and the Prefect makes his final round to ensure himself that each boy is well covered for the night is cold. You, my reader, should go with him, and you would be moved to tears. Little Indian boys, who never knew the joys of Christmas at home, where homes are poorer than the poorest white, lie curled up in dreams and in their arms is a car, a train, their present. Slowly down the aisle of beds you go, adjusting a cover kicked off in sleep, pulling back a blanket to prevent a little lad from smothering, and you see a sight that brings a prayer to your lips. There lies little Wagosh (Fox); clutched in his arms is a teddy bear. The little face is wreathed in smiles for this is his first real Christmas. You will thank the Babe of Bethlehem that He has taken the pain, and left us all the joys.

(N.B. Santa Claus' sleigh was a frame, covered with cardboard and painted red. It was about fifteen feet long. It was placed over an old Ford touring car, completely covering it, leaving a narrow slit in the front for the driver's vision. To the front of the sleigh was attached a long yoke with two cardboard reindeers about three feet tall. These went up and down with the rhythm of the car. The whole float was very realistic and a complete surprise to the boys.)

BUILT FOR THE YUKON

(Continued from page 296)

fittings. As Spring drew to an end and Summer began we had as high as twenty men working on the boat at the same time. Many of these men had missed their more lucrative muskrat hunt just to see that we got the boat ready for our fishing season. To the amazement of old Yukon boatmen we finally slide the boat down our ways in record time. The run of

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king salmon had begun but so had the new boat. It was solemnly christened the *Sifton* after a grand old missionary who died last winter. Up to the Akulurak fishing camp it purred at fifteen hundred revolutions—not making a mere seven and a half miles per hour, but ten. The counterbalanced raising propeller and rudders worked like a charm and automatically raised as hidden sandbars were scraped but passed over with ease.

We actually crawled over eighteen inches of water and have since gone out on the Bering Sea and weathered the huge rollers that sweep down from the Arctic and the Siberian coast.

A shrewd old trader had a few years ago built a similar boat, but not so speedy or efficient. He thought he had a bargain with a cost of eighteen thousand dollars. I need not say that our little Mission battleship built along the same dimensions cost only a third of that.

One of the Brothers is almost constantly on the go during our short Summers, preparing for our long Winters. We have the assurance now that he is not endangering the lives of his men every time he goes out in the stormy waters of the Lower Yukon. We are also happy to state that the *SS. Sifton* goes faster on less oil than the weather-beaten ol' *Treca* which stood up so valiantly against thirteen years of hard Mission usage. Here's hoping that the new boat will double the life of the old.

THE LEPERS' ANGEL

(Continued from page 304)

rainy season, when the dirt road became a sea of mud, the leper's good friend would be late. Eventually, he arrived, his clothes dripping wet, but with the rice safely concealed in a water-proof bag. If at other times the leper was grateful, on occasions like this her gratitude was beyond expression. Mumbling blessings and counseling him to hurry home she bade the boy god-speed.

Death released the leper from her misery and suffering, but Jerome did not forget her. About a year later he made a startling discovery. He, too, was a leper. Consternation gradually developed into resentment. Was this the reward for his faithful service? He realized that he had not contracted the dread disease from the poor human wreck under the Tamarind tree, but he must blame someone so she became the vic-

tim. He retired into his mood, but he wasn't proud now—just stubborn, "as stubborn as a bullock." He sullenly refused to be treated. To spite the world he would die a miserable leper. But self-pity is no antidote and the disease steadily progressed. Then Jerome yielded to reason. He gladly entered a hospital where his disease could be treated and eventually cured. He often talks of his mother and complacently quotes her maternal reproof. How surprised she would be to see Jerome, no longer as proud as a peacock nor quite as stubborn as a bullock. He smiles when he recalls the leper under the Tamarind tree. Perhaps this was her blessing.

"VIVA LA VIRGEN"

(Continued from page 305)

The servant, after many difficulties, came to Peñafrancia, but sought in vain for the statue. Finally, he lay down in a cave to rest, and while he was sleeping, he heard a voice telling him to dig below the spot where he was lying, and when he would have found the statue, he was to build a shrine there.

The servant awoke, and after much digging found the statue. Later the shrine was built. A devotion to Our Lady under the title, "Virgin of Peñafrancia" sprang up, and when the Spanish Friars came to Naga, they brought with them this devotion. A replica of the original shrine was built on the outskirts of Naga, and as the years went on, the devotion in Naga developed characteristics of its own.

Nine days before the feast day of the Virgin of Peñafrancia in September, the statue of the Virgin is brought in solemn procession by way of the main road, from its shrine to the Cathedral in Naga. Thousands of people from all over the surrounding provinces participate. When the procession has arrived at the Cathedral, it is placed on a pedestal on the main altar. Amidst the blare of bugles and the roll of drums, Monsignor Penilla, Vicar-General of Bicolandia, places a small gold crown upon the head of the Virgin. Then begins a novena which ends on the feast day itself.

The feast is a day of festivity for all of Naga. Bands go about the streets, firecrackers are shot off, people sing and visit as "open house" is the custom for the day. In the evening, the final procession is formed at the Cathedral. With joyful solemnity the statue is placed on a huge pedestal which is carried by a dozen men. One smiles when he sees the struggle for this honor. The lucky men place the pedestal on their shoulders, and those who were not chosen, place their hands on the shoulders of the dozen lucky bearers to have, at least by proxy, a share in the carrying.

Slowly, the procession moves down the street toward the river. There, below the town bridge, wait a hundred or more *bancas*, ready to escort the statue back by way of the river, to its shrine at Peñafrancia. When all is arranged, and

the statue is transferred from the street to the pagoda, the procession begins its solemn journey along the river.

Frequently, Our Lady of Peñafrancia has manifested her pleasure for the devotion by granting special favors to her devotees. Among other favors granted, a lame child has been apparently cured, and a mother unable to deliver her child, delivered the baby a few moments after a mantle from the statue was placed on her. Miracles? I do not know; but surely, Our Lady must love these Bicolanos for their simple and fervent devotion to her. May she, whom they escort along the river to her shrine, escort these beloved children of Hers along their journey to her in Heaven!

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"A LITTLE CHILD SHALL LEAD THEM"

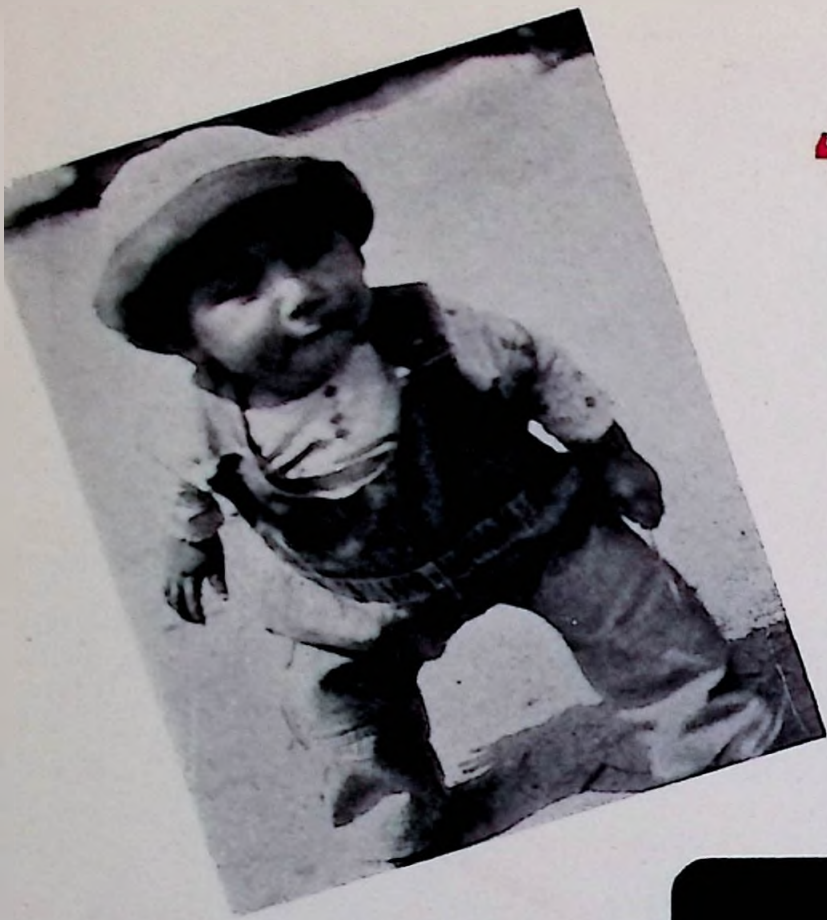
Is. 11:6

To win anew the fickle hearts of His spoiled, wayward children, God would become a Child.

Through limpid Baby eyes would glow His love. A Child's delicate, expansive embrace would bring comforting assurance of friendship eternal.

Childlike qualities, too, mark his first human heralds Shepherds.

Ever, must this divine paradox chant. For "the foolish things of the world hath God chosen that may confound the wise; and weak things of the earth hath chosen that he may confound the strong."



When their elders were to reject his Child's future claims, "out of the mouths of infants" would come cognition.

Such, also, is the story today. Where devilish inventions keep adults the mission lands from "going over Bethlehem," the children come in haste and understand "the words spoken to them concerning this

Last year saw 26,253 children in parochial schools and 11,191 children prepared for first Holy Communion in the Missions cared for by the 619 American Jesuit Missionaries.

By interesting others in JESUIT MISSIONS you can hasten the day countless others will find "the Child with Mary, His Mother" and falling down adore Him.

"A LITTLE CHILD IS BORN TO US"

Is. 9:6

