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December, 1942

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mas" and little of what has long been associated with their Christmases.
But, whether in the frozen north or the haunting deserts or the lush
tropics, they will find a world of good will. In Mr. Willkie's words this
is, above all, due to the unselfish work of American missionaries.

All of our 619 American Jesuit Missionaries (save those interned in
the Philippines) have remained at their posts. Revenue to keep their
increased work going has fallen off. In gratitude for all that these mis-
sionaries have done, directly and indirectly, for our boys and as a power-
ful prayer that may easily win God's favor for the speedy return of
"peace on earth to men of good will" we appeal for a Christmas gift for
Christ and His Missionaries.



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With the fervent prayer for the increase in "glory to God" and the return of
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JESUIT MISSIONS

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

DECEMBER

1942

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

CONTRIBUTORS

■ A little over a year ago Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., of the Oregon Province, moved into Kotzebue, Alaska, as resident missionary. He now describes one way to spend (A First Christmas on the Rim of the World).



Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.

in the Missouri Province.

■ Taken for a Mohammedan in Baghdad, where he has been teaching for the past three years, Mr. George F. Hoyt, S.J. ("Let Us Go Over to Bethlehem"), matriculated from Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., in the New England Province.

■ Father Arthur A. Weiss, S.J., from Union City, New Jersey, now Associate Editor of Jesuit Missions, taught Teodoro Arvisu (The Fighting Jesuit Novice on Bataan) when he was an honor student at the Ateneo de Manila, Philippine Islands.

■ Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J. (Betty the Beautiful), of the Chicago Province, is the tallest man on the Patna Mission in India.

■ Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J. (They Come Bringing Gifts the World Over), formerly from Somerville, Mass., taught at Holy Cross College, Worcester, Mass., is now pastor of Holy Cross, Halfway Tree, Jamaica, B.W.I. He returned to Jamaica a year ago.

■ Mr. Francis K. Wallace, S.J. (Jungle Sick Call), finishing his philosophy course at St. Louis U., over a year ago was assigned to St. John's College, Belize, British Honduras.



Francis K. Wallace, S.J.

■ Mr. Joseph A. Wyss, S.J. (Wellpinit Rejoices), of the Oregon Province, is studying philosophy at Mount St. Michael's, Spokane, Washington.

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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—These Africans are not working on a gun emplacement for the American Expeditionary Force, but are digging a road to their new Catholic Church in the interior of the Dark Continent. The landing of American Forces in North Africa, however, may be of great importance to them and to their hard-working missionaries. Africa is the most prolific in conversions of all the Church's mission fields. Last year the White Fathers alone brought 200,000 Africans into the Church. May this glorious work continue to prosper.

More War

for the

MISSIONS

But the Outlook this Christmas Shows Definite Improvement

- THE SECOND FRONT IN AFRICA.
- BOTH HAVE ACTED MAGNIFICENTLY.
- THE MISSIONARIES SEND YOU CHRISTMAS GREETINGS.

IT seems fairly evident, now, that this World War, unlike the last one, will be fought and won in mission countries. Since Pearl Harbor, of course, it has been clear that the major battles in our fight against Japan would take place in the Orient or Alaska. But now the momentous decision of the Allies to open the Second Front in Africa, instead of in Europe, has placed even the European theatre of war operations in a non-Christian area. The war-spotlight is definitely fixed on the so-called mission countries.

What does this mean as far as the missions are concerned? It means obviously more war for the missions, more destruction of mission property, more bloodshed, more confusion, more hardships for the missionaries and their people. But it means something else, too, something good, which shines hopefully through the smoke of battle.

This mission-ward trend of the war may bring an end to hostilities more quickly than we expected a month ago. The Allied position against Hitler has been tremendously improved by the offensive in Africa. Moreover, complete success in this campaign will also make it possible for us not only to keep the Japanese out of India but to promote a vigorous offensive against them through China. A complete Allied victory is nearer today than any time since the war got under way. We can see it as a possibility and this is definitely hopeful not only for us, as Americans, but for the world missions of the Church.

A more immediate hope than this is the likelihood that Allied control of all of Africa may bring about a continuance of the most astonishing mission movement of modern times. Before the war began, Africa led all mission countries in the number of yearly conversions.

In 1939 the people of the Dark Continent were entering the Church at the rate of 400,000 a year. Hostilities stopped much of this, but the return of order, even though it be a military order, will be of great assistance in continuing this immense harvest.

So the mission-ward movement of battle may mean more war for the missions, but it also may mean more souls for Christ.

Last year just before we entered the Christmas season, Pearl Harbor and Manila were bombed and the tempo of war began to move furiously in the Orient. We lost the Philippines, the most important outpost of Christianity in the Far East, and the Japanese overran other mission countries and seriously threatened India, Ceylon and Alaska.

The outlook for the missions was desperate. Yet, on the part of our missionaries there was no retreat, no discouragement. They behaved magnificently. Of our 250 Jesuit missionaries in the Philippines, only two were obliged to leave, both as military chaplains. In China, Ceylon, India, Baghdad and elsewhere, they remained at their post to a man and they are still there.

You, their friends at home, remained loyal to them. You did not lose hope. As a matter of fact, you worked, prayed and gave, even more generously during this crisis. You, also, have behaved magnificently.

Christmas this year finds the whole outlook for the missions completely improved. The danger, it is true, has not entirely passed, but as we wish you a happy and holy Christmas this year for ourselves and from our missionaries it is with hearts that are much lighter than they were a year ago. We thank God for our loyal friends. May the new born Babe bless you abundantly.

JESUIT MISSIONS

A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Associate Editors: JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.; JOHN J. O'FARRELL, S.J.; ARTHUR A. WEISS, S.J.; JOHN E. REARDON, S.J.; EDWARD A. McNAMARA, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; PAUL BRENNAN, S.J.; HENRI BÉCHARD, S.J.

Business Editor: WILLIAM F. MASTERTON, S.J.

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(Left) These smiling little rascals keep the lone missionary from talking to himself. (Below) "Eskimo lassies decked out in their best waited on table."



A First Christmas on the Rim of the World

Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

MY first Christmas above the rim of the Arctic will ever be a memorable one. During the month of December we had three fifty-mile gales. One a month is generally looked upon as ample by any considerate weather man, but three in succession gave even the stoic Eskimo the jitters. My little Arctic shack, though buried in the snow, creaked and swayed on its beams. The roar of the wind through the chimney sounded like the wail of a lost soul. When this keeps up day and night even unmusical nerves get jangled.

I had been so busy stoking stoves, melting ice for water, and shoveling snow that I had almost forgotten about Christmas. Children, though, are the same the world over and it would take something more than an Arctic blizzard to push the thought of Christmas from their minds. They forcibly brought the matter to my attention. "Father, the Quakers have already given Christmas pieces to their children.

Are we going to have a Christmas play?"

I immediately set to work adapting a Christmas play to Eskimo minds. I must not disappoint my children. If it were not for these bland, smiling, little rascals, I really believe that the lone missionary would start talking to himself. The people, too, are greatly interested in a Christmas program and it was up to me to do my best. I might remark here that I have seldom come in contact with a congregation so devoted to their pastor. What's more, they are not afraid to show it.

PERHAPS it is because that in the past the so-called "Friends" have been extremely unfriendly to the Catholic priest. They even laughed when Fathers Delon and Walsh crashed here ten years ago. But if the Quakers have gone out of their way to show ill feeling, the Catholic families have made up for this by an intense interest and re-

spect. Of late, the disrespect of the local opposition has gradually been displaced by a little Christian forbearance.

The weather had been so bad that a trip to the hills could not be made for a Christmas tree. Finally, one stalwart Eskimo determined to brave the elements at all costs and get a tree. He left the village with a long string of fifteen dogs. The snow was deep and the wind cutting. There is only about two dim hours of light these days, so our musher left in early morning darkness and must return in darkness. In the meantime I had a score of children decorating our little church and hall. Wood was being burned up at a terrific rate—it was windy and thirty below—some good soul please remember that wood costs me fifteen dollars a cord.

EVENING came and I was still trying to assort tangled Christmas decorations that had seen better days. One of the boys who had heard the dogs above the roar of the storm gave a yell and rushed to the door. There stood fifteen dogs the



(Left) One stalwart Eskimo with his string of dogs braved the elements to find a Christmas tree. (Below) The church at Kotzebue. The boys in the foreground are not waiting for Santa Claus but digging an air-raid shelter.

snow imbedded deep in their skin, but all wagging their tails. How wonderfully built for the country they are. There also stood our musher with his foot on the brake, a veritable snowman, but proud of his achievement. He had brought not one tree but three! At last we had a tree for our play and two for the crib!

Our crib was a lowly affair—as indeed our whole surroundings are—and as a matter of fact the first crib must have been in the lowly stable of Bethlehem. Well, with the aid of a package of pins and a box of tacks we finally got the decorations hanging somehow. I secretly thought it was a mess, but the Eskimo children and the people at large thought it was just grand. A rickety stage was erected at a dollar fifty a board. (I shall pay sometime), but it was worth it.

CHRISTMAS eve the storm grew worse—it was a forty-five mile gale now—but our Catholics came to a man. The play came off fine—the children had been submitted to a good grilling by the pastor for giggling during the dress rehearsal! At the last scene—an endeavor to bring before the minds of the Eskimo the true significance of Bethlehem in vivid reality—the Infant Jesus, a local Eskimo babe, began to scream in grand style. Leave it to the Eskimo—they took the cries of the babe as natural as the cries of any baby, and went right on with the play. I later asked some what they thought of the baby crying. They remarked very naively that perhaps the Infant Saviour also cried just after He was born. There was no answer to that.

As the end of the play drew very near, I looked around for the man who was to play our Santa Claus. He alone of all was missing. The storm had gained in ferocity and he was probably lost in a drift—or



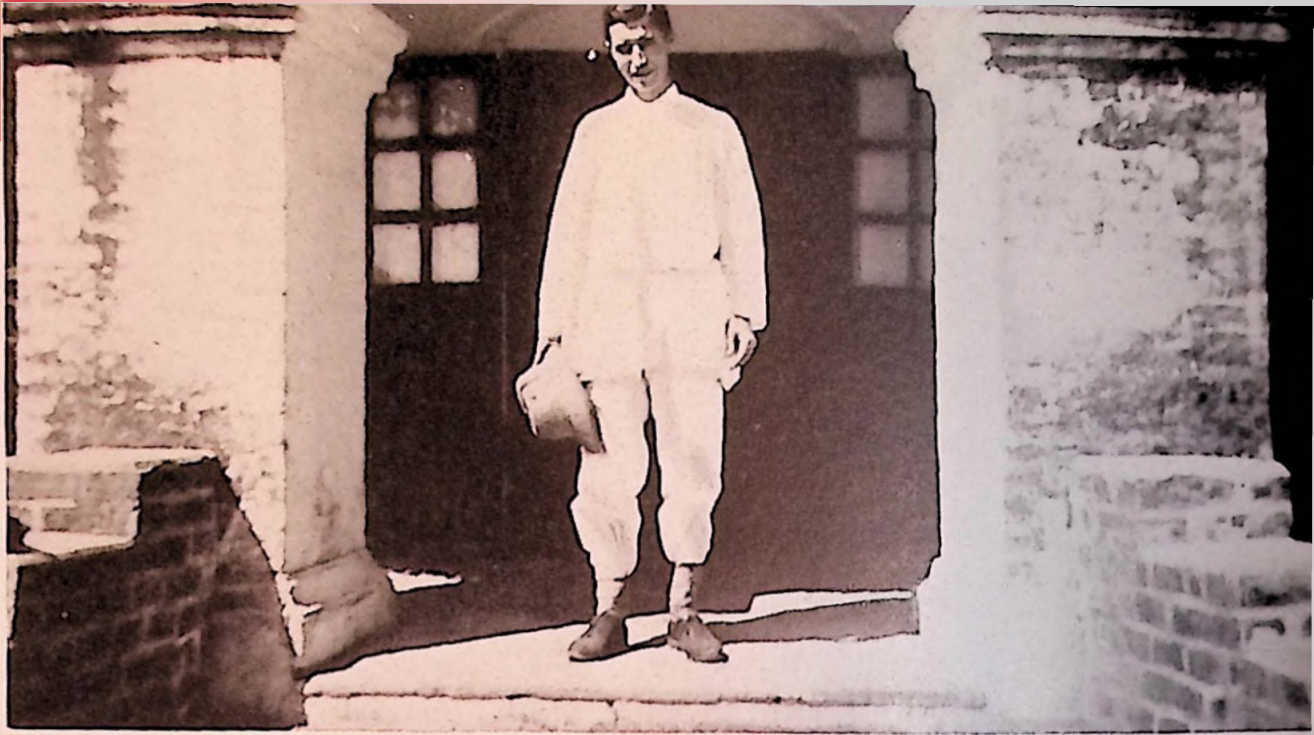
requisitioned at the last moment to mind a baby. I was frantic—babies somehow had put me on edge. I hastily improvised another Santa—who, to our easily pleased audience—actually turned out quite well.

INCIDENTALLY, we have the excellent custom here of bringing all the presents of all the Catholics to the church hall. It is impossible for each family to have a tree on account of the smallness and poverty of their dwellings—anyway, the Eskimos like a crowd. It thus happened that presents filled one whole corner of the hall. Small sleds, mukluks, and whatnot, of Eskimo apparel all piled high in wild disorder. While names were deciphered, pop-corn, candy and an orange were distributed to one and all. Amid guttural exclamations of approval the presents were finally distributed. Even the pastor was remembered and given a finely stitched pair of Eskimo slippers, nice reindeer mukluks and, imagine

of all things, a whole case of eggs—no mean gift in the Arctic.

Midnight finally came and all tramped into church to celebrate midnight Mass. A High Mass was sung by the entire congregation with a perfection that delighted me as almost the entire white government population of Kotzebue was present. Our little crib was the center of attraction and continued to be so for many a day. Too bad I had not a better one.

ON Christmas day proper we had another Mass. Later on Benediction followed by a Christmas dinner for all. I had told the congregation that I did not want to be bothered about this dinner as I was busy with confessions, the Masses and the play. They must, therefore, prepare everything down to the smallest detail. The women got together and did this in good old Eskimo style. I gave absolutely nothing for the simple reason that I had nothing to give. (Turn to page 307)



Piro, the main station of Father Francis Welzmler, S.J., was not damaged, but he tells us how the heroism of one woman quelled a mob as they descended upon one of his outlying stations.

Mobs Storm Workers' Churches in Patna

Ex-football hero's mission hardest hit, but all American Jesuits are safe and the situation is now quiet.

Calvert Alexander, S.J.



Father Marion Batson, S.J., ex-football hero, coolly faced furious rioters in India and threw them for a loss.

NOW that the turbulent situation in India occasioned by the Congress riots has quieted down, we are able to tell another series of incidents of the heroism of American Jesuit missionaries in the war-embroiled orient. This time it has to do with Patna, India, where 92 American Jesuits work among 29,000,000 pagans, the largest populated mission district in the world.

The riots occurred in many districts of India, it will be recalled, after the break-down of British-Indian negotiations and the imprisonment of Mahatma Gandhi. No injuries were sustained by any of the American Jesuits but the looters did extensive damage to some of the mission property.

Especially hard hit by the mobs

was one of the churches with its dispensary and school which these missionaries, with much labor, had established for the poor workers of Mokameh Junction, 90 miles east of Patna City on the Ganges. A mob of 2,000 armed with bamboo sticks and furiously shouting appeared before the Mission Compound. Father Marian R. Batson, S.J., and his assistant, Father John H. Lane, S.J., were absent in other parts of the district and the only priest at the mission was a native Indian priest, Father Joseph Padanattam. Hurriedly consuming as many as possible of the Sacred Species in the tabernacle, Father Joseph went out to face the mob. He tried to reason with them but they swarmed over the Compound and looted everything in sight.



(Left) Trying to get back to his certain mission at Mokameh Junction, (Above) Father Batson met bands of looters armed with all kinds of weapons. One band rushed at him shouting "Kill the white man, kill the foreigner."

Rushing back to the church, Father Joseph struggled with some of the rioters who were attempting to force open the tabernacle. He succeeded in persuading them to allow him to deposit the Blessed Sacrament in another vessel after which they took the remaining sacred vessels as well as many other pieces of loose property in the mission. Their attempt to burn were not successful because the buildings were concrete.

MEANTIME, Father Batson had heard of the rioting and attempted to reach his mission. Arriving at the railroad station thirty miles away he encountered a vociferous mob, armed with all kinds of pick-up weapons. They rushed at him, shouting, "Kill the white man, kill the foreigner!" Father Batson, who before he entered the Society of Jesus was a famous football player at St. Mary's College, Kansas, was not frightened. He stood his ground, asked to see the leader of the mob, and after a few words with him the band was dispersed. It was two o'clock in the morning so he set out on foot across the open country. Rain was coming down in torrents, and despite the obstacles offered both by the downpour and the night he kept running into large and furious bands all during the journey, which ended at five o'clock in the morning.

Sixteen miles away from Mokameh another mob attacked the mission of Father Peter J. Sontag, S.J., a famous missionary and former Superior of Patna Mission. "The 'Quit India' slogan," says Father Sontag, "which was used to stir up the feelings of the mobs, of course, was directed towards the representatives of the British Empire and not against Americans who would have remained unmolested but the infuriated mobs didn't distinguish between one pale-face and another. Since I, the only pale-face in Barh was absent, Father Gregory Thekil, being himself an Indian, was better able to argue with the mob and hold them at bay for awhile. Twice, as a matter of fact, he seemed to have persuaded them to disperse, but finally the mob, growing more frenzied day by day, words were no longer of any avail. Already numbers had leaped over the Compound wall, determined to loot and plunder, but just in the nick of time the British military arrived."

NO damage was done to the mission of Father Francis Welzmler, S.J., at Piro, but he tells of the heroism of the wife of one of his catechists in an outlying mission station. This heroic woman, Rosa by name, was alone at the station when the mob arrived. She went out into the rear alley among the mud houses, tucked up her skirts by fastening the forehem to her girdle at the buckle. Thus be-trousered she faced them like a man. Pointing to the door of her dwell-

ing and blocking the lane to the right leading to the school and chapel she told them to strip or burn her house if they would but that she would gladly die rather than let them touch the House of God. The mob dispersed feeling rather humiliated.

A NUMBER of stories are told which, whether they are true or not, had a remarkable effect in quieting down the mobs. At Mokameh Junction, Father Joseph, in attempting to defend the tabernacle from the rioters received a smash on the shoulder with a bamboo stick. The natives reported that the man who did this had his arm completely paralyzed the following day. Another who forced open the tabernacle was killed some hours later when police fired on a mob. These incidents caused many of those who had stolen articles from the mission to return them or to place them where the missionary could find them and thus some of the loot was recovered.

At Morpha, Father Felix Farrell, S.J., appeared before the mob gathered outside of the church. What they wanted to do was to put the Indian Congress flag on the roof of the church. He told them that they could not do so much less dare to put it on the cross. One of the men disregarded this instruction and put the flag on the cross. According to the villagers, he died of cholera the next day.

Some amusing incidents took place. Al- (Turn to page 307)



"Let Us Go Over To Bethlehem"

American Jesuits in the Middle East find that it is always Christmas in the little town where Our Saviour was born.

George F. Hoyt, S. J.

(Left) "Unless you stoop down and become as a little child you cannot enter the sanctuary of the Babe of Bethlehem." (Below) Father Francis W. Anderson, S.J., Director of Catholic Education in the Transjordan. Believe it or not, he comes from Boston.

IT was five-thirty in the morning. The sun had not yet climbed up the steep slopes of the Kedron and Mount Zion, and the hundred and one bells of Jerusalem were ringing out the Angelus, when six Baghdadies softly closed the gate of the Biblical Institute behind them and set off towards Bethlehem. Unlike the Crusaders of a sterner age, each of us carried a pack of provisions over his shoulder and the advance guard were armed with canes, mine having a blunt little bayonet concealed within. They told me it was against the law but it was very comforting just the same, especially since a good Irishman by the name of O'Connor had been shot the day before in the vicinity of Bethlehem.

Since it was the hour of meditation, we walked along in silence. Besides, the only way to walk to Bethlehem is in silence, the silence of Joseph and Mary and the Magi. In all likelihood we were following the very road of the Magi, although it could not have been the fine "metaled" road that it is today.

AFTER we pass the high stone walls of the Poor Clares (where Charles de Foucauld, the humble Apostle of the Sahara, lived as a porter for six months) we are out in the open countryside. The green patches of olive trees become more extensive and from the hills on our right the dark and purple blooms are lifting. Occasionally we pass a few Arabs with loaded don-





Three modern Jesuit Magi cross the Eastern desert to Bethlehem. It was during the month of August, but what matter? "It is always Christmas in Bethlehem."

keys, hastening to reach the *sugs* before daylight. Once we see an Arab trudging silently and stolidly along and behind him on a donkey sits a young mother with her babe in her arms. But for us these poor peasants are transfigured into the Holy Family of Joseph, Mary and Jesus. And then we are brought back to the present with a jerk when we see a boy juggling to keep his balance on a bike loaded down with two hampers, fore and aft, of slippery, slithering ice cakes.

BY now the packs had grown much heavier according to their wont, thus oppressing somewhat our enthusiasm for the view. We soon came back to attention, however, upon hearing a man's voice calling loudly, "Isa Isa!" (The Arabic for Jesus, a common name among the Arabs.) It was a mason calling for his son to help him. Many a time, I thought, Joseph the Carpenter, must have called thus to the Boy of Nazareth.

After about an hour's walk, we come to a small square building topped with a dome. It is the tomb of Rachel, the wife of Jacob, and is a shrine common to Christians and Moslems alike. But we are following the Star of Bethlehem, with no time for detours, and so hurry on. Three quarters of an hour more we tramp on till at a sudden bend of the road we see the valley of Bethlehem below us, its floor squared off into small farms and even its slopes terraced by optimistic farmers.

There on the further slope ahead of us clings the little town of Bethle-

hem with its many spires catching the first rays of the morning sun. With quickened pace we descend the hill and at the bottom sit down for a few minutes on stones by the wayside, gathering energy for the last steep slope. As we sit there an old lady comes along, pauses, drops her sandals from under her arm with a clatter, and shuffles off towards the town. No use wasting good shoe leather on deserted countryside! A few minutes later, a little worse for the climb, we are standing before the ancient basilica of the Nativity. It is about two stories high, made of hewn stones of gigantic size which give it an impression of great solidity. One does not wonder that it is the only church that has survived entire from the days of Constantine. You can see how the main arch was blocked up with stones to prevent the Turks from riding through on horseback and desecrating the sanctuary. Thus only a little square about three feet high is left of the original entrance, so that the smallest of us must bend double to enter. Yes, unless you stoop down and become as a little child you cannot enter the sanctuary of the Babe of Bethlehem.

ONCE inside we find ourselves in the main nave, the very one built by Constantine. It now belongs to the Greek Orthodox and consequently stands in need of a thorough dusting and cleaning. But one would hate to see some zealous pastor modernize the stately columns or the old wooden roof whose rafters came so long ago from Merry

England. Parts of the original mosaics are still imbedded in the floor and above on the walls remain a few Latin inscriptions, most of them, however, having been obliterated by the Greeks who hated the sight of Latin. From the ceiling of the middle aisle hangs a long line of great bronze and silver lamps that reaches to the great crucifix over the sanctuary screen. From the bottom of each lamp is suspended a gaily colored ball of red, blue or silver, looking for all the world like the ornaments we put on our Christmas trees. Who knows but perhaps this is the origin of our Christmas ornaments.

We go off to the side now to the Franciscan Church which really doesn't differ much from a busy parish church. After our two Fathers have vested for Mass, the Brother leads us down the narrow steps and passages to the little chapel of the Holy Innocents. Before, I had always pictured these infant martyrs as a great multitude but their number probably was not over eighty-five at the most since there were then only about one hundred and fifty families living in Bethlehem. Our little chapel was close by to the hallowed grotto of the Nativity where only a few days before I had had the great privilege of serving Mass.

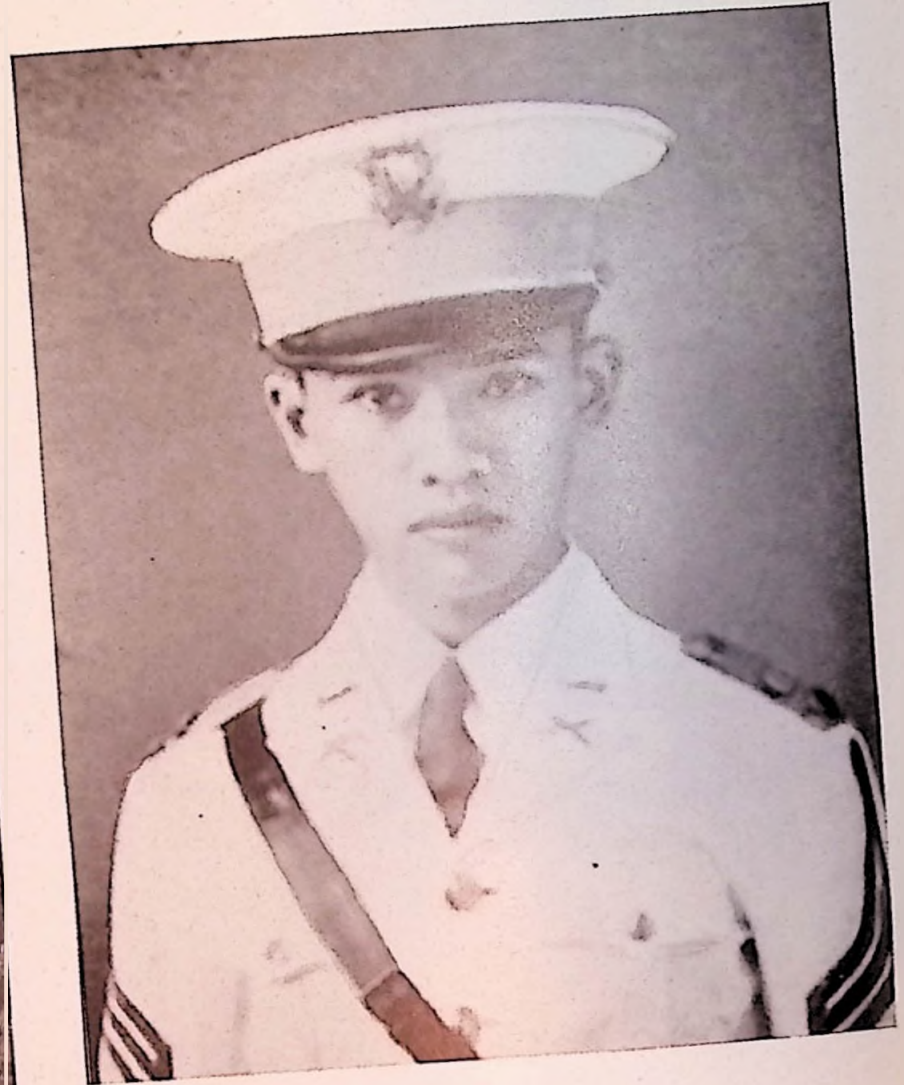
IT is hard to describe the little cave of Christ's birth with its stairs precariously worn down by the feet of countless worshippers and its stones worn smooth by their kisses. You feel thankful that the lack of space has prevented the Greeks from over-decorating it with lamps and icons. Despite its silver star, it remains still a humble little cave.

During the Mass a great spiritual silence falls over the score of worshippers that are able to crowd into the grotto or on the stairs. And in this silence the white-vested priest brings back the Christ Child once again to the cave of His birth. Yes, it is hard to be exact and rational when all about us is the "Gloria in Excelsis" and the intoxicating joy of the Babe of Bethlehem.

After Mass and a cup of coffee in the Friars' refectory, we have the rest of the (Turn to page 307)



(Left) To the studious and prayerful life of a novice in the Society of Jesus, Cadet Lieut. Teodoro Arvisu (below) aspired. At the call of duty he left to become a hero in bloody Bataan.



The Fighting Jesuit Novice on Bataan

Arthur A. Weiss, S.J.

ONE of the most courageous Filipino officers in the Battle of Bataan was Lieutenant Teodoro Arvisu. "He fought like a tiger" declared Colonel Carlos Romulo, personal aide to General MacArthur. This would not be so remarkable were it not for the fact that Lieutenant Arvisu was at the time and still is a Jesuit novice.

His story is one of the most amazing that has come out of the Philippines. Young Arvisu fought a long and bitter battle with his

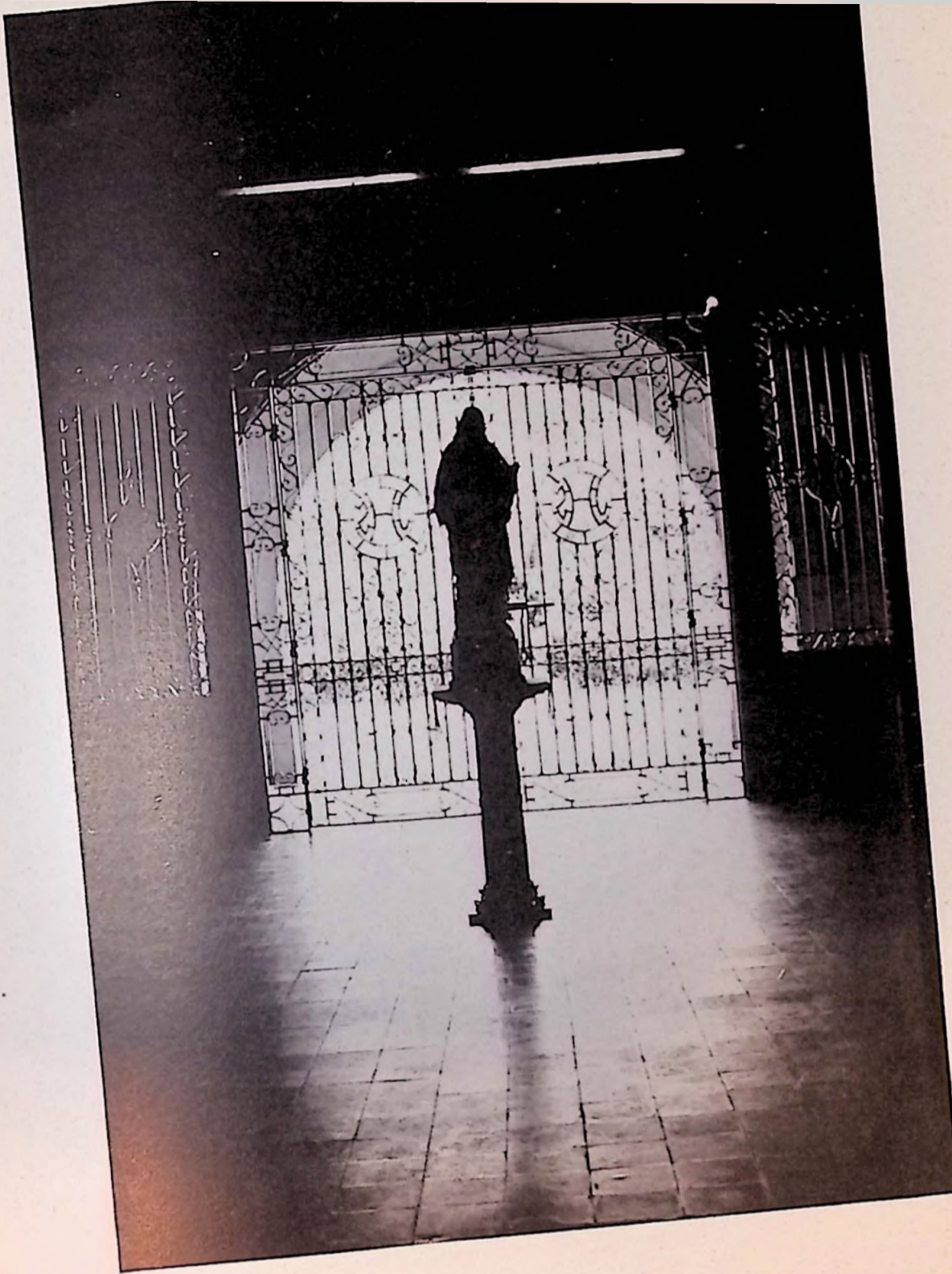
parents to enter the Society of Jesus; he fought a still more sensational battle to stay in the Order; and when war came he faced the Japanese with the same high courage. Colonel Romulo relates that on one occasion on Bataan he defended single-handed an advanced position and held it against a large force of Japanese until reinforcements arrived.

I first met Arvisu at the Ateneo de Manila, the university conducted by the Jesuit Fathers in the

capital of the Philippines. Retiring, diffident, with no knowledge of Latin, he entered the Ateneo in third year high school. Two years passed—two years of doing the hard things—mastering Latin (he became very proficient in the language), getting up each morning to serve the early Masses, sacrificing Sunday afternoons to teach catechism in Manila's slums, overcoming his timidity in public speaking. "Teddy" graduated with honors, an acknowledged leader.

HIGH SCHOOL over, Teodoro was anxious to enter the Society of Jesus. However, his parents strongly opposed his vocation. They had other plans for him. He was an only son and they had great ambitions. So young Teodoro continued at the Ateneo, taking the A.B. college course.

Here he came under the influence of his great friend and teacher, Father Joseph Mulry, S.J., recently identified as the priest who saved



Before the statue of the Sacred Heart, the Master of Novaliches and the world, Teodoro must have knelt to draw strength and courage to repel the Japanese single-handed.

On more than one occasion they stayed an entire day, arguing, pleading, threatening. When they requested to see their son, Father Kennally replied that he would leave that entirely to Teodoro. He did not wish to see his parents while they were in such an unfriendly frame of mind. Finally, finding that they could not weaken either their son or the Master of Novices, they brought a law suit against their own son.

Until recently, religious vocations in the Philippines were few and far between. Too little stress had been laid upon the need of a native clergy. The turmoil aroused by the Spanish American War, and the unsettlement which followed, naturally had a disastrous effect upon the Church. The Aglipayan schism confused the situation; and further confusion was caused by the fact that the Church was supported by the Spanish Crown, and the Spanish Crown, in the minds of the people—rightly or wrongly—was associated with many abuses.

AS a result of all this confusion there was a great reluctance on the part of the youth of the Philippines to accept a religious vocation. Of recent years, however, this attitude has noticeably changed. The International Eucharistic Congress held in Manila in 1937 did much to dispel doubts and difficulties. But even as late as a year ago there were many parents, like the parents of young Teodoro Arvisu, still opposed to a religious vocation for their children.

In view of the situation, Father Hurley decided that it would be well once and for all to bring the matter before the attention of the entire country. He announced that if necessary he would take the case to the Supreme Court of the United States. He ordered the young novice to accept the challenge of the law suit and to appear in public court and defend himself and his vocation.

Young Teodoro had had some training in the (*Turn to page 307*)

Colonel Clear's life in a thrilling episode outside Manila. Appointed editor of the Ateneo's school paper, Arvisu also made a name for himself as a brilliant student and an excellent actor. Several times in the interval between his graduation from high school in 1936 and his graduation from college in 1940, he approached the Very Reverend John F. Hurley, S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Mission of the Philippines, but Father Hurley had to tell him that since his parents were opposed to his entrance into the Society of Jesus, he could not be admitted. Teodoro finally asked Father Hurley if he would be admitted after he reached the age of 21, even though his parents were still unwilling. Father Hurley agreed to this.

It was a hard trial for the young man; but he persevered in his intentions. When he received his

A.B. degree in 1940, he was not yet 21 years of age, and his parents were still opposed to his vocation; he accordingly complied with their desire that he take up the study of law. They refused to allow him to attend the Ateneo Law School and sent him to the University of the Philippines for the next school year. On June 6, 1941, however, he reached the age of 21 and immediately applied to Father Hurley for admission. Father Hurley kept his word and despite the parents' opposition, admitted Teodoro to the Society of Jesus on June 11, 1941.

THEN began a series of embarrassing episodes at the Novitiate, (the Sacred Heart Novitiate, Novaliches, Caloocan, Rizal, P. I.). The parents of the young novice came several times to see Father Kennally, the Master of Novices.



Bulletin

DISASTER IN BRITISH HONDURAS. As we go to press word has been received of a violent hurricane in British Honduras which did tremendous damage to numerous Jesuit missions there. Father Marvin O'Connor, S.J., Superior of the Mission, reports the complete loss of 13 schools and 4 churches, besides severe damage to many other mission buildings. Nine deaths were reported, but all Jesuit missionaries and Sisters are safe. The center of the storm was at Corozal and Orange Walk, both important mission centers, from which some 50 mission stations and 12 schools are maintained. Many details are still lacking due to destruction of communications.

This is the latest in a series of disasters which has struck the British Honduras Mission conducted since 1851 by the American Jesuits.

THE MOST REVEREND JOHN T. McNICHOLAS, O.P. Archbishop of Cincinnati, in a national broadcast over the Mutual Broadcasting System's "Radio Chapel" program, pointed out that before the present war the United States had sent only about three per cent of the world total to foreign missions. The Archbishop cited the depletion of the clergy in such countries as France, Poland, Jugoslavia, Spain, Belgium and Holland as a result of aggression and persecution, adding that "the missionaries of Europe, for many generations have been helping us in the United States" and that "if we, in turn can help them now, we are but paying an old debt."

BISHOP O'HARA BEFRIENDS REFUGEE FILIPINO PRIESTS. The Most Reverend Gerald P. O'Hara, Bishop of Savannah-Atlanta, has given haven in Savannah to two young Filipino priests of the Archdiocese of Manila. These two priests, sent to Rome for special studies in Canon Law, were prevented by the war from returning to their native land. They were brought to this country through the efforts of the Very Rev. Father General of the Society of Jesus. Arrived in this country, these two priests were introduced by His Eminence, Cardinal Dougherty, to Bishop O'Hara who has provided for them.

CHIANG KAI-SHEK PRAISES CATHOLIC MISSIONARIES. In a lecture to a group of Chinese student officers the Generalissimo of China, said in part: "Today I propose to speak to you on the model for your lives as officers of the Republic. That model is the Catholic missionary priest as found in China. These men-priests are single-hearted, constant, persevering, undaunted by any obstacle, unremitting at their work."

FROM MISSIONARIES TO TRUCK GARDENERS. Mr. Charles Parsons, a repatriate from Manila, reports that on one occasion, while passing along the Calle Padre Faura, he saw about thirty to forty Jesuit missionaries spading up and planting what was formerly the parade grounds of the Ateneo de Manila.

BEATIFICATION OF ARCHBISHOP SEGHERS, who was slain at a mission in the Far North, November 27, 1886, is being urged by His Excellency, Bishop Crimont, S.J., 86 years old Vicar Apostolic of Alaska. Bishop Crimont has spent some time in California collecting documents relative to the introduction of the Cause of Archbishop Seghers.

MEXICAN COMMUNIST MISSION COLLECTION! Not so long ago the Mexican Community Party spent just two weeks taking up a collection for Russia. It amounted to more than the twenty million Catholic Americans contributed to the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in that same year of fifty-two weeks.

CANADIAN MOUNTIES "GET" THEIR PRIEST. Sergeant Larsen and Constable Pat Hunt trekked 1,100 miles in two months in an heroic effort to find a priest to give their companion Constable Albert Chartrand, a Catholic burial. They found Father Gustav Henry and with him covered the same distance in company with scores of converted Eskimos to assist at the burial.

THE FIRST FILIPINO CHAPLAIN to be commissioned in the United States Army is Father Aloysius Torraba, S.J. He has been appointed to a Filipino regiment recruited on the West coast after the fall of Bataan.

NEW OBLATE BISHOP. The Most Rev. Louis Collignon, O.M.I., has been consecrated Bishop of Cayes, Haiti. Before his appointment to the Haiti Mission, Bishop Collignon was Superior of the Oblate Scholasticate at Natick, Mass.

JESUITS AT MARYKNOLL SEMINARY IN CHINA. Word has been received from Rev. Albert Fedders, M.M., that Fathers Donnelly, Daley and Grogan, Jesuit missionaries from Hongkong, are now teaching in the Maryknoll Seminary at Tanchuk, China.

BISHOP YU-PIN RADIOS CHINA'S PRAYERFUL SUPPORT OF AMERICA. His Excellency, Most Rev. Paul Yu-pin, Bishop of Nanking, now living in the catacombs of bomb-scarred Chungking where he daily edits his Catholic newspaper *I chih Pao* (Social Justice), recently assured the C.S.M.C. of America in his radio address from the capital of New China that his four million Catholic countrymen were prayerfully behind the efforts of America and her allies in their struggle for a Christian New Order. His message in part was as follows: "It is now that we must look for guiding principles, and we find them in the five principles laid down by our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, at Christmas two years ago. We also find guiding light for the future in the declaration of Mr. Roosevelt and Mr. Churchill after their Atlantic meeting. But President Roosevelt and the other leaders in the United States should have our special prayers because the United States will be the leading power and will carry a tremendous responsibility at the post-war peace conference. Yes, we must pray God to guide you in making a better world for the future."

December Mission Intention

Increase in the Number of Foreign Missionaries

- The Kingdom of Christ on earth is a living organism; as Christ's Mystical Body it must grow. To grow into "the fullness of Christ" is its whole purpose—its vocation is a missionary one. "The Church has no other reason for its existence," said Pius XII, in his mission encyclical, *Rerum Ecclesiae*, "than to extend over all the earth the Kingdom of Christ, and so to render all men sharers in His saving redemption. Of all the works of the Catholic Church, the greatest and holiest is that of the missions." So we must "pray the Lord of the harvest to send forth laborers into His harvest."

- Why is there always so much insistence on the *foreign* missionaries? Aren't there plenty of souls to be saved right here in the United States of America? It is true that there are plenty of souls to be saved in our own country, in our own state, city or town, yes, in our own family circles. But the primary purpose of the Church's missionary activity is not to save souls; the saving of souls is a result. Pope Pius XII brings this out in the words we have quoted above. He tells us that the only reason for the Church's existence is "to extend over all the earth the Kingdom of Christ and so (as the most important result) to render all men sharers in His saving redemption." First the Church must become established in a country, then, and then only can she begin her work of saving the souls that come within her influence.

- Even were one to admit that the Church's missionary vocation is co-extensive with its principal achievement—the salvation of souls, still the need for foreign missionaries is shown to be greater. For example, in the United States there is one priest for every three thousand inhabitants (or one priest for every one thousand Catholics) while in the Philippine Islands there is one priest for every ten thousand Catholics.

- When we consider the Church as the living organism that must grow, the need for foreign missionaries becomes crystal clear. In India alone, only one to two per cent of the population is under missionary influence. Saint Paul says—"whosoever shall call upon the name of the Lord, shall be saved. How then shall they call upon Him in whom they have not believed? Or how shall they believe Him of whom they have not heard? And how shall they hear without a preacher? And how shall they preach, unless they be sent?"



Father Marshall Moran, S.J., of Chicago, who has been made temporary tutor of the Raj Kumar, or heir apparent to the throne of Hatwa, native state in the territory of Patna. Father Moran is also Superior of St. Xavier's College.

Betty the Beautiful

**She met and married Gerald in Santaland
—all on a Christmas Day. But, it was a
friend in the U. S. who made it possible**

Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.

IT was Christmas Day. For miles around happy Christians had assembled to celebrate the birth of our Saviour. Among them was the dark handsome Betty, erect, clear-eyed with regular Santal features in which humor lurks. For several months Betty had been living with a fallen-away Catholic brother. In the midst of the easy moral ways of a pagan village, I had been worried about her, as had her Catholic married sister and her mother. But Betty would not stay at home with her step-father, nor was she happy at the home of her sister. Her rascally brother offered her a home with him and the pagan girl with whom he is living. He craftily saw that Betty is comely and of a marriageable age. Her bridal price would be at least twelve rupees, a tidy sum for him and his companions to get drunk on.

Fortunately, the joys of the Christmas festival are dear to Betty's Christian heart, and the wiles of a bad brother could not keep her from joining her Christian brothers and sisters at the mission on the great feast of the Christian year. She came to join them in their worship and afterwards in their dances and songs.

ALSO present was Gerald, a good-natured likeable young fellow of my household. There are many dangers for a boy of Gerald's type. Dark pagan beauties with flowers in their glistening hair cast witching coquettish eyes on *hatia* (market) days. Many times Ger-

ald's mother has said: "Keep him with you Father. He is all right with you. I can do nothing with him at home."

Would not Gerald and Betty be a desirable match? To say nothing of making two persons happy, it would perhaps save two persons from many dangers. Daniel, one of Gerald's friends, was to be the *raebar*. (Among the Santals, he who arranges a marriage is called the *raebar* and usually gets about two rupees for his work.) Accordingly, Daniel broached the matter to the respective parties and their families. At first the two individuals expressed their willingness, but some of the other members of their families raised trifling objections. Later on the two persons most concerned seemed to have been influenced to change their minds. Nothing had been accomplished.

ON Christmas Day, I called Daniel and told him to make a special effort to swing the deal. A little before the crowds started to depart, Daniel came to say that he had arranged the business. Gerald needed a rupee to bind the bargain.

Gerald had no money as usual, but he had a deposit with me for just such an eventuality, and a kind friend in America had sent Father Scott five dollars for this very purpose.

So in my presence, Gerald dropped a rupee (about thirty cents) in the folds of Betty's sari bashfully extended to receive it. Betty bowed low before her lord

Among the Christians who came to celebrate the birth of Our Saviour was Betty — dark, handsome, erect, and clear-eyed, with regular Santal features in which humor always lurks. The wiles of a crafty brother could not keep her away from the Mission.



The Mass and marriage over, the bride and groom went out to meet the guests who had gathered. Then the dance commenced and lasted, with intervals out for a hot cup of tea, until late in the afternoon, when dinner was served.

and master-to-be, and he acknowledged with all the dignified solemnity called for by the complicated Santal etiquette. It was really impressive. By accepting the rupee, Betty had bound herself to accept Gerald as her husband. (Usually, the pledge is given by accepting some article of clothing, but this was a hurry-up arrangement.) Then they both came and bowed before me, and then to their mothers. The fathers of both are dead.

IT was Thursday and I told them to appear next Monday morning, or rather the evening before, as experience has shown that Santal marriage parties are not always very prompt at keeping their appointments. The Catholic sister would keep Betty at her home the next two nights. It was not prudent to postpone the wedding too long. Betty's brother would likely hear about the arrangement and, as he was not getting the bridal price, would try to break it up. One dissatisfied party can always cause trouble in India.

I told Daniel to invest a dollar in a goat to furnish curry for the rice at the wedding feast. There was the bridal price, about four dollars.

Gerald needed another dollar for the bride's clothes, and about twenty cents for a ring. These were forthcoming on Gerald's deposit with me and the five dollar note from America.

THINGS had happened so fast and unexpectedly, that Gerald was almost in a daze. He was walking on air for the next two days. Father thought that he might want a few days' vacation. But Gerald arose Monday morning as usual, came to help sweep out the house and chapel and prepare for the first Mass. Sometime later while we were waiting for the attendants to dress the bride and for Gerald's mother to arrive with the ring and the rest of the bride's clothes, he milked the mission cows. According to schedule the bride and her party had arrived at the mission the preceding night. Finally one of the catechists went to hurry up the delaying mother-in-law and bring the clothes and ring. He got the latter but the mother was still coming when the ceremonies started.

The Mass and marriage over, and after the bride and groom had untied the knot that some friend had tied between his *pichauri* (a sort of

sheet worn during cold weather like a shawl), and her sari, they went out to meet their friends. Accompanied by the best man and the bridesmaid they walked around the circular line of guests beginning with Father and bowed before each individual.

MEANTIME the goat had died at the hands of Selim, our Mussulman butcher. The violins started and the dance commenced and lasted, with intervals out for tea, until after dinner was served well along in the afternoon.

At about four o'clock the guests began to depart. Betty's mother wanted the couple to accompany her to Sundarmur for more celebration. Gerald said he wanted to go back to work, but I found that the real reason was the lack of about ten cents for some expenditure that the Santal social code demands at the time. I saw that he had the necessary ten cents and the happy party departed. The two returned next day. Betty demurely walked ahead, carrying their little bundle of clothes on her head. Proud of his new possession, her lord and master walked behind with his stick.

Since then (Turn to page 307)



Father Charles J. Eberle, S.J., distributing Christmas gifts. With economic restrictions, due to lack of shipping, he will be hard pressed to find any gifts for his poor this Christmas. The shortage on even essentials is becoming acute.

They Come Bringing Gifts the World Over

A Missionary Visits New York at Christmas Time

Charles J. Eberle, S.J.

WHAT a striking difference there is between the gifts which people give in different countries—nevertheless, which satisfy perfectly and make them happy at Christmastime.

Last year just before Christmas, I was in New York on a visit home and was in Altman's Store making a few purchases prior to my departure for Jamaica. What a variety of things they had for Christmas in that store! They had Santa Clauses in chocolate and in other colors and sizes, holly corsages for the ladies, decked with white berries which were attractive, ladies' bags, men's black neckties, dressing gowns, somber shirts and bright-colored shirts and the thousand and one variety of things such as only de-

partment stores can contain. All these things make the people in New York very happy at Christmastime. Some are inexpensive, some expensive—and yet, they are all, so to speak, an expression of love and good will.

FOLLOWING up a practice which was begun by Father George McDonald, my predecessor at Holy Cross Mission in Jamaica, B. W. I., where I am now, we give out Christmas packages to the poor. Father McDonald did it all himself and how he did it I do not exactly know. Like many of the things that he did do, it is quite impossible to explain.

My first year, the task baffled me and so the following year I asked

four or five of the gentlemen belonging to the St. Vincent de Paul Society, as part of their work to take care of these Christmas bundles. About the first Sunday in December we hand out envelopes in the church marked 'For the Poor.' That was a practice that Father McDonald initiated. With the funds from these envelopes and other contributions we may be able to gather, we distribute some 300 packages of food to the poor.

A GREAT many of these packages go to the poor children in the schools. What do they contain? You would be surprised! A few pounds of flour, a pound of corn meal, a half-penny worth of coffee, a half pound of sugar, a tin of milk and sometimes a little salt fish. But the important thing is this—although such a gift might be scorned at Christmas by even the very poor in New York, I only wish you could see the expression on the faces of the poor people in our parish when we distribute them. Regardless of religious belief, Catholic and Protestant alike are happy to receive this much-prized Christmas gift. To them, it is the candy Santa Claus or the corsage or the dressing gown, or whatever else Altman & Sons of Fifth Avenue may have to offer.

I do not distribute the packages myself any longer except for a chosen few but the gentlemen who do it usually return quite pleased with themselves and full of the Christmas spirit and warmed by the expressions of gratitude of the people whom they have helped.

AND so in different lands, under different climes and under different conditions, strange indeed are the little gifts which bring happiness at Christmastime. And yet, Santa Clauses and pounds of flour, and all the variety of other gifts, all point back over two thousand years to the One who instituted this great feast and put into the hearts of men—kindness and charity which bubbles over in all lands, cold or hot, at hand and remote at Christmas time.

This year it will be a little different. The shortage on even essentials is becoming acute, but we'll find something to remind our people of Our Lord's love for all men.



Fairchild Aerial Surveys, Inc.

"Where Are Those Japs?"

Pearl Harbor is a year old now. On that memorable day while Japanese bombers were diving and spraying death around American ships, Captain McGuire, chaplain of the U. S. Pacific fleet, was moving from place to place looking for his Catholic boys who might be wounded. Passing an anti-aircraft gun he noticed a sailor crouching beneath the carriage and beckoning to him. The sailor wanted to go to confession. No sooner were the words of absolution out of Father McGuire's mouth than the sailor with hardly a word of thanks sprang out from the shelter, spat on his hands and swung the gun in a wide arc, shouting "Now where are those Japs?" What a transformation! And yet this should be the normal reaction of every Catholic. Even in the face of death they should be unafraid, provided their hearts are right with God, provided they have God's good will. If they have that, then danger and death are unimportant.

Men Without Fear

During the past war-torn year we have worried for our missionaries. When the Philippines fell about two hundred and fifty Jesuits attached to the New York Province were interned. The ensuing silence was painful until Father Ortiz, S.J., came to America straight from the war zone. His report was consoling. We thrilled to hear of the heroic deeds of these men of God—which are still trickling back from the battle front. But all this does not alter the fact that they are now prisoners of war. It is the same story with our missionaries in China

for the past five years, though they have not as yet been imprisoned. The latest news we have tells us that mobs, during the August rioting in India, looted one of our mission stations.

Naturally speaking, some people would have been ready to scrap the whole mission effort long ago. But not the missionaries. They are men without fear because they are about God's work. They have God's good will upon their efforts. Not even Hell will prevail against that and neither will this global war. So they carry on. Their letters to us, when they get through, reveal hearts filled with high hope and souls enjoying a peace which this world can neither give nor destroy.

Bethlehem in Focus

This year most of us will find it hard to bring Bethlehem into focus. With the years it has become a time of home-coming, a family reunion with a Christmas tree and gifts strewn about the floor and colored lights in the window and a real or an imitation fireplace. All of that won't comfort us this year, especially if one of the family is far away. So we must turn to the Crib and we must try to bring Bethlehem into real focus.

The heart of Bethlehem is Christ. From that cattle cave stripped of all those things the world holds dear, His good will still goes out to men, first, of course, to Mary and Joseph, then to all men. It may be that in the past we were too carefree, too secure, too happy, too self-reliant to submit to that Divine will. But the good will of God must prevail if we want peace.

Once the sailor was absolved of

his sins, he enjoyed God's friendship and His good will. And the way is not dark when Christ is with the missionaries. Even as they, we must learn to live without fear, making the Divine life of the Babe of Bethlehem ours and our life His.

Two Worlds

As Catholics we live with a foot in two worlds. One is the world of sin and suffering and hate and death, the world of tearful partings and warring blood-drenched nations. The other is the world the Babe of Bethlehem opens up to us where God's good will always reigns supreme. Even on this earth we can have the peace of that future world now though we or our dear ones brush shoulders with death. All that is required is that we have good will towards Him.

While we are here, let us live splendidly in the friendship of God, possessing that Divine life Christ came to give us. Sometimes through the years that urge must have come to all of us. Now is the acceptable time. Our armies are on the march to conquer nations that would erase Bethlehem and all that it stands for, from the memory of man. Our missionaries are carrying Bethlehem and its message of good will to nations still sitting in pagan darkness. It is for us at home to build up the good will of God in our own hearts and the hearts of our neighbors. The doctrines that devastated Europe before a blow was struck are heard in our land. There is no good will there, either towards God or towards our nation. Before we can enjoy peace, these ideas must also be destroyed.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.

Jungle Sick Call

Francis K. Wallace, S.J.



YOU could see in the old man's eyes that this was no merely social visit, but that something serious was at stake. But an interpreter was needed to translate the impossible Keckchi language for the Padre. After some searching, a school boy was found in the village of Dolores who knew Keckchi and English.

"His wife, Petrona, is sick, Father. She wants the Body of Jesus Christ." So translated, the young interpreter.

"Where does she live?"

"Over by the Temashita, Father."

To say "Over by the Temashita" is about as definite as to say "Somewhere on Main Street." The Temashita is a small branch of the Temash River about twelve miles long, and this Indian's farm might be any place along its bank.

FATHER Ruoff, S.J., had two other sick calls to make next morning, and it began to look as if one of them would have to be missed unless some system of trails was found joining the three spots in one circuit. The old Indian insisted that there was a route from Dolores to the last stop which would pass by

all three sick people. This he offered to point out to anyone who would go with him.

To "point out" a trail through the British Honduras bush and forests is to take one over every step of the ground. To instruct someone

The missionary in British Honduras must be ready to take to the river as well as the jungle to reach many of his flock.

else as to the correct turns and trails is as impossible as to count the seeds in a grapefruit without cutting the skin.

MESSRS. Kalamaja and Wallace, two Scholastics who were at that time enjoying a taste of the bush missions, volunteered to follow the old fellow to his house in the forest and to learn the way. Father Ruoff was a bit apprehensive of the next morning's trip when they returned dripping with perspiration after two hours of tramping through the steaming bush. The route passed all three sick calls, although it was a bit long and difficult.

At 5:00 o'clock next morning, while the heavy mist of the valleys still protected them from the violent tropical sun, Father Ruoff and Mr. Wallace set out on the calls. A thick dew had made the forest footpaths slippery, and the winding trails mounted at 45 degree angles. The great spreading leaves of the tropical ferns and trees along the way were heavy with running dew. Hence, in fifteen minutes, the travellers looked very much as if their way had led through silvan shower baths.

The first objective was reached with little difficulty, and Holy Communion was given to a sick woman under the watchful gaze of the

household which included a setting hen, a snarling dog, three small children, and the most stolid of stolid Indians.

AFTER this the missionaries trudged on to Manuelo's house. It was two steps up and one slip down for about 200 feet of slippery clay and up a 45-degree incline before the thatched roof of the Indian's house was sighted through the thick foliage.

Manuelo was in a bad way this morning. He had difficulty in swallowing the sacred Host, and the glazed eyes warned the priest that this one had better be given Extreme Uncion immediately.

Manuelo was not more than thirty-five years old. The holy oils were prepared and the sacrament was administered. Eyes, ears, nostrils, mouth, hands and feet were anointed with the holy *Oleum Infirmorum*. It was at the anointing of the swollen feet that Manuelo's malady revealed itself most clearly—black-water fever, the death-warrant of nearly all it touches in these Indian villages. For they are practically without medical supplies except for the little the missionary has to offer and their ancient remedies of herbs and roots gathered from the bush about them. Manuelo's wife thanked the missionary for his visit without a tear. Death is so familiar among these Indians that it is neither feared nor hated.

FROM Manuelo's house, the going was harder. The few cleared spots of slight cultivation lost themselves now in the denser bush and jungle which closed over the foot-wide trail. Birds with beautiful voices and probably with beautiful plumage were (Turn to page 308)



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES

POPULOUS PATNA

• According to the latest census returns the number of people in Patna Mission are 29,504,716, which makes it by far the largest populated mission district in the world. From Father Aloysius S. Pettit, S.J., of Chainpatia, we learn that some of this huge population is being affected by the food shortage created by the war. Father Pettit writes:

• "Here we are threatened with an inrush of the hungry. Within the past two weeks fully fifty have come. Their stories all tally in this: they are hungry. They come to stay. Bless me! Just how many can I look after from a fifteen-acre plot? It looks as if this might be only the beginning. Prices are high. Money is scarce. Rain has not come as needed. Rice seedlings are being sold as fodder. No rain means no rice. No rice means hard, hard days ahead. For months I have been trying to convince my people whom I try to pay well that lean days are in the offing and that a nest egg saved is only prudence. But they? They and the birds are carefree. It is I who must think ahead for them. Hence it is that as I write I have a bullock cart on its way to Narkatinganj to fetch a load of rice, lest later we be unable to get any."

SNAKE STORIES

• Most of our best snake stories in India come from the Santal district. Here are a few from Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., of Godda:

• "I was aroused at 3:00 a.m., this morning by someone at the

gate. After I had finally aroused Sam to open the gate, I found that it was George and his wife of a few months, Bertha, his mother and several visitors. They had all come from Sibpur, our old home, about a mile away. I soon learned the trouble.

• "George had been sleeping on the ground where our cooks used to stay when he was awakened by the squawks of a chicken. Arising he found a huge cobra in the room. The reptile fled outside and he killed it with a bamboo. He said his arm was paralyzed and feared that the snake had poisoned him with its breath. (These people believe poisonous snakes do this.) I rubbed liniment on his arm and finally got them all settled down and they went home for the rest of the night.

• "I can understand how they were quite disturbed. I have never seen the cobra in action, but they say they are a nasty sight. They rear up to a third or more of their length, their heads swell, they hiss and attack their enemy. Most snakes flee but the cobra attacks when cornered. So you can understand how George and especially his new wife were quite upset. She said they were going to keep no more chickens. The unfortunate chicken, a full grown one, was dead by the time they had killed the snake. It was fortunate for George that the snake bit the chicken first. They sent for me to come down as soon as it was light. Quite a crowd were assembled to see the dead reptile. They realized that they

had something to thank the Lord for in this morning's mass.

PIOUS KRAIT

• "A few mornings afterwards about 4:45 a.m., Paul took one of the earthen pots of drinking water from its stand on the verandah here to prepare flowers for the altar. I was on the verandah making my meditation. A few minutes later Sam came to get water for the cruet at Mass. I saw him stop short and gaze with a peculiar look at the place of the missing water jar. I looked. There lay a krait, one of India's deadliest snakes. Paul's Guardian Angel had been on the job early that morning. I clipped the snake over the head and that was the end of him. I am glad that he climbed up there rather than up my bed which was a few feet away. The boys found a scorpion in my bed a few weeks ago on my last visit to Isorchank. However, I hadn't disturbed him and he didn't disturb me. Whether or not he was there all night, I do not know. One got Samuel a few nights before at Baromasia while he slept, and was the night vibrant with groans and weeping. Their sting is terribly painful."

MORE KRAITS

• Father John A. Morrison, S.J., contributes another snake story from Poreya Hat:

• "The other night the boys went by on the verandah on their way to night prayers and I followed them about five minutes later. On the way I noticed something black on the floor, near a crack in the wall and it turned out to be



Brother George Sippary, N.S.J., Eskimo novice, who is now beginning his studies at Sheridan, Oregon.

a black krait, thirty-nine inches from stem to stern. Luckily, I saw it first and knocked it out and have it pickled in spirits, saving it for Father Charles Bonnot, S.J., who told me he had never seen one. Last year we had an epidemic of scorpions; killing two or three practically every night and some nights killing five or six. This year there are very few scorpions, but we have killed almost as many kraits as scorpions.

A NOTE ON OSCAR

• "When I returned from Patna this Friday my boys told me that Oscar, my Bhutia pony, had fallen in the well in the Sisters' yard while grazing there and it took twenty-two men one hour to get him out. Come to think of it, they could have hauled him out even if it had been a Sunday without violating the Sabbath! Oscar is none the worse for his experience but we can't say the same for the well water."

SOMEWHERE IN THE PACIFIC

• From Edgar Dowd, whose stories on Indian Missions several

years ago enlivened the pages of this magazine, comes a letter from somewhere in the Pacific. Now in the United States Navy, Mr. Dowd describes Christianity on the particular island where he is stationed:

• "On this well-known island Christianity is a success. Between here and the island's principal town there are twenty-one churches, and the distance is twenty-three miles. The London Missionary Society has king-pinned the evangelization, with the Catholic Church next. Seventh Day Adventists are represented by a few.

• "Christianity's success might be attributed to two factors: the spirit of and practise of prayer, and the zealous activity of priest and catechist. Prayer is a twice-daily occurrence. Whether the grass hut is filled with visiting marines and sailors or not, the family gathers before the shrine of our Lord and our Lady, and prays aloud. The old man leads the prayers, uttering words of thanksgiving and petition. The other members of the household will chant and sing. An average prayer will last twenty to thirty minutes."

ALL QUIET IN SHANGHAI

• Letters from Japanese-occupied China are very rare these days but we have just received one from Father Francis A. Rouleau, S.J., of the California Province, who teaches in the Jesuit Theologate in Zi-ka-wei. He writes:

• "Shanghai is orderly and peaceful, and, thanks be to God, our Catholic missionary activity continues along smoothly and cordially. This is especially true of our Scholasticate regime. The house is full . . . a magnificent crowd. We pray that the education of our theologians may continue without interruption. All are happy and well and concerned only with the grand business of their religious vocation. My own work keeps me as delightfully busy as ever."

• The recent death at Colville, Washington, of Father George I. Kugler, S.J., leaves a large gap in the dwindling line of pioneer Indian missionaries in the Northwest. Father Kugler had been Superior of the nearby Mission of St. Francis Regis. His long mission career began at this Mission in 1907. The intervening years were spent there and at various other Missions in the Northwest. Gifted with the ability of managing finances and houses his talents were much in demand. Many Indian schools owe their foundation and continued existence to his tireless and heroic labors. Father Kugler was 78 years old, having been born at St. Marys, Pennsylvania, in 1864. He entered the Society of Jesus at the Desmet Indian Mission in 1891, spending his student days at various Missions until ordination at Gonzaga College, Spokane, 1901.

MISSIONS IN LOUISIANA

• Deep in the Evangeline country lies Christ the King Mission for the Colored people. From two churches and two Mass stations, two Jesuit Fathers minister to an almost solidly Catholic Colored population scattered through the rich farm lands of the Teche country. In this traditionally Catholic locality about three thousand Negroes eke out an existence. The Mission embraces an area of about fifty square miles.

• Two schools, one at Grand Coteau under the direction of the Religious of the Sacred Heart with an enrollment of 292, the other at Belleview with 186 pupils under the care of the Sisters of the Holy Family, provide elementary education for the people.

• The Catholic life of these parishes is flourishing and vigorous. The Masses are crowded on Sunday and a large crowd frequent the sacraments even though they have to fast to almost noon. Over a hundred and fifty Baptisms are recorded yearly. There are twenty-eight vocations from this parish, all persevering.

A KIND OF MAGICIAN

• The past year has been a rather hectic one for Father James M. Harney, S.J., pastor of St. Helen's Mission, Linstead, Jamaica, B. W. I. The least of his troubles was a two months' bout with malarial fever. Now recovered, he says he is taking things easily but that we doubt from the following:

• "The war has brought on many difficulties, among them a shortage of building materials and restrictions by the Government. These interfered with my building program which was to run over five years. At first my plans were turned down by the building authorities but later when they realized that I had already gathered and prepared a great part of the necessary material they granted permission provided the work could be finished in four months. They must think I am some kind of magician to erect four churches or chapels in sixteen weeks. We are rushing



When Eskimo Andrew Henry Tukken (left) was confirmed by Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J. (right), at St. Michael's, Alaska, radio singer, Bing Crosby, sent as a donation a large check representing the royalties on his Christmas record, "Silent Night."

ahead, however, and I hope to have the work done in the stipulated time. Later we shall finish and beautify the buildings. It means crowding my five-year plan into four years but when it is finished it will be a great relief and will give me a new lease on life. Though I have never been fond of building I have done a great deal of it on the missions. With me it is a necessary evil.

SPIRITUAL BUILDING

• "My missions are a consolation to me. A great deal of good has been accomplished. A number of people have been received into the Church and prospects are bright. Twenty-one little children have made their First Communion. Though this would seem insignificant in the States, it means a great deal in a mission country. Most of these little ones are either converts or the children of converts. The Concord mission now has a congregation of fifty or more all with the exception of four or five being new Catholics. They are very faithful in attending Sunday Mass and in frequenting the sacraments. Here I am building one of my churches. It will mean a great deal to this district.

PROTESTANT TRADITION

• "Of course, life is not a bed of roses. There are many difficulties which are expected in any walk of life. One of the worst we encounter is the Protestant Tradition in Jamaica. People become Catholics and remain Catholics unto death, but some carry over the customs of Protestant Churches after conversion and find it hard to submit to the authority of the Catholic Church. Of course, they submit in theory but some fail to reduce the theory to practice. The priest must not expect too much from simple people and must always remember that these poor souls have not the blessing of Catholic Tradition. Other converts become as fine and as zealous Cath-



Rev. John J. Barrett, S.J., formerly of Syracuse and Chicago, and frequent contributor to our pages, was ordained November 21 at St. Mary's College, Kurseong, India. He will be assigned to the Patna Mission when he finishes his theology.

olics as you could find in any part of the world. One consoling thought is that these people, good, bad and indifferent, nearly all cling to the Faith unto death. It is a rare exception that relapses into Protestantism.

ASPIRIN NO GOOD

• "The church at Guy's Hill is now erected and painted. We have begun the foundations of the Ewarton church; then on to Concord for a similar work there. The transportation problem is a 'headache'—one that unfortunately does not succumb to aspirin. The railway survived the gasoline shortage but now with a shortage on coal that service has been much curtailed. The line that I was depending on only runs once a week. How shall we manage to pull through? The very thought that the program is nearing completion is in itself a lift to poor human nature. All this explains my monumental silence. I guess it's the same story everywhere. One and all are busily engaged in their particular field of endeavor. The war simply adds a few more pinches."

"There met Him ten lepers who stood afar off and lifted up their voice, crying, 'Jesus, Master, have pity on us.' And when He saw, He said: Go, show yourselves to the priests." Lc. 17/12-14.

For lepers, Christmas, as every day of every year, is lived in the pale of suffering. Disease hounds their every living moment.

What contentment comes their way has been borne of suffering, not their own but prior pain—mental and physical—endured by their God.

For, not even leprosy will stop Christ's Heralds from bringing the tidings of great joy to men of good will that because of Christ's suffering Heaven is open to all, perhaps more especially to those the world casts out.



In the Philippines, in China, in India, in the British West Indies, in missions cared for by American Jesuits more than 10,000 lepers live in the shadow of the Cross.

In most cases only there will they find the medical care, the shelter, the food, the clothing, the simple amusements they need. In ~~Culion in the Philippines~~, the largest leper colony in the world, our American Jesuits maintain twelve dormitories.

War relief appeals have cut down considerably missionary donations. Still, the charity of Christ must never be curtailed. Our missionaries among the lepers are in urgent need of help.

In America's year of war at least four ships loaded with food for the lepers of Culion were sunk by the Japanese. What added suffering is the lot of the more than 6,000 lepers at Culion! No more than three months food was in the colony at the war's start.

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"And behold a leper came and worshipped Him, saying, 'Lord, if thou wilt, thou canst make me clean'." Mt. 8/2.



COMMUNICATIONS

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

No Better Way

To the Editor:

Enclosed find a Money Order for \$5.00 for the foreign missions. I subscribe to the JESUIT MISSIONS and enjoy reading your many articles.

I can't think of a better way in helping our brave missionaries. I hope the war doesn't cause more hardships.

Glendale, Ariz. Mrs. Frank Nunes.

What Better Recommendation

To the Editor:

Will you please send me a copy of AL BAGHDADI? I am enclosing one dollar.

I read the book several years ago, but I should like to read it again (we need things like that now) and then pass it on to others who, I know, will enjoy it.

Duarte, California. E. Clifford.

'Twas a Privilege

To the Editor:

I am enclosing a little donation for JESUIT MISSIONS. It is part of the money we raised on Mission Sunday in the school. I am very happy to send even this mite, as I launched our mission study program with copies of JESUIT MISSIONS. Until the girls study about the missions their work is only half-hearted. Now I dare say the whole school or at least 90% are really mission minded.

New Orleans, La. Sr. M. Charles.

Wanted Like Propagandists

To the Editor:

Received your package O.K. Thursday, which contained copies of JESUIT MISSIONS and booklets and self-addressed envelopes. So far I have placed about 6 of the 20 copies where I hope we will get new members or rather new subscribers.

I have asked each of them to give their copy to some likely prospect in their neighborhood, when finished with it, so that if possible both they and the next party may find it possible to subscribe to it now or when they can do so.

My work is to place them out to the best of my judgment. Your work is to ask God to bless our cause that others may become interested now and ardent workers later on. If in time we can get 10 subscribers from my section that will be a start and may be the beginning of interest in our Catholic missions.

You cannot help this important work without helping yourself. You do not give with the thought of personal reward; but it always turns out that way.

With so many of the popular books of the time biased and prejudiced to our religion, JESUIT MISSIONS offers our people the opportunity to be both well informed on many of the happenings of the day.

N. Y.

J.

A Record We're Proud Of

To the Editor:

I am glad to be able to renew my subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS. I've been receiving it—every copy—since the first issue and find it very, very interesting. Since I can afford only one subscription, I send my copy to the Chaplain at Fort Bragg, North Carolina.

My best wishes go for the Jesuits and for the success of your work everywhere.

Phila., Pa.

H. E. R.

Out of the Mouths of Children

To the Editor:

After renewing our subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS we continue to drop pennies in the Jesuit Mission Bank. Will you accept this extra offering for the good work? We pray in class for the missions every day.

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Wellpinit Rejoices

The Indians get a new church, the gift of the Marquette League and memories of Isaac Joques and his companions are revived.

Joseph A. Wyss, S.J.

Inscrutable faces and long braided hair speak of the past, but today the Indian follows the dress and less colorful ways of the white man.

guarding a beautiful valley to the front. It is at Wellpinit, right in the heart of the Spokane Indian Reservation, with the Mission Church of Our Lady of Lourdes some ten miles to the west, and that of St. Joseph some ten to the east. Father Louis Taelman, S.J., had wished to dedicate the new church to the Holy Family, but the Marquette League, which donated the money for the building, had expressed the wish that it be erected in honor of the Sacred Heart. Little did they, or Father himself, realize at the time that in so doing the entire reservation would be under the protection of the Holy Family, with the church to Our Lady at West End, the one to the Sacred Heart here at Wellpinit, and that to St. Joseph at Ford.

The yard surrounding the church was alive with activity by this time. Cars, old "rattletraps" and new shining ones, were grouping themselves around the church. Father Taelman had said that he expected one hundred and fifty Indians from the Spokane, Coeur d'Alene, Pend d'Oreille, and Colville Reservations. By the looks of things now, we are going to top that figure by far. There will be a difficulty getting all of them into the church for the ceremonies, but they won't mind a little crowding.

SUDDENLY there is a hush in the happy confusion; the Most Reverend Charles D. White, D.D., Bishop of Spokane, accompanied by

Rev. Bernard A. Cullen, Director General of the Marquette League in New York, have arrived.

NOW things really begin to hum, as the hubbub of voices takes up again in a more excited tone. Unless you have actually mingled amongst them, you cannot realize the deep reverence and devotion these "Real Americans" have for their Spiritual Chief. The women began herding their husbands and men-folk towards the church, and with dextrous hands they kept their young charges pointed mostly more than less in the same general direction.

I stepped back into the sacristy and stood by until all the final points in the rubrics had been settled. Everything was ready. The Bishop happened to glance out into the rapidly filling church. There was a hurried consultation. The rubrics for the dedication of a church positively state that the church must be empty of all people until after the dedication ceremony.

Hence, Father Taelman had to clear out all the Indians who had packed into the pews. Of course, there was an amusing result. Everyone left the church except one very old Indian woman. She knelt there piously reciting her beads, impervious to threat, pleading, or command.

By this time the Bishop was ready; Father Taelman finished vesting, and the procession formed

"BOY! This is some church, Father!"

I turned from the stove to get a look at the possessor of the voice. He was a young brave of some twenty-six years, keen-eyed, bronzed, emanating a faint odor of new-mown hay which always strikes one coming in contact with a man of the sod.

"You like it, eh?"

"I should say so. Let me go around and see Father's room."

Letting him pass by me into the back, I stepped out into the yard. It was a crisp fall morning, cloudless, with the scent of pine needles in the air. The new Sacred Heart Church is situated on a cleared spot, surrounded by groups of Douglas fir and Oregon pine trees, and

at the front door. Cross bearer, acolytes, assisting Fathers, choir, master of ceremonies, and the Bishop started off around the church, alternating on versicles of the *Miserere*. Behind them stretched some two hundred Indians in a colorful line. Around again the procession moved and into the church as the chanters intoned the Litany of the Saints. Have you ever noticed the sacred hush which steals through the church as every heart fervently calls upon each one of the elect of Christ to bear witness to our stumbling actions here below? On its most solemn occasions, Holy Mother Church never omits this beautiful paen of the Mystical Body. I have had people tell me after an ordination that it was the rhythmic prayer of the chanted Litany of the Saints that impressed them most deeply in the ritual.

SO it was amongst the Indians. Shyly they filed into place in the church; timidly they joined their hands and bowed their heads; humbly they, too, lay their hearts on the threshold of Heaven, petitioning the Church Triumphant, to witness their offering of this new oratory consecrated to Jesus' most Sacred Heart.

The Bishop rose, finished the prayers of consecration and the Mass of the Sacred Heart began immediately with Father Taelman celebrant.

The human heart is a strange crucible of emotions. One standing in the little vestibule of the church and looking in over the reverently bowed heads would find it difficult to keep the tears from cascading down his cheeks. The celebrant moved to the book for the Introit of the Mass. "*Cogitationes cordis ejus in generatione et generationem,*" "the thoughts of his heart to all generations." What were the thoughts of Jesus as He watched His children here in the church dedicated to His Heart?

I wonder what He thought as He watched that slim Indian girl up near the altar. She was clinging to her chubby "papoose" with one hand, finding it hard to keep from smiling at the antics of the little fellow all decked out in red. Could it be that he realized that his clothes resembled those of the Bishop—at least in color—and had found that by keeping his large brown eyes fixed on the Prelate during the sermon, he could imitate almost



Father Louis Taelman, S.J., veteran blackrobe among the Indians of the Northwest, celebrant at the dedication.

every gesture of his lordship?

I wonder what Jesus thought as He poured His grace into the heart of that old Indian woman, mother of many children. She had a brightly colored blanket wrapped about her and soft moccasins on her feet. The only remnants left of the colorful Indian of the past are these old Indian mothers. The men have traded their feathers and buckskins for a Stetson, hickory shirt and blue jeans; the younger women have conformed almost completely to the fashions of our modern American girl; but the old women cling with fond memories to their riotously colored vestige which, like their inscrutable faces, mutely speaks of more glorious days.

I pushed closer into the vestibule to see if I could help Father William

Ryan, S.J., who was taking photographs of the scene from all vantage points.

"Can I make more room for you, Father?"

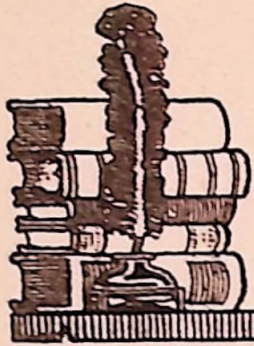
I looked at the Indian and motioned that he should not disturb himself for me. He was all taken up with the Mass, standing there and scrutinizing every movement of the priest. I began observing him. He was a powerful man in the late forties; age was beginning to shoot silver streaks across his temples; not a muscle of his bronzed face moved as the mystery of Calvary held him gripped in mute adoration.

CALL me a dreamer, or romanticist, or what you will, but I saw him change as I watched him. I saw him darting across the plains on his Pinto after buffalo, then dancing wildly that night around the successful camp-fire in full regalia of feathers, buckskins, and tomahawk, and later sitting quietly by smoking his long pipe. I saw his face streaked with war paint and heard his maddening shrieks re-echoing from the crags above his camp. I saw that face change, and kindness, and sympathy and love come

into those features, the night that he had shaken hands with the first Blackrobe who rode into his camp and had smoked with him the pipe of peace.

And then it clicked—the vague sensation of feeling that there was something here that I ought to be but was not grasping. The sight of that Blackrobe coming into that dark Indian camp did it.

I REMEMBERED one bright June day in 1925, when I had jammed, more like a bee in a hive than a human being, into the vast Basilica of St. Peter's. The altar was a blaze of lights; the music was breath-taking as the Sistine choir thrilled through the chant; the crowd was delirious with excitement and (Turn to page 308)



NEW BOOKS



Dogsled Apostles

A. H. Savage

A complete review of this very interesting volume on the Alaskan missions will appear in our next issue. Meantime, we wish warmly to recommend it to our readers. It deserves to occupy a high place on any Christmas list.

Sheed and Ward, New York, N. Y. \$2.75.

Missionary and Mandarin

The Jesuits at the Court of China

Arnold H. Rowbotham

Professor Rowbotham deserves to be congratulated and his book deserves to be read. Many pitfalls await anyone who attempts to write on this subject. The author has been highly successful in avoiding them. The result is not only a very readable book, but a solid achievement in scholarship as well.

This is a history of the great Jesuit adventure in China from the time of St. Francis Xavier to the dark days of the Suppression. The author makes no pretense of dealing in detail with this epic story. That would require an entire series of volumes. Instead he paints, with its lights and shadows, a rapid, but well rounded, picture of the whole period.

There have been a few books written on this subject in English, the most recent one by Eloise Talcott Hibbert, but they have suffered from superficiality. This charge cannot be brought against Professor Rowbotham's book. This is not to say that he has thoroughly explored the primary sources, but that he at least based his work upon a very extensive bibliography and has taken considerable pains to achieve objectivity in his handling of the evidence.

Four chapters are devoted to the sad history of the Rites Controversy. This lamentable quarrel gave rise to so much embittered polemics and harsh invective that it is extremely difficult for a scholar, reading in these muddled sources, to preserve a clear vision and an unclouded judgment. Professor Rowbotham has done so. He endeavors to understand both sides and to keep in mind, if he does not always understand, the many factors, other than the question of the Rites themselves, which terribly complicated the problem. He is especially to be congratulated that he has not allowed himself to be victimized by any of the odious legends with which unscrupulous anti-Jesuit extremists of the Norbert variety did not hesitate to blacken the name of great and noble men such as Ricci and Schall. While sound scholar-

ship has blasted these legends to bits as they richly deserved, it is still a high achievement, especially for a non-Catholic writer, to resist the temptation to revive at least some of them.

It is possible to disagree with some of the author's interpretations. It is not possible, however, to take exception to his views, because his effort to be just is consistently evident.

University of California Press, Berkeley, Calif. \$3.00.

The Road to Victory

Francis J. Spellman

Archbishop Spellman's first book deserves a very wide circulation not only among Catholics but among non-Catholics as well. In fact, the non-Catholic has more need of reading this book than the Catholic. Without giving offense, Archbishop Spellman states forcibly the Catholic position regarding such subjects as science, democracy, Protestantism, the public school system, the relations of the Church and State.

This book makes clear what we should be fighting for in this war, what we should mean when we speak of "our American way of life," what the word, "victory" should signify to all of us. It is important that we have no illusion in this matter. We must realize that it is religion (not any religion, but the Catholic Church) which alone has the correct solution to any and every problem that arises in our present war-torn world. Too often have we seen the word "religion" bantered about by writers whose concepts of this word reduce themselves to some vague mumblings about the Fatherhood of God and the Brotherhood of Man. There is never any need for vagueness here. God Himself has told us how He is to be served and what religion is. He has given us the Church of His Son, and that has settled the question for all times and for all peoples. It is because Archbishop Spellman gives us the Catholic Church that he gives us the true and only Road to Victory.

Charles Scribner's Sons, New York, N. Y., \$1.75.

Across a World

John M. Considine, M.M.

In "Across a World" Father Considine writes fascinatingly of his tours of the missions of Asia and Africa. His engaging style sets him high alongside other established names in reporting. Beauty and verve sparkle throughout the narrative. America's recently acquired global-consciousness makes the book

timely as well as wholesome. It will be revealing to many of his readers to learn of the complex spiritual struggle being waged on so many of today's battle fields.

The vast scope of the book makes it almost inevitable for some gaps in the picture. The book does not, as its title implies, and its publishers claim, give a picture of the "world mission efforts of the Church." The entire western hemisphere never enters the book,—nothing of Alaska, "the most difficult mission in the world" in the words of Pope Pius XI, nothing of the Canadian North or the Caribbean.

The author makes his own the statement, "All Christian territory is ruled by bishops and all that is needed for Catholic life is provided locally." On this thesis he would justify the summary treatment of the Philippines and other such missionary territory. The statement simply is not accurate. Were it so there would be no justification of our home missions, no reason for the initial founding of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. In line with his thesis, Father Considine passes over the astounding work of several hundred missionaries in the Philippines, among them 250 American, Filipino and Spanish Jesuits. While mentioning several times the commendable recent leper work of Maryknoll, there is silence on the Jesuit leper work of 36 years in the Philippines at Culion, the largest leper colony in the world and five other leper stations in the Philippines. The Philippines with its more than 16,000,000 people, which in the great mind of Pope Pius XI, was so important, is treated with the same amount of space as the Seychelle Islands and their 30,000 people.

A number of passing remarks should be questioned. "A quarter of a century ago there were not a score of American missionaries overseas," is wrong. At that time there were more than a score of American Jesuit missionaries alone.

The experience of our American Jesuit missionaries with the Protestant missionary effort does not square with the fulsome praise Father Considine repeatedly bestows on it. There is a sufficient proportion of Protestant missionary work that is far from the idealistic to merit just excoriation.

"Across a World" is captivating reading but withal, disappointing. Much with which the author in his official missionary capacity must have been familiar has been left unsaid.

Longmans, Green & Co., New York, N. Y. \$2.50.

A FIRST CHRISTMAS ON THE RIM OF THE WORLD (Continued from page 285)

They cooked meat, fish, prepared Eskimo ice-cream and other Northern delicacies. Eskimo lassies decked out in their best waited on table.

During the meal we sang every Christmas song in the book—both religious and profane—starting with "Jolly Ol' St. Nicholas" and ending with the "Adeste." It really went over big.

I had had some trepidation about this dinner, but it was explained to me that many families were too poor to have a good Christmas dinner. By pooling their resources they could have a fine spread which was what actually happened. All brought their own dishes and cutlery, so there was no extra cleaning for me to do afterwards.

You see, then, that Christmas up here in the Arctic is a church affair from beginning to end. I hope this coming year that I will be able to continue this excellent custom with some new decorations, a new crib and a few toys. Everything must be sent by parcel post in early summer—this is the only way it will reach me.

RIOTS IN INDIA

(Continued from page 287)

though the angry outbursts for the most part, as reported by Father Sontag, were directed against the British, the people did not distinguish between Americans and British in their anger. The sun helmet was the sign of the foreigner. "Two of our Indian novices were down in the bazaar (market place) when things broke loose," write Very Reverend Frank N. Loesch, S.J., Superior of the Patna Mission. "The first thing they knew their sun helmets, worn only by Europeans, were in the mud being stamped to bits. His Excellency, Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna, was going through the streets. Some of the crowd scrutinized him rather thoroughly and with some signs of hostility. Finally, some of them remarked, after noticing that the Bishop wore a beard, 'Let him alone, he's a Mohammedan!'" So Bishop Sullivan was literally saved by his beard.

There was no outbreak of any importance in the Santal district, nor were any of the Chamar (leather workers) missions molested. The Khrist Raja High School at Bettiah was closed as a precautionary measure for about two weeks, as were the parish schools in the same city and at Chuhari. However, St. Xavier's College in Patna carried on. All in all, the damage in the Patna Mission was limited as far as the missions were concerned, chiefly to the Mokameh district.

"The village people, the simple, or dinary people of India, seem to be fed up by the rioting movement already," writes Father Loesch. "Bishops Roche and Thomas came out with strong statements, telling their Catholics not to participate in the movement."

In general, it may be said that the rioting was a momentary burst of popular anger, which began suddenly and as suddenly subsided, leaving those who participated in the trouble quite repentant. Police and military authorities took control of the situation and imposed heavy fines on the looters. A remark made by Father Sontag on his return to Barh, where he was given a royal reception, sums up the attitude of the people: "There was great rejoicing on the part of the people to see that their *buddha Father* (their old Father) had not been molested at all for all kinds of rumors were afloat and the *buddha Father* was no less glad to be in the midst of his people again, preaching to his children, packed like sardines up to the very altar steps and out on the verandah. God has been wonderfully good to us at Barh. I am fully convinced that it must have been the fervent prayers of our little ones and of so many friends far and near that explains Barh's rescue. And I am equally sure that these same continued prayers will see us through even though darker days be lowering on the horizon."

"LET US GO OVER TO BETHLEHEM"

(Continued from page 289)

morning to wander about the town. As we pass out of the church, we observe a group of women of Bethlehem gathered about the shrine of Our Lady, saying her rosary in Arabic. They are paying their daily homage to her whom they consider as their fellow-townswoman. You notice the tall, quaint stove-pipe hats covered with a veil, a style introduced here by the Crusaders centuries ago. We wander about the narrow streets for a while where the Christian houses are marked by a chalked or painted cross. But we find nothing remarkable, nothing extraordinary for all the interest of this little town radiates from the silver star of the grotto with its simple inscription "Hic ex Virgine Maria Jesus Christus natus est."

So it is not long before you find yourself picking your way back to the basilica. It is good to find some obscure corner of the church and say the Joyful Mysteries. We try to sink down or rather lift ourselves up to the mystery of the Incarnation, but like the simple shepherds we come to understand little and marvel much.

We gather together again at noon and once reassured that our lunch is still intact, we set off with one of the approved altar boys who will act as guide to the Shepherds' Field. We had advanced only a few feet when we saw behind us a whole retinue of tousled barefoot guides. Our lad George, however, soon dispatched them with dire threats and a few chosen stones, leaving them to trail on behind at a safe distance. Then George nonchalantly pulled out a cigarette from a dirty pocket and smoked like a veteran despite his ten years.

Once more we are trudging along the white dirt road, now gleaming under the noon sun. At the end of a half hour we come to a halt assured by George that this is the place. It is the Shepherds' Field but the Greek one, not the Latin. So we paid off the help and decided to make our own way cross fields to the Franciscan Field a short distance away. Two white-gowned Arabs were awaiting us and they prepared a table and hoisted a bucket of cool water from the well.

After we had eaten to our content and fed the left-overs to the gazelles, we were ready to take a walk about the garden which covers the whole property. The fig trees are now loaded with their purple fruit, and the pomegranates are shining like rubies where their shells have burst, and trailing on the ground, as is the custom here, are many grape-vines. Overlooking all these treasures, stands a small watch-tower built upon stilts, open to the four winds. From this vantage point the watchman can spy out any raider of his garden, whether he be man or beast. We climb up and with difficulty maneuver ourselves within its limited confines. Attached to the front of the tower was the most original scarecrow I have yet seen—a couple of sacks fitted into an old Franciscan habit. What if the innocent birds, mistaking the figure for that of St. Francis, should come in flocks to hear him preach as they did in olden days?

We look down into the cultivated slopes below and the narrow white road winding towards Bethlehem, whose white houses and spires stand out clearly on the opposite slope. Someone starts a Christmas carol. Another and another follows until we have exhausted our store. The Angels probably felt no jealousy of our singing but perhaps they envied our joy. And since it was growing late, we, like the fortunate shepherds whose understudies we had become, also stole their lines, "Let us go over to Bethlehem, and see this word that has come to pass."

So came to an end our most blessed of Christmas days—a Christmas day in the middle of August. But what matter? As the good Friar said, "It is always Christmas in Bethlehem, always Christmas!"

THE FIGHTING JESUIT NOVICE (Continued from page 291)

law. Having taken first place in a national oratorical contest he had also become a very fine speaker. So he argued his own case. It made headlines in all the papers of Manila. It amounted to a public defense of the entire subject of religious vocations. From the standpoint of the reporter, it was a perfect "human interest story." Teodoro explained in beautiful language that he loved his parents, that he loved his home, that naturally he had every inducement to follow a career in the law; but he went on to explain that the love of God must in times of conflict supplant the love of parents; that he had received, as he believed, a vocation to the religious life, and that he was found physically, mental-

ly and morally capable of accepting that vocation. He explained what a vocation meant, the opportunity to serve God in a more definite manner, and to labor for the salvation of souls; that this is, after all, the most important thing in life.

The Judge was an elderly man, very well educated, very broadminded, a very good Catholic. After hearing Teodoro's defense of his religious vocation, the Judge declared that there simply was no case and publicly rebuked not only the parents of Teodoro, but the parents of all young men and young women who stood in the way of their following a religious vocation. The court scene was concluded when the parents begged the Judge's permission to allow them the company of their son for that one day. He agreed to this but warned them that if Teodoro was not back at the novitiate by early evening, he would send the Constabulary to arrest them.

For a few months the young novice lived the life of the novitiate in peace. Then came the draft, just before the war broke out. Again the parents still opposing his vocation, saw a chance to remove him from the novitiate. By some means they had their son placed on the list of those first called in the draft, in spite of the fact that he was, according to the law, among those deferred. Once again they tried to arouse public opinion. The matter developed until Father Hurley had to make a momentous decision; he made it without hesitation. In order that it might not seem that Teodoro or any other novice had entered religion in order to avoid the rigors of army life, Father Hurley decided to send the young novice into the army without any further objection. However, he took the matter to the Chief of Staff, Major General Basilio Valdes, explaining this angle of it, and the General, who also consulted with President Quezon, assured Father Hurley that the case would not occur again.

The rest of the story has been supplied by Colonel Romulo who was the last man to leave Manila before the Japanese occupation and the last man out of Bataan before its surrender. Himself the leading journalist of the Philippines, having at one time controlled the English "Manila Tribune" the Spanish "Vanguardia" and the Tagalog "Taliba" and more recently been publisher of "The Philippines Herald" and winner of the 1941 Pulitzer Prize for his reporting of the Far Eastern situation, Colonel Romulo saw the dramatic value of this story. Teodoro Arvisu, he reported, entered the army as a Third Lieutenant, a rank peculiar to the Philippine Army. His R.O.T.C. training at the Ateneo, where he had been a Cadet First Lieutenant, gave him the necessary training entitling him to a commission. Colonel Romulo saw him a number of times on Bataan. Young Teodoro was in the front line during most of the fighting. Officers told Colonel Romulo that young Arvisu was one of the best officers along the en-

tire front. The Colonel himself said that "Arvisu fought like a tiger."

Most dramatic incident involving the young novice was, as reported by Colonel Romulo, his single-handed defense of a lone command post in the front line. He had been assigned to hold this post and although every other man with him was killed, he held it until reinforcements came up. Japanese snipers crept up on him but he drove them off. An entire detachment attacked the post but he succeeded in holding them back in a manner reminiscent of the stories of the one-man army of the World War. Colonel Romulo reported: "With a telephone in one hand and a rifle in the other, Arvisu held off the Japanese until we at last succeeded in bringing up the reinforcements necessary to repel the Japanese at that particular point."

Teodoro Arvisu, if he is still alive, is still a novice. Father Hurley refused to release him from the Society. His case was identical with that of many a young French seminarian and even priest who were called to the colors during the World War. On his first leave after being inducted into the army, Teodoro went back to the novitiate in order to obtain the weapons used by St. John Berchmans, a crucifix, a rule book and a rosary.

BETTY THE BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 295)

Gerald and Betty worked together, making a garden, building mud walls. One never saw a happier couple. It is true Betty ran away once but her sister brought her back, realizing that this procedure was hardly in keeping with the Christian idea of marriage. The girl usually runs away a few times and the groom has to go and bring her back. It is a sort of courtship that takes place here after marriage. But sometimes it leads to estrangements too.

Novels may be written on courtships extending over months or years, but results could be no more happy than that of this made-to-order romance on a five dollar note sent by a generous benefactor in America.

JUNGLE SICK CALL

(Continued from page 298)

heard unseen in the lofty Santa Maria and sapodilla trees, but no living thing was to be seen except the long snake-like lizards which darted through the bush.

From Manuelo's house to the place "Over by the Temashita" was no more than a mile, but the slippery, twisting, narrow trail so slowed the pace that it was almost an hour before we got there.

Petrona's malaria was better this morning, and she was able to sit up in her hammock to make her confession and receive her Sacramental Lord.

When Father Ruoff came out of Petrona's house, it was 6:30, time for Mass back at the village. A missionary's time is not his own, and Father Ruoff set out with a fast pace for the village.

WELLPINIT REJOICES

(Continued from page 305)

hoarse with shouting—shouting, mind you—even in church! The Solemn Beatification of the North American Martyrs, Jogues, Goupil, Brebeuf, Lalemant, De la Lande, Daniel, Garnier, Chabanel, was taking place. What a tremendous ovation when the gentle tones of Pius XI proclaimed that the heroic virtues of these men had won them the honors of the altar.

But there is a story behind the sacrifice of those martyrs. When the grisly work had been done, and Jogues lay crumpled at his murderer's feet, one of those Iroquois slunk into a corner and wrapped himself in his blanket. He must have prayed in his own Indian fashion; surely he asked God's pardon. For when the next group of Blackrobes came—as they do inevitably come again—he and his family became Christians. Years later one of his descendants, Ignace by name, accepted the responsibility of guide for the Hudson Bay Company in their trek westward.

After several trips back and forth across the country, Ignace settled down among the Flathead tribe of Montana, his adopted nation. But there were no Blackrobes here as there had been among his Iroquois in New York. He determined to get them.

In 1835 on a warm spring evening, the chiefs of the Flatheads gathered around the council fire. It was decided that Ignace, accompanied by his two young sons, Charles and Francis, should set out for St. Louis in search of a Blackrobe. There were many dangers to be faced, but the three joyfully accepted the mission. They arrived safely at their goal in mid-December. The boys were baptized, and the promise of a Blackrobe for their tribe was given them.

Two long years passed; yet not a sign of the priest. What had happened? Had he forgotten his promise? Had he tried to get through? Had he been ambushed and slain? Ignace would find out. In 1837, he, three Flatheads, and a Nez Perce Indian took up the trail. Bitter hatred existed between the Flatheads and the Sioux. The way for the little expedition led through the heart of the enemy country. Ignace and his brave companions were never seen by their tribe again.

In 1838, young Ignace, a brother Iroquois of heroic Old Ignace, set out with Peter Gaucher, another Indian, to learn the truth of the previous failures. They met Father DeSmet at Council Bluffs, and the black soutane of the Jesuit blazed Christ's trail into the Northwest. And so you have it—"sanguis martyrum, semen Christianorum," the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. The Iroquois, through Ignace, redeemed their sin by spreading the faith to the West.

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