

JESUIT MISSIONS

December 1943

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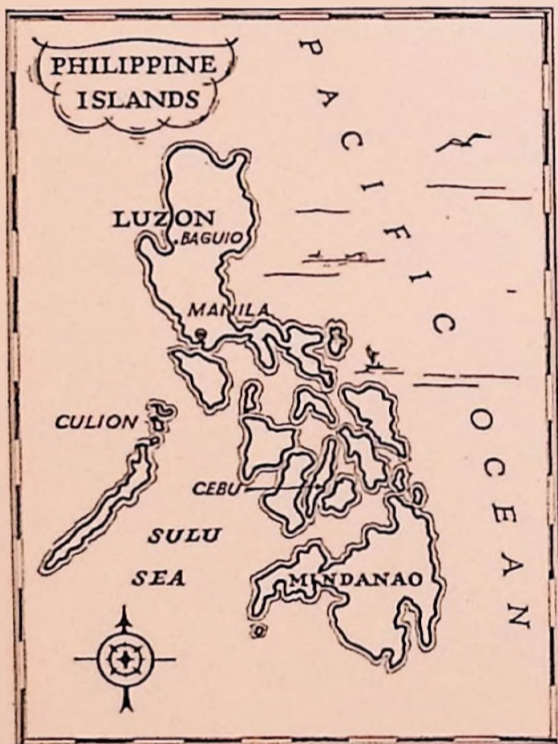


World Peace and the Missions

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*Mission
of the
Month*

See Page 302



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One in a billion . . .

. . . yet before God, each one stands out as an individual.

THE PRESENT WAR has accustomed us to big numbers. . . . A decision of Congress to obtain billions of dollars for the war program makes only a vague impression of vastness on the average man. But it becomes real to him the first pay day that twenty percent is deducted from his salary.

The Army announced its plans to put seven million men under arms, and talked of twelve million as a possibility. For most families, this was only a fantastic number, until a boy from the family was inducted. Then the seven million became real in the person of that *one* soldier.

We can talk of 1,157,000,000 non-Christians in the world, of 460,000,000 in China alone, of 29,000,000 in one diocese of Patna, India, alone.

They can remain just huge numbers until we realize they are all individuals before God just as clearly as the man in the picture above stands there alone.

The missionaries must deal with them individually; they baptize them individually, make converts individually, give absolution in confession individually, distribute communion to them one at a time, talk with them about their difficulties one at a time. Each one must die individually, and go before God alone. It is to individuals that salvation is given.

One soul is enough to bring a missionary from one end of the earth to the other. Only by the cooperation of many in many little ways are nations won for Christ the King. It is well to remember that. By a gift subscription to JESUIT MISSIONS you can solicit the prayers and support of your friends for *one* soul—some mother's son, some boy's sister, some child's parent, someone who stands before God as an individual soul.

Jesuit Missions 962 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.

JESUIT MISSIONS

DECEMBER

THE MODERN JESUIT RELATIONS

1943

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

CONTRIBUTORS

THIS MONTH

■ **Father Leo J. Shea, S.J.**, has always been a quiet person. You'd expect him to discover some quiet means of



Leo J. Shea, S.J.

keeping discipline in class. He has done it. According to our records, Lawrence, Mass., claims him as a native son. Boston College was the scene of his first teaching triumph; Weston, Mass., of his seven years study of theology and philosophy. Quite suddenly, and quietly, he left Boston for Baghdad in 1938. Since then he has been teaching at Baghdad College; spent two years in Basrah, Iraq, the only Jesuit for miles around, as Supervisor of Elementary Schools in and around that seaport; on the side

he was auxiliary chaplain to American engineers in that area. He is now teaching in Baghdad.

■ **Roger Fortin, S.J.**, a Canadian Jesuit, has been through three years of war in China at St. Aloysius College, Suchow. Several fellow Jesuits from his province in Canada have lost their lives on that difficult mission. As with all his fellow missionaries home under orders for the time being, there is one easy way to offend him, and that is to ask him, "Aren't you glad to be home here far away from all that war?" He is in Montreal now because his Superiors ordered him home to complete his studies at the Immaculate Conception College.

■ **Father Jeremiah O'Keefe, S.J.**, has a special vocation. It takes a special calling to be a handy man, able to undertake any assignment, and willing to take the impossible ones in a crisis on the shortest notice. For years he was parish priest at the Cathedral in Kingston, Jamaica. For the past three years, he has been with Father James Becker, S.J., at Montego Bay. Born and bred in Cambridge, Mass., a graduate of Boston College High School, he is a veteran missionary now—twelve years in Jamaica.

■ **Francis Xavier, S.J.**, was ordained a priest a year ago in India, his native land. His name at present is made up of his first two Christian names; the family name was dropped some years ago. Already the great-hearted sympathy for the downtrodden, so characteristic of his namesake and hero, is showing up in his life. We need only refer you to the article in this issue, his second for Jesuit Missions, to prove the point.



Francis Xavier, S.J.

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COVER—An Eskimo shoots some wild geese to replenish his larder. Such game is a welcome change from his regular diet of fish and would be a pleasant substitute for turkey at his Christmas table. With most of the supplies now designated for the Armed Forces in that area, the missionary and his people will be passed by this Christmas. There are many things they must get along without "for the duration." Alaska is still a primitive country that demands the pioneer spirit and the cool resourcefulness of men who battle the forces of Nature and conquer them.

God's Own Family



The Editors and Staff of "Jesuit Missions" extend to our friends and readers sincere wishes and prayers for every blessing of the Christmas Season!

THE whole human race was once just one small family, one mother, one father, and one child. The world was young, the earth new and undiscovered. But already a shadow had fallen across their lives. The father had done a fearful thing against his God. Punishment was swift in coming. Banishment from his first home was followed by strange experiences like fear which seized him in the dark, and weariness which accompanied work and pain which started so mysteriously. Then into that loneliness of man and wife came one tiny new life, a child. It must have thrilled them to know that others would see through to fulfillment the magnificent promise of human life they once had known. One day a Child like this would right the wrong that had been done.

The family grew and spread farther and farther apart. The firstborn murdered his brother. Jealousies and hatred and wrongs of every sort grew up among them, but nothing—no matter what happened, how much they changed, how far they strayed—nothing could change the fact that they were members of one family, all descendants of one common mother and father. There was no other blood, no other race on earth but theirs. But in the shadow of their father's wrong, they soon lost sight of that kinship utterly.

THEN a new family came into the world to restore the shattered unity among men. Again it was a small family, one man, one woman and one Child. The mother was the first since Eve to know what life was like without the shadow of Adam's guilt. This time there was no human father to repeat the first's mistake—the man was only a foster-father. This time the Firstborn would not so much as quench the smoking flax or break the bruised reed. He Himself would die instead to repair the broken heart of the world. True Son of true God, true member of the human race, through Him the human

family could once more be united, this time under God His Father.

And so at Bethlehem the human race got its second chance to live as one family. It was almost like beginning over. There once stood Adam; there Eve had sat; into just such a primitive cave a child was once born who was the first baby in the world. But no new race was being established; the age old one was to be reunited on a new basis. The once strong ties of blood and affection were now useless; they had been too long broken and forgotten. Now only the blood of the Child who was God could bind them all together again. Only this Child's Divine Father could give them ever again a common home.

TODAY there is a third family on earth. The Mother is only a foster-mother, the father only a Vicar of the real Head of the family. But in this family the reunion of mankind is taking place which was promised by the Christ Child. It is the only family authorized by Him to carry out reunion, the only one commissioned by Him to infuse new life through the power of his blood into the children born unto God.

When Pope Pius XII wrote recently his letter on the Mystical Body to the members of his family throughout the world, he called on them, as a father calls upon his children, to love their Mother in whose home they dwell, and to pray for those who no longer recognize their brethren in the darkness outside the family circle. To them all, he offered refuge "in their own—their Father's house."

We who are missionaries are seeking our lost brethren in the corners of the world. To them wherever they are, we bid a sincere welcome home this Christmas. For those who under God are united with us as children of Our Mother the Church and our Holy Father the Pope, we beg the peace and love and the family joys which the Christ Child came to give at Bethlehem.



"Peace on Earth"— means World Peace

OF all the millions of war-weary people in the world who this Christmas will hear again the Angel's message "Peace on earth to men of good will" there will be none to whom it should have more meaning and wider significance than to the people of the United States. It is true we Americans have not as much reason to be tired of war as other nations, the Chinese, for instance, who are in their seventh consecutive year of it. Nor have we suffered as much of the brutalities and destruction of war as have the people of the Philippines or of Poland. "Peace on earth" derives its greater importance for us of the United States not from what we have endured but from what we as a nation can accomplish in bringing a durable peace to the whole world.

A Chinese woman, shivering and hungry in the ruined hovel that was

by
Calvert Alexander, S. J.

her home in Nanking, a Filipino hollow-eyed behind the barbed wire of a Japanese prison camp, and an American mother whose sons are far away in Africa or in the South Pacific—all have this in common that they long for the end of this war. Both the Chinese and the Filipino, however, can be satisfied with the advent of a peace which is

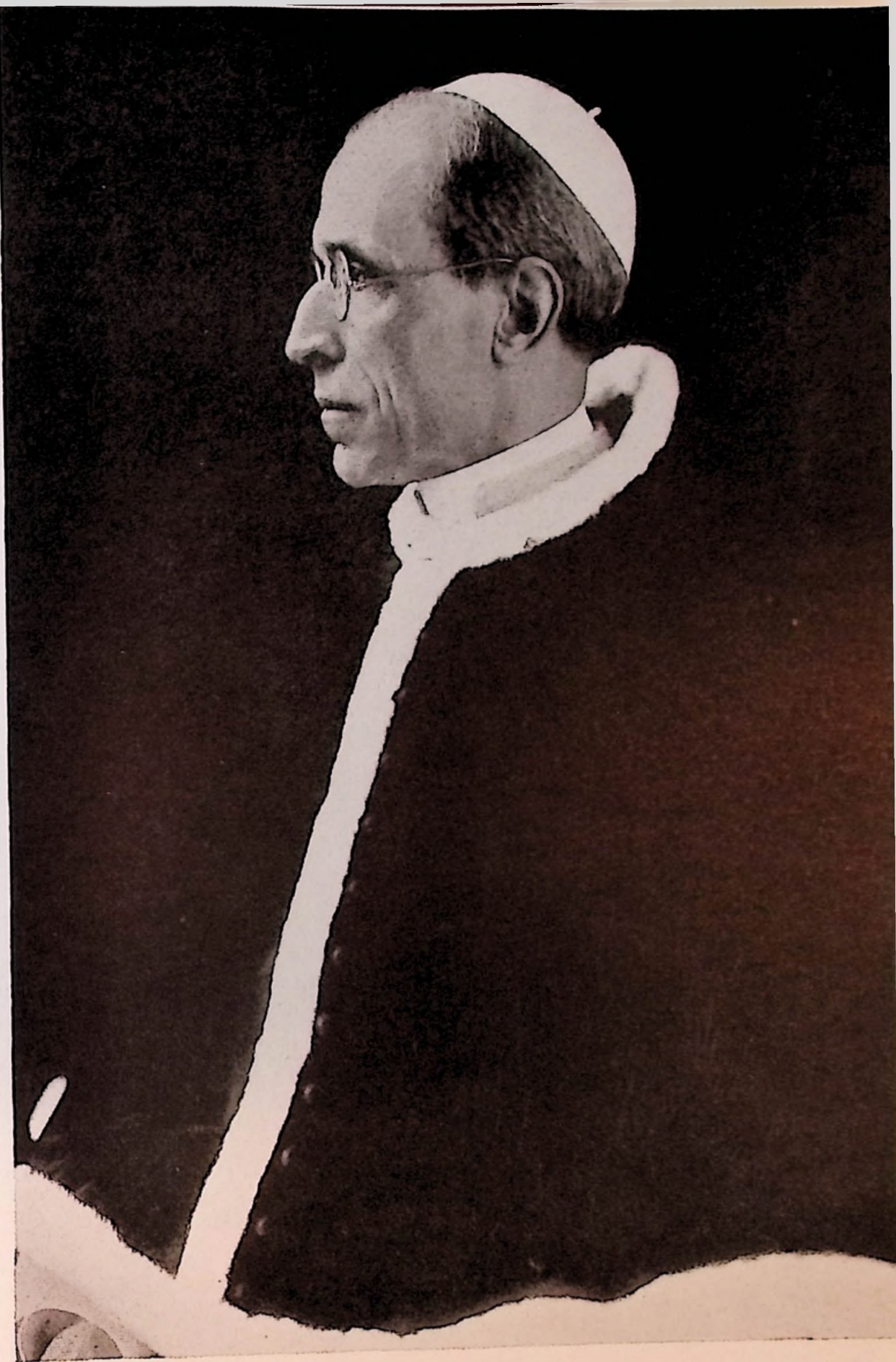
little more than a mere cessation of hostilities in their particular country. It is not that they do not wish all the people of the world to share in the blessings of peace but that there is little they can do to achieve it for them. Not so the American mother, for she is a citizen of a nation, which more than any other nation in the world has the opportunity and the mission of bringing about a just and enduring peace in which all the nations of the world can participate for years to come.

Seldom have wars been "People's Wars"; the people want peace. Yet seldom do they have a voice after victory. Now is the time for them to speak. A stable world peace will mean much to the missions of the Church. We can help obtain it.

Peace will be closer to us this Christmas than at any time since the outbreak of the war. It is important, then, that we should not only redouble our prayers for peace but examine our attitude towards the kind of peace we want. Do we want a world-peace, or will we be satisfied with a peace that effects only our own country, leaving the other nations to take care of themselves? Do we realize that our country, because of its greatness among the nations of the world can bring about a lasting world-peace? Do we realize that we as citizens of this democracy can so influence the leaders of our nation that they will incorporate into the peace provisions that will make it lasting and world-wide?

BOTH as Americans and as Catholics we have serious obligations with regard to world-peace. We can say without exaggeration that the world will get the kind of peace that we want. As a nation the United States occupies a key position in the world's economic and political life. Her power and influence among nations is unique, and consequent upon this position of leadership she has an obligation—a mission towards the post-war reorganization of the world community. Most of our present political leaders realize this but whether or not this high mission will be achieved depends, since we are a democracy, ultimately on the will of the American people. As Catholics we should welcome this obligation we share with our fellow citizens in bringing peace to the world. It is not only an obligation but an opportunity. We should regard it as particularly providential that America's high mission towards the achievement of a durable world order coincides with our new obligation as American Catholics towards the Church's many missions. For of all the contributions we can make to the missions none would be of greater value than a lasting world-peace.

Outstanding, indeed, among all the reasons there are, why we as American Catholics should be active workers for world peace, is the obligation we have towards the missions



Pope Pius XII, outstanding leader in the effort to secure a just world order.

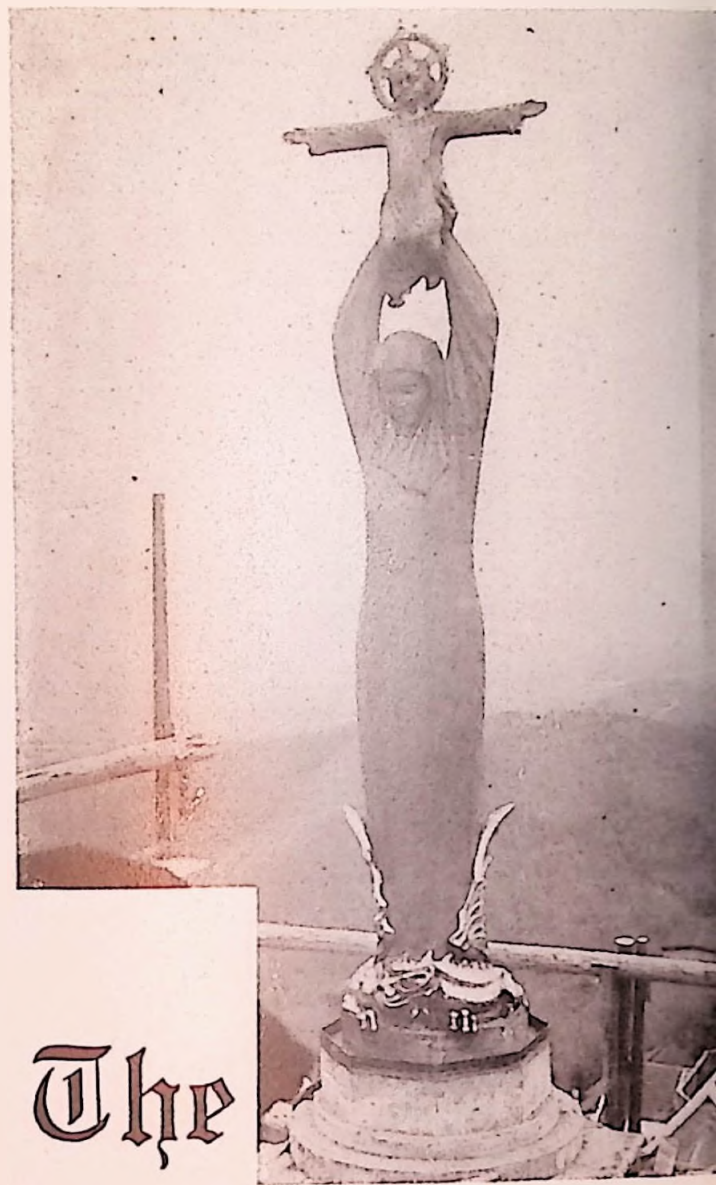
of the Church. Ever since the outbreak of this present war there has grown in this country an ever increasing sense of our duty to look out for the welfare of the Church's vast effort to bring Christ to the millions in the Orient, Africa and the Middle East. In the past it was the European countries—France, Belgium, Holland and Germany—which took the leadership in this work. Today and for some time to come they will be incapable of reaching out and protecting the numerous units of the Church throughout the world.

American Catholics have been quick to see that unless we immedi-

ately assumed world leadership in the missionary affairs, a great catastrophe for the Church impended. Under the drive of this new obligation we have grown immensely in stature as a missionary country and that in a very short time. We have made sacrifices to contribute more financial aid. We have taken over new missions, we have made preparations for sending more priests, brothers and sisters into foreign territory, we have instituted educational programs to stimulate mission interest and vocations. Most important of all we likewise (Continued on page 308)



Left: Chinese painting of the Nativity.
Below: Our Lady of Zose watches over China



The

Promised

SISTER BONIFACE was a little disappointed with the painting the young girl had just handed her. The Child Jesus was dressed like a little Buddhist, in a dress of flowered silk, had his hair done up in a bun over his neck, just the way superstitious mothers dressed their boys to look like girls.

To avoid the sharp scrutiny of the holy nun, poor Mu-Lien was staring fixedly at her painting. To do her justice, it was a charming piece of work. She had called the drawing "Nazareth." The Blessed Virgin was portrayed at the brook, occupied with the family wash, like a dutiful Chinese mother. The Child Jesus, a youngster of about five, was sturdily wringing out a shirt with his own hands. What had good Sister Boniface to object to in this?

But the nun had reason for her scruples. In China where boys are so much more valued than girls, mothers, being afraid that the wicked spirits would come to steal their male-children, used to disguise them as girls; and this was apparently the trick to which the Blessed Virgin of Mu-Lien had resorted to protect her little Jesus.

As a penance for having contributed to the perpetuation of a

superstition, Mu-Lien, still in the fervor of her recent baptism, vowed that never again would she attempt any painting but a still-life.

Mu-Lien is a delightful young Chinese girl about eighteen years old, who has spent the past two years at the Catholic University of Peking. She has been a Catholic for about six months. Her mother, like most pious Buddhists, was violently against the idea of her daughter's becoming a Catholic, but her father, an agnostic, managed to obtain his wife's consent. "Let her do as she likes. She will soon come back to her senses."

Jen-Yi, her younger brother, who is also a student at the Catholic University, is not a Christian, but appointed himself her protector, and took the occasion to whisper to Mu-Lien: "Kie-Kie (my big sister) your next drawing is going to be for me, isn't it?" Mu-Lien could not think of refusing his request.

During the Chinese New Year holidays, Sister Boniface had a plan for Mu-Lien. "You know, Mu-Lien, next May we are going to have a great exhibition of paintings under the auspices of the Apostolic Delegate to China. All the great masters will be represented. There

will be paintings by Mr. Luke Tchen, George Wang, Lu Hung-Nien, and also some samples of the best work of our pupils. I want you to do something for me. Will you do a painting of the Immaculate Conception for the Exhibition?"

"Oh, Kou Nai-Nai, I wouldn't dare. . . . The Blessed Virgin has not been very pleased with me, you know, since the time I turned the little Jesus into a Buddhist."

"Our Blessed Mother isn't as touchy as that," smiled Sister Boniface. "Personally, I think it will give her a great deal of pleasure if you paint a lovely Madonna for the month of May. I'm depending on you."

Mu-Lien hesitated no longer, but threw herself heart and soul into the enterprise. At the end of a couple of months the Madonna

A Chinese artist portrays the Christmas message to the shepherds.



Madonna

Roger Fortin, S. J.

was almost finished. Our Lady appeared surmounting a cloud, surrounded by a chorus of slant-eyed cherubim. Her hands joined in prayer, were long and fine, like those of Ying-Lan, a cousin of Mu-Lien. Her face had that wonderful look of joy and piety, so characteristic of Sister Mar-Kia-Lita (Marguerita) when she sang in the choir. Our Lady was in that happy mood of the Magnificat.

In the month of May the exposition of the Madonnas took place. All the fashionable world of Peking was there. Obviously the Madonna of Luke Tchen attracted the most attention, but the little masterpiece of Mu-Lien did not pass unnoticed.

The French ambassador offered to buy it for 200 dollars.

"I deeply regret being obliged to refuse you, honorable Sir," said Mu-Lien politely, "But it happens that I have already made a present of this picture to my little brother." But, after the Exhibition, when she gave Jen-Yi his painting, Mu-Lien could not resist saying: "It's a mere trifle, of course, but it happens to be worth 200 dollars."

But the Blessed Virgin had other ideas. In the course of her work, Mu-Lien had prayed constantly to Our Lady: "Grant me, O my Mother, to make a worthy image of your face." The more she prayed, the more she realized that she really wanted to make her own heart an image of Our Lady. Gradually the decision to become a Sister formed in her mind.

She confided her secret to Jen-Yi. But this time Jen-Yi resisted her, pleading with her not to leave him alone. The more she tried to explain the more he sobbed like a child.

Mrs. Wang's reception of the news was even more dramatic. "Child of perdition, what would you do! We try to arrange an honorable marriage, and you wish to disgrace us." The world seemed dark but her decision remained firm.

One lovely evening in the month of August, some shots were fired in Hataman Street; and a superior officer of the Army of Occupation lay dead in his car. The assassin melted quickly away into the anonymity of the crowd, but his little velvet skull-cap fell off in the process, and lay behind to tell by means of a tag glued to the lining, the name of its owner, Wang Jen-Yi. There are at least thirty people bearing this name in Peking. After a hasty examination of the police court records, it was decided to arrest them all. The brother of Mu-Lien, of course, was one of those on the list. They came for him just as he got into bed.

The servants had informed the family, who ran to the spot in alarm. Jen-Yi was preparing to follow the officer when the latter raised his eyes and saw the Immaculate Conception of Mu-Lien. After a moment's silence, he remarked: "That's a Catholic picture, isn't it?"

"Yes, Sir," replied Mu-Lien. "I



Mu-Lien was a young artist studying at the Catholic University of Peking.

Painted it myself. I am a student at the Catholic University Fu-Jen and my brother too." "Oh." Unexpectedly he left at once without further comment. Jen-Yi was safe.

Mu-Lien got little sleep that night. Her soul was divided between joy and terror. Her prayers were heard.

Mr. Wang was reading the paper when Mu-Lien went to find him. Fifteen citizens of the name of Wang Jen-Yi had been arrested. They were all to be put to the torture until one should confess.

Without waiting to be asked, Mr. Wang whispered, "Be a Sister if you want to. I give my permission."

Mu-Lien ran to tell the news to her brother: "And what will you do, young man?"

"Well, I can't stop you, any more than my father. Only perhaps I can make you wait a few months. Why don't you stay here to teach me Catechism? Then I could be your first pagan convert."



A Chamar boy masters the trade of his people in India.

surprise at the news. Both the men protested against the imputation.

FROM the talk which followed, the missionary gathered that the Chamars were beaten by the villagers on a charge of cattle poisoning. They had then appealed to the Father for help and advice. The Father could do very little just then, besides directing the two men to the neighboring police station. These simple countrymen, who dreaded the very sight of police, were now terrified at the mention of lodging a complaint with them against their own overlords. But finally they allowed themselves to be talked into it and left the house with the missionary's promise of help.

Early next morning the catechist was sent to the village to investigate into the matter. Here is the situation in brief. One bright morning, a couple of weeks back the Zemindar (the landlord) woke to find a full grown bull of his lying dead in the stables. That was a great loss indeed for a Hindu, who honors the cow and the bull as sacred animals, and for a farmer, who reckons his wealth by the heads of his cattle. The same fate befell the calf of a neighbor the following day. Consternation ran riot in the village. Some mischief monger was at the back of it all, evidently, and the culprit had to be tracked down and made to pay for it. Idle tongues were set at work, and after much deliberation, the blame was laid at the door of the Chamars. "In order to provide themselves with hides for shoemaking the Chamars had secretly poisoned the animals," it was said. The poor Chamars were frightened out of their wits, and of course protested against this false accusation in vain. The village panchayat (council) was called and the whole Chamar colony was arraigned before it. Needless to say, no convincing evidence was brought forward, but after much deliberation judges pronounced the Chamars guilty of cattle poisoning, imposed on them a fine of eighty rupees and held them responsible for the death of any cattle in the village.

THE missionary was suddenly awakened from sleep by the talk of two men sitting next to a hurricane lamp, at the other end of the verandah. On hot sweltering summer nights in India, people generally sleep out in the verandahs or yards, so as to enjoy any stray breeze that might chance to blow their way.

Some sick call, the Father presumed, as he sat up in bed and pulled out his watch from under the pillow. It was past midnight. But as the two men advanced towards him, they told him that no one was sick. They had come on another important matter.

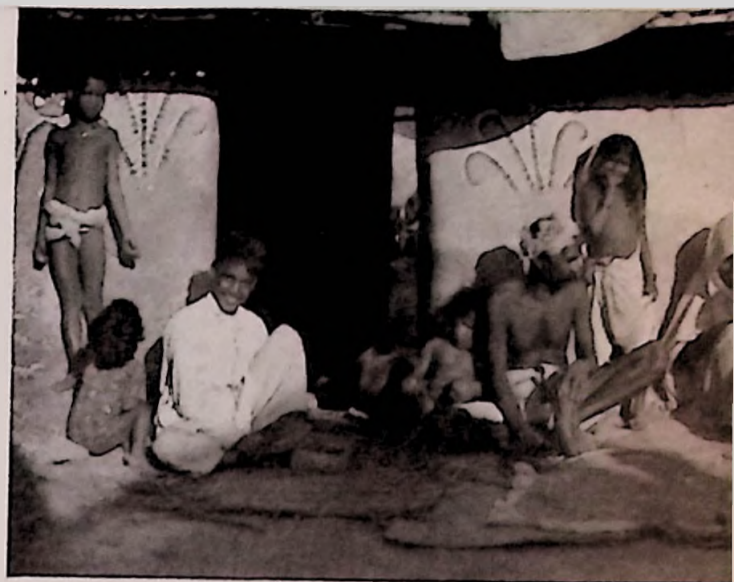
In the dim flicker of the lantern light the missionary scanned the features of his two Chamar friends. One was a recent convert and the other still a pagan, both from a nearby village, where he had lately opened a new center among the Chamars, the outcaste shoe-makers.

"You know our Hindu landlords?" the Christian began.

"Well, what about them?"

"Nothing very bad," put in his companion, "we just had the privilege of getting a sound thrashing from them last evening."

"You didn't play the badmash (rogue), did you?" replied the missionary jokingly, trying to hide his



The Chamars Try the Courts

Francis Xavier, S. J.

The Chamars were in a panic. To the fine they reluctantly consented, (although 80 rupees for a Chamar was a fortune, which very few of them possessed) but to be held responsible for dying cattle, that was impossible, they pleaded. But the jury was adamant in its verdict.

IT was in this plight that the terror stricken Chamars had appealed to the missionary. Here was an opportunity to help those poor people out. Such an act of kindness might be instrumental in the designs of Providence, in winning over a whole village to Christ.

The Father visited the village, tried to argue with the village leaders, and bring the affair to an amicable settlement, failing which he threatened to call in the aid of the law. The Hindus did not relish the idea of what they called the missionary's intrusion in their personal affairs, and wished to abide by their former decision, ready for any eventuality. The next day the Father visited the village again this time accompanied by a police official and a veterinary doctor. The

carcasses were dug out and carefully examined. There was no trace of poisoning; on the contrary, the veterinarian thought it was a very virulent and infectious cattle disease, and had the animals immediately re-interred. He strictly forbade the villagers to dig up the carcasses and the Chamars to use the hides under any pretext whatever. This was quite in favor of the Chamars and boded well for the issue of the cause of the Chamars. Accordingly complaint was lodged in the law courts.

THE issue was still pending, when one day, a deputation of the Chamars came in to the missionary, begging him to call off the lawsuit. The missionary knew the Chamars to be a timid and fickle people, but he did not expect them thus to undo all the efforts he was making for their benefit. The Hindus had threatened the Chamars meanwhile with reprisals on failing to withdraw their complaint. The Hindus were sure to win their point, they told them. Even if the decision of Patna (the provincial capital) was against them, they would proceed to Delhi and come

Some of the cattle died; the Hindu landlords blamed the Chamars, here shown at home winnowing rice and repairing shoes, which is their trade.



through victorious. Woe to the Chamars then! The Chamar deputation ended by saying: "It is inconceivable that a set of Chamars should dare to face a frown, much less the wrath of their masters, and this in the very law courts!"

It took not a little of patience and time to bring the people round to the missionary's point of view and to proceed with the law suit. The mission secured the services of a good Hindu lawyer, on whose assurance the Chamars await a favorable verdict.

MEANWHILE things did not rest there. The Chamar court case and the missionary helping them became topics of conversation in the villages. From the fairs and markets farmers and their wives carried back the news of the Christian "padre" and his kindness to the Chamars. The good news spread round, and consequently the missionary is no longer an unwelcome guest as he goes on his rounds through the outlying hamlets. People show a tentative acquaintance with him, which God grant may lead to their conversion.

Christmas in Alaska

Lawrence H. Shehan, S.J.



The dog team enjoys a brief rest in a clump of woods before tackling the windswept wastes of the open tundra.

CHRISTMAS first came to Nulato, Alaska, in 1887. Before that as far back as anyone can find out, the natives celebrated the "Feast of the Dead." The feast was more an orgy of dancing, singing, and eating ending with the gruesome spectacle of two widows, in a frenzied dance, slashing their bodies with knives as a sign of their grief. For centuries the pagan rites were carried out in full ignorance of the world wide celebration of Christmas. Death had the center of the stage in the Yukon snows, at the very time when the whole Christian world was rejoicing at the birth of Christ.

Then something strange happened. Just one day's journey from Nulato, Archbishop Charles Seghers, the saintly pioneer missionary, was murdered on the trail by a renegade Catholic. His blood was the seed of Christians. Next year, Father Tosi, S.J. built a mission station at Nulato, and that winter, the Feast of the Dead ceased to control the Eskimo minds. It was supplanted by the Feast of the Living,—Christmas.

The celebrations started just as usual, but when the time came for the widows to execute their frenzied savagery, the two women refused to move, and nothing could make them

do the "dance of death." Both of them happened to be preparing for baptism, and chose the solemn moment of the festival to make known their conversions.

From that moment on, the power of Satan was broken, and gradually the reign of Christ made its way into the hearts of the people. The natives still gather together each winter, but it is no longer for the "Feast of the Dead." They leave their camps of hunting and trapping, and come thirty, fifty, and even 150 miles to be able to spend Christmas with their Sacramental Lord.

LAST year they came in spite of severe cold and a lack of food in the village. Nothing could keep them away! But all the hardship was fully repaid as they knelt in the little Church at midnight, waiting for the Almighty to descend and be born again on the altar. With all their hearts they sang the beautiful Gregorian Mass, and even the children's sweet voices were mingled with the deeper tones of the grown-ups. And when the wonderful events of the first Christmas were read from the scriptures written in their own Ten'a tongue to wide-eyed and wide-mouthed little ones and the just as eager grown-ups, all felt that it was good for them to be here, to be able to receive, 130 strong, their Blessed Lord in Holy Communion, and to see two little ones approach the altar for the first time. "Rejoice and be glad, for today is born to you a Saviour, who is Christ the Lord."

Two Masses at midnight are not enough for these simple hearts. The children especially are so anxious to



In the afternoon the great event for the children was a Christmas tree party at which each child received a stick of candy, a pair of stockings or some other little gift. The expressions on these children's faces give some idea of how much just a little means to them. This group had to wait until the summer for their Christmas party. "It was worth the wait."

be at Mass on this day of days that they do not wait for the second bell to ring, but come running for the Church at the first sound from the belfry, as fast as their little legs can carry them. The two first communicants, as a special favor, served the High Mass, and one of the two yearly collections was taken up. How generously these poor people give on these occasions!

At one in the afternoon, there is a great event for the children—a Christmas tree party. Last year besides a little bag of candy (a gift of the traders in the village) each

child received a pair of stockings or, for the very, very poor, a suit of underwear. It is not much, but if no help comes, it will be impossible this year to give even these few things to the little ones. "It surely would be most sad," says their beloved Father Baud, S.J., "if on the day when Christ gave Himself to us in the form of the Little Babe of Bethlehem, we would have nothing to give our little ones, who do not ask for much—only some practical little thing, like stockings, underwear, shirts and the like." Surely God in His goodness will

move some kind heart to do something this Christmas for these little ones of Christ.

Such trust in God's loving care as Father Baud has, surely will not go unrewarded. For, although this little mission is in much want, he says, cheerfully: "we have not starved yet, and this is not a wonder for we rely so much on the Divine Providence." There is only one thing he begs: "Don't forget to pray in a special manner for this little missionary of Nulato and his dear Eskimos." Your prayers will find him always in their midst.

HOW TO EARN A CITATION

All the boats that go to Alaska do not reach her shores. Fog and rock take a greater toll than Jap torpedoes. Last Fall a transport loaded to the gunwales with army equipment reached Nome during a heavy sea; i.e., almost reached Nome. In presumably deep water, the ship struck a rock and half submerged. Ice floes came swirling down from the Arctic. No one dared attempt the salvage; at any moment a heavy sea might sweep a broken ice floe out to sea. The ship seemed doomed.

Then Father Thomas Cunningham, S. J., came upon the scene. Ice floes are his timetable. The Eskimos trusted his judgment; the army was willing to gamble on his experience. Dog sleds and tractors and crates were rounded up in no time. Father Tom ran the winch himself, hoisting the cargo to the Eskimos who dragged it inshore to the army men's tractors. At last the doomed ship was abandoned. But not before everything get-at-able was saved for the armed forces in Alaska. Courage and experience did it. Father Tom got his citation. That's one way to earn one.



FAMINE IN INDIA is taking a costly toll of the inhabitants of the Bengal district. According to reports from London, 40,000 persons are dying of starvation weekly despite efforts to rush food to the district. Field Marshall Lord Wavell, new Viceroy in India, considered the situation so serious that he made a personal visit to the district to supervise famine relief work.

THE CHOTA NAGPUR MISSION in India, run by the Belgian Jesuits, is this year observing its Fiftieth Anniversary. In addition to its other accomplishments it has added 310,000 members to the Church Militant.

ANOTHER GOLDEN JUBILEE, which is being celebrated this year in greater India is that of the famous Papal Seminary at Kandy, Ceylon, operated by the Italian Jesuits. The Seminary was established in 1893 by Pope Leo XIII, under the patronage of St. Francis Xavier. The celebration of the foundation will take place on the Feast of St. Francis Xavier on December 3. The Seminary, the expenses for which are paid by the Holy See, has educated many priests for the dioceses and mission centers of India, Burma and Ceylon. An American Jesuit of the Patna Mission, Father Leo J. Belanger, S.J. is one of the Professors at the Seminary.

CANADA EXHIBIT. A striking evidence of the increased interest in mission affairs in North America was the success of the first Canadian National Missionary Exhibition held in Toronto, sponsored by the Society of the Propaganda of the Faith and the Catholic Church's Extension Society of Canada. The Exhibition showed the global efforts of Canada's missionary work. 27 religious communities participated in the exhibits.

MISSIONARIES DREAM. The Archdiocese of Chicago last month celebrated its 100th Anniversary. Established as a diocese on November 28, 1843, Chicago could then boast of only 122 catholics and one tiny church. Today it has a Catholic population of 1,598,900. Although the Archdiocese's history only extends back 100 years, Catholicity in the Chicago diocese dates from the year 1674 when the Jesuit missionary and explorer, Father Jacques Marquette reached the mouth of the Chicago River on his journey from Green Bay to establish a mission for the Illinois Indian. Father Marquette was Chicago's first white man and the first priest to say Mass there. He remained in Chicago all during that winter. After Marquette several other Jesuit missionaries stayed in Chicago for a brief time on their way to Kaskaskia but it is doubtful whether any of them dreamed of the tremendous development that would take place in the course of the years. Father Marquette writes in the *Jesuit Relations* that "The Blessed Virgin Immaculate is taking such care all during our wintering that we have not lacked provisions . . ." and it is evident that she still continued to look after the growth of this huge archdiocese. Archbishop Samuel A. Stritch celebrated a Pontifical Mass in the Holy Name Cathedral in observance of the centenary. "Who will doubt" he wrote in a centennial message "that in the annals which the angels have written there is not an intimate contact

"**ALL PRESENT OR ACCOUNTED FOR**" was the substance of the cable just received in this country from Very Rev. John F. Hurley, S.J., superior of the American Jesuits in the Philippines. The cable constituted the latest news from the 250 American Jesuits in the Philippines. The message reported the deaths by natural causes of two Spanish Jesuits in Manila, Father James Mir, S.J. and Father Joseph Vall, S.J. Father Hurley also reported that Father John F. Gaerlan, S.J. is still missing. Father Gaerlan was a Chaplain for the Filipino Army on Bataan and was last seen by Father Pacifico Ortiz, S.J., who is now in this country acting as a Major in the Filipino Army on the Staff of President Quezon. According to Father Ortiz the fact that Father Gaerlan is not in any of the Japanese prison camps in the Philippines with the rest of the American soldiers taken on Bataan is ominous news. It may mean that he was killed in action. On the other hand, Father Ortiz believes that he may have made his escape. The last time Father Ortiz saw him he had just completed a thrilling escape from capture at the hands of the Japanese, having lost all his Mass equipment in the encounter. In the absence of any definite word that he was killed in action there is still the possibility that he may have made good his escape to some isolated part of Mindanao. Father Hurley's latest message was regarded here as very encouraging. It means that, despite the occupation and restrictions placed upon them by the Japanese, the American Jesuits and their Filipino brothers are still carrying on.

between the ministry of Father Marquette on the shores of Lake Michigan and that begun in 1843."

BISHOP KELLEY. Praise from members of the hierarchy and leading political and industrial figures poured in upon Most Reverend Francis Clement Kelley, Bishop of Oklahoma City and Tulsa on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee as a priest, which was celebrated in a very quiet fashion. Bishop Kelley's brilliant contribution to missionary work in the United States was especially stressed. The Bishop is the founder of the Catholic Church's Extension Society. Wrote Archbishop Stritch: "I wish it were possible for me to express my appreciation of the work you have done for the Church of the United States. Many will point to Extension as your masterpiece. But I have seen in your work something bigger than Extension. You awakened the mission conscience in the Church in the United States and all our mission work both for home and foreign missions is traceable to your apostolate."

BACK FROM ATTU IN THE ALEUTIANS is Most Reverend Walter J. Fitzgerald, Auxiliary Bishop of Alaska and Military Vicar for the U. S. troops in the Northland. These two offices make him one of Alaska's busiest men. In the States for the annual meeting for the Bishops in Washington, D. C., he left immediately for his ice-bound missions. In the picture below he is shown on a battlefield at Attu with one of the priests of the Vicariate, Father Merrill Sulzman, now an Army Chaplain.



December Mission Intention

Missionary Interest Among Catholic Youth

- It was not a mere coincidence that the Association of the Holy Childhood, which this year is celebrating its centenary, was founded by a man who was closely associated with the founder of the Society for the Propagation of Faith. Both of these pontifical mission aid organizations are related in origin and in operation.

- When Bishop Forbin-Janson in 1843 conceived the idea of an association of Christian children who would be interested in saving the souls of pagan children, he proposed it to Pauline Jaricot who immediately agreed that such an organization was the necessary complement of her Society for the Propagation of Faith. The work of building up a vast army of mission supporters could not be accomplished without the aid of the youth of Catholic countries. It is true that the financial contributions from such an organization would be small and there was great need in those days of immediate financial help.

- However both of these founders clearly saw an important aspect of mission aid which we in our day are likely to forget, namely, that the missionary work of the Church is a supernatural undertaking and its needs cannot be reduced by mere finances. It must have prayer; and young people, although not abounding in wealth, are rich in those qualities of soul which make their prayers acceptable to God.

- The last hundred years have given multiple witness to the soundness of their judgment. There is some need perhaps of again stressing its importance in our own country. We American Catholics are faced with the greatest missionary task in our history—that of rushing to the aid of the shattered missions of the Church throughout the world operated for the most part by European missionaries who, because of the war, are unable to support them. We need immediately large sums of money for this work which unquestionably must come not from children but from adults.

- Is there not some danger then that in our efforts to meet this high obligation we may give our attention chiefly to mature wage earners and neglect these little ones whose greatest contribution is in the spiritual order? At least this is certain that increased interest and effort on our part in training youth to be mission minded will keep before us the great principle that successful missionary work needs prayer as well as finances.

- It will have this important effect too, it will place our whole missionary effort on a more healthy and permanent basis. We Americans are not striving to become a great missionary country just for the duration of the war; missionary work must be kept up and extended throughout the coming centuries. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, has asked us to pray for the success of all of these works which have for their purpose the great project of making Catholic youth actively interested in the youth of pagan lands. Our youth will be the mothers and fathers, the missionaries of tomorrow.



The road to Paradise was so steep it went up like steps on a stairway. The blind man lived on top.

ONE thing you won't find in Montego Bay is a white Christmas. You wouldn't expect one on the northern shore of the little island of Jamaica, petted and patted by the warm waters of the Caribbean Sea. I wasn't dreaming of a white Christmas as I was walking along the narrow dirt road that crosses a gully and winds for a mile or more out from the town. Rather I was thinking how little Christmas meant to this island in the days of slavery when there was no priest to call down the Infant Child from Heaven and lay Him in Bethlehem's straw.

The scene in the town square last evening was still with me as I walked along. We had been visiting a Christian family whose upper verandah overlooked the town square. While we were talking the steady beat of tom-tom drums rose and fell outside the window. It intruded itself into our conversation until we finally broke off and went out to the verandah to investigate the cause. It was a celebration called John Canoe. This was a simple play enacted, each year, during the Christmas season.

A native troupe from the country had taken their position right below the verandah. Quite a sizeable

crowd had gathered around them. Two natives with expressionless faces beat out the deep notes on the tom-toms. Another with what looked like a home made bamboo flute added a wailing accompaniment. Before them and the center of attraction was a woman dancing around the inner edge of the circle. Following closely behind her was a boy dressed in cap and bells. He waved a magic wand before what first looked like a monster. On closer inspection it proved to be a crudely made horse's head all painted silver.

The crowd laughed at the antics of this hair raising apparition. Gradually the tempo of the tomtoms increased, the beat grew louder, the flute shriller, the dancing wilder. In a sort of frenzy the gremlin in cap and bells lashed out at the crowd with his wand. You could sense the hysteria of the people as the horse with flaming eyes and flapping jaws reared up and lunged at them. It was no longer make believe.

THIS morning as we walked along with our black thorn stick for company we were glad to think that John Canoe was the last vestige of a pagan Christmas of the past. In its place has come the real Christ-

Blind Man

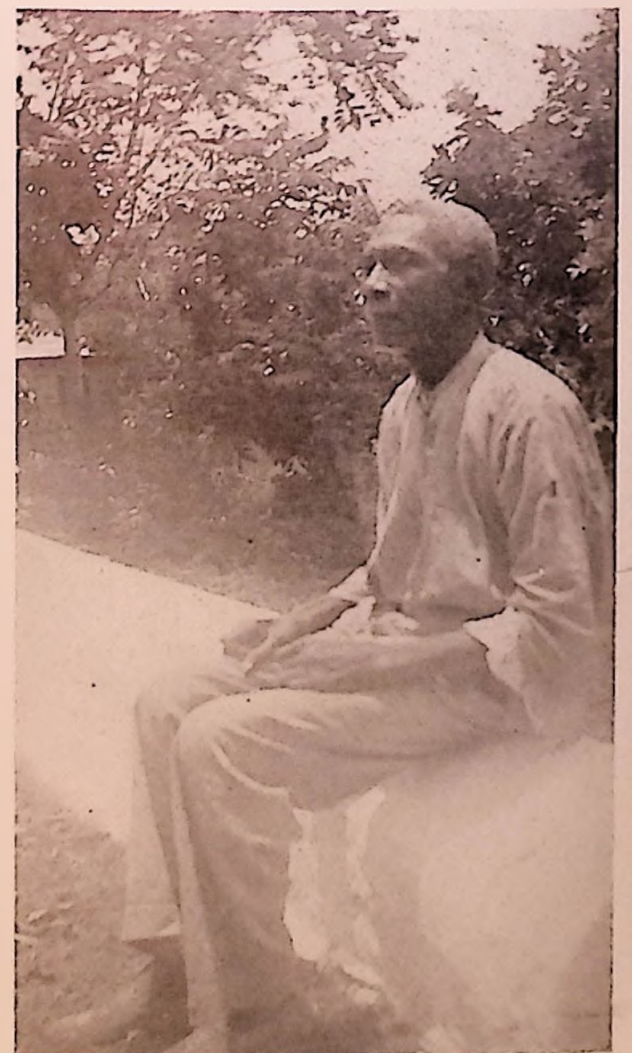
Jeremiah H. O.

mas to cast a spell over the hearts and minds of the people of Jamaica.

We were on our way to pay a Christmas visit to a poor blind man. The road was a familiar one. It never knew a traffic jam even in the days when cars and gas were more plentiful. There is a hill at the end of the road and it is steep and rocky too. To walk up that hill is like climbing a flight of stairs. But we shall be well rewarded for our efforts when we reach the top. For up there we find a level spot and a lovely scene. So beautiful and peaceful is it that people aptly call it—Paradise.

HERE I first met the poor blind man. This was his home. The

The poor blind man saw many things clearly.



Paradise

fir, S.J.

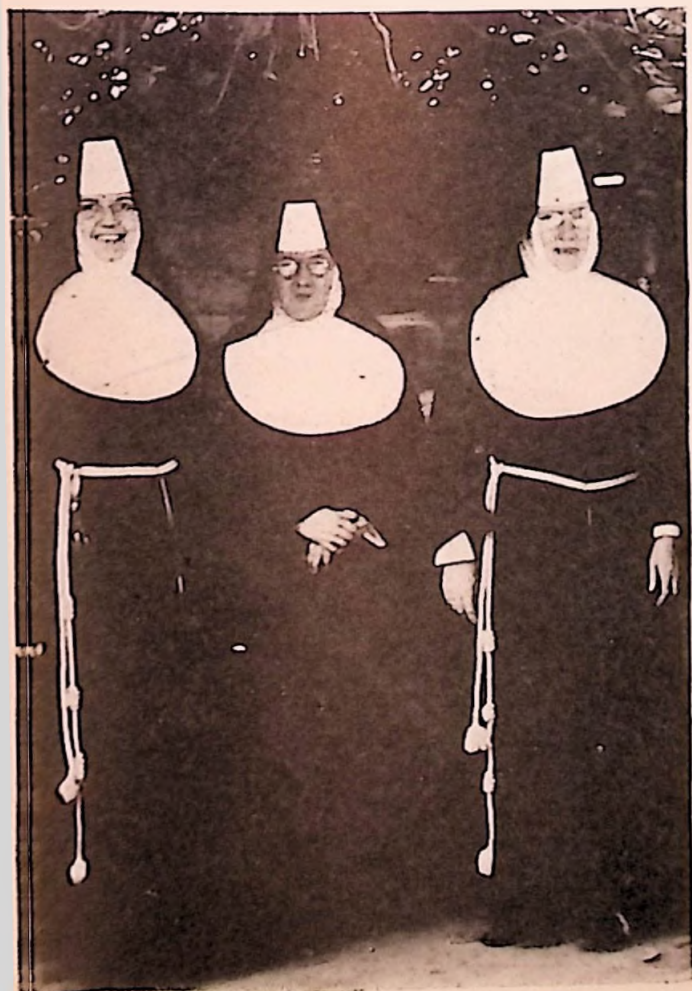
scene brought back memories of happy days at Boston College High School where first I read:

"Sweet Auburn, loveliest village of the plain

Where health and plenty cheered the laboring swain."

I never thought that I would see in reality what the poet must have seen in his mind; but such in very truth is Paradise. You will not find any big mansions up there but you will find big hearts and a big heart can greet and welcome you and make you feel at home. Such was the heart of the poor blind man. His welcoming words were always the same. "Fadder me glad to see you; Fadder it warm me heart to see you; me glad to see you." And you knew the poor old blind man couldn't see anything at all.

I started to tell him about the scene I had witnessed in the town



A view of Montego Bay from the Convent porch.

square last evening but he seemed not to listen. He was not interested in John Canoe. He passed over my remark, saying "I don't go down to town anymore; the hill is too steep for walking. Is the war still on?" As usual I told him the latest news from newspaper and radio. He didn't like the war at all and wondered why it was so.

NEVER once did he refer to my first remark about John Canoe. He recalled that when he used to come to town he would pass our school a short distance from the foot of the hill. "Are the children still around?" my friend would continue. "And the Franciscan Sisters what do they look like?"

Did you ever try to describe a Franciscan Sister to a blind man? I found out that he knew something better than merely what a Sister looked like; he knew what they did. And he would tell it to me often. "They are good; they teach our children; they are good to the poor, they are good." This picture of his own making which he treasured in his heart was a far truer picture than words of mine would give him.

Every missionary in Jamaica echoes the praise of the blind man for the good sisters. They multiply the efforts of the priest a hundred-fold. Five different Sisterhoods work in Jamaica: the Sisters of

"The Franciscan Sisters are good."

Mercy, the Dominicans, the Franciscans, the Native Sisters who are an offshoot of the Franciscans, and the Marists who care for the Leper Colony in Spanishtown. What the blind man said is true. "They are good."

I admired the poor blind man. I am glad I knew him. For all his catechism and philosophy of life was centered around one consoling statement that was ever on his lips, "God is good." That was his reason for everything. If you spoke to him of Bethlehem and the First Christmas, his comment was, "God is good." It was hard for him to remember the answers in the Catechism but then he would simply tell you, "God is good."

GOD was good to him. One afternoon—not so long ago—his wife came to our back door with the message: "The old man is sick and says he is going to die." So I went up to Paradise once more. I heard his confession for the last time and gave him Holy Viaticum; then he folded his hands and all I heard was, "God is good." I gave him Extreme Unction and a short time later he died.

Christmas has come and gone and my poor blind man has too. The tom toms are still. The dance has ceased. John Canoe is put away for another year. But this year, my blind man sees forever the Eternal beauty of Christmas in the vision of God who was so good.

Crowds Came for Christmas

Francis J. Melzmler, S.J.



CHRISTMAS Eve was cloudy and made the usually chilling air at this time agreeably warm. Then it began to rain which was good for the crops but—I was just returning from Patna, whither I had rushed as my assistant, Father Matthew, was very weak with malignant tertian malaria. He's well on the road to recovery now. As I watched the rain fall, I had misgivings about the turnout for Christmas. By the time I had reached home at 3:30 p.m. and found no one had arrived, it seemed likely that the adorers at Bethlehem would be few, even as of old.

While I took a cup of tea, however, the first group straggled in at the end of their sixteen mile pilgrimage. From then on group after group came in; so that I started instructing and hearing confessions at four and wound up at eight o'clock. By midnight two hundred and fifty villagers were on hand. The sky had cleared and the world was bathed in full moonlight, which gave an added charm to the mild night.

We had our High Mass with sermon, and all stayed for the other

two Masses, singing in Hindu to their hearts' content the age old tunes of 'Adeste', 'Silent Night', 'Angels We Have Heard', 'O Holy Night', etc. You'd think they would have had enough by 2:30 a.m. But that's just when the fun began for the more than one hundred elves or brownies who scampered and sang and played till the smiling moon wrapped himself in his misty quilt and with a last understanding wink let his head sink beneath the clouds.

BY the time the sun flashed his warm Merry Christmas to us, the big breakfast was ready, thanks to the night long labors of teachers and catechists. Everyone set to with a will after Benediction and prayers for the benefactors who had made the feast possible in spite of hard times.

There wasn't any turkey; though that's what Piru means. (It's a rare bird over here as many of our enterprising doughboys stationed here and there the length of the land must have found out.) But there was plenty of rice and goat stew, cauliflower, egg-plant, and potatoes.

Despite the rains, a huge crowd came to Piru for Christmas.

SIX hundred and two meals was the Christmas total. After all had said equivalently, "No thanks" there was an instruction on the Rosary, its meaning and use, to men, women and children by groups, before each received a Rosary as a gift. Then, all having been capped off with candy, those who could make it by nightfall set out on the home trek. A good number stayed all Christmas Day, and were off next morning, a small group among the millions of their countrymen still in darkness, even as the shepherds of old were a handful in Judea.

The family spirit of such celebrations makes them very enjoyable and helps to develop a social unity among people living far from one another. With their background of poverty and of paganism, these people do not know the spirit of an American Christmas. Their celebrations are more like feasts of the Multiplication of the Loaves and the Fishes when a little must go a long way.

Afield

WITH

American

Jesuits

Rev. J. J. Halligan, S.J.
Punta Gorda, British Honduras

Scene in a British Honduras home: A little two-year-old girl on her knees before a picture of her patroness, St. Rosalie. The mother and father whispering to the missionary: "She will be a nun. St. Rosalie got her vocation looking in the mirror to admire her own beauty. Instead she saw the thorn-crowned head of Christ looking at her. She became a solitary and when they came to bury her, the fragrance of roses filled the cave. Our little Rosalie, please God, will be a nun." Please God!

Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.
Hoooper Bay, Alaska

Berries are plentiful in Alaska. One day the Sisters picked 110 gallons of Salmon berries. They keep them in open barrels for the winter. Their 30 gallons of blueberries they keep in jars or airtight barrels. Blackberries are put in a sack, sunk in the river to freeze, and taken out as needed through the winter.

There is a new postulant for the native Sisters—Betty Ahkinga, born on Diomed Island, baptized by Father Thomas Cun-



ningham, S.J. She seems quick at learning languages. Her help is needed.

We bought a 500-Watt windcharger by mail three years ago. First summer, nothing arrived. Next summer, parts of it arrived at ports all along the Yukon. This year, the other parts finally arrived. It should save much valuable and expensive oil.

Father Jules Convert, S.J., has given up grammars and gone out among the natives to learn Innuit. He will be on the trail for several months.

Eskimos receive a lot of names in a life time. A baby is given the names of a favorite uncle or aunt, regardless of gender. He or she will be called one name by some and the other by others. At school, instead of "Ayulul Kasayul," a boy is likely to be known as "Bill." When he moves, he will get another, "Hank," for instance, and a new boy at the school will inherit "Bill." It makes records a nightmare, but there is no changing the custom.

Father Francis Menager's new church in Bethel is nearly completed. It must have been quite a sight to see all hands pitching in to finish it before the winter set in. In his new boat, Teresita, he dragged 40 logs 130 miles for the construction of the main parts of the building. The interior finishings are due on the next steamer.

Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., confirmed 53 men during his recent visit to the armed forces on the Aleutians, and conferred with all the Catholic Chaplains in that area.

Rev. Bertram Ernst, S.J.
Santal Parganas, India

The famine in India hasn't reached our side yet. If we get rain, we may be spared. Recently, a little girl was abandoned at the mission, as near starvation as she could be and still live. Her brother brought her to us, explaining that he knew we would do something —! Before we could explain, he fled. She has

Watch out Notre Dame! An All-Indian team under Father Hubert Smith, S.J., wait for the whistle.

Father Joseph Wade S.J. in British Honduras does his best but the band-master just can't—or won't—go on.



OUR MISSION FIELDS

ALASKA
AMERICAN INDIANS
BAGHDAD
BRITISH HONDURAS
CEYLON
CHINA
INDIA
JAMAICA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
SOUTHERN NEGROES

been baptized, given the name "Anna," and stands a chance of recovery.

A combination of hoarding and bribery is causing a lot of trouble in the food shortage. Some of the people have rice, but the poor cannot pay the bribes, and have nothing to hoard.

Rev. Francis Welzmler, S.J.
Piru, Bihar, India

I can't help but be sad at the news of the poor Philippines. And that British Honduras hurricane! Looks as though they will have to rebuild in reinforced concrete. This must be old news to you now, but you see how long it takes for word to come from U. S. and for our answer to reach you.

Cholera is raging with unusual fury this year, though so far, we have been little affected. Our boarding school lost three boys at Arrah, and the girls' boarding school at Buxar has two cases right now. What has saved a large number here are the medical supplies in our dispensary. I don't know what we would have done without them.

There'll be good news from Father Loesch soon about his new school, but I'll let him tell it when he writes to you."

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Father Jules Convert, S.J., has given up grammars and gone out among the natives to learn Innuit. He will be on the trail for several months.

Eskimos receive a lot of names in a life time. A baby is given the names of a favorite uncle or aunt, regardless of gender. He or she will be called one name by some and the other by others. At school, instead of "Ayulul Kasayul," a boy is likely to be known as "Bill." When he moves, he will get another, "Hank," for instance, and a new boy at the school will inherit "Bill." It makes records a nightmare, but there is no changing the custom.

Father Francis Menager's new church in Bethel is nearly completed. It must have been quite a sight to see all hands pitching in to finish it before the winter set in. In his new boat, Teresita, he dragged 40 logs 130 miles for the construction of the main parts of the building. The interior finishings are due on the next steamer.

Bishop Walter J. Fitzgerald, S.J., confirmed 53 men during his recent visit to the armed forces on the Aleutians, and conferred with all the Catholic Chaplains in that area.

*Rev. Bertram Ernst, S.J.
Santal Parganas, India*

The famine in India hasn't reached our side yet. If we get rain, we may be spared. Recently, a little girl was abandoned at the mission, as near starvation as she could be and still live. Her brother brought her to us, explaining that he knew we would do something —! Before we could explain, he fled. She has

Watch out Notre Dame! An All-Indian team under Father Hubert Smith, S.J., wait for the whistle.

Father Joseph Wade S.J. in British Honduras does his best but the bandmaster just can't—or won't—go on.

OUR MISSION FIELDS

**ALASKA
AMERICAN INDIANS
BAGHDAD
BRITISH HONDURAS
CEYLON
CHINA
INDIA
JAMAICA
PHILIPPINE ISLANDS
SOUTHERN NEGROES**

been baptized, given the name "Anna," and stands a chance of recovery.

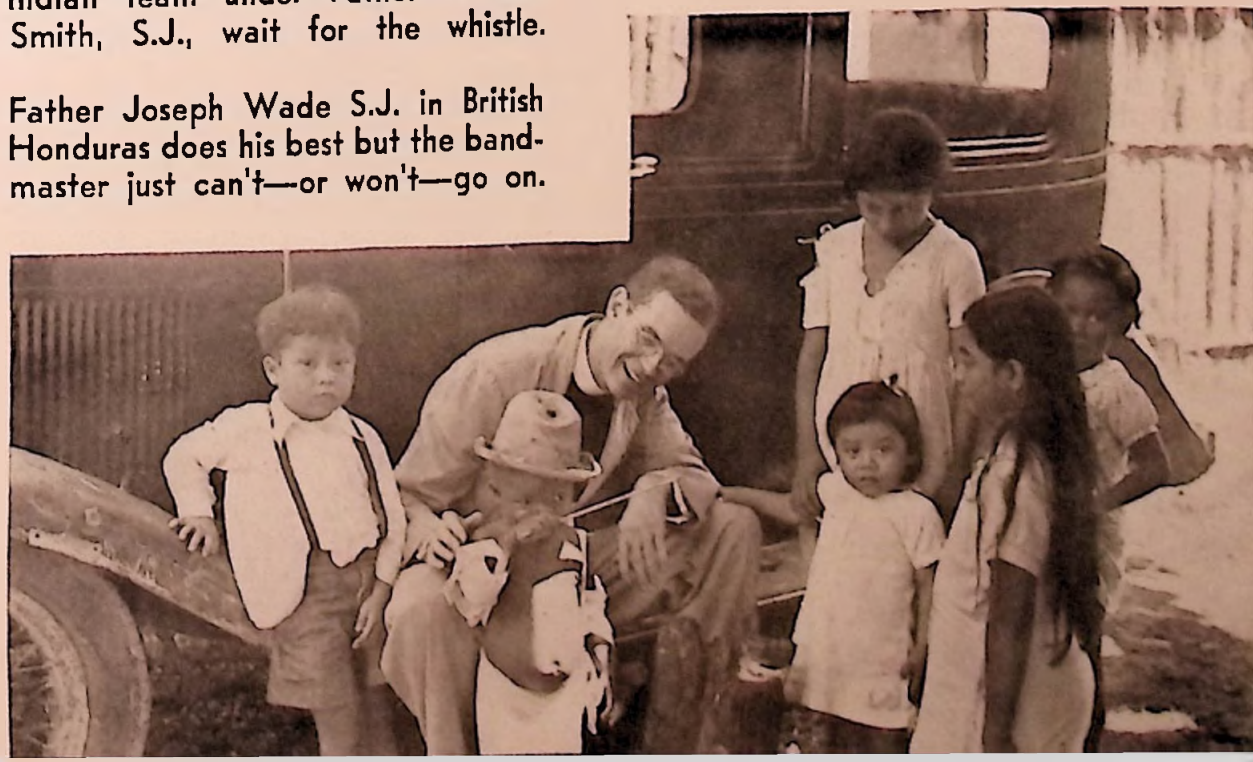
A combination of hoarding and bribery is causing a lot of trouble in the food shortage. Some of the people have rice, but the poor cannot pay the bribes, and have nothing to hoard.

*Rev. Francis Welzmler, S.J.
Piru, Bihar, India*

I can't help but be sad at the news of the poor Philippines. And that British Honduras hurricane! Looks as though they will have to rebuild in reinforced concrete. This must be old news to you now, but you see how long it takes for word to come from U. S. and for our answer to reach you.

Cholera is raging with unusual fury this year, though so far, we have been little affected. Our boarding school lost three boys at Arrah, and the girls' boarding school at Buxar has two cases right now. What has saved a large number here are the medical supplies in our dispensary. I don't know what we would have done without them.

There'll be good news from Father Loesch soon about his new school, but I'll let him tell it when he writes to you."





St. Francis Xavier dying on the lonely island of Sancian. China is just across the bay, within sight, but out of reach.

IF Francis Xavier only had his way! All he wanted was to convert China, and then return to convert the Japanese. The plan was never carried out. Death overtook Xavier on the way. And for four hundred years missionaries have been struggling against heavy odds to fulfill his dream. The whole history of the Far East would have been so different had he succeeded. After four hundred years there are only 283,491 Catholics in Japan and 3,257,000 in China.

Xavier spent more time in Japan than he did in any other one place in his whole mission field. Almost one third of his ten missionary years were devoted to the Japanese. At the end of three years, he had only a few converts. The tragedy of those three years was more than a personal failure. When he first went there, he was 43 years old, one of the most triumphant and attractive human figures in history. Three years in Japan brought on his early death at 46. His hair had turned snow white, lameness settled over him, and his seemingly endless vitality gave out. What was more serious was his failure to make the Far East Christian.

More than anything else, his early death can be laid to the cruel treatment shown him by the Japanese.

Xavier and Japan

J. H. MacFarlane, S. J.

When he stood in the market-places of their villages talking to them of the Christ whom he loved so ardently, they laughed at him, and little children threw mud and stones at him. When he gained entrance into the homes of the more learned, they plied him with endless questions for hours on end in curious agnosticism and skepticism and would usher him out in polite apathy uninterested in his teachings except for the novelty he afforded them for the evening. He hoped that they would be willing to learn and to love Christ; all they wanted to do was to listen. Of all the hardships this great Jesuit ever faced, I believe that the coldness of the Japanese toward Christ was the hardest for him to bear.

Not his converts; they were perhaps his favorites. The love and devotion they showed him was "beyond belief," in Xavier's own words. But from the beginning, reports of the good qualities of the Japanese so raised his hopes of winning them to the Faith that the results were a cruel let-down. He was told that

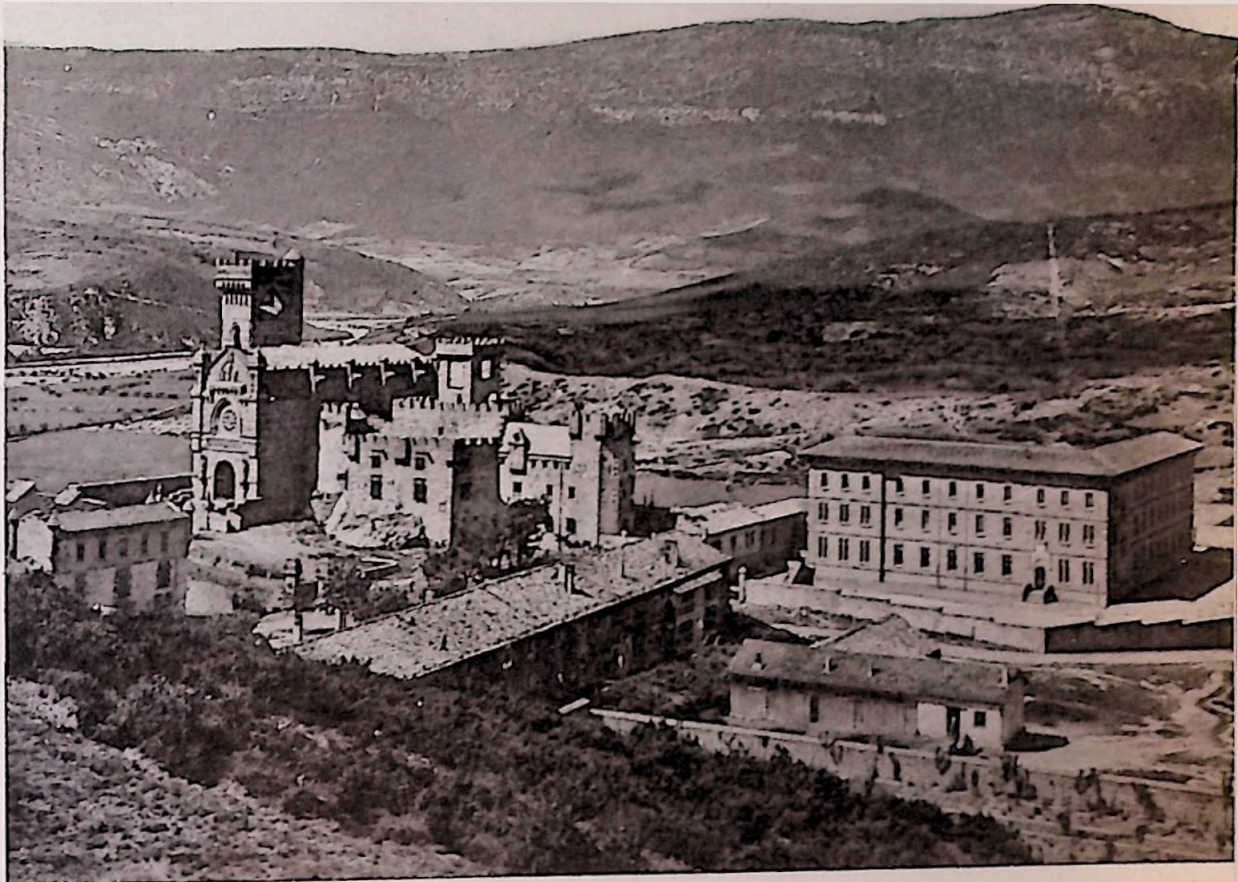
they were "so reasonable," and he found their leaders argumentative. He was told the people would most willingly accept the teachings of Christ. Most of them treated him with scorn because he came to them a poor man. He returned to them in the full regalia of his powers as Legate of the Pope and Ambassador of the King. They accepted his gifts, but only a few received the Faith. They asked a thousand questions, but they found the commandments too difficult. Despite all his optimism, he had to leave them, finally, unconverted.

AND yet he loved his few Japanese converts! In the rest, religious apathy grew out of their paganism; he knew that and saw the need of the warm kindness that true Christianity alone could give. Their religious leaders were cynical and hypocritical. The power that the ruling classes held over the people was so ruthless that they had no chance for natural development of their true selves. But Xavier saw

something in them beneath the sneer and cynicism which prompted him to say, "The Japanese people are the best disposed nation I have so far discovered here." Yet his missionary work among them during life was practically a failure. Always they brought up one objection to him which he could not answer: "How can this be the true religion when the Chinese have never heard of it and do not accept it?" Xavier's answer was: "Who are these Chinese people?" When he found out he had but one goal in mind—to win China to Christ and to return,—to preach Christ to Japan.

THE man who set out to do that gigantic task was already a broken man, undernourished, fever-ridden, and much nearer death than he would admit. He was told that China would allow no foreigners within its borders; that torture awaited anyone who tried. No one dared to take him there. Weeks passed before he could find one trader who would risk it. Then the ships all sailed away leaving him waiting on the island of Sancian. China was within sight but out of his reach. He could see it large against the horizon, a whole nation which had never heard of Jesus Christ. Slowly the land faded before his eyes, and night crept in upon the sea, and a chill settled down over the deserted island. Only a candle flickered at his side; only the crucifix in his hands was real. Then the candle sputtered out, and the cross slipped from his grasp, and in the quiet hours of the morning of December 3rd, 1552, Francis Xavier died of a broken heart, broken by the most generous offer a man ever made to a nation: I will be willing to win the whole of China for you, even if I have to do it alone, if thereby you will accept the love of Jesus Christ. That was Xavier's offer to Japan. He was on his way to do it when he died. Please God that plan will still be realized.

Three pictures you rarely see. Top: The renovated castle of Xavier. Center: A monument raised to Xavier in Japan. Below: The shrine on Sancian, where Xavier died.



C U L I O N



No. 1, 2, 3—DORMITORIES

4—CATHOLIC CHURCH

ON THE SHORES OF THE CHINA SEA

Culion is the largest leper colony in the world. The Island of Culion lies 200 miles southwest of Manila. Its present population is estimated at 7,000. Within seven years after the American occupation of the Philippines, American doctors and engineers began the heroic work of providing hospitals, constructing roads and furnishing a water supply for the colony.

The Society of Jesus was requested to care for the spiritual needs of the lepers. The then Superior of the Jesuits asked for volun-

teers. Every Jesuit in the Philippines asked to be sent to Culion. When 365 lepers arrived at Culion in May, 1906, they were greeted by Father Valles, S.J. Since then Filipino, Spanish and American Jesuits have served as Chaplains. Father Rello, S.J., holds the record of twenty-five years at Culion.

The present Superior at Culion is Rev. Anthony Gampp, S.J. (Buffalo, N. Y.). Prior to this assignment, Father Gampp was Rector of the Seminary of San Jose, Calocan, Philippines.

JESUIT MISSIONS

962 Madison Ave., New York, 21, N. Y.

Dear Father:

Kindly accept my donation for the Culion Leper Relief Fund.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY ZONE STATE

The Jesuits at Culion are confronted with the problem of supporting a large church, schools, catechists, recreational centres, and also of providing food and clothing. Just how Father Gampp is meeting such demands, we have no knowledge. Once communications are opened, we must be prepared to send immediate aid to the lepers of Culion.

COMMUNICATIONS

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

BURSE FOR A JESUIT PRIEST

To the Editor:

I am a constant reader of **JESUIT MISSIONS** and deeply admire the arduous work of your missionaries. It would give me great joy to assist in the education of a Jesuit priest. Would it be possible for me to make this investment and enjoy the interest on the principal? Upon my death the principal would be left to the Seminary of the Society.

Assuring you of my prayers for your work and trusting that God may protect your numerous missionaries in the war zone.

Atlantic City, N. J. A FRIEND

(EDITOR'S NOTE: *To make such an arrangement I would suggest that you write to Rev. John C. Baker, S.J., St. Ignatius Rectory, Calvert and Madison Sts., Baltimore 2, Maryland.*)

A GRATEFUL READER

To the Editor:

I deeply appreciated your thoughtful gift of several issues of **JESUIT MISSIONS**. Being religious, I am naturally extremely interested in the great work for the Kingdom of God. I would love to be in the front of His army. For His own good reasons God has given me a serious illness. I am confined to bed with T.B. After reading the magazine I pass it among the patients of the hospital.

The article on "The Missionaries Sail Again" awakened a great deal of comment. It is well for those outside the faith to know that despite the perils of the time we are sending out our missionaries to carry on the campaign of Christ.

May I thank you again. I shall be looking forward each month for copies of **JESUIT MISSIONS**.

Chicago, Ill. SISTER M.

A PRAYERFUL SUGGESTION

To the Editor:

I certainly wish to express my congratulations for the attractive "Prayer Appeal" in the October issue of **JESUIT MISSIONS**. So often we think only in terms of money for supporting the missions. God's grace and blessing upon the missions are of course the most important part in missionary activity. Hence I do hope that many of your subscribers will constantly pray for the missionaries.

During the past year or two Monsignor Sheen has urged a Holy Hour. I would suggest that you ask your subscribers to spend a Holy Hour in reparation that God may be appeased because of the dishonor given Him by Pagan supersti-

tions. Such an Hour would bring many graces to the Pagan souls. This Hour could also be made for some particular missionary.

I plan to have a few of my friends say one decade of the beads each day for the missions. I hope to have a group of five organized for this purpose. Perhaps you can launch such a campaign among your subscribers. Trusting that God may continue to bless your work.

New Orleans, La. M. B. D.

J. M. ON THE ATLANTIC

To the Editor:

I happen to be a Petty Officer on a destroyer. I have been a regular subscriber to **JESUIT MISSIONS** for the past few years. My particular interest is centered around the missionary work of Bishop Rice in British Honduras. I have often hoped our ship would put in somewhere near his mission so that I could visit him personally. He has written to me several times. From his letters I judge that he must be a real giant of a missionary. I mean, of course, intellectually, spiritually and physically.

Usually I receive two or three copies of the magazine. This is due to the irregularity of our putting into port. Quarters, as you know, are quite confined on a destroyer. After reading each issue I pass it among the crew. It usually comes back very well battered. The men are deeply impressed by the wide scope of the Jesuit missionary activity. So let me assure you that **JESUIT MISSIONS** is deeply enjoyed not only by myself but by the members of my crew.

Do ask a few prayers for God's blessing upon all of us.

Atlantic R. W.

THE BROTHERS OF MERCY

accept young men between the ages of 16 and 40 years, and give them a special training in nursing and the care of the sick. They carry on in a very special way the mission of mercy which Christ entrusted to the Church.

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Buffalo, (1), N. Y.

BOOKS

... the best

Christmas gift of all.

THE DOVE FLIES SOUTH

By James A. Hyland

The most exciting Negro novel to come out of Dixie since the turn of the century! Through an extraordinary device, a white man is taken behind the barrier of color to see the Negro as he really is. \$2.50

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The monumental biography of one of the most remarkable women in the history of the Church. Excellent gift for your pastor. \$5.00

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Another dramatic novel about the life of a missionary (this one about a Sister) by the author of **THESE TWO HANDS** and **THY PEOPLE, MY PEOPLE**. Just off the press. \$2.75

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Short stories by Catholic writers. "The best such compilation that has been made."—*The Literary Pageant*. Ideal gift for Sisters and laity. \$2.75

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Still a favorite... the exquisite love story of Michel with its bloody and emotional finale. \$2.50

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By Bishop Francis C. Kelley

Everybody enjoys these short stories from the gifted pen of Bishop Kelley. \$2.25

Order from

JESUIT MISSIONS

962 Madison Avenue
New York 21, N. Y.



The waterfront of Shanghai and the famous "Bund" or shore-drive. From this scene the repatriates take their leave of China.

ME-SHIANG-LIN walked up the gang-plank carrying two small black suitcases in his hands. The luggage wasn't heavy; it wasn't even important. All that he valued was heavy in his heart. He could remember so clearly walking down a gang-plank two years before, and touching the soil of China for the first time. It was the "good earth," his land for the rest of his life. No more frijoles, tortillas, mole chocolate and tacos ever again. He had come to stay. Here he was now just two years later, walking back up a gang-plank, driven out of China. And it hurt.

The S.S. Gripsholm would be waiting for them in Africa, and he should have been rejoicing, with the others, on his escape. But it was strange; all his thoughts were on his arrival in China, not his departure. The first things that happened to him there were clearest in his mind as he was leaving.

He put his baggage down on the crowded deck. He was Richard Gomez S.J. once more, of Mexico City, no longer Me-Shiang-Lin, the name fondly given him at the Sacret Heart College in An-King by one of the students.

He could see the college now, and remembered the first afternoon there as clearly as if it were yesterday. That was the day Father Superior took him to the open window looking down on the playground.

"See that little boy with the

The Gripsholm is Coming

B. A. Tonnar, S.J.

The story of a Mexican Jesuit who found it hard to come home from China, even on the rescue ship S. S. Gripsholm

ball?" said the Superior pointing to U-Shin-Fu who was threading his way like a shuttle among his playmates. "He belongs to the mission. We adopted him after a Japanese soldier brought him here as a student and told us he was unable to care for the lad any longer. He was to be transferred to Han-Kow on the morrow and it was impossible to take U-Shin-Fu with him. So we adopted him."

"Is the boy Japanese?" asked Me-Shiang-Lin curiously.

"Not at all; very much Chinese. He lived with his parents, three sisters and two brothers in Nan-King when the Japanese came to capture the city. The family tried to escape in a river boat, but the Japanese bombed the river and sank their craft. All were drowned except this boy, U-Shin-Fu. He saw his mother, his father, his two little sisters drowned before his eyes. The others were killed by the bomb."

"He was found sitting near the scene of the tragedy, crying his little heart out. This soldier was a Catholic from Kobe and out of Christian charity took the boy back to Nan-King and found lodging and food for him. Having a Japanese Catholic soldier for a protector saved the boy from witnessing any of the brutal tragedy that filled the streets of the city during those days. Soon after the fall of the city, the soldier was sent here, and brought U-Shin-Fu with him. Then he be-



Jesuits hope one day to place a large statue of the Sacred Heart on top of the famous pagoda, formerly a pagan shrine, overlooking the city of An-King.

Raymond Gomez S.J., the Me Shiang-Lin of this story, with some of his students at the Sacred Heart College. He returned last year on the Gripsholm.

came ours to care for. He was a pagan, then, but not for long. He heard Mass for the first time in our chapel and was impressed by the gentleness with which we treated him. Four months ago, U-Shin-Fu was baptized Louis. He wants to be a catechist. Even now, he has been on several trips with the Fathers to nearby missions.

"Father, does he ever cry or talk about his mother or father?" asked Me-Shiang-Lin.

"Sometimes, the Prefect in Louis' dormitory is awakened by the boy's cries. Louis has nightmares and screams most pitifully. I asked him one morning after he had one of these dreams what troubled him. He told me he saw his mother trying to save his baby sister and when he started to go and help them, something held him back. Then he would yell and cry and beg to be loosed. But these things will pass gradually. Otherwise, he is quite normal and healthy. He is a member of the Sodality and has been serving Mass for quite some time now."

With that Father Superior was suddenly called away and Me-Shiang-Lin continued to gaze thoughtfully at the boy at his play. It was his first glimpse of the work which lay before him. It wasn't cheerful. Turning away from the window, he went to the college chapel where the boys used to gather every day and there he prayed for a long time. He could remember even the silence of that chapel. . . .

"Pardon me, Father, but have you been a missionary in China?"

There was a stranger at his elbow, all smiles, anxious to be friendly.

"Only two years. I was driven out by the Japanese. They claimed there was no food for aliens. Most of the others with me had become Chinese citizens. I had to leave."

"Didn't you want to leave?"

"Not at all. Things that happened here have become part of me. One afternoon. . . ."

With a hurried apology, the man rushed off to greet a friend of his just coming up the gang-plank. It didn't matter. The young missionary wanted to think of that incident again anyway.

IT was in the garden, one afternoon right near the statue of Our Lady of Mercy that it happened. An old man was kneeling there before the lovely figure, praying out loud to the "Great White Merciful Lady," the name most pagan Chinese give to the Virgin Mary in the An-King mission. Over and over again he asked for rice. You could tell he was hungry, and there was nothing to do but go to the rector of the school and ask for a Chinese dollar for the kneeling petitioner. Unfortunately Father was short of money. He was thinking of his orphans. More were being brought in every day. The helpless city had drained him of every bit of extra money. There were only ten cents to spare, but after some urging and some searching, twenty cents were found. The poor man in the garden was still there.

"Here is some money for rice"

A Catholic—Japanese soldier brought U-Shin-Fu to the mission when his whole family was killed in Nanking.

was all one dared to say. He looked up and then slowly counted the coins in his old worn wrinkled hand. A great smile spread over his face.

"Ah, the Great White Merciful Lady has heard me," he exclaimed jubilantly. "I begged her to give me twenty cents for rice and look!"—he stretched out his open hand,— "Look! twenty cents for rice is just what she gave me!" It was hard to forget the expression in an old man's eyes filled with tears from begging suddenly turned full upon you in gratitude. The old man became a Catholic. He was the first fruit of a young missionary's labors.

Then the stranger came back, all apologies. "Father, what was that story you were going to tell me? I just saw a friend of mine coming aboard. It is so good to see a familiar face. The Chinese all look alike to me."

Then he listened to the story, and was silent for some time. Ten years he had been in China, on business, and here beside him was a young man who had done in a few minutes what he had never done in all those years.

The ship was moving. Richard Gomez was leaving China, but not wholly. The heart of Me-Shiang-Lin was still there. When the Gripsholm came, there was one thing it would not carry away.



NEW BOOKS



Resistance and Reconstruction Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek

At last, the one who knows his country better than anyone else, has given us a clear and vibrant picture of New China's dual program together with the moral and political factors behind it. In this book, a collection of Chiang's Addresses from 1937 to 1943, you will find out how and why the Chinese have fought alone for so long; and you should find reasons sufficient to explain the amazing industrial and political structure being erected in Free China.

Here are a few samples of Chiang's sterling personality, his faith and confidence in the future, and a fine admixture of martial realism and lofty idealism: "China has infinite sympathy for the submerged nations of Asia, and towards them she has only responsibilities, not rights." . . . "The driving force we need must be found in moral principles." . . . "This war is not simply for the survival of our own race, it is a struggle for justice among men, and for international faith and righteousness." . . . "The nearer the war draws to a close the greater will be the sacrifices demanded of us, and the heavier will be our responsibilities."

There is plenty of food for thought in these few random quotations, and evidence enough that this is a "must" book for those who should be interested in an important fourth of the world's population.

Harper & Brothers, New York. \$3.50

Free China's New Deal Hubert Freyn

In his "Resistance and Reconstruction" Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek gives to the Chinese people a detailed and frank explanation of their national destiny. Current news releases assure us about the Resistance of the Chinese people as a whole and the initiative and offensive tactics of China's extremely fluid armies. We ask ourselves what amount of Reconstruction China has done or could hope to do during the long period of total war which deprived her of 65% of her coal, 99% of her iron, a great deal of her cotton, most of her industrial cities, and sky-rocketed the inflation of her currency.

Hubert Freyn answers this question not with wishful thinking or rosy hopes but with facts. He sketches in broad outline the exploitation of natural resources and the development of new industries, and then discusses this economic expansion in its relation to the various provinces of China and the characteristic

needs of each. This book is not only a thrilling revelation of the resourcefulness and ingenuity of the Chinese but proves rather conclusively that Generalissimo Chiang's insistence upon parallel Reconstruction has borne fruit and has fired the Chinese masses with the will to modernize their country and to realize the glorious future which is theirs for the making.

The Macmillan Co., New York. \$2.50

A Short History of Chinese Civilization

Tsui Chi

New China is definitely on the march to, perhaps, the greatest era in her long history. Everyday people realize the necessity of learning something about China both past and present. The formidable histories of her past and the mass of special articles on Contemporary China obscured by the more highly publicized "journalistic yarns"—practically all written from the western point of view, leave the ordinary inquirer appalled.

Mr. Tsui has come to the rescue of the unbiased friends of China and has provided them in crisp and fluid English with a one volume history of China written almost entirely from Chinese sources. His original manuscript was well-documented with sources, but his advisors and editors persuaded him to omit them from the published text. This omission will be keenly felt by serious students of China's history, but it has made the script more inviting for the average reader.

Some of Tsui Chi's most interesting and detached observations are those on the story of the Deluge in Chinese oral traditions, Confucius, early Catholic missionaries in China, and Generalissimo Chiang Kai-shek. This story of China through Chinese eyes is a definite contribution to our knowledge of China.

G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York. \$4.00

Burma Surgeon

Gordon S. Seagrave, M.D.

With a basket full of discarded surgical instruments and medicines the author set out for Burma as a missionary. He was primarily a doctor and not a missionary. Starting from scratch and, before the opening of the Burma Road, he fought against the mortality of malaria and other tropical diseases. With great patience he taught and trained his own staff of native nurses.

Then the Burma Road opened; American engineers came and right on their heels came the Japanese invasion of Burma. Dr. Seagrave found his small

hospital overflowing with the wounded English, American and Chinese soldiers. Day and night he worked and cut and sewed and injected, ably assisted by his nurses until bombed out by the Japanese.

The last part of the book describes the now famous retreat from Burma to India under General Stillwell. The author makes no pretense at style; it is not necessary; the deeds speak for themselves. A strong vein of egotism is present in his writing or maybe it is simply justifiable pride in deeds well done.

W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., New York, N. Y. \$3.00

Forgotten Front

John Lear

A reporter starts out to tell of Nazi and Japanese influence in Peru. Flying over the Andes, his plane runs out of gas and lands in the Sechura Desert. The description of a scorching five-day trek over the desert by himself and two other passengers and their battle for life during those tortured days is interesting.

E. P. Dutton Company, New York, N. Y. \$2.50

Her Glimmering Tapers

Louis Joseph Stancourt

The author of "A Flower For Sign" has left us in "Her Glimmering Tapers," a spiritual diary of a parish retreat conducted by a serious yet jovial Franciscan Friar in his Long Island parish in preparation for the feast of the Holy Rosary, the patronal feast of the Church. The diary consists of spiritual illuminations granted him on the liturgy of each day of the retreat and the author's impressions of the considerations given twice daily by the friar. Not less interesting than the resumes of the author are the summaries of the talks made by Nick, the faithful sexton, on a day Mr. Stancourt was unable to attend.

The Macmillan Co., New York City, N. Y. \$2.00

Sacraments of Daily Life

Bernard J. Kelly, C.S.Sp.

This book considers the seven sacraments of the Catholic Church as the normal path of progress in spirituality. Throughout the book Father Kelly stresses our part in the Mystical Body through the reception of the Sacraments, especially the Holy Eucharist. Emphasis is given to the priestly character of Christian life through sacrifice.

The first four chapters which treat of grace and the sacraments in general are

as satisfying as anything we have read on those subjects in popular style.

Sheed & Ward, New York City, N. Y. \$3.75

Fiji: Little India of the Pacific

John Wesley Coulter

In "Fiji: Little India of the Pacific," John Wesley Coulter of the Department of Geography of the University of Hawaii gives his readers the results of his study of the Fijian Islands made from November 1937 to January 1941 in a graphic and satisfactory picture. The greater portion of the book is devoted to the agricultural problem as it has been and will be affected by the cultural, economic and political influences upon it. The greatest problems in the eyes of Mr. Coulter are the rapid increase of Indian population in the islands and the British attitude towards the natives. Six maps and sixteen tables of statistics based on the 1936 census help to give the reader a clear picture of Fiji before the war in the Pacific area.

University of Chicago Press, Chicago, Ill. \$2.00

Catholic Morality: Fundamentals and Summary

Rev. Joseph I Schade, S.T.D., K.H.S.

In translating Massimo Cardinal Masimi's volume on Catholic Morality, Father Schade has presented the English-speaking laity with a clear, concise and satisfying treatment of the fundamentals of Catholic morality and a readable summary of man's duty to God, himself and his neighbor, with a short but comprehensive digest of duties of the family, and man's duties to his country and his church. Chapter V. Duties of Social Economy offers a brief but thorough analysis of the Economic-Social Question stressing the wisdom of the Catholic solution and the errors of the socialistic solution. In delineating the Christian concept of the State Father Schade has followed Mercier's admirable doctrine with the salient passages quoted from the encyclicals of Leo XIII.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$2.00

A Newman Treasury

Charles F. Harrold

Several Newman anthologies have preceded this one—Eric Przywara's *A Newman Synthesis*, A. K. Maxwell's *According to Cardinal Newman*, and Joseph J. Reilly's *The Fine Gold of Newman*. None the less, there is room for Professor Harrold's Treasury. It is different from those listed above. Here, for instance, one has a representative number of complete selections from Newman's works as well as many shorter passages "such as tempt the mind to 'browse' and reflect." In the ample introduction to the Treasury Professor Harrold, though not a Catholic, makes a sympathetic study of Newman as man and writer. There is a useful bibliography of Newman's works and books about Newman.

Longmans, Green and Company, New York, N. Y. \$4.00

With a Merry Heart

Edited and Compiled by Paul J. Phelan

A professor of English in a Catholic university, Mr. Phelan brings competence to the compiling of this "Treasure of Humor by Catholic Writers." There is a short "justifying" introduction and five categories of selections—Fiction and Short Stories; Humorous and Satirical Poetry; Essays, Letters and Columns; Plays and Dialogues; Anecdotes of Fact and Fancy. All the well-known Catholic writers in English are represented: Belloc, G. K. C., Maurice Francis Egan, T. A. Daly, Maurice Baring, Ronald Knox, Emmet Lavery, Leonard Feeney, Seumas MacManus, et al. Finley Peter Dunne, Westbrook Pegler, and Oliver St. John Gogarty are in it, too. This Treasury is decidedly a bedside book for Catholics. It is full of merriment, good writing, good taste.

Longmans, Green and Company, New York, N. Y. \$3.25

Through Japanese Barbed Wire

Gwen Priestwood

An English woman with the courage of a man escaped with one companion from Stanley Prison Camp shortly after the fall of Hong Kong. The escape itself was not so spectacular. What places the book out of the ordinary are the interesting sidelights thrown on the Chinese people who assisted them in their two thousand mile flight to Chungking in Unoccupied China.

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(Continued from page 285)

have developed an interest not in this mission or that mission operated by the Americans but in all the missions of the Church. We have grasped the truth that we as American Catholics have been catapulted by the war into a key position as far as the world missions of the Church are concerned. We have the role of protector of the world missions; their future is in our hands and we are straining every effort to fulfill this new and important position.

THERE is, however, one vital thing that we have up to the present neglected, and that is to realize what world peace means to the missions and what we as American Catholics can do to achieve it. So far we have conceived our new obligations chiefly as the business of providing the missions with spiritual and financial aid and manpower. This would be sufficient provided we were reasonably certain that the present war would be followed by a long period of peace. Our missions need peace and order as a necessary environment for growth. War destroys in a few years what decades of labor and sacrifice have built up. It would certainly be a shortsighted policy if we in America would restrict our efforts for the missions to the work of pouring money and manpower into them only to be witnesses in our own generation of another war which would wipe out all these gains. Our efforts for world peace must go hand in hand with our other necessary works in the missions if we want to put our missionary enterprise on a sound basis.

What can we do? We can cooperate with movements already under way in this country which have world peace as their objective. One of the most important of these was launched within the last two months by the joint statement entitled "Declaration on World Peace" in which Catholic archbishops, bishops, priests and laymen joined with Protestant and Jewish leaders seeking a just world order.



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