

JESUIT MISSIONS

December 1944

Ten Cents



CHINA (Nanking and Shanghai)

Rev. Pius L. Moore, S.J.
55 West San Fernando St.
San Jose 21, California

CANADIAN INDIANS

Rev. Paul B. Brennan, S.J.
2 Dale Avenue
Toronto, Canada

INDIA

Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.
1110 South May Street
Chicago 7, Illinois

**BRITISH HONDURAS
AMERICAN INDIANS**

Rev. Vincent Erbacher, S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 8, Missouri

CEYLON**SOUTHERN HOME MISSIONS**

Rev. Edward T. Cassidy, S.J.
4133 Banks Street
New Orleans 19, Louisiana

CHINA (Suchow)

Rev. Louis J. Lavoie, S.J.
Case Postale 611
Quebec, Canada

PHILIPPINES

Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J.
51 East 83rd Street
New York 28, New York

PHILIPPINES**SOUTHERN HOME MISSIONS**

Rev. John C. Baker, S.J.
Calvert and Madison Sts.
Baltimore 2, Maryland

BAGHDAD**JAMAICA**

Rev. Thomas F. McDermott, S.J.
300 Newbury Street
Boston 15, Massachusetts

ALASKA**AMERICAN INDIANS**

Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J.
3220 S. E. 43rd Ave.
Portland 6, Oregon

Mission of the Month**ALASKA**

Hugging the top of the world and off in the projecting west corner of the North American continent is Alaska. But for all that it is by no means a small place—actually it is one-fifth the area of the United States.

It's a rugged land of gigantic mountains (Mt. McKinley 20,300 ft. high), blizzard-swept plains in winter—a land of fur trading, gold mining and fishing.

But it is the souls made by God for God that attract us. Nearly 75,000 (exclusive of military and naval personnel) souls live in the vastness of Alaska's severe, dark winters and beautiful summers. Of these 40,000 are Whites, 16,000 are Eskimos and 11,000 are Indians. The Whites inhabit the southern coasts and the fur trading and gold mining centers—the Indians roam the interior while the Eskimos occupy the colder areas on Bering Sea and the Arctic Ocean.

In Alaska every Christmas is white—and joyous because of the cri

American Jesuits from Northwestern United States have been ministering to and evangelizing the occupants of Alaska since the saint-like Archbishop Seghers was murdered by an insane guide.

Alaska is a new land to civilization (relatively speaking). Its first Vicar Apostolic still remains active at 86 years of age—His Excellency Bishop Joseph Raphael Crimont, S.J. Assisting Bishop Crimont is Bishop Walter Fitzgerald, S.J. Forty Jesuits labor throughout the 586,000 square miles of land conducting native schools, running parishes and going the rounds of villages and cabins.

The need for Priests and Brothers in Alaska is urgent. The need for funds to carry on Christ's work, to buy supplies and have them shipped in (a great expense in itself) and for charity purposes when the weather's severity becomes increasingly difficult is equally urgent.

Like Bethlehem, most of its people are simple, poor, hard-workin

To help these missions of the Far North is to help the apostles of Christ's name and His cause in the most difficult of missions, the American Jesuit Priests and Brothers actually laboring with the Eskimos and Indians of Alaska.

Address contributions to:

REV. FRANCIS J. KANE, S.J.
3220 S. E. 43d Ave.
Portland 6, Oregon



It is a land of vast distances, violent storms, severe cold, biting winds lashing across the tundra.



Shut off from the outer more modern world of big cities, its people live a humble, lonely life.



CONTRIBUTORS

■ Roy B. Campbell, S.J., is a Jamaican who came to the United States seven years ago to begin his Jesuit studies at Shadowbrook, Lenox, Mass. The past three years were spent in philosophical and scientific studies at Weston College, Weston, Mass. Now he is back home in his native land where he will teach at St. George's College, Kingston, Jamaica. His case is the reverse of the usual missionary's life. Americans usually study at home and go to strange lands for their missionary labors. The



Roy B. Campbell, S.J.

plane which took him from our shores brought him home to his own after a seven years' separation. He is the first scholastic to teach in Jamaica for almost ten years.

■ Father John J. Scanlon, S.J., was once a member of the Baghdad College community in Iraq after completing his Biblical and archeological studies in Rome. He is now stationed in Buffalo, N. Y.

■ Clement Armitage, S.J., was a teacher in Baghdad College for four years and had occasion to travel through the Holy Land, visiting Bethlehem, Jerusalem, and the scenes sanctified by Our Lord's life.

■ Father John L. Uhl, S.J., tells us that for some time he has been determined to contribute an article to JESUIT MISSIONS. His first effort made the centre spread. He is now at Xavier High in Cincinnati, Ohio, and gives much of his time to the work of the Inter-racial Justice Committee of the Institute of Social Order of the Jesuits in the United States. You can appreciate his interest in the work from his article in this issue.

■ Father Paul O'Connor, S.J., loves Alaska as much as any man we know. There is a rare combination of vision and reflection in almost everything he writes. Alaska seems to foster it in the men who dedicate their lives to the scattered simple people of God on the far off roof of the world. Among the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS there are young men who will one day want to carry on his work for Christ.



Paul O'Connor, S.J.

Cover: Two young girls in Alaska thought they were taking Father Hubbard's picture. Instead he snapped this one of these two splendid types of happy youngsters while on his latest trip through Alaska.

JESUIT MISSIONS

DEC.



1944

Editor: Calvert Alexander, S.J.

Associate Jesuit Editors: John P. Deavy, Joseph F. MacFarlane, J. Gerard Mears, Richard J. Scannell, Anthony G. Schirmann, Edward T. Wistrak, John E. Reardon, Andrew W. Vachon.

Regional Editors: Patrick A. Ryan, S.J.; Paul Bronnan, S.J.; Thomas Hallahan, S.J.; Henri Bécharé, S.J.

Business Editor: Coleman A. Dally, S.J.

Editorial and Publication Offices:

Jesuit Missions

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

THIS MONTH

FEATURE ARTICLES

THE DAY OF PEACE	Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.	284
TWO LITTLE BOOKS	John J. Scanlon, S.J.	287
TWO BETHLEHEMS	Clement J. Armitage, S.J.	290
BUT HEAVEN IS SO COSMOPOLITAN	John L. Uhl, S.J.	294
THE SOLDIERS' CHRISTMAS		300

MISSION STORIES

ARCTIC INVITATION	Paul O'Connor, S.J.	288
FROM SKY TO EARTH	Roy B. Campbell, S.J.	296
SISTER LAURINE'S SCHOOL	Charles J. Eberle, S.J.	297
JAIPUR FOR AYE	Thomas M. Downing, S.J.	298

SPECIAL DEPARTMENTS

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS		292
MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS	John P. Deavy, S.J.	302
A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS		303
COMMUNICATIONS		307
BOOK REVIEWS		308



A Hundred Years of Prayer

THE Apostleship of Prayer of the League of the Sacred Heart will be one hundred years old on December 3, 1944, the feast of St. Francis Xavier. There was a special reason for choosing his feast for the inauguration of the crusade of prayers. From the beginning the Apostleship had a missionary spirit and purpose.

On that memorable day in 1844 Father Francis Xavier Gautrelet, S.J. was called upon to give an exhortation to the Jesuit students at Vals, France. Great new undertakings were in the air. The Jesuit order was just getting back on its feet after having been suppressed for forty-one years from 1773 to 1814. Demands were pouring in on Superiors for schools and teachers, far more than could be supplied.

Worse than the school situation in Europe, however, was the condition of the foreign missions all over the world. In 1773 thousands of Jesuits had been ordered to leave their missions and no provision could be made to replace them. By 1800 there were scarcely 300 foreign missionaries in the whole world. It is easy to imagine, therefore, the urgent appeals made to the once famous missionary order to return to the vast mission areas of the pagan world.

Now the young Jesuits in their studies, many of whom had entered the Society expressly for the missions, knew full well that situation. Yet year after year for 15 years or more they were obliged to study within the narrow confines of their seminaries, all the while eating their hearts out with apostolic zeal for far away lands. Father Gautrelet sympathized with their impatient spirits but at the same time he knew how important was thorough training and how dangerous hasty preparation. Yet he had to answer their spiritual clamorings. His answer was the "Apostleship of Prayer" given on the feast of the great Jesuit missionary saint, Francis Xavier. The students could work for the missions, even

while they studied, by prayer. Instead of their labors in some foreign field, they could offer to God their study, their works of charity, their mortifications and their prayers in their own homeland for God to apply the fruits to souls in fields afar. Immediately the plan caught on—and spread.

Father Ramiere, S.J. was the one who established its present form a few years later, outlining the various degrees of participation, the devotion to the Sacred Heart, to Christ in the Eucharist, to the Blessed Mother, and linking it up with the intentions of the Holy Father. Every Pope since has blessed it, praised it and claimed it dear to his heart and a powerful aid in the spread of Christ's Kingdom.

WHAT a powerful torrent of spiritual aid has been poured forth on the world ever since no one but God can fully appreciate. At the present time there are over 35,000,000 members of this crusade offering to God their lives, all the goodness of them, the heartaches and sorrows they suffer, the prayers they say, in union with the Sacred Heart of Jesus on every altar and in every Mass all over the world twenty-four hours every day.

We often wonder at the courage and heroism of the missionaries. And the missionaries often wonder why God gives them so many graces. Here is the answer, the hearts of thirty-five million men and women, Popes, Cardinals, Bishops, Priests, Brothers, Sisters, seminarians, mothers and fathers of families, young men and women, children in all their innocence, daily communicants, penitent sinners,—all these united with the Sacred Heart of Jesus praying constantly to God our Father.

Almost with one voice from every mission in the world comes the appeal, "We count on your prayers. Pray more and more till the whole world is won for Christ." If you are not yet a member of the Apostleship of Prayer, now is the time to join at this hundredth anniversary of its founding. More and more we need the constant help of your prayers.



THE DAY OF PEACE

Joseph F. MacFarlane, S.J.

THERE ought to be a world wide holiday, one day set apart on which all the peoples of earth commemorate the same event, think the same thoughts of peace on earth, good will amongst men, and glory to God. Not a day of final victory because that will always connote to some a day of defeat; not an arbitrary date because it would soon lose its meaning. It would have to be a day in honor of some event which transcends all men, concerns all men, and inspires all men always. For such a holiday Christmas has no rival.

Year after year for centuries despite every social and public upheaval, it has continued to arouse in men the kindest and noblest sentiments, of glorifying God, of showing good will to men, and of desiring peace on earth. In nation after nation across the world it has continued to attract the most widely divergent peoples to the same

spirit of charity and of rejoicing. As soon as it is introduced on the missions it is taken up eagerly, devoutly celebrated, and never forgotten. Even in Russia, in the face of every effort to the contrary, it has not been abandoned.

We see the startling universality of its appeal on the missions of the world. If we go to Alaska among the Eskimos and Indians, we find that Christmas is the happiest day of the year. Their lives are ordinarily drab, incredibly drab; a good part of the year nights are endlessly long and the air bitter cold. Their homes are often merely huts hugging frozen ground. Once they used to celebrate the season by a depressing dance of death. Now it is the season of greatest joy. Early Christmas eve, lines of families start out on dog sleds and on skis, converging on the central mission station. Wrapped in furs, they sit in the semi-dark church, whispering softly, stirring uneasily until the lights are lit for midnight Mass. Suddenly their souls are flooded with joy. They see the crib and no longer mind the cold for they know that the Infant Jesus once shared their lot with them. They sing

That a census of the whole world should be taken. And all were going . . . to register.

CHRISTMAS IS THE FAVORITE HOLIDAY WITH EVERY PEOPLE IN EVERY AGE WHEREVER IT HAS BEEN INTRODUCED

the carols in their own language and recall the angels' words of joy and peace. And when the Mass is over they gather in a common hall for a Christmas meal together. Gifts are exchanged and hearts are glad everywhere. It is a time of understanding and of sharing and of peace.

FAR down at the other end of North America is British Honduras, almost a tropical setting where the jungle still reigns. In ancient times they held human sacrifice in these jungles. Now they sense the same thrill of anticipation at the coming of Christmas that the far off Eskimos know year after year. For days they plan, discuss, and decorate. When Christmas comes, every villager turns out to commemorate the event. They come from straw covered huts, most of them, and as they look upon the crib of the Infant Jesus, they see Him lying upon straw and they know He not only understands but once shared their lot. It makes their hearts glad.

Across the Caribbean lies the Island of Jamaica where whites, blacks, colored of all degrees, Chinese, Syrians, East Indians and peoples of many races live together. Differences often divide them. Not many generations ago some of their ancestors were slaves dragged out in chains from the jungles of Africa. Once this season was celebrated by a furious pagan dance. Now it is the joyous feast of Christmas. Many of them live in the poorest of little sheds. On Christmas Eve they find a figure of the Infant Jesus lying on straw in a poor cattle shed, sharing their lot with them, and the spirit of understanding and of sharing pervades their souls.

China



ON the opposite side of the world lie the Philippine Islands. Christmas was brought to them over 300 years ago, and rescued them from the fear of evil spirits lurking in every stirring bush. Ever since they have commemorated the birth of the Infant Jesus who was born in a little cave to share the lot of the poor before ever He set out to teach. Most of the churches this year will have no priest because the priests are interned. But in the Philippines there will be joy this Christmas which no Japanese can take from them. They will remember the feasts of other years, the climbs into the mountain chapels, the crowded city parishes, the celebrations every day for nine days commemorating every event of the first Christmas day, and somehow they will celebrate the occasion. The thoughts of the priest will go out to their people shepherdless, and the thoughts and prayers of the people will speed their way to their priests in prison. It is the Christmas spirit of understanding and of sharing.

CHINA, another country and people entirely, caught the Christmas spirit as soon as it was introduced. There too, among the Christians, it is the biggest feast of the year. Many of the missionaries are in prison, and the people will have few midnight Masses this year. But the day will not be forgotten. Chiang Kai-shek has invited all the available missionaries to address his soldiers on the meaning of Christmas, and he himself will again give his Christmas message to his men on the spirit of the season. For the homeless people of that war-torn country, for the poor who have waited so long and struggled so hard to

Alaska



And Joseph also went from Galilee out of... Nazareth into Judea to the town of David

become Christians somehow a joy and an interior peace will come stealing into their souls on the day the Christ Child was born. It always does.

Southward in India, despite all the differences in the people, historical backgrounds, social conditions, and religious beliefs, Christmas is the biggest feast of the year wherever it is known. The poverty of the Infant Jesus makes Him so accessible to so many poor Indians, the joyousness of the angels' message is so heartening to them in their pitiable lot in life. American soldiers will be there this year to celebrate the feast with them and, as last year, will show them the generous spirit we know and love so much in our American Christmases.

Baghdad is almost completely surrounded by people alien to Christianity, but even there, no feast compares

with Christmas for joy and the spirit of kindness and of peace. The Christians are the envy of the land on their great day. The first Bethlehem was not far away and not very different from the little villages of their own land.

ALL through the South among the Negroes, out West among Indians, on every island in the Pacific, across the whole of Africa there is no people, once they were introduced to Christmas, who have ever refused to accept its message at least in part, and having once accepted it, have ever forgotten it. The angel knew something when he announced "*Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy which shall be to all the people.*" Among the people in mission countries Christmas is already the most beloved day of the year. Even those who are not Christians can not help but admire and agree with the spirit of the day. "*Glory to God in the highest and on earth peace to men of good will.*"

What if they do not grasp the fullness of glory in the first Christmas? Some day, please God they may. The first shepherds barely understood who He was; the Magi vaguely grasped His true Kingship; His own neighbors for thirty years never suspected His origin; His Apostles often wondered about His mission; pagan Rome was centuries in accepting Him. But the whole world needs His spirit and in its own way wants it. For there will never be peace on earth unless we all give glory to God in the highest and show good will to our fellow men. Christmas makes all who celebrate it want to do just that.

Primitive America



India



Two Little Books

JOHN J.
SCANLON, S.J.



Replica of the old French Fort at Liverpool, Central New York

Two hundred and ninety years ago Father Simon LeMoynes set out from Quebec on a perilous journey to the country of the Onondagas, near the present city of Syracuse. He was bent on founding a mission among the fiercest of the Five Nations of the Iroquois. Welcomed as an ambassador of the French, he was cordially received and promised a place on the shore of Onondaga Lake for his mission.

Though this first foundation at the lake-side was to prove somewhat abortive, a later mission, established in the chief town of the Onondagas near the present village of Manlius, was of longer duration. One of its greatest achievements was the conversion and training of an outstanding lay apostle, Daniel Garakontie, the Onondaga chieftain, who on his trips to Fort Orange and Manhattan, boldly defended his Catholic faith.

The closing decade of the 17th century, with the growing influence of the English in the affairs of the Iroquois, saw the destruction of the Jesuit mission of Central New York and the frustration of the bright hope that had been kindled by the embassy of LeMoynes forty years before. And now after two and a half centuries the Jesuits are back at the scene of their former labors.

A site has been secured for a college to be constructed as soon as the conditions after the war will permit. Meanwhile, at the invitation of the Most Rev. Walter A. Foery, D.D., Bishop of Syracuse, a House of Retreats is being opened for the clergy and laymen of the Diocese. Early in October, Father Robert F. Grewen, S.J. will formally take possession of the new Retreat House, situated only a few miles from the site of the first recorded mass in New York State.

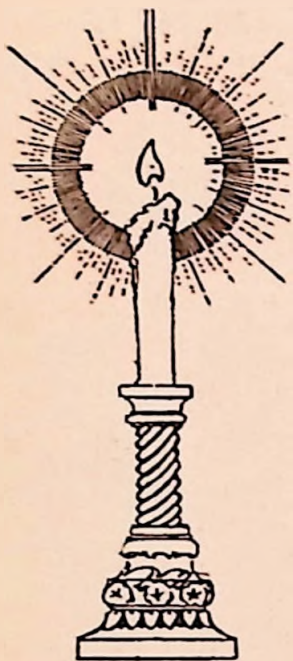
The name of Father LeMoynes has been held in grateful remembrance by the citizens of Syracuse, for he discovered the salt which led to the early prosperity of the city. His name is perpetuated in a street, a park, and a large new public school. But while at Onondaga, he made a discovery he regarded as still more significant.

In the daily journal of his trip, we read under the heading of the 12th of August, 1654, "I recovered from the hands of one of these barbarians the New Testament of the late Father John deBrebeuf, whom they cruelly put to death five years ago; and another little book of devotion that had been used by the late Father Charles Garnier, whom these very people killed four years ago. . . . As for myself, who had been a witness to the sanctity of their lives and the glory of their deaths, I shall all my life attach greater value to these two little books, their beloved relics, than if I had found some mine of gold or silver."

Four days later, on setting out from the Onondaga village for the return to Quebec, he did discover a mine of material wealth. We read in his journal: "The 16th. We arrive at the entrance to a little lake in a great basin that is half dried up, and taste water from a spring of which these people dare not drink, as they say there is an evil spirit in it that renders it foul. Upon tasting of it, I find it to be a spring of salt water, and indeed we make some salt from it, as naturally as that which comes from the sea, and are carrying a sample of it to Quebec. . . ." (Jesuit Relations, Ed. Thwaites, vol. 41 pp. 120 ss.)

The mine of material wealth which Father LeMoynes discovered led to the building of a great city. And now his brethren are returning to that city to explain to succeeding generations why the first discovery of Le Moynes was more important. They are bringing with them "a New Testament . . . and another little book of devotion"—the Spiritual Exercises of St. Ignatius Loyola. The finding of those relics, snatched by savage hands from the bleeding bodies of the first canonized Martyrs of North America, will be pledged before the throne of God, that St. John Brebeuf and St. Charles Garnier will intercede for the success of those who follow in their footsteps.

together with Mary, his espoused wife, who was with child. It came to pass



ALASKAN JESUITS



Paul C. O'Connor, S.J.

ARCTIC INVITATION

THE ARCTIC LOSES
ITS GLOOM
AND CHILL ON
CHRISTMAS DAY

I WOULD like to invite you to spend a Christmas with me up here in the Arctic. This invitation is no longer fantastic. Planes wing their way up here almost daily. Jump into an army transport at Minneapolis. It will land you in Fairbanks with only one or two intervening stops in about ten hours. From Fairbanks to Kotzebue grab some commercial plane and you will be with me in something like eight hours. Of course once you go beyond Fairbanks you are at the mercy of the elements. You will need all the fur accessories that belong to the Arctic. Outside shoes, no matter how warm, must be discarded for mukluks or moose-moccasins. One good army Major shod in regulation galoshes landed here with frozen feet.

The trip over Canada is merely routine; the plane has been in constant ground communication; there are good emergency fields everywhere. You fly high and comfortable. At Fairbanks you are amazed to find a city modern to the smallest details, where even though, the weather be 30 or 40 below, heated and luxurious taxis pick you

up at the airport and whisk you to a hotel with all the conveniences of life. The city itself is ablaze with light and has everything from a daily paper to an air-conditioned theater. Expenses are high, but luxury in the far North cannot be otherwise than costly.

From now on you are on your own. Commercial planes are efficient but cold. The pilots, though, are the best in the world. The army has come to respect our Arctic flyers and with reason. Most of them are big fellows—thoroughly familiar with the freaks of weather and the country, generally dressed in a grease-streaked seal-skin jacket and pants, not much to look at, but warm just the same. Big roomy mukluks will cover their feet. When you come to the plane you will find them carrying out their oil which has been previously warmed in the hangar. A mechanic will have a warming pot hidden under the folds of a long canvas heating up the engine. The frost on the wings will unceremoniously be whipped off with a rope. It is early morning, still dark. You are timorous and reasonably so. No telling where you will land once the plane lifts from the ground. Bad weather may cause the pilot to go 300 miles out of his way and then he will stop at some village indefinite miles from nowhere. Still the pilot has carefully tabulated the weather all over the arctic. He knows just what he is doing. You will reach your destination sometime, somehow. Time means nothing up here. A two weeks lay over in some tiny Arctic village is not a bit unusual in stormy weather.

You look around for other passengers. There are none. The plane, though, is loaded with all kinds of packages—all emergency stuff—medicine for some sick Eskimo, or a sparkplug for some distant CAA station. All available space is taken. You can hardly wedge yourself in by the pilot. He gives you a good natured grin. The engine whirrs to life. The frost on the windows is brushed off by the impact of the wind from the propeller. The pilot suddenly lifts up the tail of the plane and jars the skis loose from the snow, and before you know it the skis are skimming over the smooth snow of the runway. You slip into the cool air and push up into the skies. Off to the left high mountains arise, Mount McKinley, the highest

Your amazement increases when I usher you into my little church

while they were there, that the days for her to be delibered were fulfilled.

peak in North America, glistens in the morning sun, and Fairbanks is left behind.

To rise gradually up from the gloom of earth and meet the rising sun as it unfolds its splendors behind steep mountain ranges is a sight whose beauty will linger in your mind long after the trip. You notice that the pilot for the most part follows the path of rivers, skirting the mountains and seldom beyond landing distance on the Tanana, Yukon, or Koyukuk rivers. Arctic pilots are cagey. They have been forced down too often to take unnecessary chances in isolated mountain recesses.

Beyond the broad frozen ribbon of the Yukon there is a distinct change in the air. Mountains rise higher, the plane gets jumpy and off towards the West a huge fog-bank appears. It is the steam from the still open waters of the Arctic Ocean. Far up in the interior of Alaska, there is no sign of villages or any human habitation below. The sun is no longer seen. Yet, the pilot nonchalantly pushes on and on.

FINALLY, a tall mountain ridge is crossed with the plane jumping at crazy angles. The pilot opens his window to get a better view. As he turns you see a lake below. Down you go until the plane bounces to a landing, and staggers to a halt. The pilot grins again. A dog-team shoots through the bushes. Two sturdy Eskimos jump off and grab your sleeping bag and grip and with no more ado, you climb on the sled, the Arctic taxi. What a contrast between a roaring motor in the skies and these soft-footed dashing malemutes—yet how comforting withal. In the twinkling of an eye you are brought up to a snug little trader's dwelling, all by itself, ten miles from the nearest village.

Your host, a gray haired man, has his room furnished with three radios which keep him well informed and up to the minute on the progress of the war. You sit down to a steaming reindeer stew that was already prepared for you. The pilot and trader are old friends. Everything was prearranged. The trader knew that the plane was coming, also that Kotzebue was shut off by a bank of fog. Radio had done it all. You inquire about the temperature. "Only 45 below" is spoken as if it were the ordinary thing.

Sleep comes without effort and you dream of endless mountain vistas covered with everlasting snow. The smell of bacon and eggs awakens you in the morning but the pilot has long since been up and warmed and serviced his plane. He has his motor idling when you round the bend in the dog-sled. Up you are again with all the casualness in the world. The plane takes a good beating as it is flung back and forth by variable air currents rushing out from innumerable mountain passes. At last you leave the mountains and cross the Kobuk lake. Dog-team trails are now discernible. The pilot points to a black streak in the distance. It is Kotzebue, the geographical center of some seven villages and the hub of the Arctic.

As you step from the plane you are surprised at the number of people that have popped up from nowhere to check on the new arrival. In less than an hour every soul of our 400 will know who you are, what your business is, and how long you are going to stay in the village. You may be a little dazed by the exuberant welcome. Well, remember that it is sometimes years before I see a friend from the States.

You are amazed at the coziness of my little igloo (really it is more than that). Your amazement increases when I usher you into my little church. A beautiful crib, an altar loaded down with flowers, gay streamers and tinsel floating in the air hide a little shabbiness here and there. But wait! At the stroke of midnight the church is crowded to the brim. Even shy Quakers have come and stand curiously in the rear. You hear the Latin prayers spoken loud and clear by almost half of the congregation. An Eskimo organist plays the Mass of St. Basil while every man and woman and child takes part in the singing. This is the only Mass celebrated in the entire Alaskan Arctic, but it is celebrated as it should with priest and people combined in words, song, and act. Your one and only conclusion is that the Infant Saviour really means something to the Eskimo. You are right—the Arctic loses its gloom and its chill in the warm glow of Christ's coming on Christmas Day no matter how cold the day.

Mountains rise higher, the plane gets jumpy and off toward the West a huge fog bank appears





TWO

Clement J.
Armitage, S. J.

BETHLEHEMS

But there is another Bethlehem — a Bethlehem of the glaring noonday sun, hushed and silent with fear, its dust-filled streets muffling the tramp of grim men hunting their prey. Almost two thousand years before down these same streets men had hunted God and the blood of the Holy Innocents was bright on Herod's swords. "A voice in Rama was heard, lamentation and great mourning; Rachel bewailing her children . . ." Yes; this is the Bethlehem of Rachel who had died at its gates and with her last breath named her child Benoni 'son of my sorrow'. There Jacob buried her, this girl for whom he had toiled and waited fourteen long years, and there today, outside the gates, her sepulchre can be seen, lonely and apart.

Six hours before, they had lifted from the dusty street the dead body of the Irish boy in his blood-stained uniform of the Palestine Constabulary. Now we watched them measuring the distance to the vine-covered wall behind which the murderer had waited. They were being painstakingly thorough in their search for evidence. A bunch of grapes had fallen from the vine and had been crushed underfoot. Inadvertently all eyes swung back for a second to the roughly drawn circle in the dust where their fellow-officer had died. One of them stood apart, scanning the faces of the passers-by, in the hope of catching more than furtive curiosity in their looks. The townspeople did not stop to watch but hurried by for everyone was suspected that day and an indefinable wall stood between them and these hunters from another land and race. It was a scene that the war has made familiar to many, save for one thing — this was in Bethlehem.

For us the name of Bethlehem has always carried with it the warmth and tenderness of a starlit night, the angels' song, the manger, the dark-eyed girl who held God in her arms.

".....It is a name
That drifts to us from out remembered years,
And holds within the sound and lilt of it
A sweetness that we may not drone away . . ."

Bethlehem to us is not the name of a distant town but of an atmosphere of holiness and peace. That is why Christmas in wartime strikes us as incongruous, gives us the feeling that somehow we have desecrated a holy thing, that we have wandered from the road to the City of David. And how many homes this year will know a loneliness and sorrow hitherto so strange to Christmas day?

THAT day as I walked the streets of Bethlehem I wondered if there was an Irish Rachel to mourn the son who had come so far to die. Perhaps she too had exchanged her life for his. If so, it was better. For throughout the Middle East the sight of soldiers from America, Australia, New Zealand, Poland, England and France was poignant reminder that there are enough Rachels in the world today 'to bewail the children that are not'.

Never before in the history of mankind have death and sorrow been so widespread. When we speak of global conflict we cannot escape the fact that it is also a global pain. The war goes on, the months creep by, each day another step in the mounting stairway of sorrow. Then Christmas comes—and all the memories of other years crowd upon us to make this Christmas a confused and uneasy one. We find it difficult to bring Bethlehem into our war-torn lives for a single day. We seem unable to create in the midst of so much suffering that former atmosphere of complete joy and peace. There are too many vacant places in our gathering around the manger of the Holy Child. Somehow or other Bethlehem seems out of place in time of war.

This is the time then to realize that there are two Bethlehems, and you cannot separate one from the other. There is the Bethlehem of peace and the Bethlehem of sorrow and in their union is told the whole story of God's love. It may be we have looked too long on Bethlehem in the same light which shone round the shepherds and we have forgotten that it was also here a young girl clutched God to her heart as she fled southward through

and laid him in a manger, because there was no room for them in the inn.

the darkness of night. This was the town that Herod's soldiers bathed with blood. Here the most beautiful dream that men had ever conceived came to an end as the last of the Crusaders were cut to pieces by the curved swords of the Mohammedans. Maybe the most significant indication of this other Bethlehem is the single doorway of the Church of the Nativity. It is small and narrow and one must stoop to enter it for it was built by men who lived in constant fear of horsemen who would swoop down suddenly to massacre and pillage. There is perhaps no other town in the world that has known death and sorrow more often.

YET to us Bethlehem has always meant life. God wanted it so for He came to us through Bethlehem. But almost before the strains of the Gloria in Excelsis Deo had died away the streets were echoing with the lamentations of its mothers. The Man of Sorrows had started down the long road of His love. The war against Him had begun—and in Bethlehem itself. Did He not mean to show us that joy and sorrow would go hand in hand, that there are two sides of Bethlehem? That is why Christmas in the midst of war is the most perfect reproduction of that instant in time when the Word became flesh and dwelt amongst us. For all the elements of the first Bethlehem are there, the eternal peace of 'the Light that shone forth' and the clash of swords in the darkness outside the cave. Therefore this Christmas we are nearer to Bethlehem than ever before. For we can come out of the darkness of war to kneel for a brief hour in the radiance surrounding the Christ Child and then go forth to battle anew with the peace of God in our hearts. *"My peace I give unto you; not as the world giveth, do I give unto you. Let not your heart be troubled nor let it be afraid. . . . Remember my word that I said to you: The servant is not greater than his master. If they have persecuted me, they will also persecute you: if they have kept my word, they will keep yours also."*

Below, the Christmas sanctuary beloved by all the world, the crib in the Church of the Nativity in "Bethlehem of Juda."



Also near Bethlehem, the tomb of Rachel of whom it was said, "A voice in Rama was heard. . . Rachel bewailing her children and would not be comforted because they are not."



And there were shepherds in the same district... keeping watch over their flock by night.

MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS



The Most Rev. Archbishop Richard J. Cushing, D.D., of Boston. For 22 years of the 23 since his ordination, he has been associated with the work of the missions; for six years as assistant to Monsignor McGlinchey, and for sixteen years as his illustrious successor as Diocesan Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. For the last five years he was Auxiliary Bishop of Boston and Pastor of the Sacred Heart Church in Newton Centre, Mass., where this photo was taken.

—*Courtesy of the Boston Globe*

TWENTY-SEVEN PRIESTS of the Raleigh Diocese, engaged in Colored work, responded to the invitation of Most Reverend Eugene J. McGuinness, Bishop of Raleigh, to meet at the Redemptorist monastery, Newton Grove, North Carolina. Among those present were priests of eight different religious orders, Jesuits, Dominicans, Vincentians, Atonement Fathers, St. Edmund Fathers, Passionists, Mercy Fathers and Redemptorists. The purpose of the meeting was to discuss means of furthering the work among the Colored.

DESCENDANTS OF THE FIRST followers of St. Thomas the Apostle, which the Chaldeans, by long tradition, are claimed to be, now have a church of their own in the United States in Chicago. Rev. Francis Thomay is the only Chaldean rite priest in the United States. His new church, St. Ephrem's, was recently blessed by the Vicar General of the Archdiocese of Chicago, Right Rev. Msgr. George J. Casey, J.C.D.

FOURTEEN FRANCISCAN MISSIONARIES OF MARY were honored in a departure ceremony before leaving for Australia where they will take charge of a leper hospital and found a novitiate for the training of Australian girls for work in the missions of the Pacific. Most of the Sisters who volunteered for this work are young. There was one veteran among them, Sister Angelina, who had spent thirty years in China, eight in the Leper Colony of Biwasaki, Japan and only last year was repatriated to America on the Gripsholm. There are 7,000 Sisters in this missionary community now working in every part of the home and foreign mission fields. This ceremony was the third within the past year to honor departures for the mission fields.

RUINS OF THE FAMOUS FORT St. Marie near Midland, Ontario, are being unearthed. Many interesting relics are being discovered despite the slow progress of the excavation because of the war. The fort was established by Jesuit missionaries among the Indians more than three centuries ago. It was destroyed by hostile Indians.

And behold, an angel . . . stood by them and the glory of God shone round about them,

TWO CITATIONS were recently given to Rev. Patrick J. O'Reilly, S.J. Pastor of St. Gregory's Church in Sitka, Alaska, for his spiritual ministrations of the men of the Armed Services, especially the Seabees in that area. Of the 1000 men at the Naval Air Station, over 500 were Catholic. Besides the two Masses in the Church at Sitka, Father O'Reilly, now over 70 years of age, said Mass each Sunday evening at the Seabee camp two miles from town and also spoke over the radio station each Sunday on the Chaplain's Hour. In his assignment as Chaplain, Father O'Reilly said that he received the fullest courtesy and cooperation from the officers in ministering to the spiritual needs of the enlisted men.

THE FRANCISCAN PROVINCIAL, the Very Rev. Damase Lamberge, O.F.M., after a five month tour in Peru at the request of the Sacred Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, stated that there are only 1300 priests to minister to the spiritual welfare of the 7,000,000 Catholics in that country. There are more priests in the Diocese of Montreal than in the whole country of Peru. Peru has four archdioceses and seven dioceses and four vicariates directed by the Franciscans, Dominicans, Augustinians and Passionist Fathers, all Spanish. Two more vicariates are being planned, one to be entrusted to the Canadian Franciscans and one to the Spanish Jesuits.

SISTER MARGARET MARY, one of the original founders of the Alpha institution, died recently at Alpha, Jamaica, at the age of 89, having been a Sister of Mercy for sixty-three years. A native of Jamaica, she saw the great work of charity grow year by year from its humble beginnings in 1881 to the magnificent orphanage and training school which it is today, where hundreds of young boys and girls are given a home and education and a practical training for life.

THE MINISTER OF FINANCE, Vice Premier of the Republic of China, Dr. K'ung Hsiang-Hsi in his acceptance of the honorary degree conferred on him recently by Fordham University, gave high praise to the contribution of the Jesuit missionaries to China. "The names of priest scholars resound in the history of China's civilization. The most notable of these Jesuit priests, Matteo Ricci, who in the sixteenth century laid the foundation of subsequent successes obtained by the Catholic Church in China, was a man of great learning and versatility. He became a great friend of the Chinese Christian scholar and influential official, Hsu Kwan-chi, and with the latter's collaboration he made the Western sciences of geography, astronomy, arithmetic and geometry known to China. Thus the ministers of God also fittingly served as the carriers of culture."

VERY REV. AUGUST WILDERMUTH, S.J., former Master of Novices at Hazaribagh, India, was recently appointed Superior of the Patna Mission, succeeding Father Francis Loesch, S.J. who remains in Patna awaiting further assignment on the mission he has served for years.

Mission Intention for December

Universal Catholic Interest
in Africa

Every month during this past year our Holy Father had recommended to our prayers some phase of Catholic life in Africa. He called our attention to the dangers confronting the Catholic Church from Mohammedanism and Sectarianism. As an interested Father he told us of the need of Catholic education for the youth of Africa, of the need of justice for the laborer and his African family, of the need native African priests and native African leaders among the Catholic laity. Now by way of summary he would have us stand off on a distant horizon and look at the over-all picture of Catholic Africa.

In our geographies we had learned of Africa as the dark continent, three and three quarters times the size of our United States, the home of some 147,000,000 people, the playground of the lion, the leopard and the hippopotamus. But we must change our concept of Africa. Pope Pius XI of happy memory christened it the "bright continent." According to recent statistics of the White Fathers the Catholic population of Africa in round numbers is 10,000,000. Ministering to the spiritual needs of Africans are 3,500 priests from 35 religious communities in 170 ecclesiastical districts. Assisting the missionary priests are 2,000 Brothers and 8,000 Sisters. But Africa is growing in the Faith. Among her native sons and daughters she looks with pride to her three African Bishops, all of whom were raised to the episcopal dignity by Pope Pius XII, to her 450 native priests, 375 native Brothers and to her 2,000 native Sisters, 45,000 native catechists and 22,000 native instructors.

This is consoling but we must not for a moment close our eyes to the fact that Mohammedans outnumber the Catholics almost four to one, that native religions—naturism, animism and fetishism hold a strong hold on the more primitive people of Africa, and that Protestantism has its zealots in the African fields and keeps its eye turned to the day when the war's end will allow them to send whole cohorts of proselytizers where the way to Christianity has been sown by pioneers of Catholic missionary activity. Ninety-two per cent of Africa has not yet embraced the truth. The future depends on the prayerful interest of Catholics all over the world. Let us keep constantly in our prayers the conversion of the rest of Africa to the Faith.

IF WE SHALL ALL BE FRIENDS IN HEAVEN, WHY SHOULDN'T WE ACT LIKE FRIENDS ON EARTH?

OF course you are going to Heaven! But so, too, are a lot of other people. Hence the next life, if you stop to think of it, is going to be a very large and interesting place. It simply must be to contain all the really charming people from such places as Rio and Vienna, Constantinople and Chungking, Odessa and Berlin, Mandalay and Cairo. What more socially exciting, then, than the prospect of going to Heaven!

The thought of meeting all of these people and of sharing with them the ultimate in a cultured and refined social life ought, normally, to carry many an extremely pleasant anticipation. But some people aren't normal, at least in their way of looking forward to Heaven. There

"... from India ..."



But Heaven

actually are some who would not care if, say, not a single Chinese man or woman ever got there. There are some five hundred million Chinese living today; and if one recalls that the Chinese peoples have been numerous for some three thousand years, all this adds up to many a wonderful Chinese man and woman who has been born into this world. Nor should it take too wild a use of the imagination to picture many of them as being, even in this life, very charming people. How much more so, and how many more so, after they have been benefited by the processes of divine forgiveness and indulgence, the beautifying effects of an appointment in Purgatory, and the bodily transformation to be expected at the time of their resurrection. In this world many of them might be ignorant, or ugly, or dull, or unattractive. But divine aid is bound to result in at least a few billion very, very charming Chinese men and women for whose high companionship we ourselves will require similar touching-up and beautifying treatments.

Yet some people's anticipation of joining and mingling with the cosmopolitan set in Heaven is so dull that they do not look forward to having Chinese friends in the next life, or Persian friends, or any sort of friends with, perhaps, the exception of a very few near relatives and acquaintances. Hence it is so easy for them not to care whether anyone outside of their little circle goes to Heaven or not.

What is the matter with these people? The best that can be said for them is that they are just plain unimaginative. They simply have never thought out the quite obvious and necessary social implications of people from all over the world going to the *same* heaven. Or, rather, they clumsily and erroneously imagine Heaven, in so far as they think of it at all, as a place quite as regional and loosely united as this world.

THERE are going to be, they vaguely take for granted, remote regions in Heaven for such people as the Chinese, the Africans, the Bulgarians, and so on, just like on Earth. As heavenly Americans, they suppose they are going to be as provincial up there as they are down here: they are going to care as little about the heavenly Filipinos and Egyptians as they do about the earthly Filipinos and Egyptians; and the heavenly foreigners are going to remain as foreign and by themselves as they themselves are content that they should remain on Earth. These unimaginative people could no more imagine themselves as exceeding their present petty little social circles, and as beginning to move and live in a large and cosmopolitan

Is So Cosmopolitan

set, than they could imagine themselves suddenly leaving their neighborhoods, acquiring a mastery of many languages, and joining the "international set" that forms groups in the great capitals and diplomatic centers of the world. That is the sort of people they are: just humble, unambitious, home-town folk.

Well, they are missing the fun! And it is fun to relax in your best armchair and try to picture some of the groups of which you will be a member in Heaven. You yourself will be there, of course, looking your very best after God has removed the years from your shoulders, the sag from under your chin, and the last traces of selfishness from your heart. But from there on, you are on your own; and correctly so, for with the billions upon billions who will be in Heaven, it is next to impossible for you to imagine a person or a personality that will not have its perfect counterpart among your future and eternal companions. The only thing necessary is that you refrain from picturing the men and women of Heaven as ugly, or tiresome, or selfish, or uncouth, or too old, or too young. There won't be such sort of people up there. And, of course, your picture will be rather fragmentary and incomplete if you can not think of more than one kind of people; one race, or one nationality, or one class.

You must try. Your thoughts of Heaven must be as cosmopolitan as the people of Heaven are bound to be. If you succeed, then you will see the moral that lies behind these ideas. The moral is this: that perhaps you can have something to say about some of the future friends that will be yours in Heaven and who are now scattered all over the world. Perhaps you can make it possible, or less difficult, for them to get there from this world. But you really have to want to care.

If you do care, then will the romance of Catholic missions become a part of your life as a Catholic. Then the Catholic men and women who have left their country for far away places are entering into a conspiracy of yours. They are going to great trouble to see to it that you have these Chinese friends, these South Sea Islanders, these soft-eyed Africans for your companions throughout the countless hours of eternity. In that case it will be important to you that some missionary priest can find the earthly means of pushing farther along in search of still other men and women living in lands offering them little besides pagan lusts and pagan degeneracy, so that he may offer them the saving waters of Baptism and the soul strengthening Bread that comes down from Heaven for those who are destined to go up to Heaven. Then

JOHN L.
UHL, S.J.



it will be very important to you that missionary nuns stand before little brown children with great innocent eyes and teach the truths that the cosmopolitan crowd in Heaven ought to know even in this world.

Many of the saints were continually at the throne of God with prayers, begging for just one more friend for Heaven. That is an easy, and admirably selfish, way of praying; and it doesn't take a saint to pray that way: it merely takes a person with enough imagination to see in one more glorified body, with a glorified personality, a whole additional heaven, for himself, of love and companionship. And if we can do that kind of praying, then we can support the missions and feel it no more a burden than buying a gift for a friend.

As the world grows socially smaller and smaller, the papers and magazines are printing more and more pictures of people who live in other lands. Look at the pictures of these people: some of them are your very great friends of the future.

"... from Alaska ..."



JAMAICA AND THE AMERICAN JESUITS

Roy B. Campbell, S.J.

FROM SKY TO EARTH

AFTER SEVEN YEARS A
JAMAICA JESUIT
COMES HOME TO BEGIN
HIS APOSTOLATE

THE crack troops of this war have turned out to be the paratroopers. They are men who with expert skill and dauntless daring deliver the first blow that momentarily cripples the enemy and enables the infantry to establish itself. The credit for the recent successful invasion of France is due in some measure to the airborne troops.

This summer nine more American Jesuit missionaries were borne by air into the little island of Jamaica to help carry on the work of spreading the kingdom of Christ and saving souls. In many respects of course they do not resemble the paratroopers. Their respective purposes are different. They do not dress alike. And in the vast majority of cases they do not end up in similar circumstances. But to those who are thoroughly familiar with the life of a Jesuit there is a sameness that is as evident as sunlight. The resoluteness of will, the dogged adherence to singleness of purpose, the dare-all do-all manner of attack and the logical, artistic, almost esthetically pleasing way in which they carry on. It is all quietly done in a level-headed spirit. It is the acme of efficiency because it is so much like the work of an artist.

The implemented community of Jesuits in Jamaica now totals sixty-eight. They represent the Catholic Church in the front line work of carrying forward the kingdom of Christ. They work in the traditional spirit of missionaries—educational, catechetical, ministering of the sacraments, solving problems and helping to confirm aspirants in their chosen walk of life. The Campion Hall Preparatory School and Saint George's College, especially in its extension school, merit separate articles on what they have actually accomplished and what they are trying to do. Each missionary contains within himself a volume on the various activities which he has at one time or another handled together with the numberless instances in which he has set a soul back on the road to almighty God. The growing native clergy is a crowning achievement to the untiring

efforts of the priests who have labored in the Jamaica Mission.

Yet the work ahead is just as strenuous, just as challenging. The world is in the throes of a new crisis. A new era is upon us. Progress is the watchword of the hour. But it is an advancement towards a material Valhalla. Better living conditions, more wages, self-government. And there seems to be lacking a very necessary foresight of judgment. Granted the attaining of all these cravings—then what? Shall human nature then be satisfied? One of the best down to earth arguments for immortality and the belief in an after-world is the limitless yearning of the human heart. The very poor who may be content with their lot are asking for the simple satisfaction of peace and contentment. The very rich are always yearning for new ways of improving their business or investing their money. The middle class are forever seeking comfort and trying to make ends meet.

THAT is the main work now for the American Jesuit Missionaries in Jamaica—to keep before the eyes of the people the spiritual element of their dual personality. It is important to convince them of the foolhardiness of placing their all on material satisfaction for certainly there lies disappointment and catastrophe. And as Jamaica raises its eyes to a future full of promises, it is imperative for it to carve a destiny built on solid foundation.

The opportunities for doing good are multiple. It is not the faint-hearted or the apathetic who will set the hearts of Jamaicans afire but those who seeing the enormity of their plight reach out to them a guiding hand with an interest and love that is as personal as their love of God.

Christianity was tried and found to be too hard for Europe, and Europe now understands what material concerns alone will effect. Their mistake might well have been the relegating of their immortal souls to a position subordinate to their material bodies. It is a lesson of history. And lest history repeat itself even here in little Jamaica, nine American Jesuits have come to help hold aloft the torch of faith that burns with the oil of love and sympathy. It shines a light that will ensure the weary footsteps of those who plod through this night of sorrow into the dawn of another resurrection with Christ.

And this shall be a sign to you; you will find the infant wrapped in swaddling clothes



Sister Laurine and the children outside the school

SISTER'S SCHOOL

Charles J. Eberle, S.J.

This is a very simple story of a very simple lady. In fact, it's all told in the picture above. This is Sister Laurine's school in Jamaica.

Some ten years ago when the Sisters came to Highgate, word passed around the town that the school they would open would be for the children of the more elite only. The respectable poorer folk of the village were keenly disappointed and did not hesitate to tell the Priest in charge of the Mission just how they felt. They had hoped to send their children to the Sisters, too, barefooted though they may be.

The Reverend Mother Superior had taken Sister Laurine out from Kingston to be her companion while she organized the school at Highgate. But Sister Laurine never returned to Kingston. Reverend Mother heard the complaint and was moved by it, so Sister Laurine was asked to stay and open a school for the poorer tots in a little wooden church in the village.

That was ten years ago. Sister Laurine is still going strong. And do these "picknies" love their Sister! Just look at the faces, many of them looking up towards her. And does Sister love her "picknies"! They are the finest in all Jamaica, she will tell you.

A few years ago Sister became ill and had to leave them and go up to America for treatment. There she taught in a finely appointed brick building with all modern conveniences somewhere in New Jersey. The surroundings were beautiful, but the children were simply not her "picknies". Neither was the school "my school". After a year she came back and resumed work at Highgate in "my school". And so the school is known in the town, not as the Catholic school, or Sacred Heart School—the name of the little wooden chapel in which it is kept—but the townsfolk speak of it as "Sister Laurine's School", and every parent who can raise three-pence each week is anxious to send his boy or girl to Sister Laurine. Yes, and many who can't, too. Sister began with seven or eight. Now you can see from the picture the crowd she has. The school grew and as it grew Sister Laurine had to get in a young lady of the village to help her, a good Catholic girl who lived across the street from the church. And so the school goes on, day in, day out; Sister Laurine's School.

This is a very simple tale of a very simple lady doing a very simple work among simple little children. Yet it's a grand work as well, because she is building up the Kingdom of Christ in little hearts that are very dear to His own great Heart.

and lying in a manger." And suddenly there was . . . a . . . heavenly host praising G



AMERICAN JESUITS IN INDIA



"Major, His Highness Saramad-I-Rasahai Hindustan Ray Jajendra Shri Maharaja Dheraja Sir SAWAI MAN SINGHJI, Bahadur, G.C.I.E., Maharaja of Jaipur, Rajputana"

JAIPUR FOR AYE

WE were listening to the history of the Jesuits in Jaipur which began in the days of the Great Mogul. Great hopes had been aroused for the conversion of Akbar and his son Jahangir. But the Jesuits were doomed to disappointment and finally forced to leave the court. However, one of the satellites of the Mogul Emperor remained favorable to Christianity, a Raja known as Jai Singh Sawai,—*Sawai*, meaning one-and-a-fourth greater than all his subjects, *Jai Singh* meaning, "Lion of Victory". He ruled his State of Rajputana in northwest India from 1699-1743. The capital was named Jaipur, "The city of Jai", for him.

Jai Singh was particularly interested in astronomy, and his Brahmin scholars helped him make many a discovery. When he desired to test and extend his findings he appealed to Fr. Figueredo, S.J., head of the Mogar mission in the North of India, for help. Father Figueredo brought him the latest scientific books on astronomy and also a medical man well versed in astronomy. This man, Don Xavier or Pedro de Silva, a Portuguese, found high favor at court, and remained there as the official Doctor, a valuable aide to the Jesuits and to the cause of Christianity. His descendents to this day may be found in Jaipur.

Jai Singh desired a permanent Christian mission in his kingdom, so he invited Fathers Pons and Boudier, S.J. from a nearby French colony to settle in his city. Ill health forced them to return to their former station.

The Raja's next step was to apply for men straight from the Jesuit headquarters in Rome. The General of the Jesuits sent two Bavarians, Fathers Gabersperger and Strobol. They were welcomed at Jaipur and on March 4, 1740, began their work as missionaries among the Christians in the Chief's court, whom Father Strobol found to be "some forty souls." They also helped build large observatories which time has not destroyed. Probably the town of Jai Singh was also laid out by the Jesuits for it is

Thomas M. Downing, S.J.

the only ancient one in North India with broad straight rectangular streets. Its main thoroughfares are 111 feet wide. Father Gabersperger took ill shortly after his arrival and died in 1741. Two years later the Raja himself passed away and "three of his wives and several of his concubines ascended his funeral pyre".

At first Father Strobol had hopes that Jai Singh's successor would be favorable, but three years after the great Chieftain's death we find Father Strobol leaving the mission and going to Delhi.

JAIPUR is built on a tableland, 1,400 to 1,600 feet above sea level. The ancient city walls still stand, nine feet thick and twenty feet high, with seven main gates.

The modern city has recently been rejuvenated with red facades on all the public buildings, made of red granite, quarried from nearby hills. The beautifully laid out Ram Newas public gardens, 76 acres in extent, are one of the beauty spots of the kingdom. The Maharaj's palace is a wonder of Indian architecture. There lives—hold your breath—Major—His Highness Saramad-I-Rasahai Hindustan Ray Jajendra Shri Maharaja Dheraja Sir SAWAI MAN SINGHJI, Bahadur, G.C.I.E., Maharaja of Jaipur, Rajputana. This young prince, born on August 21, 1911 ascended the throne September 7, 1922. He is a famous polo player. His team caused a sensation in England by winning every open tournament. He rules his state of 16,682 square miles and 3,040,976 subjects well. The majority of the people are Hindus, comprising 91 per cent of the population. Seven per cent are followers of Mohomet. One thousand are Christians, and not more than a hundred are Roman Catholics out of the entire population.

The Royal Treasury is a reservoir of fabulous wealth,



—Photo courtesy of India Railways

"The ancient city walls still stand, nine feet thick and twenty feet high, with seven main gates."

whose exact total no one knows, and strangely enough is guarded by a robber tribe, who during the many years which it has protected this untold wealth, have never committed a theft. Even the Maharaja is allowed to enter the treasury only once in his lifetime. On this occasion he is blindfolded and led under guard to the riches of which he is inheritor and king. Having entered the main room the blindfold is removed and the king may take his pick of any precious jewel in the treasury. As yet the ruling Raja has not made his choice.

The modern improvement of Jaipur is due to the present Prime Minister of the State Aminu-ul-mulk, Sir Mirza Mohd. Ismail, one of the most progressive and capable political leaders in India, and greatly interested in education. At the graduation exercises at Patna University in 1942 Sir Ismail addressed his students. The next day, Father Moran, S.J., principal of St. Xavier's, was present at a tea given for Sir Ismail. It was then that Sir Ismail proposed the opening of the new Jesuit school in the kingdom where he is the Prime Minister.

THE matter was taken up with the Hierarchy and Jesuit Superiors. The plan received unanimous approval. One Bishop went so far as to say that the offer could not be refused. Plans were then begun in earnest.

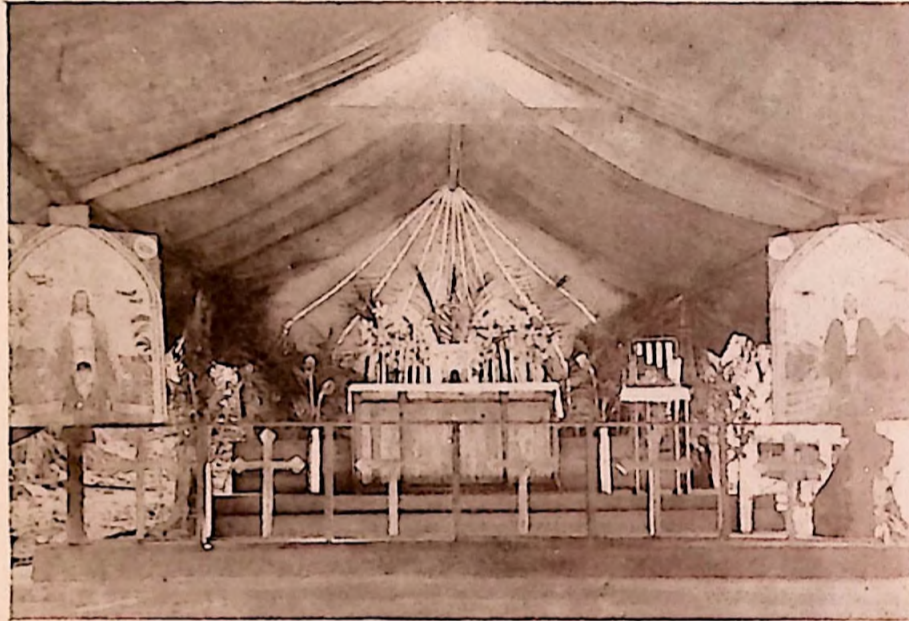
In January 1943 then, we took over St. Mary's school which had been conducted till then by Father Arthur, a

French Capuchin who had gone to join the Free French Forces. As we took over, almost 200 years after the first Jesuits had left Jaipur, their spirit seemed to haunt the place. We could imagine Father Strobol, the old Bavarian Jesuit riding out of the ancient city under a blazing Indian sun while his black soutane flapped in the breeze; his eyes fixed dreamily on a vision. Two centuries later another group of Jesuits took up the torch of Faith passed to them from his hands.

The pioneers of this project are Father William Hussey, S.J., principal of the new high school, Fathers Robert Snyder, S.J. and Patrick Smith, S.J. as assistants. Like every beginning their work is difficult. Their present housing is poor and inadequate, but they live in the hope of doing substantial good for the people and Christ's kingdom in India.

Today in Jaipur there is a congregation of French Sisters, a Capuchin parish priest, and we Jesuits, to care for a hundred Catholic souls and more than three million pagans. But a beginning has been made. This is the first independent Indian State of modern times in which the Jesuits have been established. It links us with the past. With the spirit of those early daring Jesuits who preached before the Great Mogul to hearten us, and the generous prayers and sacrifices of our friends in America to aid us, God will bless our efforts and to our prayer, "Jaipur for Aye", He may add an answering "Amen".

JESUIT CHAPLAINS



—away for Christmas

" . . . made from bomb cases and gun shells . . . "

THERE will be nostalgia in the heart of many an American boy on Christmas day. Millions of them must remain away from home again this year in camps, on bases and far overseas. All morning they may crouch in foxholes, tense and frightened, or swelter below decks as their ship wallows through tropical seas, or strain in a gun turret for the sight of an enemy plane, or just putter around a base trying not to think too much. But some time that day they will have to sit down to "chow" or to K-rations, and then it will hit them, every one. Christmas day is one time of the year no American boy can ever forget. He wants to be home for Christmas.

Nothing can ever replace it,—not escape in entertainment, not the fascination of a foreign town, not banqueting in other people's homes however friendly, nor the truest comradeship of men in arms. But there is one thing which can transform the loneliness of Christmas away from home into something unforgettable, and that one thing is a Christmas Mass. No matter how different the surroundings from anything they have known before, there is something about that Mass which rings chimes in the heart of a man and sets him singing old familiar hymns and turns his thoughts to God. It brings him home in spirit to his own parish church for a little while.

A year ago on Bougainville, the soldiers of the infantry sensed the whole thing coming, the loneliness and the reawakening memories of other Christmas days. They had been through it before with all the attendant horrors on Guadalcanal. At the time they were resting between battles in the luxuriant tropical island not far from the

equator but about 10,000 miles from home. So they set to work to build an altar which you see pictured above. Their chaplain, Father Lawrence Brock, S.J. they almost worshipped. The altar was to be as much a gift to him as to themselves.

The altar itself is made from the wood of bomb boxes which they scraped down and varnished. Before it, they put a railing which one of the soldiers carved in spare time. The tabernacle was a gift to Father Brock from Dr. Whalen of Winthrop, Mass. Sisters on the Fiji Islands, where these soldiers had previously been stationed, had made them some beautiful artificial flowers so that they could always have flowers for Mass. Vases for the flowers were cut from empty shells. Chimes, with four tones, were cut from shells, too. The crucifix was a gift of a warrant officer to Father Brock. A sanctuary lamp was fashioned from the red glass of a lantern. On both sides of the altar were two large boxes,—bomb boxes, polished smooth.

AT both ends of the altar rail were two paintings, done by one of the soldiers with all the scraps of available material he could find. On the left, was a heroic figure of Christ guarding a soldier who was armed and dressed in battle uniform, and identified by the only rank that counts with God, "Miles Christi," soldier of Christ. In the background of the painting are the tropical trees and swamps and mountains of Pacific islands where they had fought. A tank, armed and fighting, raises a cloud of dust to the right of Christ. Two powerful guns pointing

that the shepherds were saying one to another, "Let us go over to Bethlehem"

Bishop Walter Fitzgerald, S.J., confirming an American soldier somewhere in an Alaskan chapel.

skyward stand half concealed to His left. Overhead five planes roar through the sky, a "Lightning," two "Flying Fortresses" and two small fighters going away. In the top left corner of the painting is a map of an island and its name, New Caledonia. These soldiers of Christ had battled there. On the right corner was another map and another name they would never, never forget, Guadalcanal. Christ had brought them safely out of there.

At the right end of the altar rail is a painting of Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception, Queen of the 182nd Infantry. Gracious and queenly, she stands guard over another soldier, armed in battle array. In the background are the mountains of the Fiji Islands, a volcano of Bougainville, and a harbor where a troopship lies, guarded by a Navy gunboat. Along a road, a Red Cross ambulance careens. Above it on a hillock is a wrecked building. In the sky overhead, a "Flying Boat" patrols, and two transport planes climb into the sky to get above the clouds that come billowing by. Again two maps adorn the upper corners of the painting, one marked Fiji Isles, and the other Bougainville. How well they knew them both!

AMERICAN boys will be at Christmas Mass in this chapel again this year. It is a monument they have built for their Lord from the only gifts their hands could bring, discarded casings for weapons of destruction. Somehow their love of Our Lord transformed those ugly things beyond all recognition. The shells have all been fired, but now some of them hold flowers fashioned by nuns; four of them will ring softly at the consecration of the Mass and will summon the boys to Communion. The bombs have all exploded, but the wooden cases now serve as an altar for the God of Heaven and the Prince of Peace.

All things can lead us to God. Soldiers are discovering that everywhere they go. In the strangest settings they will find the Prince of Peace just as truly as if they were



in their own parish church, and Christ can make their Christmas unforgettable wherever they find Him.

—in Mission Chapels

FOR MANY this year, the only chance to assist at a Christmas Mass will be in some mission chapel, or if some missionary journeys to their post. In Alaska, every priest, missionary and chaplain, will be busy. Bishop Fitzgerald S.J. will surely celebrate Mass somewhere for soldiers. In China the army trucks of the United States and the heavy boots of its soldiers will trumpet to a pagan people the faith of American boys in the coming of God to earth.

In India, as last year, Americans will crowd the mission chapels, standing through the whole services after walking several miles, and never thinking to grumble because of the blessed sight of a Christmas altar and a Christmas crib. As one of them said last year to Father Goveas, S.J., "It's different from home, Father; no snow, warm, and all. If it weren't for the Midnight Mass and the crib, it wouldn't be Christmas at all. But that Mass and the crib where every one of us prayed tonight brought us right back to our homes and the ones we love."

The Christ, then, who once received such rough treatment from soldiers, will be adored this Christmas and sung to and welcomed into millions of soldiers' hearts all over the world. And if there are planes in the sky that night the angels of God will hear American boys singing "Adeste Fideles." Wherever they are Christ will find a way to bring them peace and joy.

Fr. Walter, S.J., Chaplain, saying Mass for soldiers somewhere in the South Pacific.



John P.
Deevy, S.J.

MISSION VIEWS AND HORIZONS



Gifts for G. I. Joe

■ The dead-line for sending gifts to G.I. Joe has come and gone. To the Army he is just another soldier but to us at home, who prepared and wrapped the packages, he is a person, a father, a brother, a son, a boy-friend. The gift may not be expensive, just some of those things he used to like at home, but the thought and affection behind the gift are precious to him and to every G.I. Joe. It puts in concrete form, the purpose for which he is fighting; for his country, yes, but much more for the love of those dear ones whom he left behind when he marched off to war.

The Government, realizing that contact with home through gifts makes G.I. Joe a better soldier, has made room in the holds of its convoys for these packages prepared with loving hands. They will receive priority with planes and tanks and guns and will be carried all over the world. To India, to China, to the bleak wastes of Alaska, to the lonely atolls of the Pacific as well as to Europe and the tropical lands to the south will go these Christmas presents to cheer our fighting men.

The source and inspiration of all this generosity and gift bearing during this season go back to a baby born in a cave at Bethlehem. Christmas is His birthday. When He came into the world there were no packages waiting for Him. In fact there was no room for Him in the inn. He was born in a cattle cave and laid in a manger.

First Christmas in America

■ Let us cast our minds back to that moment of the first Christmas and look at our own country. It was a wilderness. Savages roamed through the forests. The rivers, the lakes, the mountains were the same. The ocean waves beat against the same cliffs as in our own days. Barbaric camp fires kindled the night and Indian witch-doctors with fierce incantations worshipped the moon and stars. In the course of time missionaries came to these shores. They brought with them Christ, the Babe of

Bethlehem. The blessings of that first Christmas became woven into the life of our country.

In the far corners of the world our G.I. Joes will receive their Christmas gifts from home. Some of them have already met Christ in those lands because American missionaries have preceded them to establish the Church of Christ in those places. Gratefully they have knelt in the rain sodden jungles to receive Christ coming to them in the midst of all this horror and bloodshed. Here was a breath of life and love and the Faith they knew at home. While they carried on the grim business of war they found consolation and strength in this communion with Christ and a realization of the glorious work of the missionaries in foreign lands. The missionaries are spreading the spirit of Christmas all over the world.

Our Opportunity

■ These soldiers of Christ are only a handful compared to the millions of G.I. Joes, fighting for their country. Their equipment is inadequate and comes mainly from the hard-earned free-will offerings of the always generous poor. A glance at the Grateful Acknowledgments page in this issue will show you that. Moreover their years of heroic effort and sacrifice added to the searing scars of war will have undermined their strength. Their work has been razed to the ground by shells of friends and foe. When the war is over and the G.I. Joes come marching home, the missionaries must begin their work of reconstruction. To Catholic America they must turn for vocations to fill in the ranks, for prayer to insure the success of their work, for financial support to rebuild what has been destroyed by hate.

We have been magnificent in our war effort but that was largely a work of destruction. Shall we be less generous in the work of construction, in which the missionaries will play a major role? Not if we understand what the Babe of Bethlehem has done for our own country, what He means to our soldiers around the globe, what He can do for pagan nations to insure a lasting peace.

Work and Prayer

When Father Shea arrived at Above Rocks, Jamaica, the weeds had taken over the grounds, the gate was falling off, and here and there boards were rotting away. He made a little suggestion to the men of the parish. A crowd showed up on the appointed day, some ragged, some bare-footed, but all armed with machetes or cutlasses or carpenter's tools, and the work began. By night the weeds were down, the gate was up, and new boards were in. The place was beautiful again. Then suddenly and spontaneously, the men went into the church, dirty, ragged, sweaty as they were, and prayed. Later Father Shea discovered that, for some, it was the first time "inside" for many a year. Working for it finally made them appreciate their church.

So they went in haste, and they found Mary and Joseph, and the babe lying in the manger...

A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS



ALASKA

Bishop Fitzgerald, S.J.

Fairbanks

This Fall I was out to King Island for Confirmations of Fr. LaFortune's people. Everyone on the island is Catholic. It took a little over three hours by plane to cover the 600 miles from Fairbanks to Nome. From Nome there seemed no chance of getting out to the island. After a week the Lohman Commercial told me they would try to make the trip by "Bozo"—a tug. We traveled for over four hours until we met the ice-field which stretched 40 miles to King Island. For hours we skirted the ice packs hoping to find a lead through the floes—all in vain. Back home again. A few days later a plane scouted the area and reported a shift in the ice. Again we boarded "Bozo" and finally found the lead winding and twisting through the pack to the island.

The Eskimos saw us coming. They went down to the boat to meet us, and eagerly ran ahead to the residence where at 1:30 A.M. they woke up Fr. LaFortune. By this watch it was 11:30. He regulates the time for the whole island and since he had not been to the mainland in over two years, he was two hours behind time. Then on Sunday there was a sermon, a Mass and in the evening, rosary and Benediction in preparation for Confirmation. The following Tuesday 17 boys and girls were confirmed.

Fr. Martin Lonneux, S.J.

St. Michael's

A few days ago your precious letter arrived. I appreciate deeply all that you are doing for me. That is why I remember you and your great work in the Holy Sacrifice. Some people live from the interest of their capital, others on their salary. Poor people live from day to day. With me it is quite different. I live from mail to mail and let me add at once that is a mighty poor way for an orphan to live in Alaska. Early last March one of the few friends I have wrote that he was sending me an Easter gift. We do not receive any packages during the

Winter. The Spring came and went and there was no mail and the Summer came and still no mail. The Summer was half way through before my Easter gift arrived. You can see now why your letter and the enclosed gift were so welcome.

BRITISH HONDURUS

Fr. Robert McCormack, S. J.

Belize

In answer to your question about social work here I could sum it up under these headings:

(1) Work that Fr. Ganney is doing in the cooperatives, credit unions, farming and boys school, gardening school, handicraft and domestic science.

Bishop Fitzgerald visiting Father Llorente's flock.



(2) The very fine work done by Pallotine sisters in their schools.

(3) The handicraft department under Sister M. Catherine in the Holy Redeemer Schools.

(4) The work through and with the St. Vincent de Paul Society which Father Ryan does in Belize, chiefly remedial at the time.

(5) A very good domestic science department in St. Catherine's academy and the commercial department.



Father Ganey, S.J., at his headquarters in Punta Gorda, B.H.

(6) The teacher-training efforts being undertaken now by Fr. Knopp and the Sisters of the Holy Family in Stann Creek. Don't forget these sisters of the Holy Family (colored). They do very fine work with the Carib people. A number of girls from Belize have entered the group.

The number of children in schools is everywhere increasing. At Stann Creek for example, they have over 600. At the Holy Redeemer Schools and the college there are 595 boys and 538 girls. One young sister just out from Ireland after a few years training in America was put in charge of a class of restless seventh graders with 88 in a single room. Many of the children were too poor to provide books and there was no fund available. What she did to keep them occupied, attentive and learning from 9:00 A.M. till 3:30 P.M. is one of mysteries of the sisters' work in the missions, but she succeeds. It is good to note that our Alumni and Alumnae are in very good standing in Government, service, business and commercial life, even in professional life. Largely through the parish schools over 65 religious vocations have been fostered and developed. A word should be said of the private school of Miss Ethel Vargas who has devoted an unselfish life in providing a good Catholic education to the children of good families here in British Honduras.

Fathers Edmund Cheney, S.J., and Joseph Dooley, S.J., inspect the damage after the recent hurricane in Jamaica.



INDIA

Fr. Alphonsus Goveas, S. J.
Jehanabad, Gaya

This year I was appointed missionary in the new Jehanabad mission, I call it new because only pioneer work was done there before. Everything is needed, buildings, Church, equipment,—everything. Much of the missionary activity is among the Chamars. There were some few Baptisms in the beginning. But not long ago a headman of two large villages came to tell me that the whole village is ready to accept the Faith. Oh, if there were only more hours in the day! I trust that friends of "Jesuit Missions" will join me in prayers for this promising mission. There's so much to do and I am only just beginning.

Father Bertram Ernst, S.J., at one of his missions in India.



JAMAICA

Fr. Harry W. Ball, S. J.
Linstead

We piled more excitement into our short trip from the States to Jamaica than Francis Xavier did, I suspect, in his long journey to India. After a variety of false starts, several repetitions of the same rigmarole involving re-validation of tickets, re-assignment of flight, re-investigation by the F.B.I., re-exploration of baggage at the customs, after being deferred time and time again, once after spending hours at the airport itself, the day finally dawned on which our flight actually took place. We were skeptical until we heard the sound of the motors and felt ourselves being lifted steadily and smoothly into the long savannahs of the blue.

High over the Caribbean, the ocean took on a rigid look like a limitless roof of corrugated steel. Upon arriving at Jamaica, instead of a brass band, the welcoming committee scared up a howling hurricane. It was a welcome we will not easily forget.

My own assignment brings me here to Linstead with Father Harney, an accomplished and experienced vet-

returned, glorifying and praising God for all that they had heard and seen . . .

Irving Jumping Eagle, Indian flier, who has downed several Jap planes in Aleutian fighting.

Crib at St. Charles Mission in Montana. Notice the wigwams instead of a cave for the scene.

eran in the Mission, so I am fast learning how best to take care of a flock in need and only those who have seen the destitution of some of these people here realize how many things they need.

Fr. Edmund K. Cheney, S. J.

I was in Baghdad when the '38 hurricane struck New England. This time I just missed it on my way to Jamaica. I could look down from the plane as we circled the island and see mile after mile of uprooted groves, destroyed homes, ruined buildings. In the whole district where the hurricane struck there is hardly one house that has not been damaged. Thank God the loss of life was small but the people here were hit by a real disaster. Fr. Dooley was hardest hit of all. His recreation center for the youth was destroyed, the piano toppled over on its side, furniture smashed, the convent school most severely damaged of all. He was away at the time at a mission station in Enfield, just about to perform a marriage ceremony, when the storm roared in. The wedding group just got out of the building in time before it crashed, but they were married anyway, in circumstances they will never forget. It will be a long time before the results of this disaster can be overcome. Keep us in your prayers.



AMERICAN INDIANS

St. Paul's Mission, Mont.

Fr. Arnold Custer, S. J. is the new superior at St. Paul's Mission among the Gros Ventres and Assiniboine Indians in Middle Montana. He succeeds Fr. Paul McNabb, S. J. and started immediately his duties as a sort of combination electrician, carpenter and spiritual guide. Moved to St. Paul's to help him is Fr. Aloysius Willebrand, S. J.

St. Ignatius, Mont.

Fr. Anthony Kulwiecz, S. J. joined Fr. Gabriel Menagier's community of Fr. Ambrose Sullivan and Augustine Dimier (both veterans) and Brs. Gallant and Sorisio.

Desmet Mission, Idaho

Fr. Cornelius Byrne, S. J. talks enthusiastically of plans of a new Church of the Sacred Heart at Desmet's Sacred Heart Indian Mission to replace the one destroyed by fire. Fr. Arthur Green, S. J., joined Desmet Mission this year.

1990
134/ald

HEADQUARTERS,
FOURTH MARINE DIVISION, FLEET MARINE FORCE,
c/o FLEET POST OFFICE, SAN FRANCISCO, CALIF.

21 July, 1944.

DIVISION MEMORANDUM)

NUMBER 103 1944)

1. Voluntary contributions from officers and men of this Division will be accepted for use in rehabilitation of the Catholic Church at Garapan. Father Joseph Tardio, Spanish Jesuit rescued by our troops, and his congregation of several thousand Chamorros will use any money donated to rebuild the church and minister to the religious life of Saipan Christians.

2. Commanding officers are requested to publish this information to their commands. All contributions must be voluntary and there will be no soliciting.

3. On 23 July, all money collected shall be turned over to the Division Chaplain.

BY ORDER OF MAJOR GENERAL GATES:

M. W. ROGERS,
Colonel, U. S. Marine Corps,
Chief of Staff.

OFFICIAL:

John J. Rogers
S. J. F. O. D. K.
Colonel, USMC,
Corps, D-1.

REPRODUCTION "B"

This was the actual notice posted on the bulletin board on Saipan, sent to us by Marine Thomas M. Cody, formerly of Fordham University.

The result of this simple statement, as reported by Lt. Lucas of the Marine Corps, was a collection of \$2,500.00 "in soiled dollar bills, almost unrecognizable, corroded quarters and half dollars, and pennies turned green." It was about everything the veterans of Saipan and Tinian had with them, their gift for the rebuilding of the mission on Saipan.



Every year at Christmas we call upon our readers to be mindful of the neediest cases in the world—the lepers. Our Lord was so merciful to them, so kind to all who presented themselves to Him! There are over 6,000 of them on the missions entrusted to American Jesuits. These poor people, with their inexorable living-death disease, have no way of presenting themselves to you unless we speak for them.

Obviously lepers have no means of self support. The missionaries in the Philippines are happy to serve them in Christ's name. Could you help them? It would be such a thoughtful act of Christmas kindness.

Address contributions to

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

COMMUNICATIONS

1944 Prayers for Africa

To the Editor:

For many months now I have observed that the Holy Father, through the Mission Intention column of JESUIT MISSIONS, has urged the prayers of your readers for the people of Africa—for the Spread of Faith in Africa, the Native Clergy in Africa, the Education of African youth, etc.—Africa, by far, seems to be the most “prayed for” Continent.

I do not know just how many thousands of people your magazine reaches, but I suppose it is a large figure. If then, thousands and thousands of people pray for the same intention month after month, shouldn't there be some way of telling whether or not the prayers are answered? I was just wondering if you had any late report from Africa showing that God heard the prayers of your readers and blessed Africa in the various ways suggested by the Holy Father.

Riverdale, N. Y.

M. L.

General vs. Particular

To the Editor:

Undoubtedly it is necessary to offer factual information about the missions. As a mission-minded Catholic I suppose I should know the number of missionaries working in various countries, the number of their schools, converts, etc. The fact of the matter is that I am much more interested in individual missionaries and individual missions. I want to know as much as you can tell about their problems, their daily life, crowded as it is with hardships and many consoling incidents.

The above knowledge will be very

The Seal with a Spirit

100

Patna Christmas Seals

\$1.00

*Help American Jesuits
in Patna, India*

Rev. J. A. Kilain, S.J.
Patna Mission Service
1110 So. May Street
Chicago 7, Illinois

Add the Catholic Touch

practical for my prayers. I must confess that I find it difficult to pray for the missions in general or for pagan countries in general. I find it much easier to pray for the intentions of a particular priest of whom I have just read an interesting personal sketch. I find it easy to pray with him for the things he needs. I find it easy to offer a prayer of resignation with him when I read that his church or school has been destroyed.

As exemplifying my desire I would like to cite the recent articles of Father Armitage, Father Anderson and Father Finnegan. Another example was the article in the October issue “The Boston Jesuit.” May I hope to read more of individual Jesuits?

Chestnut Hill, Pa.

B. V. M.

NOTICE

The January and February issues will have to be combined because of the paper shortage.

Save waste paper!

YOUR WILL . . .

Can help American Jesuit Missionaries in their global efforts to bring an eternal inheritance to pagan souls. The following approved form may be used:

“I hereby bequeath to JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y., for use in its work for the American Jesuit Missionaries, the sum of \$.....”

BROTHERS OF MERCY NOVITIATE

Young men between the ages of 16 and 40 who are willing to answer a call to Religious Life and for the Love of God, offer themselves in the service of the sick, are welcome to our Community.

The time for testing the Vocation, as Postulant and Novice, lasts 2½ years, is spent in the

NOVITIATE OF THE BROTHERS OF MERCY
49 COTTAGE ST. BUFFALO, N. Y.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

Designed exclusively
for the

JESUIT SEMINARY FUND

A BOX OF FIFTEEN

BEAUTIFUL CARDS FEATURING
REPRODUCTIONS OF MADONNA
MASTERPIECES

\$1.00

51 East 83rd St., New York 28, N. Y.



Use Address Cards of plastic permeated fibre that are tough and as durable as metal. Yet an ordinary typewriter will stencil your addresses in them at typewriting speed. Send for booklet, “Story of a Father and Son or Unscrewing the Inscrutable.”

THE ELLIOTT ADDRESSING MACHINE CO.
169 Albany Street Cambridge, Mass.

HOLY CROSS COLLEGE

WORCESTER, MASSACHUSETTS
1843-1943

Entrance by Certificate
or by Examination
Conducted by the Jesuits

A B. and B.S. COURSES

DEGREES

BACHELOR OF ARTS
BACHELOR OF SCIENCE in BIOL-
OGY CHEMISTRY PHYSICS BUSI-
NESS ADMINISTRATION HISTORY
SOCIAL SCIENCES and EDUCA-
TION

NAVAL ROTC

New courses especially adapted to the
nation's officer training program.

Bulletin of Information on Request

Address Dean of Freshmen
Holy Cross College Worcester, Mass.

MISSION *Book Reviews*



"James Laynez, Jesuit"

By Joseph H. Fichter, S.J.

As a theologian at the Council of Trent of the stature he was, James Laynez surely has merited to be better known by American readers. But he was also a Jesuit and the successor of St. Ignatius Loyola as second General of the Society of Jesus.

Father Fichter makes Laynez live through the pages of his book and as if falling short of the true merits of the subject of his biography he adds Ribadeneira's description of him and Salmeron's appreciation of him together with several extracts from Laynez's own writings.

B. Herder Book Co., St. Louis, Mo. \$3.00.

"Secrets of the Saints"

by Henri Ghéon

Four books that have made us know and, what is more important, love the saints have been bound in a single volume. They are "The Secret of the Curé d'Ars," "The Secret of John Bosco" translated from Henri Ghéon's French works by F. J. Sheed and "The Secret of the Little Flower," according to Donald Attwater's translation—all in a neat little volume of 406 pages to which has been subjoined the late G. K. Chesterton's "Challenge of the Curé d'Ars" which originally appeared as an epilogue to the first English edition of the volume on St. John Vianney. With the editors we too feel that it seemed "too good to be omitted in this collection." Ghéon lovers—and their name is legion—will be grateful to Sheed and Ward for combining these four volumes in a single cover.

Sheed and Ward, New York. \$3.00.

Once in Cornwall:

Legends of Saints and Dragons
by S. M. C.

The Author of Brother Petroc's Return has collected a number of legends connected with the countryside of Cornwall and presents them to the reader in the form of a medieval novel as told by different natives of the Cornwall country to one Brother Peter who was assigned the

task of gathering the tales of his native land as a punishment for having scoffed at similar tales of dragons and saints as told by his brother novices of Truro Priory.

An index of persons and places is included for anyone seeking a particular legend.

Longmans, Green and Co., New York. \$2.00.

"Moral and Social Questions"

by Alexander Wyse, O.F.M.

In thirty-two chapters with discussion-group and review questions after each section Fr. Wyse has adapted moral theology to the capacity of High School pupils. His doctrine is brief, yet sound, with emphasis on the virtue to be practiced rather than on the vice to be shunned. Deftly he brings in the modern application of the timeless commandments of God and of His Church. His treatment of the Social Questions are brief but sufficiently thorough to give the student a clear synthesis of the varied social problems of the present day. It is to be regretted that such a splendid book has been clothed in a frail paper cover.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$1.00.

The Long House of the Iroquois
by Spencer L. Adams

The author, a retired lawyer, has published a limited edition (285 copies offered for sale) of his travels up the Hudson and through the Mohawk and Finger Lake region of New York State, the "Long House of the Iroquois." It is surprising that one as interested in Indian lore as Mr. Adams while passing Fonda failed to chronicle a visit to Ossernenon (present Auriesville) where three Jesuits met their death and a score of others labored among the Iroquois. The third chapter in the brochure is devoted to the author's interpretation of Skaneateles, "Beautiful Squaw," the

home site of the author's boyhood and retirement. Mr. Adams delights the reader with personal anecdotes from this region which is dear to his heart and endeavors to endear to the heart of his readers at the expense of lack of proportion in the book. The edition is illustrated with 125 photographic reproductions of scenes visited personally and photographed by the author.

Lambert Grant, Inc., Utica, New York. \$5.00.

Glory of the Mohawks

by Rev. Edward Lecompte, S. J.
Florence Ralston Werum, F.R.S.A.
(Translator)

English readers are indebted to Florence Ralston Werum for her translation of Father Lecompte's "Le Lis des Bords de la Mohawk et du St. Laurent", a biography of Kateri Tekakwitha, based on the contemporary accounts by Father Chauchetiere and Father Cholonec. From Chapter XIX to the end of the biography Fr. Lecompte recounts for the reader the apparitions and miracles attributed to Kateri Tekakwitha. An epilogue gives the present status of the cause of Venerable Kateri and a prayer for her Canonization.

Bruce Publishing Co., Milwaukee. \$2.00.

Our Neighbors the Chinese

by Florence D. David (Sister Mary Just)

In less than 100 pages Sister Mary Just of the research department of the Maryknoll Sisters has presented a readable summary of Chinese history with due proportion given to the work of the Church in China. Each chapter is followed by suggested readings recommended for Study Clubs and Social Study courses. A comprehensive bibliography of books in English on China grouped according to content is a noteworthy feature of this pamphlet of the WORLD HORIZONS SERIES.

Field Afar Press, Maryknoll, N. Y. \$35

Grateful Acknowledgments

JESUIT MISSIONS gladly transmits money gifts to any Jesuit Missionary.

Gifts for the Missions

Alabama:—

E.P.B., Mobile.....\$ 5.00

California:—

R.W., San Francisco..... 20.00
 C.I.E., San Rafael..... 20.00
 Sr. V., Santa Barbara..... 15.00
 W.S., San Francisco..... 10.00
 M.R., Santa Barbara..... 5.00
 C.J.W., Inglewood..... 5.00
 Mrs. W.L.D., San Francisco 5.00
 K.McG., Los Angeles..... 5.00
 H.McN., Long Beach..... 4.00
 J.L., San Francisco..... 4.00
 V.C.S., San Jose..... 3.00
 M.J.O'K., San Francisco.. 3.00
 M.M., Los Angeles..... 2.00
 E.F., Marysville..... 2.00
 C.H., Los Angeles..... 2.00
 Mrs. H.O.B., Los Angeles.. 1.00
 C.B.N., San Francisco..... 1.00
 L.C., Santa Barbara..... 1.00
 A.A., Los Angeles..... 1.00
 Mrs. C. M., Los Angeles.. 1.00
 J.L.T., Los Angeles..... 1.00

Colorado:—

P.B.McA., Denver..... 2.00

Connecticut:—

J.M.L., Bridgeport..... 10.00
 A.H., Bridgeport..... 2.00

District of Columbia:—

M.H.S., Washington..... 5.00
 L.H., Washington..... 1.00

Florida:—

L.C., Tyndall Field..... 10.00
 J.C.E., Miami..... 5.00
 Mrs. C.H.T., Tampa..... 5.00
 A.E.B., Miami..... 2.00

Georgia:—

M.C.M., Augusta..... 1.00

Illinois:—

D.H., Chicago..... 15.00
 F.M.H., Ingleside..... 5.00
 Mrs. S.W.B., Chicago..... 3.00
 Mrs. N.A.N., Morris..... 2.00
 J.F., Chicago..... 1.00
 T.E., Chicago..... 1.00

Iowa:—

M.K.J., Murray..... 2.00

Kansas:—

C.M.H., Wichita..... 3.00
 M.S., Topeka..... 2.00
 E.B., Silver Lake..... 1.00

Kentucky:—

Mrs. G.B.S., Frankfort... 100.00
 Mr.&Mrs. G.M., Covington 1.00

Maine:—

M.W., Portland..... 1.00

Maryland:—

B.H., Baltimore..... 2.00
 L.R.M., Baltimore..... 1.00
 F.X.McD., Baltimore..... 1.00

Massachusetts:—

I.M.A., Salem..... 200.00
 N.B., Cambridge..... 60.00
 J.J.McC., Worcester..... 50.00
 M.O'C., Lenox..... 20.00
 Mrs. F.J.McG., Dorchester. 5.00
 M.I.A., Salem..... 5.00
 C.C., Boston..... 5.00
 Mrs. J.M.D., Salem..... 5.00

A.C.D., Dorchester..... 3.00
 Mrs. M.R., Somerville... 2.00
 J. O'M., Everett..... 2.00
 A.T.B., Dorchester..... 2.00
 Anonymous, Boston..... 1.00
 D.A.C., Everett..... 1.00
 E.J., Everett..... 1.00
 A.C.L., Arlington..... 1.00
 N.L.LaF., Arlington..... 1.00
 J.M., Dorchester..... 1.00
 J.J.K., Dorchester..... 1.00
 H.R., Malden..... 1.00
 Mrs. R.J.B., Everett..... 1.00
 Mrs. W.J.F., Springfield.. 1.00
 M.B., Arlington..... 1.00
 H.McD., Ludlow..... 1.00

Michigan:—

A.A.R., Detroit..... 25.00
 S.S., Ludington..... 5.00
 Mrs. B. W., Detroit..... 4.00
 Mrs. J.H.L., Plymouth... 1.00

Minnesota:—

Mrs. J.S.McK., Lake City.. 4.00

Mississippi:—

Mrs. T.J.W., Biloxi..... 20.00

Missouri:—

Mrs. J.A.G., Kansas City.. 100.00
 M.M.C., St. Louis..... 25.00
 G.I.B., St. Louis..... 4.00
 Mrs. H. L., St. Louis..... 3.50
 Mrs. J. R.G., St. Louis... 2.00
 R.L.G., St. Louis..... 1.00
 V.P., St. Louis..... 1.00
 Mrs. H. B., St. Louis..... 1.00
 Mrs. L., St. Louis..... 1.00

Nebraska:—

V.K., Omaha..... 1.00

New Jersey:—

Via A.H., Jersey City.... 68.75
 Mrs. F.O'B., Asbury Park.. 15.00
 M.S., Jersey City..... 5.00
 J.G., Bradley Beach..... 5.00
 Anonymous, Somerdale... 2.00
 Mrs. M.L.V., Asbury Park 1.00
 A.K., Wildwoodcrest..... 1.00
 M.McC., Rumson..... 1.00
 M.Z., East Orange..... 1.00
 A.G., Harrison..... 1.00
 Mrs. M.C.V., Asbury Park 1.00
 M.A., Jersey City..... .90

New York:—

S.R.W., New York..... 10.00
 J.H.D., Elmhurst..... 10.00
 T.J.M., Elmhurst..... 10.00
 W.J.K., New York..... 5.00
 S.M., Brooklyn..... 5.00
 J.W., Brooklyn..... 5.00
 J.H., Baldwin..... 5.00
 F.X.C., New York..... 5.00
 J.D., New York..... 5.00
 Mr.&Mrs. J.W., New York 5.00
 Mrs. E.C., New York..... 5.00
 M.H., New York..... 5.00
 A Friend, New York..... 5.00
 W.D.B., Elmhurst..... 5.00
 A.K., New York..... 5.00
 M.E.B., Jamaica..... 5.00
 W.J.McI., New York..... 4.00
 E.G., New York..... 4.00
 Via J.A., Norwich..... 3.33
 R. Family, New York... 3.00
 M.C.G., Rockville Centre.. 2.75
 Mrs. C.S., W. Babylon... 2.00
 K.C.McL., Brooklyn..... 2.00
 W.C., Brooklyn..... 2.00
 L.P.J., Hempstead..... 2.00

Mrs. M.F., New York.... 1.05
 Mr.&Mrs. J.V., New York. 1.00
 M.F., Brooklyn..... 1.00
 F.R.C., Brooklyn..... 1.00
 Mr. S., Brooklyn..... 1.00
 D.V.H., Freeport..... 1.00
 T.A., New Hyde Park..... 1.00
 S.A.F., New York..... 1.00
 J.A.F., New York..... 1.00
 M.A.D., New York..... 1.00
 W.S.M., Forest Hills..... 1.00
 M.M., New York..... 1.00
 Anonymous Oswego..... 1.00
 A.V.L., New York..... 1.00
 Anonymous, Floral Park... 1.00
 M.L., New York..... 1.00
 A.L.B., Hempstead..... 1.00
 E.T.H., East Rochester... 1.00
 K.L., New York..... 1.00
 Mrs. M., New York..... 1.00
 D.W., New York..... 1.00
 C.G., New York..... 1.00
 M.F.S., New York..... 1.00
 D.N.C., Brooklyn..... 1.00
 M.F., Brooklyn..... 1.00
 M.C.O'C., New York..... 1.00
 E.M.McC., New York..... 1.00

Ohio:—

W.A.W., South Euclid.... 10.00
 W.G.M., East Cleveland... 10.00
 Mr.&Mrs. C.B., Cincinnati. 5.00
 C.G.B., Cincinnati..... 5.00
 Mrs. H.K., East Cleveland. 5.00
 V.P.B., Cincinnati..... 5.00
 A.K., Silverton..... 2.00
 M.A.S., Youngstown..... 2.00
 R.&R.C., Cincinnati..... 1.00
 Mr.&Mrs. J.A.B., Cincinnati 1.00
 Mrs. E.J.M., Cincinnati... 1.00
 R.B., Youngstown..... 1.00

Oregon:—

J.B., Salem..... 1.00

Pennsylvania:—

J.P.T., Philadelphia..... 25.00
 N.L., Rosemont..... 5.00
 M.E.H., Philadelphia..... 5.00
 R.A.K., Philadelphia..... 1.00

Rhode Island:—

K.L.G., Providence..... 4.00

South Carolina:—

J.S.K., Sumter..... 1.25

Texas:—

W.P.T., Houston..... 25.00
 Mrs. J.H., Houston..... 2.00
 Mrs. W.D.K., Fort Worth. 1.00

Virginia:—

A.J.McN., Purcellville... 5.00

Washington:—

Mr.&Mrs. H.T.I., Seattle... 20.00
 Mrs. H.T.B., Seattle..... 5.00
 F.P., Seattle..... 5.00
 Mrs. D.S.H., Seattle..... 5.00
 W.J.S., Seattle..... 5.00
 J.J.V., Seattle..... 2.00
 L.J.McC., Seattle..... 1.00
 Mrs. S., Tacoma..... 1.00
 L.M., Seattle..... 1.00
 H.D., Seattle..... 1.00
 Mrs. H.A.M., Seattle..... 1.00
 A.R., Seattle..... 1.00

Wyoming:—

Mrs. W.M.G., Encampment 1.00

Gratitude is also expressed for three thousand four hundred and eighty-seven Mass stipends.



"AND HIS OWN RECEIVED HIM NOT...."

Perhaps no more plaintive words can be found in Scripture than these. They are a Divine complaint. And so century after century missionaries have been striving "to teach all nations" to receive Christ. The American Jesuits have their share of that blessed work to do in many far off lands, where Christ is still not received by so many millions. At Christmas these American Jesuits offer the work of the past year to the Infant Savior as a gift. They also offer the good deeds of cooperation with Him of all those who helped them bring Christ into the hearts of men. We welcome and invite you to join us next year that still more and more may receive Christ.

Subscribe to JESUIT MISSIONS. Ask your friends to subscribe.

Dear Father

Will you kindly send JESUIT MISSIONS to:

NAME

ADDRESS

NAME OF DONOR.....

JESUIT MISSIONS

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

NAME

ADDRESS

NAME OF DONOR.....

5582-1