

July - August 1947

JESUIT MISSIONS



JESUIT MISSIONS

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William Daly S.J. and a Native of Darjeeling

COVER. Iraqi youngsters near Baghdad College did not know which way to look to see the "birdie." While Father Bernard Hubbard S.J. was recording their antics in Ansco color film, Father Calvert Alexander S.J., editor of *Jesuit Missions*, recorded the scene in black and white. Both have returned to the States after a journey that took them from Cairo to the Caroline and Marshall Islands.

CHANGE OF ADDRESS: Send change of address or other communications to JESUIT MISSIONS, 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Change must reach us at least five weeks before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Send old address, with your new, enclosing if possible your address label. Duplicate copies cannot be sent. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage.

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■ **Father William Daly S.J.** was one of the first five members of the English speaking province of the Upper Canadian Jesuits to sail for Darjeeling in Northern Bengal. This pioneer missionary is now stationed at St. Joseph's College, North Point, Darjeeling. He kept an almost day by day diary of his trip from Halifax to Darjeeling. He did not mind being called a "Yank" by Canadian born Canucks, but he deeply resented being treated as an "alien" by government officials while en route to Northern Bengal. He is pictured here with one of the natives of his new mission reached after a 12,150 mile journey. Father Daly has the unique distinction of being one of the first Jesuits of the Canadian Province to have set foot in the forbidden kingdom of Nepal, still closed to missionary endeavor by non-Indian missionaries. He hopes to visit Nepal more frequently. We do too, because we know he will give interesting accounts of his missionary excursions.

■ **Father John T. Newell S.J.**, formerly of British Honduras, has been down in Yoro over a year. In this issue he offers us an eye witness account of his Yoro Mission.

■ Most people wonder what the first J. in **Father J. J. Austin Devenny's** name stands for. Like the feet of the apods it has become useless. All his friends call him Father Austin. Really it stands for John, but he has never told us why he prefers Austin to the name of the beloved disciple. To read his excursion in the Near East you might never guess that his real forte is mathematics and the sciences. This love of facts and figures he acquired while teaching at Boston College. For several years he had been dean of studies at Baghdad. The love of Our Lady that he learned at his mother's knee in Dorchester, Mass., he is now endeavoring to impart to Iraqi youth who are members of Our Lady's Sodality at Baghdad College. Anyone meeting him would have the answer to the question he asks in the title of his article in this issue. "There are Catholic Americans and Father Devenny is one."



J. J. Austin Devenny S.J.

■ **Father Francis X. Lynch S.J.** is one of the younger missionaries in the Philippines who was not a victim of internment. A Jerseyite and Fordhamite he was completing his philosophical studies at Woodstock College, Maryland, when the war ended. Even before he had entered St. Andrew-on-Hudson Novitiate, he had his heart set on the Philippine Mission. This was only natural, for his brother, **Father Ralph E. Lynch S.J.**, had gone to the Philippines in 1934, where he taught at the Ateneo de Manila, then the largest Jesuit college in the islands. Father Francis is now at what is the largest college of the postwar Philippines, the Ateneo de Naga on the Bicol peninsula of Camarines Sur. He had arrived in the Philippines only a year ago, but one year was time enough for him to make for himself a reputation as moderator and director of the Naga Glee Club. In "*Naga Deserves a Nod*" he becomes enthusiastic about Bicolano boys of Naga's Ateneo.



Francis X. Lynch S.J.

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JM



Dear Readers:

At least once a year I am sure of taking lunch with our printer. I know what it means. After a few remarks on the grand work that we are doing for the missions, etc., he will conclude: "Father, it is with sincere regret that we are obliged to propose a new contract. The increase will be 20%." If it were only the printer, it would be serious enough but I have had similar notifications from the engraver and paper manufacturer.

Here's how a few of our present expenditures compare with those of 1941: .

Paper is up	-- 32%
Cuts and photos are up	-- 36%
Rent is up	-- 50%
Printing is up	-- 50%

For twenty years, the subscription rate of JESUIT MISSIONS has never changed--\$1.00 a year. Some of our subscribers have sent us an extra \$1.00, \$5.00, and at times, even more substantial amounts, to further our publicity for the missions. (These donations are apart from the designated mission gifts which we are obliged to forward as specified.)

The help given to JESUIT MISSIONS has meant much and is certainly appreciated. We still need it, in fact, more than ever.

Devotedly yours in Our Lord,

Querman A. Saily, S.J.

*Five
Canadians
and one
"Alien"
en route to
Darjeeling*



(Left) Darjeeling's children warm the heart of Father William Daly S.J. (Right) Snow clad, cloud swathed Kinchinjunga leans its broad shoulders across Bengal's verdant slopes.

William
Daly
S.J.

Canada to the

TOP *OF THE* WORLD

GREETINGS from Darjeeling! Kinchinjunga leans over my shoulder and says, "Greetings" too. I write from St. Joseph's College, North Point, Darjeeling in Northern Bengal. This is close to 7,000 feet up in the Himalayas. Kinchinjunga, forty-five miles away, seems to be just across the valley.

Two of us are in Darjeeling—Father John Prendergast is stationed at the Archbishop's House where he was installed as parish priest on March 30 and I'm here at St. Joseph's. The other three have begun their work at Kurseong. Father Mackey is at St. Paul's

Church, Father Stanford at St. John's and Brother Paul Robin at St. Mary's College. We, the first Canadian missionaries to India, have traveled more than 12,150 miles since we left Montreal.

When I left Montreal I was in company with four Canadians. Since then I have learned that I should not be termed a "Yank" but an "alien." Actually I can give you the addresses of all the passport officers from Halifax to Kurseong, but I'm still proud of being a Yank especially after the way the Jesuits from the Chicago Province treated us in Patna.



It took only nine days for the "Bayano" to travel from Halifax to Liverpool. With a swift wind behind us we had the comfort of smooth sailing across the Atlantic with four Masses being offered every day, but the big thrill came when Fathers Prendergast and Mackey had boarded the "Ulster Monarch" and had the privilege of offering Midnight Mass aboard a North of Ireland vessel. Father Stanford, Brother Robin and I spent Christmas in England in the family circle of our hospitable English Jesuits at St. Francis Xavier's, Liverpool. Strict war-rationing was in effect and about you could be seen fire-scarred and gutted buildings, blocks of ruined dwellings, absence of new clothes and wooden clogs on the feet of the kiddies in Liverpool.

WE were scheduled to sail on the S.S. "Strathmore" on December 30 but did not get under way until January 5. Brother Robin and I were to share a cabin with three Irish Christian Brothers and a sixth occupant named "Sparrow." We were all joking about a "Robin" and a "Sparrow" sharing the same nest when the "Sparrow" showed up. She was a female of the species and failed to appreciate the humor of the situation until the embarrassed purser found her quarters elsewhere with twelve mothers and their babies.

The crossing of the Bay of Biscay was rough, but Gibraltar and the Mediterranean brought sunshine and

warmth. We cruised along the African coast noting the historical landmarks scarred by war. Our first and only stop was at Port Said. Hang on to your passports, pocketbooks and patience, if ever you land at Port Said. It was our first touch of the East and what a touch! A shoestring starts out for a penny and ends up for a shilling. Port Said had its bazaars, camels, monuments and Ghulli-ghulli men.

Aboard the "Strathmore" we made many friends who will be living in India—tea planters, jute wallers, military men, commercial men and missionaries of all denominations. Father Bayart S.J. and two Belgian scholastics were with us on their way to the same mission. Father Bayart had been many years in India, and gave us helpful pointers on the country.

Once in the Red Sea we brought out our white cassocks with the silk cinctures. The latter caused quite a sensation and will in all probability be the hallmark of the Canadian Jesuits in India.

ON into the Arabian Sea—beautiful weather all the way—and on January 20 we docked at Bombay. What a sight! Teeming life, color, stench, dirt,—not even Port Said had prepared us for this. India, we learned, doesn't move rapidly. We had docked at nine, disembarked by eleven-thirty, but it was five-thirty before we cleared the sheds, a bit impatient and very tired. "Baksheesh, sahib" was the first greeting; and

SINGING FISH

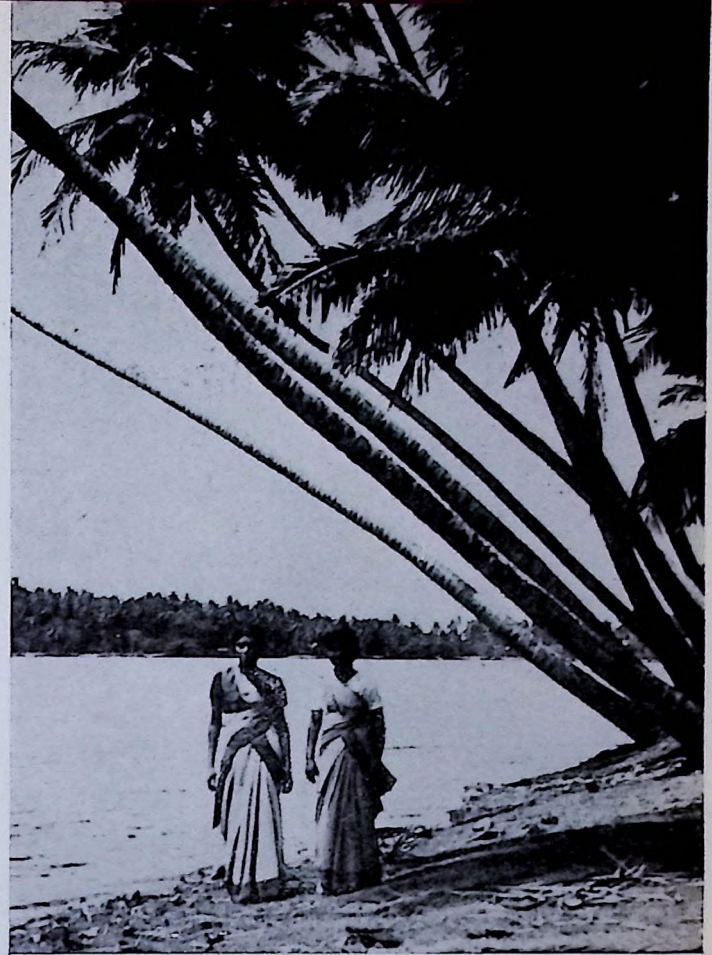
Calvert Alexander S.J.

BATTICALOA on the east coast of Ceylon is famous for its singing fish. They actually sing! I heard them myself as have many visitors to this seaport town.

No one, however, has ever seen the fish which produce the musical notes, and consequently, there is considerable disagreement among local experts as to whether the singers are ordinary gill fish or shell fish. Father John Lange S.J. of the New Orleans Province, whose Church of St. Sebastian occupies a place on the lagoon where the music is most audible, claims they are gill fish. The girls of nearby St. Theresa's school, run by the Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, favor the shell fish theory. Two of them are shown here trying to make one sing on land.

The singing fish of Batticaloa are a scientific curiosity but Batticaloa's singing Catholics are an inspiration. The Portuguese missionaries of long ago taught them to sing the Passion of Our Lord in their native Tamil and this they do at twilight in their family circles. Catholicism is strong in this town, strong in numbers, strong, too, in the number and excellence of its schools and charitable institutions. It is the center of the Trincomalee Diocese which has been entrusted to the Jesuits of the New Orleans Province. Very Rev. John Linehan S.J. of Bloomfield, N. J. is acting Vicar and Superior of the mission.

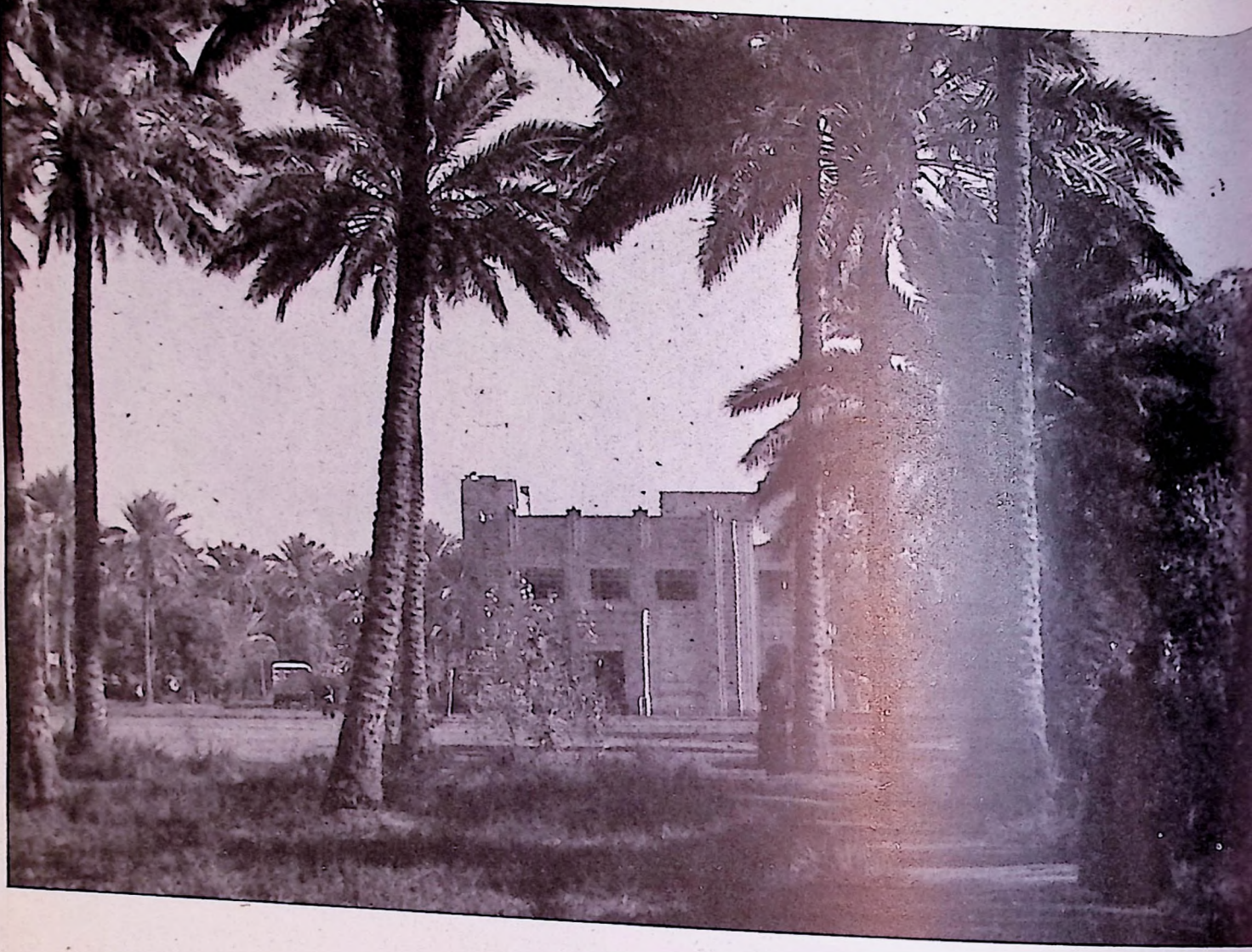
Not less amazing than the singing fish of Batticaloa is "The Singing Fish" of St. Michael's College, Batticaloa. This is the school publication of St. Michael's, but it is more than a mere school publication. It has the reputation of being one of the two Catholic publications of the Trincomalee Mission. Like its sister publication "Our Lady's Herald" you find in its contents articles in both English and Tamil. On the Faculty of St. Michael's College are several Americans. Of the two Jesuit priests, Father Joseph F. Fengler and Father Godfrey J. Cook, the former is a veteran of 13 years. To their number were added



Batticaloan beauties pause beneath Ceylon's swaying palms to hearken to the singing fish along the shore.

this year two American scholastics, Mr. Peter C. Beach S.J. and Mr. Alfonso I. del Marmol. Both are students of Tamil, but while mastering that difficult language they are endearing themselves to the boys of St. Michael's, the former as an athletic director, the latter as a choir master. Another Tamil student is Brother Everard Booth who, besides acting as infirmarian, runs the printing press. In the latter capacity he will have to set up Tamil texts as well as the more familiar English.

Besides Trincomalee, there are five other Catholic dioceses in Ceylon, the largest of which is Colombo, entrusted to the Oblate Fathers. One diocese, that of Chilaw is entirely staffed by native Ceylonese priests. Out of a population of 6,000,000, Catholics number over 600,000 but they exercise an influence on the life of the island that is much more profound than their numerical strength would indicate. This is due chiefly to the splendid Catholic educational system which has produced many of Ceylon's important people. One of these, Mr. Abraham Gardiner, who controls the Ceylon movie industry was recently knighted by the Pope for his benefactions to the Church. He has established a trust fund which yields 50,000 rupees a year for charitable and educational purposes in all six dioceses.



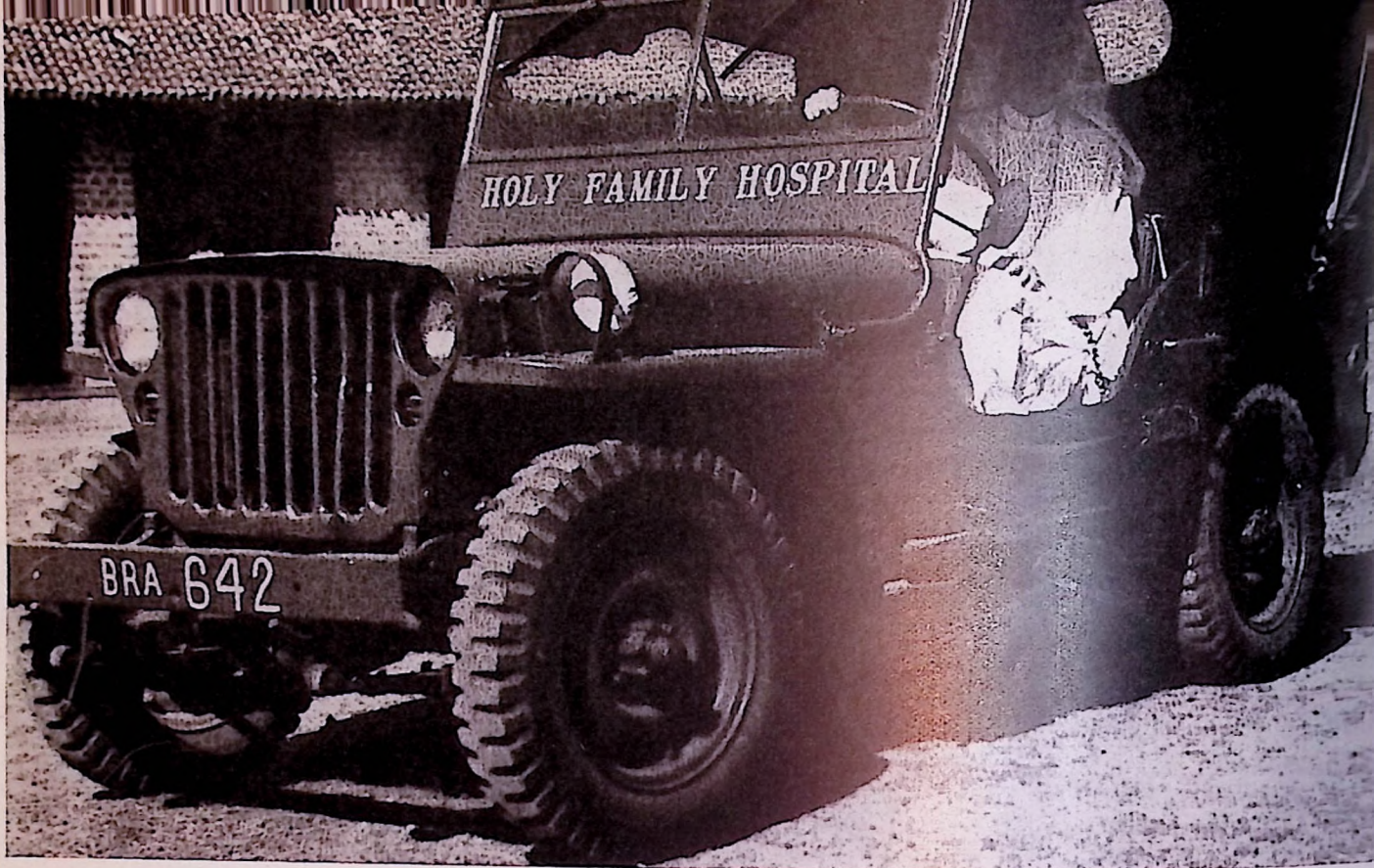
Are There American Catholics?



*J. J. Austin
Devenny
S.J.*

Baghdad College hedged in by Sulaikh's stately palms is manned by New England Jesuit missionaries.

Iraqi boys learn to "take it" as Father James Larkin S.J. teaches them the manly art of self defense.



Not a Super-de-luxe but sturdy enough to take the Medical Mission Sisters through Patna's narrow alleys.

According to *PATTERN*

Robert C. Stegman S.J.

THE busy bazaar-street entrance, marked "Holy Family Hospital," opens on Patna's first Cathedral. Small but well built, it was the pride of northern India's great pioneering Bishop Hartmann O.F.M. Cap. As a church for a handful of people, it is fine. But less than ten years ago when Bishop Bernard Sullivan S.J. introduced to Patna, the Medical Missionary Sisters, founded by Mother Anna Dengel, this and its little yard was their hospital, living quarters, chapel,—in a word, their all. The building is still their chapel. Half of it is walled off into dark cells that provide rougher quarters than many a G.I. knew during the war. Along the borders of the rectangular yard, houses varying from mud and brick to terraza floors, have mushroomed into the present hospital. The front building is two stories high, and so stands out in this old bazaar area. The latest addition is a neat dormitory for the student nurses, converted from an army storage room. Until a large sum of money can be collected, the present quarters will continue to house some of Bihar's finest medical work.

Indian women lead a very secluded life. The taboos cluttering their lives would startle you. Many live in small curtained-off sections of their own homes, called purdah, and on their rare excursions into the outside world are enveloped in sheets with two narrow slits for the eyes. Their silent plea brought the Medical Missionary Sisters to Patna. They became doctors and nurses and dedicated their lives to the women and sick poor of India. They have a marvelously clear grasp of their vocation. Their service of Christ's sick and poor make them undertake many chores unusual for nuns.

Did you ever see a nun drive a Jeep? Well, I did. It always thrilled me to see Sr. Ignatius from Boston stride out to the bamboo garage with a high-sign that brought the sweeper and carpenter running to assist her. They pushed at the bumpers while she walked alongside the jeep with a guiding hand on the wheel. Outside the garage she swung it to one side and by the time the jeep drew near the front gate, there was enough noise from the exhaust to let

the dead know that the motor was running. The Sisters find a jeep very practical. In old Patna's narrow streets crowded with everything but cars, it is small enough to take them wherever duty calls. The first Saturday I was there, the nurses had a picnic. Sr. Laetitia went to bring them home after sundown. She was aware that only one headlight was working. On the way back more than one traffic cop stopped them. Each time Sister got out and obligingly went to the front of the jeep to make the startling observation, "Why, it's not burning!" Then she would shake it a bit and add: "It won't go on." While the poor cop stood in amazement, she drove on.

Many purdah women shy away from going to a hospital. One day Sr. Elise, a doctor, received a call to usher a little Mohammedan into the world. The mother was very low and from a wealthy family. If they lost her, the news would get all over in no time, with a consequent loss to their reputation. At the hospital the Sisters could have done much to help her. With the family all around they could not even hint at the woman's predicament for fear of the clamor that would be aroused. Instead while they smiled that their patient was all right, their whispered talk ran like this: "Pulse? No! Plasma." The woman lived.

The greater part of the hospital's services are given to the poor. A young surgeon from Madras, whose previous experience was with government hospitals, told me how much he was impressed by the Sisters' genuine devotion to the sick poor, and others have remarked the same thing. Each morning there is a long line outside the dispensary to tell of their aches, point out their sores, or to get some medicine for someone sick at home.

The most enduring work of the Medical Missionaries is their training young Indian women for the nursing profession. They come from the Himalayan foothills, Bengal and Chota Nagpur. Their course lasts four years. Most of them follow their vocation in a Sisterhood. Sister Laetitia told me of two Bengali nurses who were doing very well in village work. In several hundred deliveries this pair met failure only once or twice. As Sister explained, "Ordinary deliveries are nothing. They must learn to diagnose the

abnormal cases properly, and see that they get hospital attention if needed." She told me that for every seven nurses now in India there should be a thousand.

My room in the crowded hospital was the old Cathedral's sacristy. This gave me an insight into the less spectacular side of the Sisters' lives, the source of their tremendous activity. Each morning at 5:20 they were in chapel for morning prayers followed by meditation and Mass at 6 o'clock. They were there again before noon for a ten to fifteen minute examination of conscience. They were there before retiring for almost a half hour's Adoration, and on Thursday afternoons spent a Holy Hour before the Blessed Sacrament. One or two might occasionally be hindered from attending an exercise. Babies arrive at odd times,—“Our Lord gave the bad example by arriving at midnight,” they told me. But I never heard them hurry a prayer.

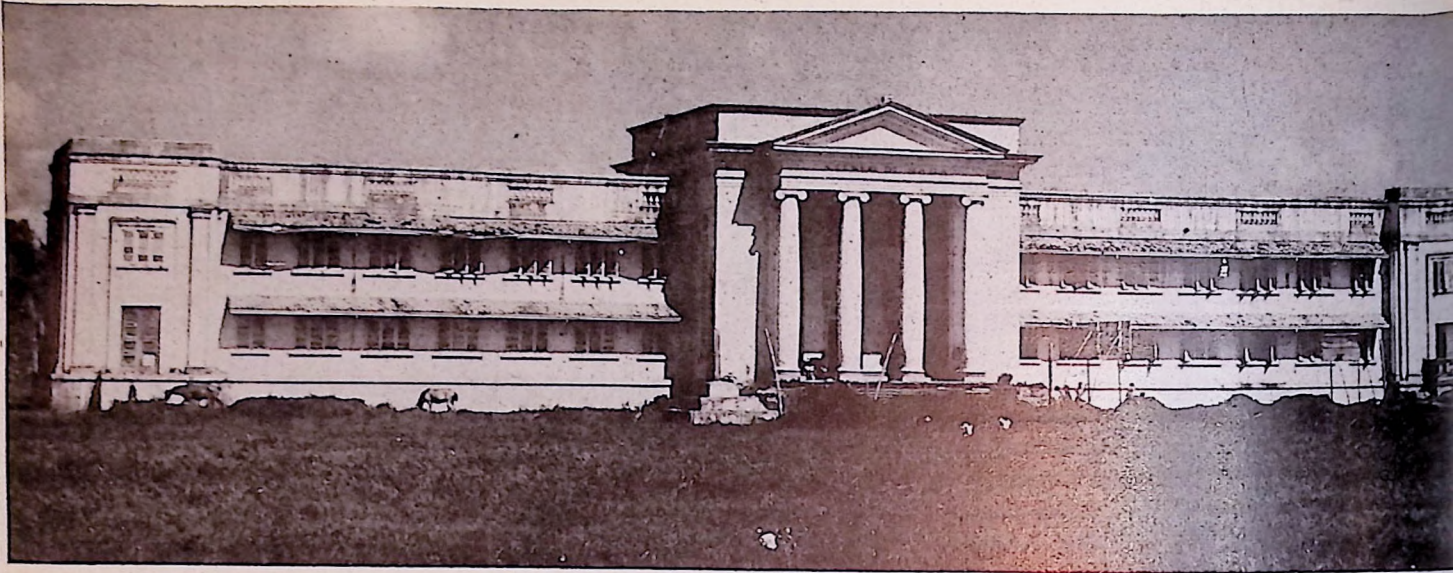
The work of Sister Augustine, the dietician, is seriously handicapped. No self-respecting Hindu will eat food prepared by a Christian, nor by any but certain castes.

The Indians respect the Sisters and are grateful for their devoted service. But when feelings run high, the most unruly elements often guide the mobs.

The near future is not without its question marks. However, you can be sure that these grand representatives of American and European womanhood will continue their valiant service on Christ's frontiers.

The training of young Indian women for the nursing profession is the most enduring work of the Medical Missionaries of Patna.





This front view of Naga's Ateneo mercifully conceals the damage done to its interior structure.

Naga Deserves a

NOD

Francis
X.
Lynch
S.J.

ON July first of last year, after four war years of desolation, destruction and suffering, the Ateneo de Naga, in enrollment the largest Jesuit High School in the Philippines and the entire Far East, reopened its bullet-spattered doors. It was on December 10th, 1941 that those doors were regretfully closed to an anxious student body. Soon the building fell to the Japanese Army of Occupation. American Jesuits of the Ateneo, after three and one-half years of imprisonment and concentration, returned to find the school looted, bombed and strafed, roof leaking in torrents, windows smashed, desks burned, ceilings and walls stripped for firewood, electric wiring torn out. Destruction must be attributed successively to Japanese troops, to local bandits and to American bombings and strafing guns. A front view of the Ateneo de Naga mercifully conceals the interior damage that weighs heavily on the hearts and purse of the returned Jesuit faculty.

The ever-present solace in this period of reconstruction is the eager student body, 900 strong, which crowds the fifteen classrooms busy day after busy day. If we say that these students hail from the Bicol region, it might mean little to many readers. Perhaps we should locate the Ateneo de Naga on the map of the Philippines.

If the island of Luzon is considered a huge letter "L," then the great Luzon peninsula, reaching out to the east from southern Luzon and then bending to the south might be imagined the horizontal stroke of a tiring artist. Halfway along that peninsula begins

the Bicol region, comprising the provinces of Camarines Norte, Camarines Sur, Catanduanes (an island), Albay and Sorsogon. In the middle of the Bicol region and under the graceful slopes of lofty Mount Isarog, lies Naga, capital of Camarines Sur, Episcopal See of Bicolandia and home of the Ateneo de Naga.

What now of the average Atenean? How does a Nagan, for instance, spend his day?

The first rays of the morning sun, coming up out of the Pacific and setting fire to Mount Isarog's lofty cloud-mantled peak, bring light to slumbering Naga and rouse to raucous action an army of lusty cocks. It is not yet five o'clock and all is astir. Smoke begins to rise from the sand-box stoves of the hundreds of nipa huts visible from the Jesuit faculty house in its verdant isolation. Human sounds, sleepy-time sounds, mingle with the cock's crowing, the dog's bark, the neigh of a pony and the snorting splash of a water buffalo at his morning ablutions. The day has begun.

After breakfast—and for most it is a meagre meal indeed—the average Ateneo student does his morning chores and starts for school. We hear the clop-clop-clop of his wooden slippers as we kneel at Mass, six-thirty in the morning. He comes early to play or study before classes at eight, and, except for lunch-time, will be on the school grounds until six in the evening, though classes are over before four. His free time is spent on the basket-ball courts or in the library, the latter giving him opportunities for class preparation and reading denied him at home.



Father Isaias X. Edralin S.J. on December 16, 1946 was awarded the "silver star" for gallant services during his chaplaincy among Filipino forces of Northern Mindanao. At present he is attached to the Ateneo de Cagayan where in the same self sacrificing manner he is winning imperishable stars for his work among the youth of his native land in the Cagayan Diocese of Mindanao.

Citation

"For galantry and action while Chaplain of the 102nd Division (B.A.) in the provinces of Oriental Misamis and Bukidnon, Mindanao, P. I. from May 2nd to May 10th, 1942. During this period, disregarding personal danger, Chaplain Edralin visited units in the forward areas while under fire, and by cheerful demeanor, friendly counsel and courageous manner, did much to maintain moral contact with different units of the division. For this gallant conduct Chaplain Edralin is awarded the Silver Star."



MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

A TRANSLATION OF THE GOSPELS FOR ESKIMOS in symbolic characters, a form of writing invented by an Anglican missionary and adapted to the Eskimos by Bishop Arsene Turquetil, O.M.I., retired Vicar Apostolic of Hudson Bay, has been published. The Gospel is the work of Reverend Lionel Ducharme, O.M.I., and will be very useful in Eskimo districts that have not learned the alphabetical system.

THOMAS CARDINAL TIEN of China has communicated to the offices of the Society of the Propagation of the Faith that he has founded a Synodal Commission of thirteen priests and doctors who are daily occupied in writing books in apologetics and asceti-

cism and books pertaining to the Church's doctrines. In his seminary are 150 Chinese seminarians from various dioceses. To meet with new requirements of the Chinese government they will be equipped with Government diplomas to fill the office of teacher in schools and other places.

THE NEED OF PRAYERS FOR SUPERIORS OF MISSIONS (see Mission Intention for August, page 159) is emphasized by reports such as have come from Burma. According to Colonel John M. Lyden, former deputy director of mechanical engineering for the Allied Forces in Burma, the Catholic Church in Burma sustained material losses of \$24,000,000 during the war. Two years after the liberation Catholic

authorities are living under the worst possible conditions while waiting for some compensation for their buildings destroyed, damaged, or requisitioned. Among them, Colonel Lyden added, is Bishop Frederick Provost, Vicar Apostolic of Southern Burma, who has no place to live, sleep, and eat, except one room in a leper colony near Rangoon. Bishop Albert Faliere, Vicar Apostolic of Mandalay, Northern Burma, lives in wreckage of a destroyed building.

THE FIRST OF TWENTY-FOUR PERMANENT CATHOLIC CHURCHES to be rebuilt in the Vicariate Apostolic of the Marianas was dedicated at Barrigada, Guam, on April 13 by Bishop Apollinaris Baumgartner O.F.M. Cap., Vicar Apostolic of the Marianas, with a Pontifical Mass attended by Rear Admiral C. A. Pownall, U. S. Naval Governor of Guam. Other repairs have been inaugurated at Inarajan, Merizo, Agat, Santa Rita, Agana Heights, Ordot and Dedodo in Guam.

IN MISSION LANDS under the jurisdiction of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda Fide there are 10,260 churches, 45,977 chapels, 33,613 elementary schools, 3,565 higher schools, 771 hospitals, 2,814 dispensaries, 108 leper asylums, 1,971 orphanages, 428 homes for the aged, 21,000,000 Catholics, and 2,614,036 catechumens in 489 mission territories. The total mission personnel is 233,825 bishops, priests, sisters, brothers, catechists and teachers.

TWENTY-ONE BELGIAN AND DUTCH MISSIONERS are working among Negroes in the United States of America. These missionaries who have come to the States are Scheut Fathers of the Low Countries famous for their work in the Belgian Congo and in Mongolia. They have more than 200 missionaries in the field.

SIXTY AMERICAN REDEMPTORISTS now care for a territory in southwestern Brazil and Paraguay almost the size of Texas. Attending to the needs of 350,000 souls they serve 13 large churches, 151 chapels, and 256 mission stations. American Redemptorists have been active in Brazil since 1929 and in Paraguay since 1931.

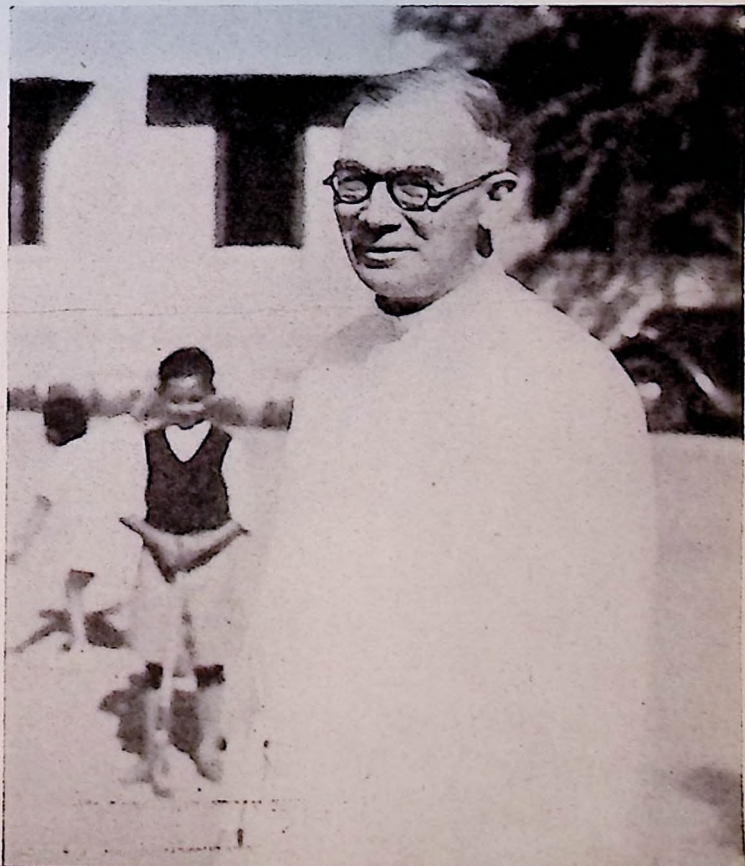
A THIRTEEN DAY SIT-DOWN STRIKE of 1,300 workers in the Haifa plant of the Iraq Petroleum Company was settled through the mediation of Most Reverend George Hakim, Greek

Rite Bishop of Haifa, and a group of local Moslem leaders. Bishop Hakim is the spiritual leader of Arab Catholics throughout Palestine. Most of the strikers were Arabs.

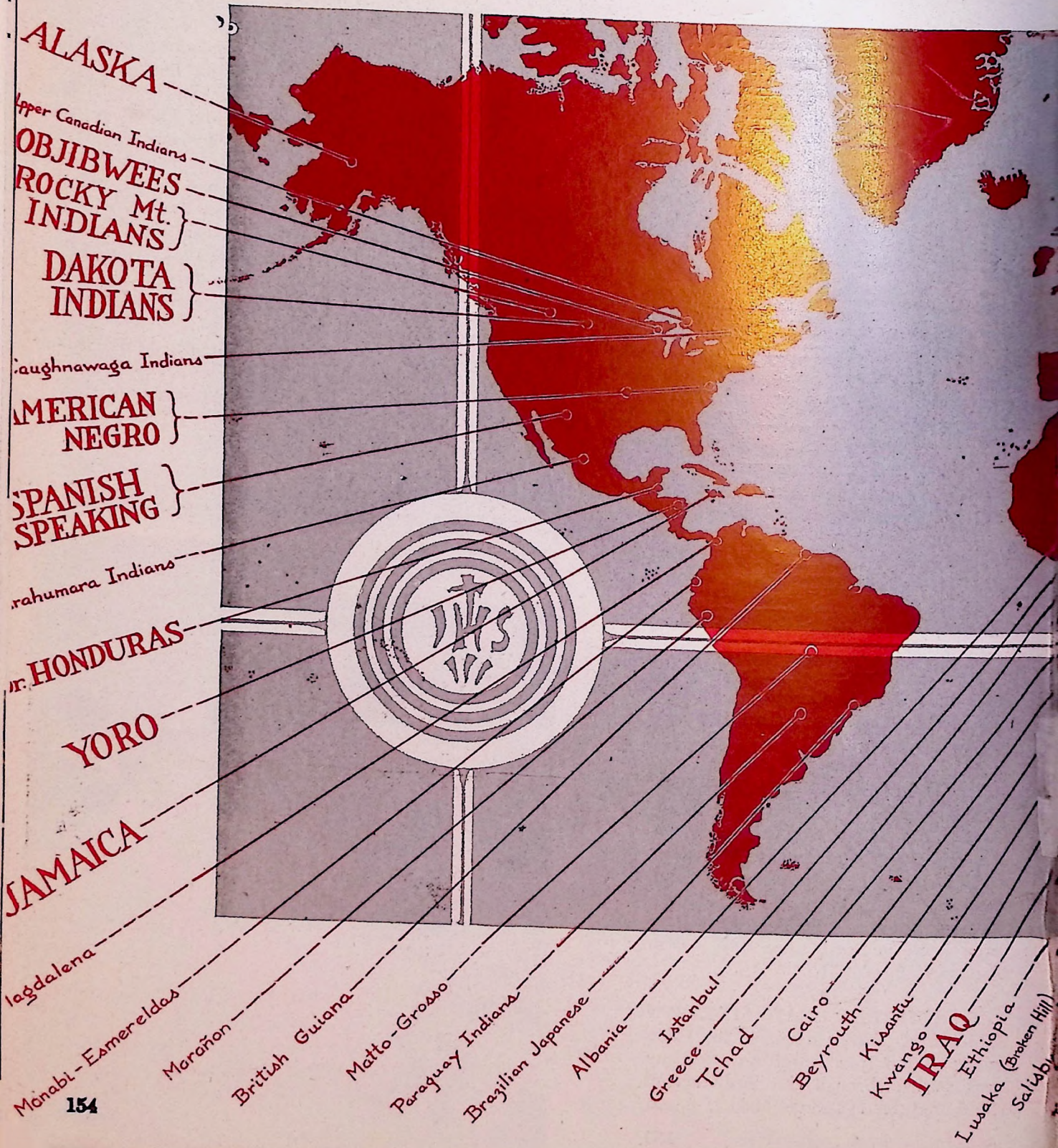
FATHER WILLIAM F. MASTERSON S.J. of Brooklyn, N. Y., and a former editor of **JESUIT MISSIONS**, has been appointed the successor of Father Francis X. Reardon S.J. as president of the Jesuit University of Manila, the Ateneo de Manila. No stranger is he to the Philippines. As a scholastic he taught there from 1933 to 1936, during which time he figured prominently in youth and Boy Scout work. In 1945 at the request of General Douglas MacArthur he visited the 17 dioceses of the Philippines and organized the Catholic Welfare Organization of the Philippines. During the past four years he has served as Director of the Jesuit Seminary Fund and the Jesuit Philippine Bureau and was Procurator of the Jesuit Philippine Missions in Luzon and Mindanao. During the two years during which he was an Editor of **JESUIT MISSIONS**, and greatly through his efforts, the staff of **JESUIT MISSIONS** obtained its own residence and new business offices.

The 1,200 students of the Ateneo de Manila, of which he is Rector and President, attend courses in 17 quonset huts and temporary structures.

Father Edward J. O'Leary S.J. of St. Xavier's High School, Patna, India, who returned to this country last May. He was Mission Treasurer in India during the difficult war years.



4,109 JESUITS are Missioners



Since the beginning of World War II no complete statistics of Jesuit missionaries were available. Figures recently released by the Jesuit Mission Secretariate show that in January, 1947, there were 4,109 Jesuit missionaries on the missions. Of these 2,616 were priests, 829 scholastics, 644 coadjutor brothers. They are assisted by 799 foreign and native non-Jesuit priests.

Missions printed in capitals on this map have been entrusted to Jesuits of the United States. Their personnel numbers 851, of whom there are 4 bishops, 587 priests, 173 scholastics, 87 coadjutor brothers. American Jesuit missionaries are also assisting their European brethren in the Carolines, Japan, India, Ceylon, the Near East, China and the Oriental Rites.



Ta Kwentenr Sewenniio

Clement
I.
McNaspy
S.J.



(Above) Pere Michel "Karhaienton" Jacobs S.J., first Mohawk priest, with his all-Iroquois choir. (Below) Iroquois responses in Gregorian chant mark the pontifical Mass in the coliseum of Martyrs at Auriesville, N.Y.

This is YORO

John T.
Newell
S.J.

WERE you to fly as I did from Belize to Tegucigalpa, the capital of the Republic of Honduras, and the site of the bishopric in which the Yoro Mission is situated, and from Tegucigalpa to Esquias where I found Father Smith waiting for me you would get a fairly good idea of the terrain. It is mountainous country with donkey paths leading over and along the ridges connecting one village or settlement with another. Occasionally you would see the Spanish tiles of some church or public building, but for the most part your glance would meet the simple dwellings of the people.

Esquias is only about 720 meters above sea level. The village itself is about a half hour, by donkey-back, from the airfield where the two-motor Douglas had left us. The houses of bright colored adobe with tiled roofs have an attractiveness all their own, with floors of wide bricks and ceilings of hand wrought pine.

A short but steep climb led to the church which enjoys a fine position. A large window high in the front wall and two similar ones in the sanctuary are its only illumination. Much light streams through the front and side doors. There are two towers at the front of the church and a dome over the spacious sanctuary. During services the men kneel in the sanctuary and the women and children on the brick floor of the church. There are no seats in the church except for a couple of private benches.

The journey from Esquias to Minas de Oro was a difficult ride—a continual climb of ridge surmounting ridge. It took us well over an hour to ascend to the final pass and almost another hour to descend into the valley of Minas de Oro. The difficulty of the journey, however, is compensated for by the beautiful scenery.

Coming into the main plaza we dismounted at the corner farthest from the church where the Padres have their temporary quarters in one of the best houses. We had supper at a table in a corridor at the rear of the house, a highboard fence enclosing a small garden at our side. A well loaded orange tree was within convenient reach. For our meal we had the articles of food which are in abundance,—chicken, beef, potatoes, rice, beans, tortillas, butter, coffee and milk.

Mr. Brosius, a former mining engineer, established a school in the vicinity of Minas de Oro in 1915,

(Top) Yoro's Church of Santa Barbara; (Center) Street scene in Victoria; (Bottom) Corpus Christi procession in a Yoro village of the Republic of Honduras.



Father Paul C. O'Connor S.J. prepared to set out on a missionary excursion to one of his outlying Alaskan missions.

Novena of Grace in ALASKA

Paul C. O'Connor S.J.

I PRESUME that all pastors find grace an all encompassing study. By study, I do not mean an academic investigation into books on the subject, rather, a practical contemplation of the workings of grace in the souls of men. The spiritual transformation, for example, that he constantly sees going on in the different members of his parish. When the flock is small, as mine is, the contacts of the priest are more of a personal nature. He cannot help but see those who are steadily marching ahead, as well as those who are slipping behind. He has taught every child in the parish the catechism, heard their confessions, given them their first Communion. They are his spiritual children. He is their spiritual Father. All that a father lavishes on his children according to nature that a priest spiritualizes and lavishes on them according to grace.

Nothing warms and gladdens a priest's heart so much as actually to witness his youngsters grow and develop into spiritual manhood. He witnesses the progress they make in their catechetical classes; he observes their regularity at the sacraments; he rejoices when one of his spiritual sons kneels with his spouse begging the blessing of God on their wedded life from which, by God's grace, a new offspring will be given to the Church. Need I add the reverse—the chilling spectacle of stunted growth in grace, or worse, its rejection and consequent death. The priest sees the little failings that grow and grow until they have left the victim helpless to conquer himself. How many

a black sheep has rejected the correcting rod of the shepherd of his soul, his pastor.

The change caused by grace in the individual is duplicated in the community. But here the mystical body of Christ is in evidence. Faith once it is planted in a village seldom dies. Individuals drift away, but the church is a living thing that grows slowly, but surely like a tree. It may lose a twig or even a branch, but the tree itself remains strong and ever grows. Pagan Eskimo villages almost imperceptibly doff their pagan ways. The grace giving sacraments are not atomic bombs which shatter at a blow a pagan civilization. The church is like the steady growth of a seed into a plant, and then, finally, into a majestic tree which dwarfs all other vegetation around it.

The peculiar methods of semination and growth of Divine grace are ever a source of wonder to me. How often have I picked out a smart Eskimo and said to myself, 'Here is a likely subject. Once he enters the Church, he will be a real power.' This personage may or may not come into the Church, but my optimistic selections were seldom those of the Holy Spirit.

I have found out that the pillars of the Church,—those who have a personal love of Christ and make it a point to receive the Sacraments often are the unsuspected ones. 'Little people' I would call them, whom I generally brush aside as of little or of no consequence.

Let me be more specific. Recently we conducted what was, I believe, the first Novena of Grace ever



AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

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 BELIZE'S JIM CROWS
 DALY-SWAMI'S TAMIL
 SPRING IN SULAIKH

Mother Dengel's nuns specialize in infant care.



China

SHANGHAI

Father James F. Kearney S.J.

Our work in Shanghai is going full blast. We have two Catholic radio programs now on the government station and on Easter we had broadcast the Mass for the first time over it. The other program, the Saint Louis "Sacred Heart Program" sponsored by Bishop Paul Yu-Pin continued to take the air over the American station XMHA until the Soviet government protested so violently that the government closed it. We transferred our Sacred Heart Program to the government station alternating it with the Mass. The station manager said the Catholic programs were so popular that the Sacred Heart Hour was transferred to a different time.

Father McGreal, the Pastor of Christ the King Church is kept busy with his constantly growing congregation half Chinese and half foreign. He is also a member of several local relief committees. Father Gatz is kept more than occupied with hospital chaplaincies, sick calls, convents, and students' confessions and conferences. We could use one man just for the last mentioned task. Father Lipman besides being procurator for the mission is business manager of the "Catholic Review," assistant pastor and in charge of radio programs.

Nanking is really booming. Nearly all our Fathers are giving instructions to prospective Chinese converts besides their regular class work. With six Masses in the little chapel the crowds have been so large that we have fitted up the boys' auditorium as a chapel for the Sunday Masses. While this movement towards the Church was normal in most places, nothing of the sort was heretofore known in Nanking. Besides teaching sociology at the government university, Father O'Hara has been giving a special course in English to fifteen official government inspectors whose duty it is to inspect the universities throughout the whole of China. There is more work everywhere than we have time to do.



Communications

Dear Father:

This is Saturday, the eve of Easter. Today I read your suggestion in *JESUIT MISSIONS* of April about adopting a Jesuit missionary as a member of my family. It appeals to me and I will take you up on that suggestion. I shall endeavor to remember him throughout the year. I will await your instructions and the name and address of the missionary of your choice.

Father, I think your idea is an admirable one and should be adopted by many of our people. It would help to ease the burden and would give encouragement to the missionaries in their crusade of conversions to the true Church of Christ. Please pray for me, Father.

Sincerely yours,

F. C.

Dear Father:

I had every intention of renewing my subscription to *JESUIT MISSIONS* as I fully understand and appreciate the great needs of your missionaries in all parts of the world. I lived a year in the Philippines just before the war and I saw how the priests are laboring to bring the Faith to all. More than ever since the war, I realize that those people need faith and encouragement.

My husband was killed in the Service and my little boy died suddenly during the recent war. It would be a great consolation if you and the missionaries would kindly remember them in your daily prayers.

Sincerely yours,

Dear Father:

P.C.

We are greatly pleased with your ad in the March issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* for the Stamp Exchanges. Believe us, Father, we have felt substantial returns from that ad. Within the past two weeks we have averaged five packages of stamps a day from new contributors who acted on your ad.

JOHN ENRIGHT S.J.,
Director
Mission Stamp Bureau
Mount St. Michael's
Spokane 14, Washington

AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

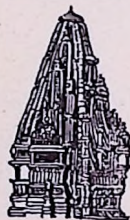
British Honduras

BELIZE

Father William J. Moore S.J.

Father Prendergast is now with us in Belize. He had been at Saint Stephen's Indian Mission, Wyoming in 1930 with Father Wiatrak of your staff. His comments upon his arrival in Belize reminded me of my own first impressions. Things which now seem commonplace strike the visitor as peculiar. Most newcomers are dismayed at the black vultures popularly known as "Jim Crows," which perch on the houses in Belize. These ungainly creatures eat carrion. They are called the unpaid assistants of the sanitary department. It is against the law to shoot one of these birds.

I understand that Father Marion M. Ganey of Punta Gorda is planning to stage the Coventry plays at Pentecost this year. It will be a tall order but I think he will make a success of it.



Ceylon

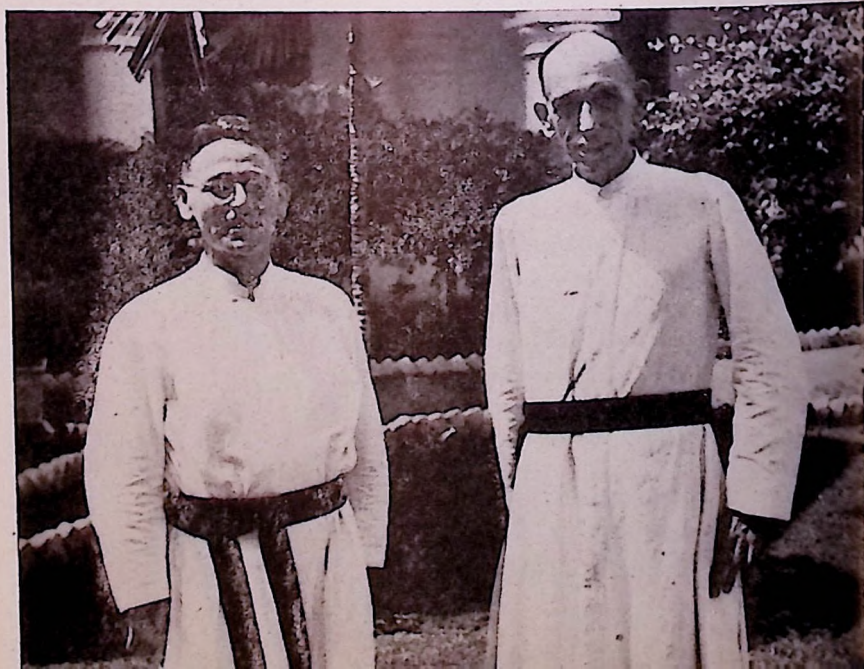
MUNTHUR

Father Claude R. Daly S.J.

On March 16th I preached my first sermon in Tamil. I had restricted my ideas to what I was able to say keeping it very elementary. On March 23rd I asked the altar boy whether he had understood what I had said; he hadn't and admitted it. I read it to him and he helped me with the pronunciation. So I've made a start.

I do not have too much difficulty understanding the children in Tamil because they speak slowly; but I have difficulty with the adults because they speak it so rapidly. I even hear children's confessions in Tamil and, if the pastor is away, adults' too. Perhaps the day will not be too far off when I will speak it like a native.

Very Reverend Father John T. Linehan S.J. (right), Superior and Vica. Capitular of the Trincomalee Mission in Ceylon with Father Godfrey Cook S.J. of St. Michael's College, Batticaloa.



Communications

Batticaloa

ST. MICHAEL'S COLLEGE
Father Godfrey A. Cook S.J.

I received a package of religious articles and Catholic pamphlets simultaneously with the opening of a religious article store in St. Mary's Church under the direction of the Sodalties. I gave them everything I had—pictures, pamphlets, rosaries, medals. The first day we sold 53 rupees' worth of religious articles. Every Sunday since then we have sold another .10 rupees' worth more. There is a real need and craving here for such items. If you have any Catholic pamphlets or books send them on. Nothing will go to waste.

I am projecting a "Little Flower Pageant" for September 30th, 1947, the 50th anniversary of her death. I'll try to give you a story on it for a future issue.

Iraq

BAGHDAD COLLEGE
Father Joseph P. Connell S.J.



The air of Sulaikh is scented with orange blossoms and roses. Our orange trees are in full bloom. We look across the road to a huge bank of roses that line our neighbor's property. Figs, apricots and dates are well on their way to ripening. It is all very delightful, but we paid dearly for it during the past few weeks. We had experienced frequent rainstorms that made our bus routes very slippery, left our campus a slough of mud, and coated our school corridors with layers of footprints.

Rain does little more to us than bring inconvenience. But in the city rain is a deadly thing for it brings disease and dirt. A few Sundays back I was hurrying to the Latin Church to hear confessions at the early Mass. Within sight of the church my

Father John M. Cosgrove S.J. and Father Raymond H. Mullen S.J. of the Chicago Province, on the campus of St. Mary's High School, Jaipur, Rajputana. Photograph by Father Alexander.



Dear Father:

Only a few days ago a friend of mine gave me a copy of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. It was a strange coincidence and, stranger still, when I opened the May issue and saw the article by Bishop Thomas Pothacamury. A group of my friends gave him a little reception before he left.

I had never seen a copy of *JESUIT MISSIONS* until the day my friend gave me hers. You might accuse me of being on the prejudiced side since you gave publicity to Bishop Thomas Pothacamury but, even if you hadn't I would still think it is a wonderful magazine. Don't let me miss a copy!

Sincerely yours,

M. D.

Dear Father:

I hope you will recall my name as I wrote to you several weeks ago requesting the name of a missionary. Imagine my surprise today when I received a letter from Father ———. He had just returned after a tour of his mission stations. He received my Easter gift and, evidently, it was a great surprise to him. I guess he didn't know what to say. I answered his letter saying that if we can brighten his labors a little, we will be happy in doing so. The friendship of a priest cannot be bought or sold. It is a great gift.

I am enclosing \$1.00 for you to send Father a copy of the New Testament.

God bless all of you. I hope you won't mind, but Father ——— has to take first place in my prayers.

Sincerely yours,

M. R.

Dear Father:

Maybe you recall my letter sent shortly after I received the April issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS*. At that time I wrote requesting prayer leaflets for the Moslems as mentioned in Father Schirmann's article in the April issue. By a happy coincidence, I have 31 pupils in class. I have assigned one day to each pupil to pray for the special intention.

Could you send me 30 more copies? I will send them to some of our Alumnae.

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progress was blocked by a pool of water a half foot deep. The sacristan came to my rescue by dumping a load of bricks in piles in the puddle enabling me to leap across the pool. Women were walking barefoot through the water ferrying children across. Other streets and alleys of that section had become canals. Enterprising young men were assisting people from their homes and along the alleys by placing two stools in the water and urging the people to stand on one foot while they advanced one of the stools. Woe to the pedestrian who did not pay the price exacted while he balanced himself on one stool in the middle of the pool.

Father Thomas Kelly got the dramatic urge again this spring and wrote a skit from Andersen's Fairy Tales. The story concerned the weavers of invisible garments from invisible thread. The rehearsals went well and all was ready for the dress rehearsal when one of the weavers in all sincerity asked Father Kelly when he was going to get the invisible thread with which they would do their weaving. The fairy tale was successfully presented on a platform erected on the basketball court.

Alaska



BETHEL MISSION

Father Francis M. Menager S.J.

We had a glorious Easter here. Our little church of the Immaculate Conception was well filled for the two Masses. I was somewhat dismayed to find myself without an organist on such a great feast but a good friend of mine who runs an airline here came to the rescue in the nick of time. He took off by plane and brought me a good Catholic organist from fifty miles away. We had festive music and as a special Easter present the cost of the trip, \$25.00, was written off the books. Truly we have very good friends among our non-Catholics up here.

Here is another example of their generosity. I believe I was the recipient of a most unusual gift. Annually they have an Ice Pool here to determine the day, the hour and the minute when the Nenana River will break not far from Fairbanks. If you guess the correct time you will receive a hundred thousand dollars. Well, ten of my friends in McGrath, the last northerly station of my 500 mile parish, decided to help me. Each contributed \$10.00 and presented me with 100 tickets. Naturally I would have preferred the money, but it does show that their hearts are in the right place. . . . No, I did not win but you can imagine how happy our Bishop would have been had one of my tickets indicated the correct time.

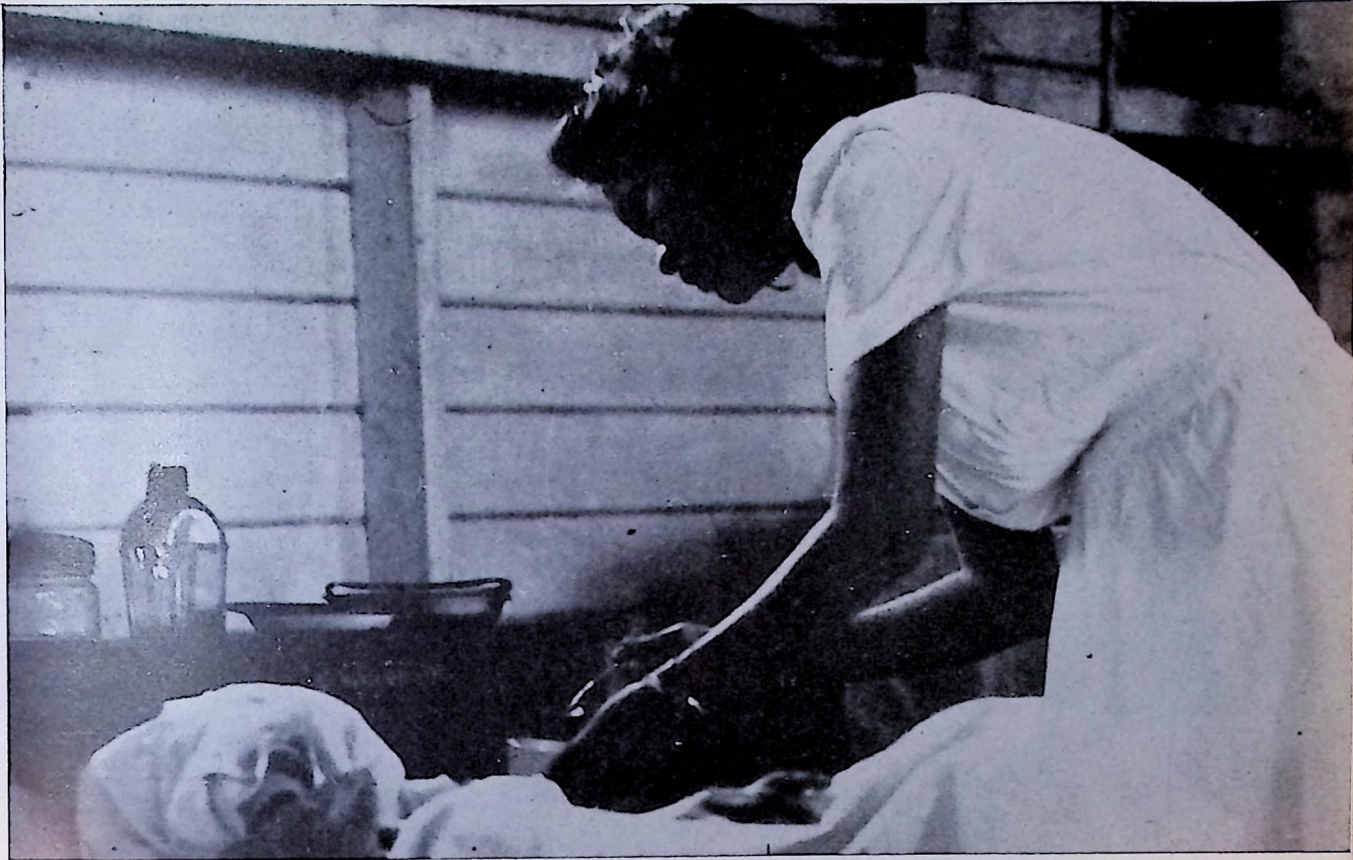
I have just returned from one of the mining camps fifty miles from here. There are twenty-five Catholics in the camp.

Keep on being a Mission helper!

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There is a neighborly charity by which we are kind to the people next door, especially in times of illness, sorrow and need. There is a type of charity on a larger scale,—donating the window in the church, the statue in the parish convent, the room in the Catholic hospital.

Another type of charity which we know so well here at JESUIT MISSIONS is the goodness of people to the missions, both home and foreign, which supports over 700 American Jesuits in the most destitute corners of the world—in 25 universities, colleges and high schools on our missions, several thousand churches, chapels and convents, hospitals, asylums, and so many different types of activity.

But there is a very special kind of charity which is not too often given. Many service organizations in the Catholic Church operate almost anonymously, always generously, and amazingly efficiently, considering what they have to accomplish in the world, and the means they have at their command.



I know one which provided hospitality for over 400 missionaries absolutely free last year. It obtained chalices and ciboria and altar equipment for missions all over the world, passports and travel facilities for nearly a hundred priests and brothers last summer; it shipped books and bought film; it ordered medicine and sent supplies; it sponsored and helped to organize a summer school for missionaries both new and old who wanted special studies; it supplied priests free of charge to talk to over 500,000 people about the missions last year; it answered thousand requests for information; it directed a number of people who arrived fresh from mission countries to lodgings and schools in America; it begged and distributed nearly a hundred thousand dollars toward the million dollar annual minimum budget of American Jesuit missions. Every one of these services was free of charge. The executives and members of the staff are all trained Jesuits with college degrees who devote seven days a week to the service of the missions without a cent of salary. It is a service organization. No one has ever thought to endow it.

If you should ever be looking for some way of making this a better world through missionary work, and be seeking some organization which could continue to assist others in that work for you long after you have gone, then we suggest that your will can bring such aid, and one such organization has the legal title of JESUIT MISSION PRESS, INC., 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

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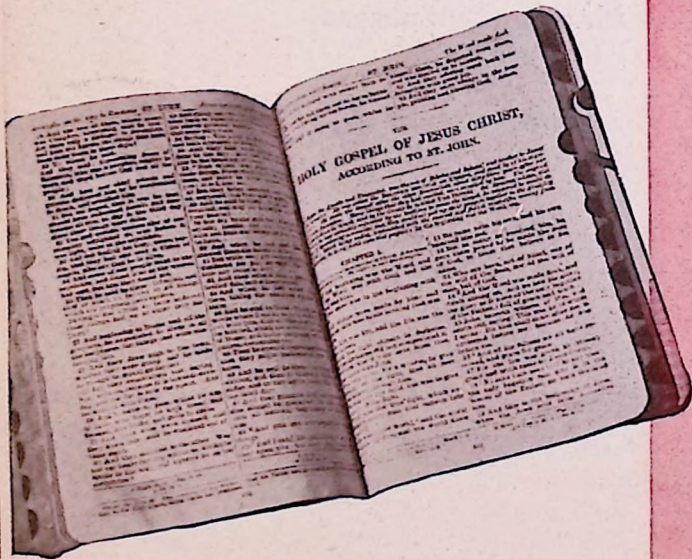
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