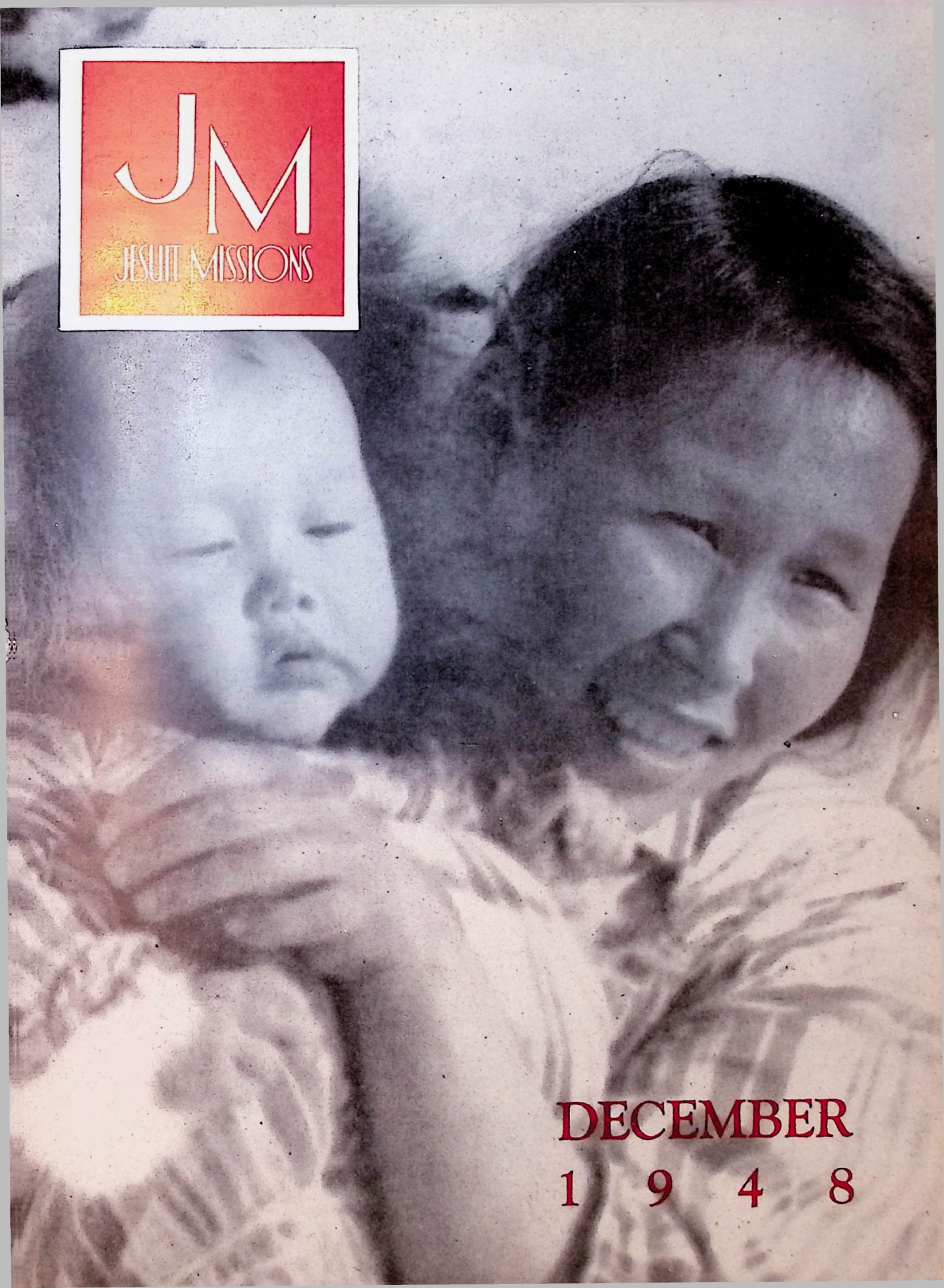
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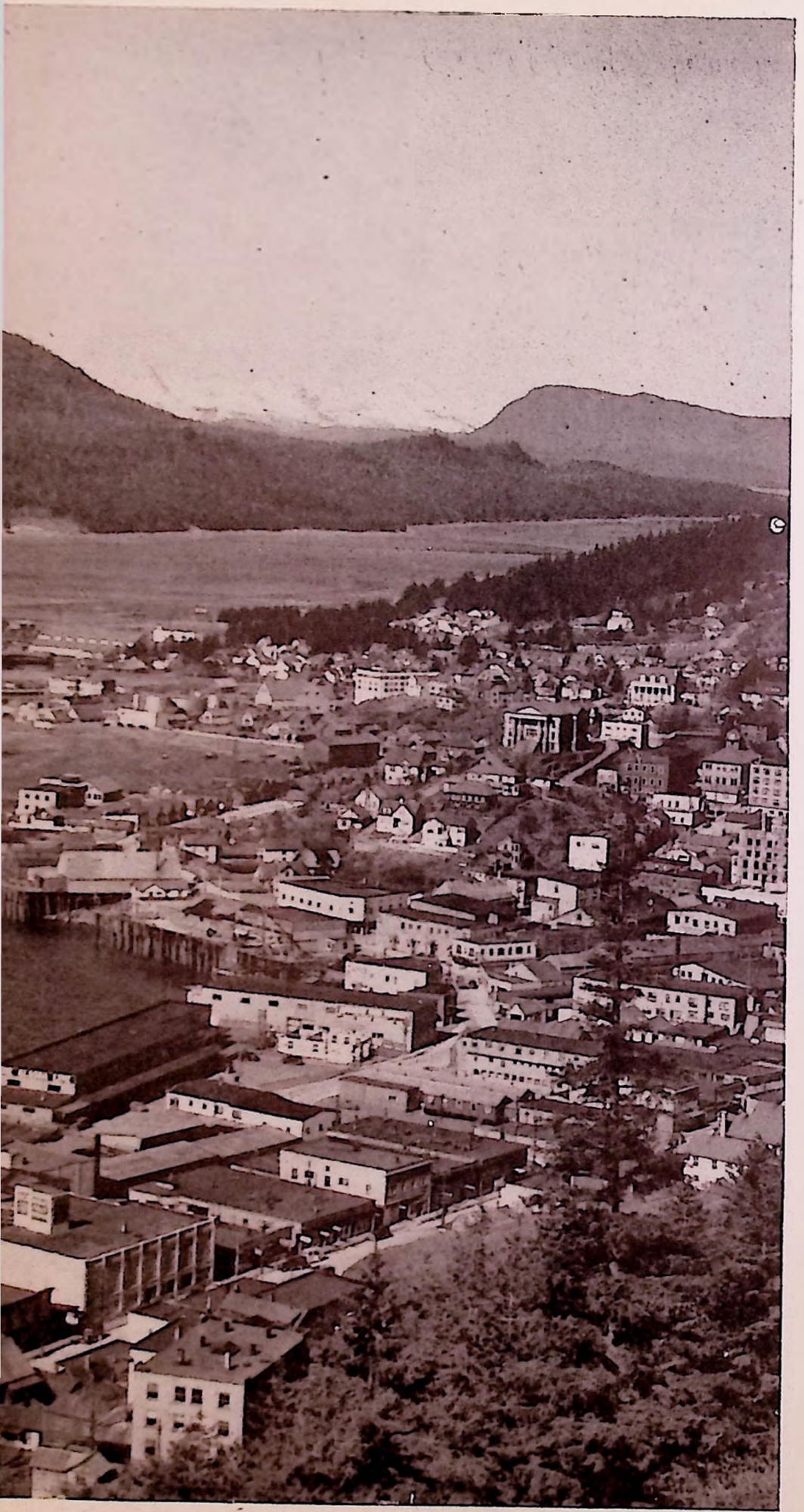

JUNEAU, Capital of Alaska, (pop. 7,000) celebrates its 50th anniversary this year; fifty years since the Klondike gold rush. It is also the episcopal see of the Jesuit Vicar, Bishop Gleeson. But it is a see he seldom sees. His missions are all to the North. (See inside back cover).

Authors

Rev. J. Brodrick S.J.

Father James Brodrick S.J. is known to Jesuits as the most enjoyable and understanding historian of the Society in modern times. (Origin, Progress of the Jesuits.) He was born in the ancient walled town of Athenry ("City of Kings"), Galway, Ireland, but later moved to England, where he received his education at Stonyhurst, St. Beuno's, and London University.

Rev. John R. Hughes S.J.

Father John Hughes (Boston, Boston College High School, Boston College) has never received public recognition for the valuable service he has rendered JESUIT MISSIONS. His regular letters are a constant source of information and inspiration to us. His latest we offer for your reflection and prayers.

Rev. Quinn Enright S.J.

Father Quinn Enright (Philadelphia, Pa.) now finds himself in his first assignment as a missionary deep in the bush, among people practically unknown in the United States.

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COVER. An Eskimo mother and child. No matter how often we meet it, the thought of an Eskimo baby surviving birth and infancy in a Northern Alaskan winter is still almost incredible. Yet here is the perennial miracle, mother and infant well and happy in Northern Alaska. (See the inside back cover.)

JESUIT MISSIONS comes to you from around the world. It has the largest staff of foreign correspondents of any single publication we know; 858 American Jesuit Missionaries in Alaska, China, Japan, the Philippine Islands, the Marshall and Caroline Islands, India, Ceylon, Iraq, Jamaica, British Honduras, Republic of Honduras, Dominican Republic, and Indian Reservations of the Northwest. This magazine is their voice, a series of letters from them, a number of visits to your home by some rather interesting people. But behind these pages is a long story of remarkable sacrifice for Our Lord. These missionaries appreciate your continued support. Help them by introducing others to JESUIT MISSIONS.

(*Hiroshima*)

SYMBOL OF THE MISSION CHURCH TODAY,—A CHILD AT THE EDGE OF RUINS.

The

CALVERT ALEXANDER S.J.

Courage in suffering, charity in disaster during the war gave the Church widespread respect and hope of growth in the Orient. Today the very life of the missions is threatened by the march of Communism.

ABOUT an hour before dawn on Christmas Eve, 1946, we walked down the dark streets of Jerusalem towards the Jaffa Gate en route to Bethlehem. No guards challenged us; a few sleeping policemen, alerted by our footsteps, bundled their coats about them and began walking their beats. At the Jaffa Gate groups of country people were huddled around their fires waiting for the sunrise and customers for the market. It was quiet and peaceful, too, along the winding, white road to Bethlehem, and more peaceful still in the city of Our Lord's birth, whose white buildings were glistening in the sun as we arrived.

That was two years ago. World War II was over and the whole world was officially at peace.

On Christmas Eve, 1948, the world is still officially at peace but no one would think of making the journey from Jerusalem to Bethlehem, even in the daylight, without an armed convoy. There is danger, tension and open warfare in the Holy Land. The peace which Our Lord came to bring is openly profaned.

This change which has come over the Holy Land in the short space of two years is but an echo of what has happened elsewhere throughout the world. Millions of battle-weary people who hoped that

Infant Church in DANGER

peace was at hand when World War II ended, have especially in the last year seen themselves progressively robbed of these hopes by a force which is bent on world domination. As we draw near to the birthday of the Prince of Peace, there is fear and tension everywhere; the ominous clouds of a third World War are on the horizon.

What the force is that is causing this situation and what it means to America and to the peoples of Europe we know quite well from our daily papers. What it means to the mission lands in the vast areas of the Middle East and the Orient is not quite so familiar to us. Yet, it should be. During these days especially, when we celebrate the Infancy of the Savior of the world, our interest should be focused on the missionary Church. For it is the infant Church which, like the Babe Who came to Bethlehem, is relatively weak and helpless, more sensitive to the winds of political disorder and the ambition of dictators. Today in the Orient the same force which is threatening the peace of the world has already wiped out large and considerable portions of the Church in China and threatens to spread its devastation over the entire East. The infant church is in grave danger, in a graver danger, as we shall see, than the Church elsewhere.

It was in the Orient that World War II ended with the signing of the surrender terms by the Japanese in Tokyo Harbor in September, 1945. The years of intensive land fighting and bombing had inflicted extensive physical damage on the Church in the Pacific Islands and on the mainland of Asia. Priests and nuns had been killed and many more had been imprisoned. No one who visited these areas in the years immediately following the war could fail to be deeply impressed by what the Church had suffered, especially in the Philippines, Japan, China and elsewhere in the Pacific. The material damage was appalling.

But there was a happier side that was apparent too—something that made a deeper impression than even the ruins of Catholic Manila or the littered debris of Hiroshima. The Church in the Orient had unquestionably gained something by the war, something far greater, it seemed to me, than all the church buildings that had been blasted. It had gained prestige, it had gained an opportunity for expansion such as it had not seen for centuries.

Japan provided the classical example of these new opportunities. In the Spring of last year I attended the celebration of the 300th anniversary of the first Japanese martyrs in Nagasaki. It was a cheerless, rainy day, with the wind from the sea blowing great gusts through the atom-bomb ruins of the Urakami church, where the celebration was held. But neither the sullen clouds nor the bleak ruins of Nagasaki, nor the consciousness of what the Church had suffered in Japan in the last three centuries, could mar the joy and inspiration of the occasion. Eight thousand Catholics had been killed in the atom-bombing of Nagasaki, but this same yellow atomic fire had also burned away the one great obstacle which had, in the past three hundred years, kept the Church in Japan from progressing. Shintoism had been destroyed, officially disestablished by the American Occupation Forces. Today there was no barrier to the spread of the Church in Japan. It was free!

The old leaders were gone and in their place was the American Commander, General MacArthur, who openly predicted that Japan would be a predominantly Christian nation in ten years. "Christianity throughout the entire Orient," said General MacArthur, "has been subjected to persecution and oppression for centuries. The prevailing pagan governments have never given the Church a fair chance to reach the people. Today, however, the resurrection of Christianity throughout the whole of the Orient is one of the most remarkable phenomena of our time."

The opportunities which the war opened up in Japan for the Church were not to be found in exactly the same proportion elsewhere throughout the countries of the Orient. In no other country were the forces hostile to Christianity so completely destroyed as in Japan. However, it is true, there

The Japanese Bishop of Nagasaki and the author at the shrine of the Japanese Martyrs in Nagasaki, Japan—where 8,000 Catholics were killed by the atom bomb.

was visible elsewhere a general weakening of these age-old barriers to the spread of the Faith. The forces turned loose by the war had the effect of breaking down ancient pagan ways of thinking and acting, giving a larger degree of freedom and opportunity for the common people. Rising nationalism had relaxed the hold of European countries on these Oriental nations but had succeeded in giving to the Church even newer and better opportunities. In almost every country of the Orient there was considerably more hope for the progress of the Church than there was before the war.

I say "almost every country" because there was one outstanding exception—China. In perhaps no other country in the Orient had the prestige of the church and its representatives increased so much during the war years. One force, however, even as early as a year after the war, had completely wiped out that opportunity. That force, as we know, was Communism. It had swept over North China destroying the Church, its ministers and its people. It had plunged the entire nation into a civil war that ruthlessly threatened its very existence.

In 1946 the situation created by the Reds in China may have looked on the surface like a single isolated exception in a general picture that was bright with hope and promise for the Church in the Orient. But it was abundantly clear in the Spring of the following year when I traveled through North China, that what was happening there had much wider and more serious overtones. More than the fate of China, more than the well-being of the Chinese people hung in the balance. The Reds were fighting for higher stakes than just China. This was but the beachhead in their conquest of the entire Orient. Once it had been secured their forces would fan out into other areas of the East.

Today the Reds have firmly established themselves in North China. They are stepping up the tempo of their activities with open warfare in southeast Asia, in Burma, Indo-China, in the Malay States. Returning Philippine missionaries report that groups of Chinese Communists are even entering the Philippines to begin their offensive there. These and other signs seem to indicate that the Red conquest of the Orient has begun.

If the Reds succeed in imposing their control on other mission areas, as they have in China, it is evident that not only will the Church be robbed of its post-war opportunity for expansion but it will be faced with a new obstacle to the Christianization of the Orient, an obstacle that will be considerably more stubborn than the old paganism against which it has contended so long.

What are the chances that Communists may ignite with the fires of North China the other areas of the East, where more than one-half of the world's population resides? These chances will be especially good during the coming year. It is true that the western powers have at long last recognized Communism as the world's number one menace. It's true that the West has embarked on the only effective way of stopping it—firmness and force. But the post-war strength of the West is a limited strength. Most of it is resident in our own country, the United States of America. Our strategy and the strategy that will be employed for the coming year will be to exert that strength to stop Communism in Europe. There will be little left to give to the Orient.

This the Reds are well aware of. That is why their offensive in the Orient is being stepped up and will be increased in tempo as the months go by. And that, too, is why the infant Church in the Orient is in grave danger as we arrive at the feast of the Nativity. A new and more terrible Herod seeks to destroy the Child. In our prayers at the Manger we should ask God to save the Infant Church of the East from this modern tyrant.

A SYMPOSIUM

Christmas on the Missions
has its share of sentiment, too.
but often it is a day
of privation,
of caves and cold,
yet heart-warming like Bethlehem.

It's Christmas all Over the World

THE LITTLE TOWN OF BETHLEHEM IN JUDEA.

CHRISTMAS IN BETHLEHEM — John Mahoney S.J.

There will be children born in Bethlehem this Christmas who will share much with the Christ Child. Homeless exiles, born in the night, with the sharp cold drizzle of rain filling the skies.

But the Inns are different. Today they are run by the Franciscans, who refuse no one a place to stay for the night. One such Inn which normally accommodates 400 has 1,200. At the Terra Santa Biblical Institute, the site of Our Lord's scourging, refugees are even living in the store rooms just off the rotunda of the Holy Sepulchre Basilica, not ten yards from the stone of Our Lord's tomb.

Bethlehem is filled to overflowing this year too, and the poor can hardly find a place to rest their weary heads. But in Bethlehem there is a different spirit. The people have flung wide open the doors of their poor homes to welcome the refugees of war.

Again in Bethlehem people are living in the caves cut out of the soft sandstone of the Bethlehem hills, and again shepherds have taken their flocks to the hills to make more room in the caves.

On Christmas even small tots singing "Gloria in Excelsis Deo" will lead the refugees up to the Basilica where all will assist at Mass to thank Him for giving them shelter among the hills where He was so rudely spurned many years ago. "Child of peace," they will pray, "grant that peace may soon come to this land of yours. Grant that we may live in peace with our neighbors as we have done these many years."

Christmas in the Far North can be a gay time but the weather is usually bad. Holy water freezes in your hand at an open grave.

And if peace comes, it will not come through armies, not diplomats, nor leagues of half-united nations; it will come through the prayers of Christ-like refugees praying for peace in all the shrines of the Holy Land on that day "when the whole world was at peace."

CHRISTMAS IN THE ARCTIC Paul O'Connor S.J.

Christmas in Santa Claus land is a time of prolonged gaiety; nets under the ice are forsaken, and hunting lodges and trap-lines completely abandoned for a week of festivity. And the center of activity at Christmas is the Church.

I wrote a three act play, lasting over an hour—this Christmas was one never to be forgotten. But alas and alack for the plans of men: just two weeks before we ran up the curtain, my leading lady got temperamental and quit, with nary a word of explanation.

Then two days before Christmas a sweet little girl, daughter of one of my prominent families, died; during the burial service the grave had to be dug free of constantly drifting snow. I had my parka over surplice and cassock, and it was so cold that the Holy Water bottle froze in my hand while I blessed the grave. Then the parents and I went to the crib and offered the perfectly pure soul of their baby to the Christ Child for Christmas.

I no sooner got home than another call brought me to a young lad with a lung hemorrhage. It complicated the preparations to decorate the church and hall. The only thing to do was leave the complicated mass of streamers in the hands of the youngsters and be off to the sick call. And actually they did a wonderful job.

Midnight Mass went off without a hitch. Many of the soldiers were here to help with the singing, and a goodly number of whites from Kotzebue also attended.

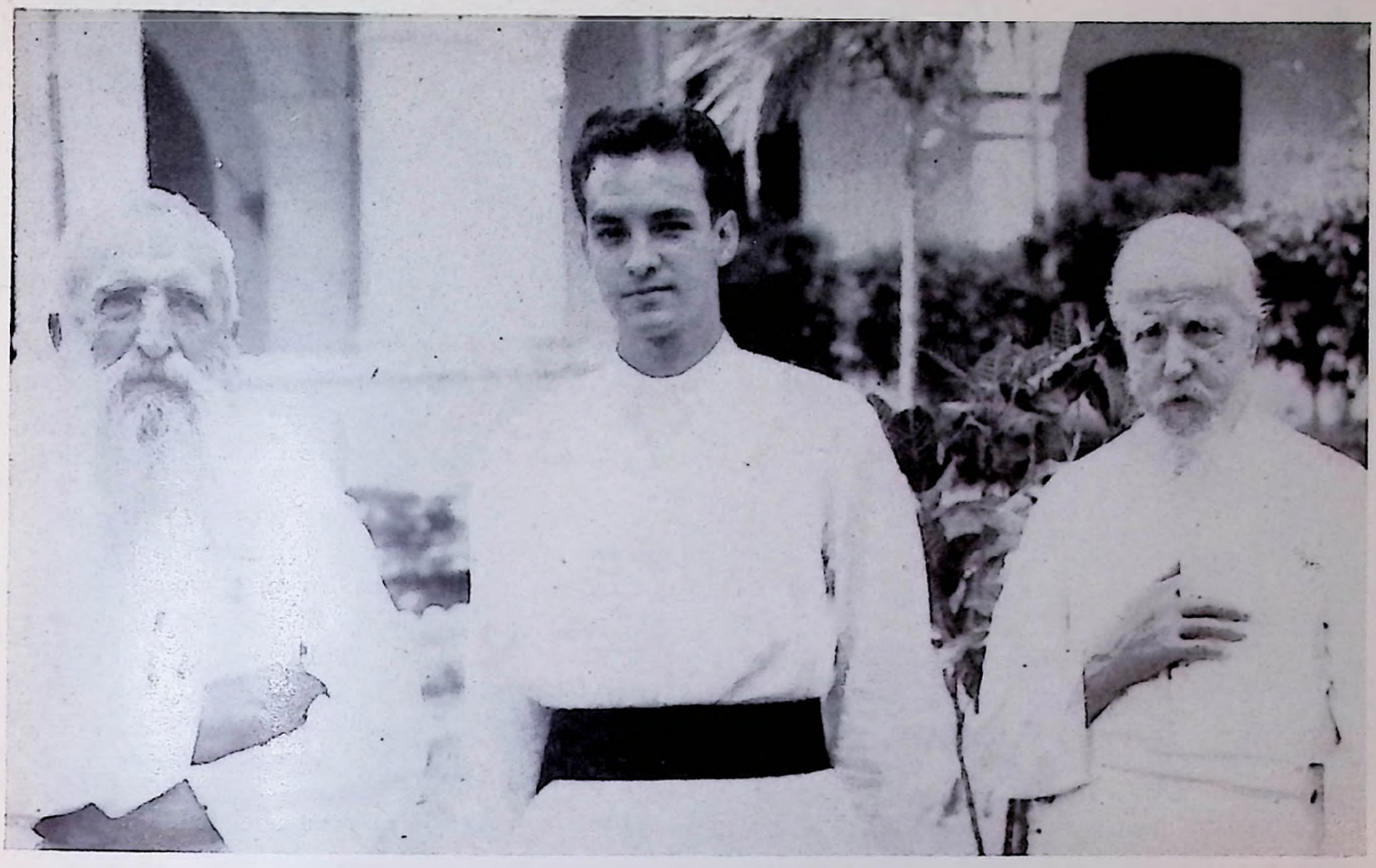
We had a procession to the crib with a tiny Eskimo lad dressed in white and red silk carrying the Infant. The choir sang "O Holy Night" and it sounded wonderful. In front of the crib we stood at attention while five young women intoned the Roman Martyrology account of the birth of the Savior.

We'd had so many ragged practices of the High Mass, I thought it would be a failure; but the Eskimos rose to the occasion gloriously. In fact they spent the rest of the night going about the village singing Christmas carols—ending up at my window just as I'd got to sleep!

On Christmas morning an aviator swooped down from the skies bringing as a Christmas present 50 arctic trout,—some of them weighing up to 20 pounds. With them and the roasted carcass of reindeer, we had a glorious Christmas meal.

Then we had an Eskimo show, impossible to describe, wonderful to see. Their droll mimicry, intricate dances, and slapstick comedy might never win Broadway, but they panic Alaska above the arctic circle.

It was 20 below zero and the day was windy, but Eskimo hearts were warm. The warmth of the Christ Child's love made Christ's birthday beautiful in Santa Claus land.



Here is the story of the Trincomalee mission in Ceylon. For years France could send no replacements for her heroic aging missioners. New blood, new hope, new help has come at last—from America. In the center stands Father del Marmol S.J., one of the twenty from the New Orleans Province now laboring in the difficult mission of Ceylon.

CHRISTMAS IN BATTICALOA A. del Marmol S.J.

It was Christmas eve, my first on the mission. Father Crowther and I left St. Michael's by train, and when we reached Valaichchenai it was already dark. The monsoon was with us, and in the rainy dark we took our cycles off the train and started for the church.

Valaichchenai, first of three stops, had a High Mass at midnight; as soon as we got to the mission I glanced over my "Missa de Angelis" again, for I was the choir. And even if the choir was less than adequate, it was a beautiful Mass, the palm-thatched jungle church overflowing with faces joyful in the remembrance of the coming of Christ.

After Mass we went to Father John Peter's sacristy to rest: two cots and two chairs, they were all the furniture he possessed. His church is the third he's built, the other two having been destroyed by pagans.

Early Christmas morning we rose and washed by the well, and Father Peter showed us his vegetable garden and cow. Several small Tamil boys came to greet us, one with a cup of coffee.

"Do you take milk?" asked Father Peter.

"Yes, Father," I said.

"Well, wait a minute," he said, "I'll get some."

It was the freshest milk I ever had in a cup of coffee.

After a last look around the dim dawn we pushed off in the rain for Kalkuda, a beautiful spot near the sea. We found the compound of the church flooded and only one family present for Mass. Even the one family was doomed to a bitter disappointment. The sacristan could not find the key. We tried everything, but in vain. And there was no Mass at Kalkuda.

We just made our last stop as the people were dispersing after prayers in common. But the violent ringing of the church bell brought them hurtling back. The church was walled in on only three sides, about twenty-five feet square. The women all knelt inside, the men stood in the rear and outside.

At the consecration the bells started a furious pealing, and outside I heard the unmistakable sound of firecrackers. It sounded for a minute like shots from a dozen rifles, but then I realized it was an old and revered custom for Mass on solemn occasions.

Cycling over the last of the twenty-seven miles we covered that morning, I looked back over some of the other Christmases I had known. I turned to Father Crowther.

"It sounds silly," I said, "but I think this is the happiest Christmas of my life."

He didn't say anything, but he smiled. I think he was remembering his first Christmas, too.

They came the day before Christmas; we had been told by fellow missionaries that they were on the way. I'd been appointed to give the Christmas sermon, and of course didn't want to leave unless it was necessary. Two of our group of seven left to bring the Holy Ghost Sister into safety, and they had not been gone an hour when the shooting started.

In the beginning, the local militia were strong enough to beat them back, and the people said they were in full retreat. We again hoped for a peaceful feast, and tried to ornament the Church as best we could. I remember now, I even practiced my sermon.

The Chinese Sisters and some orphan girls had done a fine job in making paper flowers and lanterns; and the main altar looked very beautiful. We had lunch, and went out to the church for Christmas confessions, but we heard very few.

At two o'clock the Communists shot away the south wall gate and entered the city. We knelt in the courtyard and gave each other general absolution, and one of the Fathers went over to the Sisters and orphans to quiet their fears, while the other one went into the church to consume the Sacred Species. The two brothers and I remained in the courtyard.

We didn't have long to wait. A vicious looking horde of them stormed into the compound; one looked at me and let out a triumphant cry.

"An American!" he screamed.

It was my height, I think, for I am almost six foot six. But I am Austrian, not American.

"No," said the resident pastor, "we are three Germans and two Austrians. There is no American among us."

"Come along," he screamed in disbelief.

On the way out our catechists and teachers tried to convince them we were not American, but to no avail. With some seventy others we were herded into a small mill outside the city walls. It was Christmas eve, Holy Night.

All night we prayed silently, one Rosary after the other begging the Blessed Mother to care for us as she cared for Her own Baby in Bethlehem.

Early Christmas morning we were dragged out and told to get ready for a long march. But we had hardly gone past the last house of the village when our captors made us run. It was still dark, there was no road to be seen. We ran for three miles, and I began to fear I could go no longer—a fellow missionary had been shot for lagging behind—when the captain in charge called a halt. We dropped to the ground exhausted. But we were soon prodded into attention: the captain intended to give us a talk.

A Christmas sermon. He talked about the new victory, about the beauties of Communism, about hatred for America, about the stupidity of the Catholic church. He shouted and waved his arms. I thought of my own sermon; it was on the love of God for His people.

Maybe he saw disgust on my face. "Why do we take these Americans so far?" he said almost to himself. "Let's bury them alive."

My heart stopped beating. Father LeBayon *was* buried alive, and only by a miracle escaped with his life. But he had told us what he suffered before he was rescued. I implored the Blessed Virgin for another manner of being put to death. I promised her a Holy Mass on the First Saturday of each month, and for a year the 15 decades of the rosary daily.

She heard our prayer, for suddenly he ordered us all to our feet, and we started running again. One of the Fathers who had been sick lagged behind.

"I can go no longer," he said between deep, labored breaths, "if you want to shoot me, all right."

A brother was allowed to help him, and we kept going for another six miles to a larger Communist station. We'd had nothing to eat since the previous noon.

What happened then went so fast I have no ex-

Chu Teh, Commander-in-Chief of the Communist armies of China, and a Catholic missionary whose identity must be concealed for reasons of security. The survival in our time of the Church in China depends largely on the success or failure of this menacing leader of a ruthless war.

planation of it. We were set free. We were even allowed to return to our mission. Half laughing, half crying we made our way back. First we went to the church, and knelt to thank Mary and her Son for our delivery. We were there a few minutes when we heard the clock strike twelve o'clock midnight. Christmas Day was over.

CHRISTMAS AT GAJHI — Charles Miller S.J.

At Gajhi, on the Patna mission in India, we have a real old fashioned Christmas dinner. It's old fashioned in more ways than one.

The last Mass begins at twelve noon, and after Mass the feast begins. The cooks go to the early Mass; and cooking for 500, they have a day's work set out for them.

Don't picture a gleaming electric range with chefs in white hats. We dig a long trench, a foot wide, about two feet deep. Firewood was so expensive that year, we journeyed the 25 miles to the railroad and picked out cinders from the ash heaps. We lined the trench with sun-baked brick, and made grates of old iron wire and rods. The day before we put on a fat drum of water to make the cooking easier.

Normally we would have had barbecued pig; but it was so terribly high that we settled on tins of Army meat. As you know, many people still call our nation "Uncle Spam." But the people were well pleased, and the barbecue sauce was excellent; so no one was heard to lament the absence of pig.

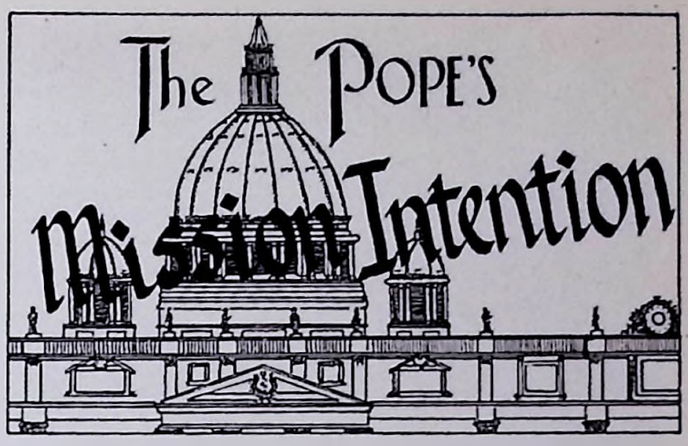
The dining room was surprisingly easy to set up. We used the one the Lord made when He created the heavens and earth; the ceiling was sky, and the table top was good solid earth. The lighting arrangements were perfect. No one uses cutlery, and the plates come from the forest.

The children went out and gathered huge leaves; they sew four or five of them together with splinters of bamboo, and make a wonderful broad flat plate. No dishwashing, no breakage; no one removes the chinaware or the spoons. The old fashioned life is really wonderful.

Our Catholics are spread over a wide area, and the feasts bring together relatives from all the distant villages; it is like old home week. We hold four a year, Easter, the feasts of the Sacred Heart and of Christ the King, and Christmas.

The great number of Catholics makes a big impression on the pagans. And from our gatherings we have had many inquiries about the Catholic faith.

Anyway, we and our people love our Christmas feast; it's almost like being home to have all our new friends gathered under our roof, happy, singing, laughing. Love, laughter, happiness—those are the things the Infant Babe brought to the world, and to us in the deep bush of India.



MISSION INTENTION FOR DECEMBER 1948

For Those Who Exercise Authority in Japan

From time immemorial the Japanese people have been imbued with the greatest respect, even reverence, for authority. It was so intimately connected with Shintoism that the Emperor himself was revered as a god, and his will respected as divine law. The high officials of the occupation forces recognized this fact and wisely retained the Emperor as head of the Japanese nation.

But slowly the Japanese way of life is undergoing a gradual change. The impact of western culture is almost imperceptably leaving its impress on the island of Nippon. Great care, then, must be exerted that this century-old tradition of the Japanese will not be lost. Hence, it is of the utmost importance that those who have authority and direct the progress of Japan, whether they be Americans or Japanese, be men who by their conduct merit from their subjects this continued respect for authority.

Our present American officials in Japan have shown themselves well disposed to Catholicism and Catholic missionaries. The Church in Japan is today more influential than ever before. But the false protestant sects enjoy the same freedom to propagate their diluted Christianity. Rightly did Monsignor Fulton Sheen warn the Japanese people last June: "When you come, therefore, to study Christianity, study its history. . . . Ask yourself what was this church doing during the fifth century? . . . in the days of the Crusades? You will find that there was only one that existed, only one."

Today the Catholic Church is winning the approval of both the American and Japanese officials in post-war Japan. Her missionaries, though numerically few, are showing what Christian principles can do when reduced to action. God grant those who wield authority in Japan, even her most illustrious princes, may by their approval and their example lead the people of Japan to embrace that Faith which alone can ennoble still more their noblest aspirations and "renew the face of the earth."

Anthony G. Schirmann S.J.

XAVIER'S HOME IN SPAIN, NOW A SEMINARY FOR PRIESTS AND A WORLD SHRINE

XAVIER in JAPAN

James Brodrick S.J.

Father Brodrick is a distinguished Jesuit historian and stylist, whose works on the Society, on Bellarmine and Canisius many consider modern classics. He writes of the classic Missionary on his most difficult mission—among the Japanese who, though so hard to convert, died heroic martyrs for the Faith.

It was in 1542 that astonished Western eyes, those of hardy Portuguese mariners blown off their course to Macao by a typhoon, first sighted fabled Zipangu, the land of the Rising Sun. Less than seven years later, a Chinese junk commanded by a notorious pirate, tied up at the port of Kagoshima, and from it stepped St. Francis Xavier.

That simple event, unrecorded in the proud contemporary annals of Japan, has become part of a humbler world's epic history. After two years and three months of incessant labors and journeyings, and of appalling sufferings, Francis had gathered into the Church about enough Japanese to fill comfortably St. Patrick's Cathedral, New York.

It is a myth that he possessed the gift of tongues. Indeed, about the only language he ever learned to speak and write with reasonable facility was Portuguese. It is a myth also that he was a great worker of miracles. His miracles were his patience, his generosity, his consuming love of Christ, his divine Master, his limitless trust in God. He has been called "A Saint in a Hurry" and the title suits him well, for a certain heavenly restlessness characterized all his activities. Even St. Ignatius wondered whether it was wise for him to abandon first India for Japan and then Japan for China. But St. Francis

knew what he was about. He was not abandoning any post, least of all Japan, but blazing trails and opening doors for other generous hearts, which would catch fire from the love that flamed in his own.

And how right he was, and how right he and his kind ever will be! His letters home, simple, unadorned and often ungrammatical reports of prospects and achievements, stimulated missionary enterprise as nothing had done since the days of St. Paul. He did not hold out any rosy inducements to those who would follow him. As a very learned student of things Japanese has written: "It gives one a sort of shudder to see the degree of virtue, self-abnegation and knowledge which he demands in men destined for Japan. They are not to be young men, however enthusiastic, but rather those of mature years, full of experience and discretion, hand-picked, each a man in a thousand, like the soldiers of Gideon" (Steichen, *Les Daimyo Chretiens* p. 15).

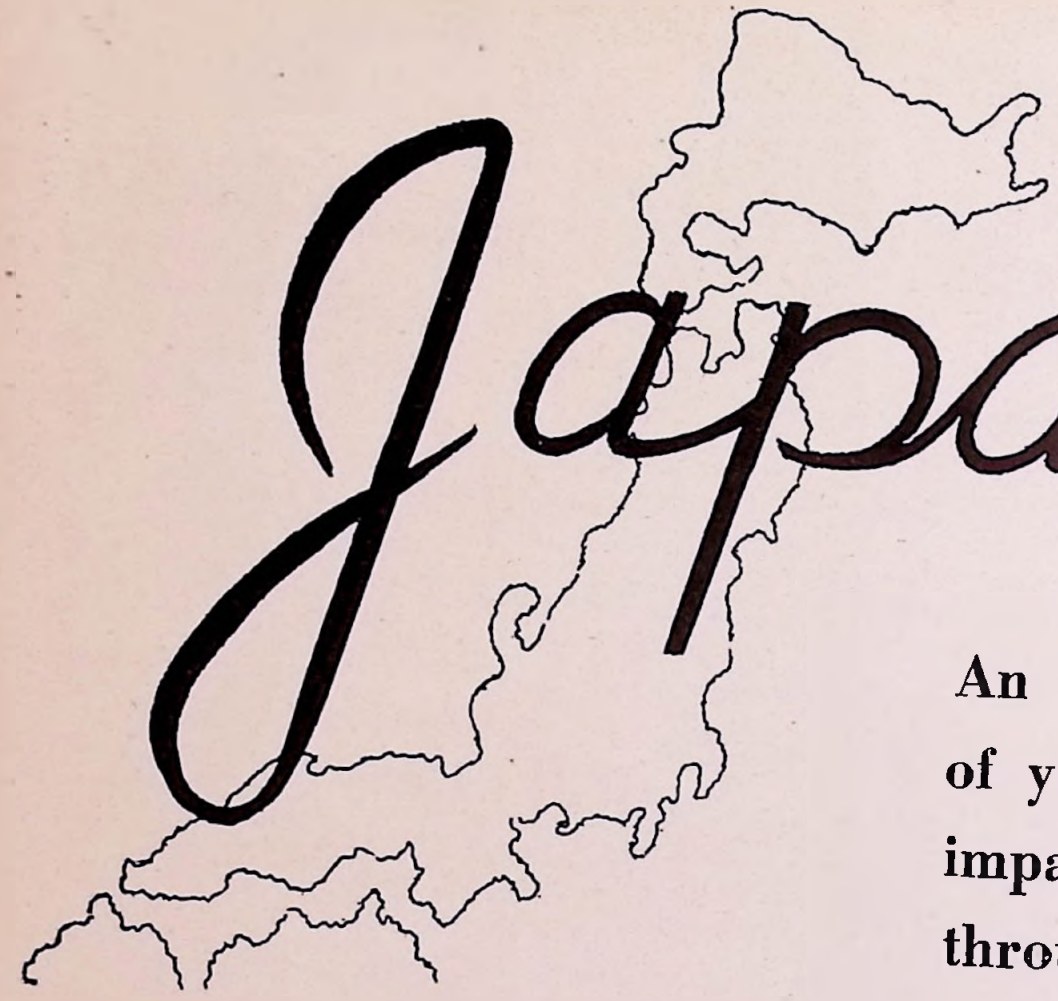
The Japan that St. Francis knew was a land of feudal anarchy, so during his short life and for thirty years after his death conversions remained few, perhaps some forty thousand in a population of fifteen millions. Until the year 1577 there were never more than nine priests and as many brothers to serve the scattered flock, but with Francis as the star of their lives they sufficed. In 1580, with the unification of the country under the conquering Daimyo, Ota Nobunaga, the great chance came, and then, in a single generation, the number of missionaries leaped to fifty-nine and the converts to 750,000. Good authorities, both Japanese and European, have maintained that, but for the most terrible of all persecutions in Christian history, the whole land might have been won to the faith. As it was, 200,000 martyrs laid down their lives for it, and as many more retained it and passed it on from father to son through ten generations, without the help of priests or sacraments.

That achievement is unique in the history of the Church, and it bears out the seal of St. Francis. He kindled a flame that all the violent winds of this world could not extinguish. Many of the obstacles that made his ministry a heartbreak have now disappeared, but his spirit remains and the blood of the martyrs remains to give us on the approaching centenary of his arrival at Kagoshima a new great hope for Japan.

(Above) A life-like bronze of the "Saint in a Hurry." His miracles were his patience, his generosity, his consuming love of Christ, his limitless trust in God.

(Below) Japanese pagans and Christians alike raised this monument to Xavier at the scene of his first landing in Japan in 1549. Father Peter Arupe S.J. in the foreground.

Japan IS



An international group of young Jesuits impatiently plows through a language, while young laymen are preparing the fields for the harvest.

So it's Christmas in the States! Well, Merry Christmas from the 40 Jesuits in the language school at Yokosuka, Japan. Three French priests and one scholastic arrived last week, three Spanish scholastics and one priest came the week before. Right now the scholastics are living two in a room, and the priests spread all over our extensive property.

I was going to write about Christmas in Japan, but the words won't come out of the typewriter—there is something else even more important I want to say. *I have seen fields white unto the harvest.*

Last Sunday Father McCoy moved to Jochi Daigaku to continue his language and do some biology; next month Father Cortellini will also go there to teach Latin in Japanese to the University students. The rest of us will stay here our full two years to master the language.

We all went to mission stations for a few weeks during vacations. Fathers McKechney and Everett went to Ube; Fathers Curran and Blewett to Nagatauka; Father McCoy to Okayama, Father Forbes went to camp with the Eiko high school boys, and I drew Matsue. There was a single impression which none of us can forget, the tragic truth that "the fields are white for the harvest but the laborers are few."

There are whole areas the size of Maryland which have only one priest; and a priest who is old, warworn by tension, suspicion, virtual starvation. Their energies and interests are killed by the lack of ordinary conveniences, and they now eagerly await young blood to do some of the things they can't even think of any more. We'd rush out if we could; but there is always the language—you must have it, and you can't rush any of it.

There are very few stations with more than one priest, and where there are two, one is usually studying the language. The churches are old or non existent. Many of the houses were used by the government or the postoffice or the police during the war. Father Messner at Yonago, an endlessly working apostle if there ever was one, barely escaped with his life—at the end of the war one of the police living in his house went amuck and tore the place apart with a samuri sword; fortunately Father Messner was out of the house at the time.

Father Krischer, my host at Matsue, has been in Japan for 25 years; he arrived in Tokyo just one week before the Daijishin, the great earthquake in 1923. A delightfully literary Rhinelander of 63, he instructs the many young fellows and girls who come to learn about the new religion of some of their friends. Although impractical as the proverbial professor in some things, he is cook, carpenter, buyer, errand boy, defender of the faith and pastor of the only Catholic Church in a town of 100,000.

CALLING

JOHN R. HUGHES S.J.

Father Hughes at Matsue with Father Krischer, twenty-five years in Japan and the only priest in a town of 100,000

The young men would like a young priest, one whom they could bring around to their friends, and with whom they could talk frankly about their present problems.

The young Catholics are apostles; they ask you to meet other influential young men; they bring you to the larger meetings of the youth organizations; they introduce the leaders to you, and these leaders come almost immediately to the rectory to learn about this new optimistic outlook on life that their friends radiate.

If ever there was an opportunity for "the peace of Christ," the "more abundant life" in any people, it is here in the villages of Japan. Even if the young people in America did nothing else but pray that we missionaries learn the language well—their gift would be worth more than a million dollars cash.

But with all this brightness, there is always the growing plague of Communism. Among the university students, especially those who were not in the war, they have a great hold. They are quite strong in the labor unions; and unfortunately are very strong in the educational association.

You can always spot a communist dominated organization by the tenacity with which they fight for their demands; it is a spirit completely foreign to the Japanese youth and man of the streets, so it is usually a dead give-away.

What do the missionaries do about Communism? What can they do? Loaded with other work, impeded by lack of money, slowed up by years of fatigue, and still trying to recover the losses they suffered during the war, they are able to do little more than the usual routine of preaching, instructing, administering the sacraments and hoping for help.

Yes, the harvest is great, almost too great; and the laborers are far, far too few; but each one of us came back to our studies with one thing in mind—we are not going to take up the work until we have mastered the language. Even if it will be a little late, it is better for us to move right into the people than to get some bit of work done now, and be forever scratching on the walls of their hearts, mute and dumb.

May all of us ask a Christmas present from our own people in the States? Pray, pray that the Lord may send laborers for the harvest; and pray that we who are here may learn well "the devil's own concoction to impede the missionary."

As you finish this article, don't you feel as though you would like to do something to help? The American Jesuits in Japan have no one province to help them. They are volunteers from all eight American Jesuit Provinces. JESUIT MISSIONS *is in a position to help them all. See if you can introduce some one else to this work in Japan today. Give someone a gift subscription to* JESUIT MISSIONS.

Stories In Pictures

FUTURE and PAST

Study these two faces for a minute. What do you see? Life all ahead of one, all but gone for the other? One who has never really been hurt, the other with wrinkles like scars? The missionary looks at two people like these—in a special way. In an aged face—he sees long years without Christ and now no looking forward to Christ in Heaven. In the child's face—well, how would you like to introduce her to Christ and His Blessed Mother?

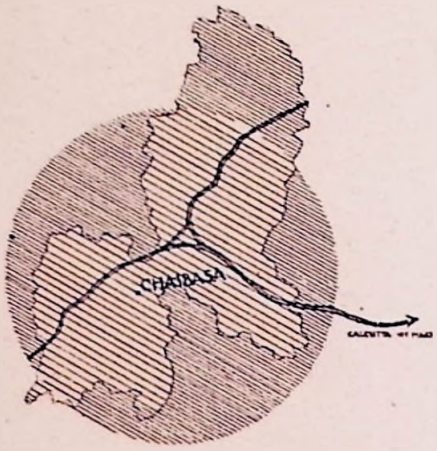
MY LITTLE ONES

The children of every race have an appeal, but there is something especially charming about Chinese children; these, for example, two brothers of the middle class, one poor little lad, and a class—how would you like to prepare them for First Communion? In their district, Yangchow, there are 1,500 pagans for every Christian.

DESERT CHILDREN

These are children of the desert of Iraq, once the Garden of Eden, the paradise of Adam and Eve. Today they are almost the most ragged on earth. Their home is a tent. The walls are the wild thorn of the desert. Most of these children of the Near East are non-Catholics. The Christ Child was born in a neighboring land, but they have never heard of Him.

Chaibasa is at least



DIFFERENT

T. Quinn Enright S.J.

FATHER ENRIGHT, AND THREE PRACHARS DEEP IN THE HILLS OF INDIA.

You can read this quickly but not unmoved. Any one paragraph could keep a mission group busy for a lifetime.

CHAIBASA is the central town in the district of Singhbhum, Bihar, India. You need a rather large map of India to find it, and it isn't like anything you ever saw in your life. No European influences have penetrated this far, so we have no modern conveniences of plumbing, or electricity, or stylish furniture. And there's no Strawbridge and Clothier, or B. Altman's where you can get them. Not even Gimbel's basement.

I'm with Father Desjardin, a wonderful old Belgian warhorse, 70 years young, who looks exactly like Monty Woolley in the "Man Who Came to Dinner." He has been here for fifteen years.

Our work is almost exclusively among the Ho people. They are aboriginals, and the great majority keep the aboriginal customs, religion, and language. The Hos are rather difficult to convert: they say that the Santals and Mundas are easier. Of the several hundred thousand Hos we have only about 1,000 Catholics in our area. However, once they are converted, they can endure more for the Faith than you might reasonably expect.

Our three-room shack is on the outskirts of Chaibasa; here we have our center, conduct a school, and run a dispensary (I'm the dispensary), and a small rooming house for students coming in from the villages to go to the town school. Our four "prachars" or catechists live with us, too, and go to the surrounding towns from here. The Church is really part of the school, a small one-room affair. Counting all the Catholics in this immediate neighborhood, I'd say we have about 80.

Mostly I go off to the other town where we have sub-stations; I get in about one visit a month to each. Gua is an iron-ore mining town 55 miles away, with about 70 Catholics; near Gua is Naomundi, another mining town with about 50. Barbil, some 35 miles from here, has 50; Dungaposhi has about 40. Our biggest place is Chakradarhpur with nearly 800 Catholics. That town is some 15 miles into the valley, and is a railroad center. From Chakradarhpur to the Ghat mountain passes we work among the villages north and south; but there is only a handful of Catholics in this entire area.

My collection last Sunday at Chaibasa amounted to 4 annas, 2 pice—roughly about 9 cents; so I am pretty handicapped for lack of money. Food actually costs more here than it does in the States, and we still have to find some way to pay our teachers and catechists. Anyway, don't worry about my buying an elephant with a good saddle and silver toes.

Our school has 135 boys; it goes up to the fifth standard, and I'll add a sixth next year. We have five teachers including myself. I teach English by the practical method, pointing to things, yelling words over and over again. Great fun! The boys are all aborigines, and the school is a building of four empty rooms with blackboards. Thirty of the boys are Catholic, and all the teachers are Catholic—including myself. In the hostel we have 32 older boys, six of whom are Catholic.

My hospital, or dispensary, cares for all surrounding villages, so far only for Catholics. Is there a doctor in the house? Golly, how I could use one! I have to give away my medicine; but those who can give me something—I've received so far one chicken and one leg of mutton. I run competition not to doctors but to Bedh's or medicine men. The poor people are apt to take medicine from me and three Bedh's, thus complicating the case no end. They are also apt to take all their medicine at once in hopes of getting quicker cures. They never send for me until the sickness has gone three weeks or more—so my cases are tougher than many a doctor is apt to get.

Of course my medical knowledge is limited—before I got here it was non-existent. How I'd love to have an old set of doctor's books, and any medicines I could get. Most of the cases I have to go out to visit—the people are too far gone to come in. Break-bone sickness and malaria, all sorts of infections, heart trouble, TB of all kinds, tropical ulcers, hookworms, anemia, dysentery—imagine ME coping with that with a junior Red Cross diploma! Dominus vobiscum!

And that's Chaibasa. Really it is only part of it. Because I didn't tell you that the people are wonderful. They haven't a thing in the world and they want to share it with you. They are grateful for the smallest things you do, and I am getting to love them.

I started some of the youngsters on baseball, and maybe in another couple of years we'll go back and barnstorm the States. We don't have any gloves or fancy things like that—but kids are the same all over, they don't need fancy equipment to have a good time.

So here's a "Hi" from the Ho people to everybody in the States for a holy and happy Christmas.

William S. O'Leary S. J.

The last photo taken of Father O'Leary. The unforgettable smile is for his beloved Scouts of Siennumaio, Yangchow, China.

Our Christmas preparations in Siennumiao began about six days before Christmas. For the Chinese a feast without a lantern is like Thanksgiving without turkey, or Christmas without Santa Claus; I wanted my first Christmas to be a great feast, but we were too poor to buy lanterns. So six of the larger pupils and I went to one of the mission stations, twenty-seven li away, and gathered bamboo poles. We packed them on our back and made our way home to Siennumiao. I kept wondering what I could do to make their Christmas happy.

Then the children of the third, fourth, fifth, and sixth grades went to work. Remembering my own grammar school days, I found their ability to make lanterns something incredible. These were airplanes, fish, baskets, drums, balls. The wings of the plane measured three feet, and the fuselage was almost five feet long. The great round lanterns were almost three feet in diameter. Inside we placed a long red candle, to be lit for the Christmas Eve procession.

The mission was so far in the "red" I couldn't afford to buy the colored rice paper to line the lanterns, but the children themselves came to the rescue. Every child was so busy making his own lantern that school became impossible. I had to announce vacations three days before Christmas.

The Christmas eve was cold, but the sky was lovely and clear. The parade started at about six-thirty—but the children could have started any time after three o'clock. There were 135 lanterns borne by 135 children, children and lanterns lit by the large red candle. The Commander of Siennumiao assigned a troop of soldiers to lead the procession, and they were followed by the Boy Scouts.

Aurora High in Yangchow sent its Boy Scouts for the procession, and they were followed by my own. The Aurora lads looked wonderful, but my own poor lads! Their shirts were former army shirts, not cut down because they would grow into them some day; the pants were half-way cut down out of pure necessity, but they were still pretty baggy, particularly in spots; Aurora had given us their old hats and neckerchiefs, and though they were cast-offs, they didn't look too badly. However, since this was the first time Siennumiao could claim its own Boy Scouts,

There is an infinite amount of pathos in the letters from the missions at Christmas. The missionaries themselves would resent such a statement, but it is true none the less. Father O'Leary wrote this story just a week before he died; he never was very strong, about five foot six, sharp featured, dark complexioned; he used to weigh only 120 pounds.

"I'd rather spend one year in China and die, than a whole life of peace in the States," he told his sister. He had just one year of active missionary life. He spent it deep in the "bush" with little money and lots of work. He died, as everyone wants to die, in harness. This is his story of the "happiest Christmas of my life."

people overlooked the uniforms, and cheered them generously.

The Boy Scouts as they marched along passed out slips of paper on which were written the history of the Birth of Christ.

After the Scouts came the children with their lanterns, brightly dancing in the dark evening. They sang "Angels we have heard on high," and "Adeste Fideles" and other hymns which had been translated into Chinese. They'd practiced for a month, and if I say so myself, they sang beautifully. At their side walked 16 policemen lent to us by the Chief of Police of Siennumiao.

The people of Siennumaio were delighted with our parade; we went all through the city singing and carrying our lighted lanterns. For the first time all the inhabitants knew that it was Christmas, and that Christ had come on earth to save us.

After the procession, those boys who had come every day to catechism were allowed to bring their blankets and sleep in the mission courtyard. I managed to get them all into bed by ten-thirty, and then went into the confessional to hear the confessions of those who had come in from the surrounding territory.

At eleven-thirty we rang the mission bell, and all went to the church for the Christmas carols, sung, of course, in Chinese.

After Mass which ended about a quarter to two, I gave all the youngsters a bowl of rice and a little vegetable. I would have liked to have given them more to eat but my financial boat is scraping the rocks, and I had to go easy. By three o'clock they were back in bed. At eight-thirty they were up to sing the Mass of the Shepherds.

For the Mass of the Shepherds I allowed the other grade school to attend—and the church was packed. After Mass I gave each a piece of candy that I'd been saving for some time. No one noticed if he got one of the really stale pieces.

After the third Mass we all went over to the school to prepare for the Christmas play for the evening. We worked at this until six, when we took time out to eat. The play began at six-thirty and lasted until ten-thirty. The parents came and enjoyed themselves even though ours is an open air theatre, and it began to snow quite early.

At eleven-thirty I closed the door of the mission compound and got ready for bed.

And yet I enjoyed everything and felt that this was the happiest Christmas of my life. Many pagans had heard of the birth of Christ for the first time, and in the hearts of many we had planted the seed of good will toward the Catholic Church.

CHURCH ON WHEELS

I WISH YOU MIGHT SEE FATHER GREGORY SONTAG'S motorized equipment: an army truck hauls a 1931 trailer along the 180 miles of British Honduras roads. Two large baffle horns sweep both sides of the road with recorded music as the church caravan rolls along.

After the crowds gather in the evening the ecclesiastical pilot of the mechanized unit swings into a news reel, followed by a full length picture. This is followed by "still" pictures of each mystery of the Rosary; and in between each decade the congregation sings hymns with recorded organ music. Often an illustrated life of Our Lord is given. And always the Sacred Heart Program.

It hasn't solved all the problems: one night 61 men were present, and only three showed up for Mass in the morning; soon, perhaps, Father will have permission for evening Mass.

But few people have ever reaped a richer harvest for their investment than the Minnesotans who gave Father Sontag his motorized chapel. It is completely changing work in the bush missions of British Honduras.

William J. Brennan S.J.

SHORT

GOD BEHIND BARS

"A high Mass today, Father?" they ask eagerly.

"Of course," I say. And 300 prisoners in the General Penitentiary at Kingston, Jamaica, sing. And how they love to sing! Maybe it is their natural love of song, maybe the brief respite from routine prison life; maybe it is a real religious spirit. Whatever the reason, I have never heard men sing so whole-heartedly.

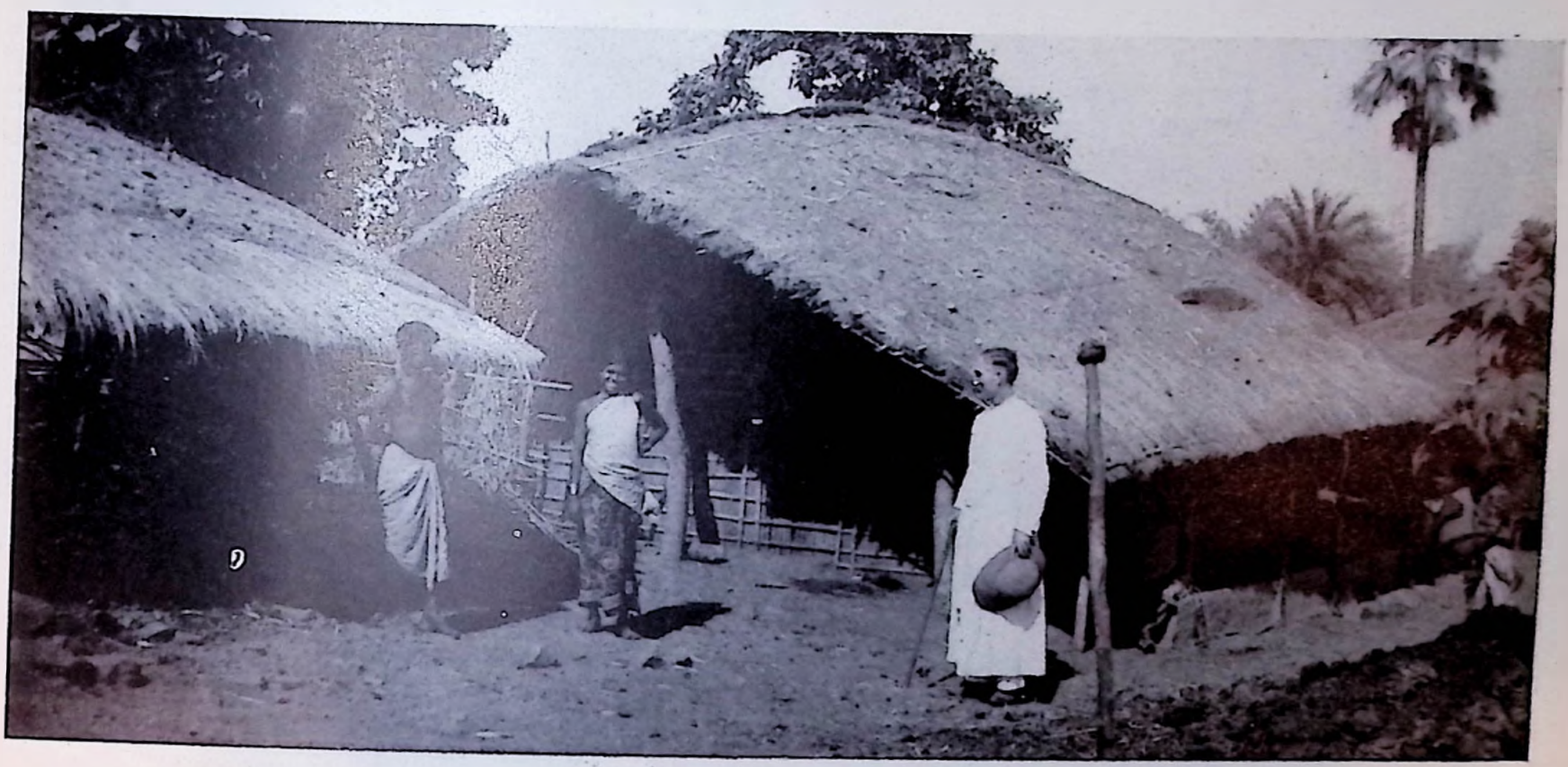
Behind the high red brick walls that border the blue and green Caribbean Sea at Kingston are 1,000 men and 100 women, almost entirely Negroes. Living conditions are primitive: no lights, a mattress on the floor for bed, no dining hall; some bare-footed, all with plain coarse jumpers and shorts.

Jamaica courts may sentence a prisoner to be lashed. I'l never forget the day I saw the bleeding and scarred back of a man who had received twelve. I couldn't help thinking of Christ's scourging.

Five percent of Jamaicans are Catholic, and we have the same percentage in prison; but almost one-third of the prisoners attend Mass. So few women are Catholic we have no Mass for them.

They beg for rosaries and catechisms, and we never have enough to meet the demands. It would be gratifying to report large numbers of converts; but so far there's no such report. Just before you go in, you say to yourself, "Whatever you do to these my least, you do to Me." It makes the work easy. *Charles J. MacMullan S.J.*

MISSION STORIES



INDIA SUBMERGED

NOBODY EVER THOUGHT THE WELL-BUILT ST. STANislaus mission could possibly have disappeared in one night. But it did—the chapel, the boys' school, all the crops of the mission. $10,000 had gone into it.

I'd just been to Patna, and they had no rain to speak of; not even in Mokameh was the monsoon really heavy. But up in the Ranchi mountains it must have been a real deluge. As we came into Mokameh, we would see nothing but water stretching out on either side of the track as far as you could look.

The stretch from Patna to Mokameh is dotted with little towns, mud-huts, and flourishing crops; all were gone now, crops, and huts, and towns. The stations were crowded with homeless and starving refugees.

I heard about St. Stanislaus when I arrived at Mokameh; fortunately both Father Matthew and Father Michael, the Indian priests of the mission, were safe. St. Stanislaus was the center of 10 mission stations—it was a bitter blow.

The next morning as I walked around the compound at Mokameh I suddenly realized that the waters had risen to our own gate. The countryside was waist deep in water, and a steady stream of refugees went past our gate.

Old men and women plodded dumbly through the waters; mothers carrying babies on their hip and a few hastily rescued belongings on their head, trudged along with an anxious eye alert for dry land.

I saw one group excitedly thrashing around in the water with great sticks. I went down to discover that they were trapping rats; it was the only food they'd had in two days.

Then disease took over: the wells were polluted but the people drank from them anyway. We had 300 cases of cholera in Patna hospital during one day; the hospital has 80 beds, and the poor people were strewn around all the corridors. More than 700 died in ten days from cholera. And many died from India's poisonous snakes that slithered up to the dry parts of the huts, and demanded to be there alone.

It will be a bleak and dreary winter in and around Mokameh. One ironic thing: we'd been saving Christmas presents at St. Stanislaus for the boys. They're gone too. It was the worst monsoon in 50 years.

Eugene F. Hattie S.J.

AFIELD WITH American Jesuits

FATHER JOHN FOX of Mountain Village, Alaska, where Santa Claus can drive reindeer most of the year, tells us that Walt Disney has a movie made in Hooper Bay, soon to be released. Here's the glamor pose one of the photographers took, lying on his face in the snow. It would make an excellent advertisement for snow shoes, but way up near the top you can just make out Father Fox.

FATHER JAMES HEALY flew to his mission in Jamaica, and liked it so much he's now writing ads for plane travel. How about this one? "Try it some bright morning, ceiling unlimited, and you may learn new things about light and color. Outside the cabin window nothing solid appears except the slim silver blade of the wing, but the space itself seems filled with all the iridescent tints of green, blue, lavender, and an indescribable silver radiance. This is no missionary trail: it's adventure in the heavens. God is good Who has kept this glory secret until now. While I was thanking Him for it, He set up the arch of a perfect rainbow, haply for a promise."

"Peace be to Jesus," *Jesu ki Barai* are the first words the Canadian missionaries to Darjeeling hear from their Nepali Catholics. This year three more will join the band of eight who left last year for this India mission.

MR. MURRAY ABRAHAM S.J. is from Nova Scotia, and entered the Jesuit novitiate of Guelph in Ontario from Halifax. He has just completed his seventh year as a Jesuit, and after three years of teaching on the mission will continue his studies at St. Mary's, Kurseong.

MR. BERNARD BRUNEAU S.J. is from Saskatchewan, and entered the novitiate from Campion College in Regina. Like Mr. Abraham he is just finishing philosophy at Toronto, and will also teach for three years before moving on to St. Mary's.

BROTHER JOHN MACDONALD S.J. is a Cape Breton Islander and has been a Jesuit for fifteen years. He joins Brother Paul Robin, also a young man, to start building for the new mission.

Actually the mission gets six active workers this year, for Fathers Daly, Mackey and Stanford have finished their tertianship at Ranchi and are back to the Darjeeling and Kurseong hills.

The "Darjeeling Diary" printed pictures of the 11 Canadians on the mission; but the pictures raised a tremendous question. Some months ago JESUIT MISSIONS reported that Father John Coffey had grown a luxuriant black beard; even more, according to the JESUIT MISSIONS story, Father Coffey grew his beard in near record time. Yet the picture of Father Coffey shows him bereft of any such hirsute adornment. Readers are promised that the FULL TRUTH about Father Coffey's beard will appear in an early issue!

The mission of Darjeeling is 102 years old; it was started by Loretto nuns, who brought a Capuchin chaplain with them. In 1887 the Belgian Jesuits of Bengal opened St. Joseph's College and St. Mary's theologate. There are now about 3500 Nepali Catholics in three parishes of the Darjeeling mission.

Nepal itself, stretching along the Himalayan range is an independent kingdom of 5,000 square miles, with a 4,500,000 population. The land is still a closed kingdom, one of the few remaining "forbidden lands" in the world. On the southern border Chicago Jesuits wait permission to enter, and on the east their fellow Jesuits from Canada wait a similar permission, meanwhile learning the difference between *"da, dha, ddha, ddhha,"* and so forth of the Nepali language.

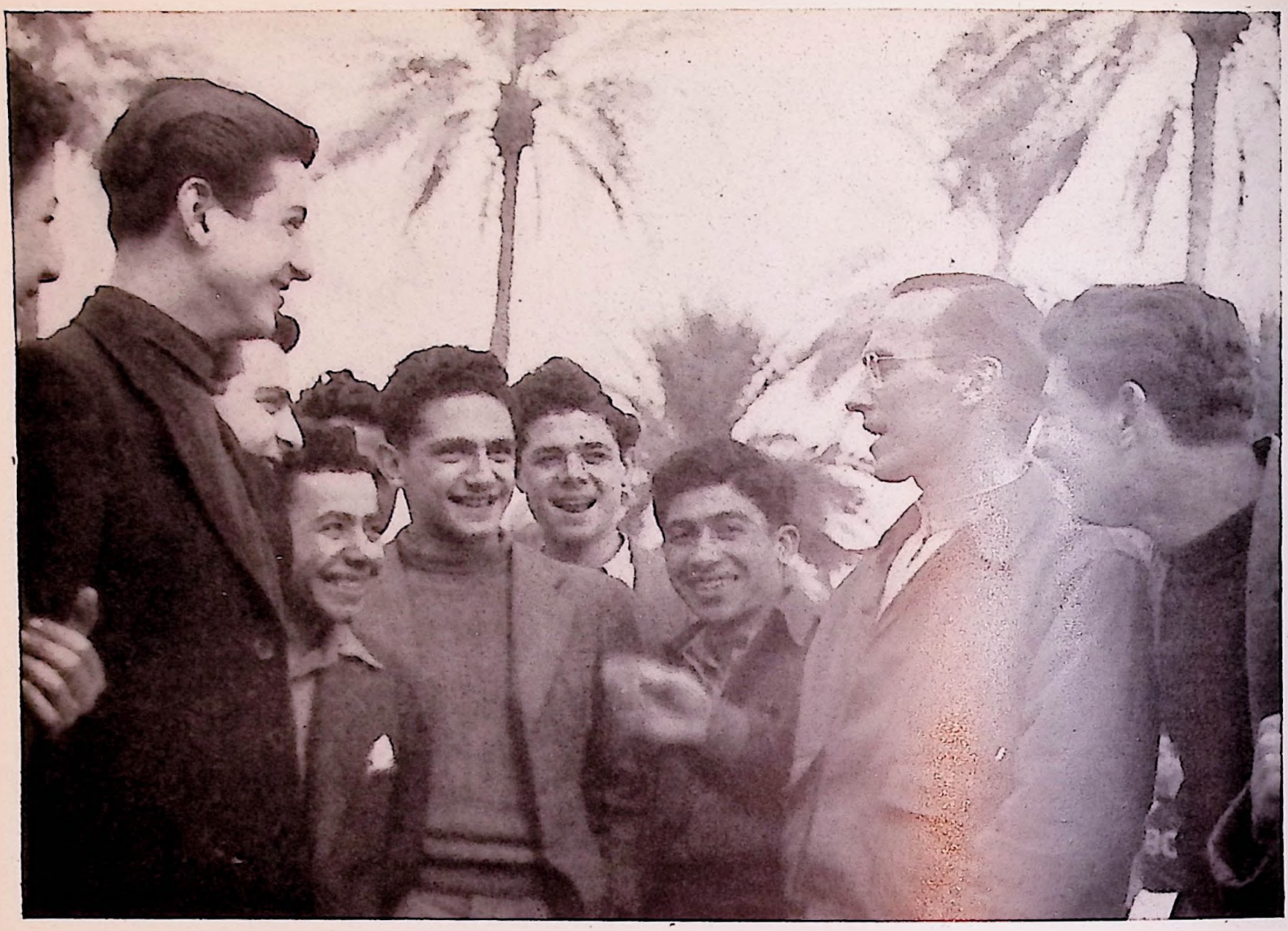
- India
- Ceylon
- Jamaica
- Philippines

I Was Sick and You Visited Me

YOU CAN HELP A LEPER

There is wonderment in the boy's eyes and heroism in the man's. As sufferers from dread leprosy, their lives are made more bearable by the Christ-like sacrifices of the nursing Sisters and the Jesuit missioners who care for them. You can visit them only from afar by your prayers and your gifts. Yet remember these contributions are Christ-like visits, an opportunity to be Good Samaritans to the sick.

JESUIT MISSIONS, 962 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 21, N. Y.



FATHER THOMAS KELLY OF BOSTON TRYING TO SAY IT IN ARABIC TO BAGHDAD COLLEGIANS

You're always asking us

THOMAS J. KELLY S.J.

Nothing ever happens in Baghdad. Except the phenomenal growth of a new school, the center of an ever-widening wave of good will.

The Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS labor under the delusion that stories grow on every date tree in Baghdad; they claim there's enough glamor and oriental splendor here to decorate every magazine in the United States. Well, as far as I can see the Tales of the 1001 Nights cleaned up on every single bit of exotic, romantic material in Baghdad.

The Editors aren't satisfied with the wonderful apostolic sleigh rides of Fr. Paul O'Connor in Alaska, or Fr. Fred Bailey's dramatic arrival in the Carolines to bring the sacraments to a dying man, or the labors of Fr. Harry Ball in Jamaica, or the colorful exploits of Fr. Andy Cervini in the Philippines. Those things make for exciting reading; but here in Baghdad, there's nothing to report.

We are simply teachers here, and anything we'd offer on the subject of education would have all the splash and color of a composition you wrote when you were in the eighth grade. Most of us vacationed with the French Jesuits in Lebanon, and attended two classes in Arabic a day—nothing romantic about that.

Fourteen came back in a bus which we had completely to ourselves; we covered 600 miles in 24 hours, sang American songs, and bounced, bounced, bounced.

A week later the others came; after seven hours

of riding their driver was caught in an attempt to smuggle gold over the border; they had to drive five hours back to the nearest police station to be properly arrested. But they arrived home. No one dares call that news.

At the school itself, there's still less to report. There was Maurice who left school when his dad died suddenly: he was pathetically grateful for the English I'd taught him. His little speech to me paid for all the heat I've been through, and still expect to go through. I once asked litle Eddie how old he was, and he answered, "Half past twelve."

We have a happy-go-lucky youngster named Sami. He failed a year ago, and was about to leave school. I thanked him for all he'd done for the school paper. "What I have done in friendship is nothing," he said, "I expect no thanks for that." Sami didn't leave. The other day he was consoling a lady whose lad failed. "So what?" he said, "It only means he'll spend another eight months with the Fathers. Is that bad?"

Even the community isn't newsworthy: Oh, Fr. Joseph Merrick refused to go on vacation; and in the blistering 115° heat instructed converts, fixed up broken marriages all summer. One of the new teachers looked at the place, "This isn't a school, it's a garden of paradise," he said. That's because Fr. Charles Loeffler, with a full schedule of classes, still finds time to change our sandy desert into a minor paradise.

Years ago when the founding Fathers were trying to get started in the city, one high official fought might and main to drive us to the hindermost parts of nowhere. The first day of school this year, he brought his son to register as a pupil. It speaks well of both parties.

I was talking to a leading Moslem doctor who has a lad in college. "Your work has been magnificent. You make the boys love you, love their work, love their homes. You aren't political but humanitarian. You are a glorious addition to the educational system of our country." It wasn't a praise of us, but of the Fathers who have toiled and sweated over 16 years. They have done wonderful work, but of course not the stuff headlines are made of.

Hence, Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS, kindly cut out asking us for stories; we simply haven't any to tell. I merely put these thoughts on paper so that your readers won't forget that we are over here; won't forget we are trying to fulfill the wishes of the Pope who wants an educational system in the Middle East for the advancement, and the conversion of these eager, genial and generous Arab people.

Give JESUIT MISSIONS as a Christmas gift.

Drop down dews, ye heavens!

Come, Follow Me

The prayers of the Advent liturgy inspire in us a joyful spirit of penance. We discipline and chasten ourselves in order to be more worthy of the renewed visitation of the Infant of Bethlehem. But in our penance there is a note of glad anticipation because we await no ordinary birth, but "a Saviour, the Lord Jesus Christ, Who will transfigure our lowli ness into the form of His own splendor."

The Old Testament, which was the time of expectation, contributes richly to the Advent liturgy. In the Mass and Divine Office are renewed the ancient promises and prophecies that wove through the Old Testament a comforting pattern of hope and confidence in the coming of the Saviour. I think that one of the most expressive and typical of these is the familiar "Rorate Coeli" that echoes as a constant refrain through the Advent liturgy. It is from Isaias, prophet of the Virgin Birth:

> "Drop down dews, ye heavens,
> And let the clouds rain the Just One.
> Let the earth be opened
> And bud forth the Saviour (Isa. 45:8).

This is the imagery of a Palestinian poet, conscious as every farmer and shepherd that the yearly cycle of rain and dew spells life for his land and people. The late fall rains soften the sun baked, shallow soil for the wheat planting. Then winter rains bring forth the budding stalks and spring's profusion of fresh green growth. Always, there are long parched summers of drought when no rain falls and frequent winds off the desert sear earth and plant with withering heat. But the dew that settles on the morning fields is a blessed compensation; a copious dew, at times more vital than the winter rains in slaking nature's thirst.

It was Isaias' mission to preach salvation at a time when his people, again lapsing into idolatory, had "forsaken the Lord and blasphemed the Holy One of Israel." Their spirit was as barren and fruitless as their parched and arid land when the dew and the rain failed. This was the crisis that inspired the imagery of his prayer for the advent of the Saviour. For He only is the dew that can nurture life; He only the rain that fructifies the soul. How fitting is that prayer in these parched sterile days of new idolatries! *Francis W. Anderson, S.J.*

by a Missionary Sister

While the Indians of the Southwest preserve the trappings of their ancestral clothing—mostly be it confessed for the edification of tourists—visitors to the Northwest seldom see war-bonnets or eagle feathers.

It is really amusing to see their obvious disappointment as they watch the brown skinned, black haired Americans move about their various tasks clad in T-shirt and jeans.

"Why they even have automobiles!" said one eastern tourist, who had on more warpaint than you'd see on a whole reservation.

Actually in the Northwest, the average Indian under forty lives exactly the same as the average American anywhere. Of course, shawls and moccasins may be seen on the older people in the home; but even there English is spoken more frequently than the Indian tongue.

Depending on the economic status of the family, there will be electric washing machines, newfangled stoves, deep freezers, and other gadgets of the day. The radio is everywhere. Indian farmers ride tractors and trucks; the migratory workers in overalls follow the seasonal fruit trails of the Northwest to the satisfaction of farmers who value their steady work.

Of course, you will find many Indians pushing darkly along the Trent Avenues of the northwest; but you will know that if they are not educated, not technically proficient in trades, it is because whites kept them in poverty and ignorance as long as was possible.

Today you will find Indian youngsters in college libraries studying to be doctors, lawyers, dentists, engineers. Today you will find Indians in the Northwest patronizing the best shops, theatres, and hotels of Spokane, Seattle and Portland. Feathers, fringes, and beads are for Wild West celebrations; and when the young Indian brave appears in warbonnet and beads, it is a safe bet he borrowed them from an ancient trunk of his grandmother.

Geographic factors helped the assimilation of the Northwest Indian into European culture; fewer than 3,000 Indians ever formed a reservation group in Montana or Washington, while in Arizona and New Mexico 60,000 Indians are banded together to resist European advances into their indigenous American culture. Northwest Indians, buffalo hunters and trappers by vocation, were also less inclined to settle by themselves. A faster growing white population near the reservations brought more schools, churches and towns to the Indians.

Even from the first the northwest Indian was encouraged to adopt European ways; and they showed themselves eager learners of the new methods. There was the Nez Perce chief who was jealous of the

Here is the Chief of the Coeur d'Alene tribe and his family at Desmet, Idaho. They were thus photographed at the celebration given in honor of Father John Brown, Indian Jesuit at Desmet. The entire Coeur d'Alene tribe is Catholic, and all are consecrated to the Sacred Heart.

magic of repeater rifles; and the Coeur d'Alene chief who was jealous of the schools not open to his people.

David Thompson, the famous Northwest Company trader of 1797, who established the first trading post at Pend d'Oreille Lake, was dignified, kindly and just in his treatment of the Indians. He brought them Hudson's Bay blankets and heavy calico dresses, gloves to replace the old time mittens. Other traders brought bad European habits too: in the Spokane Indian tongue, whiskey is still known as "Canadian Water."

The French voyageurs intermarried freely with Northwest Indians. The old countries sent men to the Northwest; few sent women too.

All these things led to the great influence of the Church on the Indians. Elsewhere hostile arrows greeted the missionaries: from the northwest went four groups of Indians to invite the Blackrobes to their territories. And today they are predominantly Catholic. Pagan "islands" such as among the Nez Perce at Nezpelem are scarce indeed.

From the 1840's the missionaries encouraged the Northwest Indians to abandon the ways of paganism, to escape the evil ways of the whites, and to build a civiization based on agriculture and love of God. New England Indians who refused to become part of the soil were by that very fact made extinct in the destructive Yankee march through the lands of the Choctaws and Cherokees.

The missionaries showed Northwest Indian chiefs that the alternative was civilization or war: and after a brief flare in 1854, they chose civilization. It was the missionary who hastened the change from war chant to the plain chant of Church music; and the people were solidly enough anchored in the soil to resist the drive of whites in the 1860's to the Pacific.

In 1870 there were barely 25,000 Indians in the United States; today there are 400,000.

From the 1870's to World War I, successive robber barons tried to exterminate the Indian, and where there were no mission schools sullen apathy settled on the tribes. But now, whites and Indians have settled down to an amicable tolerance; and if the Indians still resent the manner in which their lands were stolen, they are more willing to migrate to other cities to make a living for their family.

The end of 1948 finds a swift rate of modernization among Indians of the northwest; it finds, thank God, a great increase of Catholicity. The feathers are gone; but the heroic hearts of their ancestors beat strong in the native Americans of the Northwest.

Wanted

Breviary:

For seventeen years, Father James Kearney was in China. He plans to return there soon. He has always been a very faithful correspondent to JESUIT MISSIONS. We hope that we gave him an appreciative welcome upon his arrival in New York. We noticed that his breviary, a gift at ordination time, was breaking at the binding. It was cluttered with inserts for new feasts. Like every other missionary, he hesitated spending money for a new set. Maybe you would like to buy him one. We can now get four volumes with the new psalter for approximately $36.50. If you are interested, send your gift for Father Kearney to JESUIT MISSIONS.

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Rosaries:

A manufacturer of rosaries, desiring to clear his stock, has offered the special bargain price of $20.00 per gross. The price for the same rosaries would normally be $35.00. Simultaneously with the above offer a letter was received from Father William J. Moore, S.J. of Casa Cural, Olanchito, Honduras, Central America, requesting rosaries for his parishioners. In addition, he also needs a supply of various medals. After taking care of Father Moore's request, we will apply the balance received to purchasing rosaries for other missionaries.

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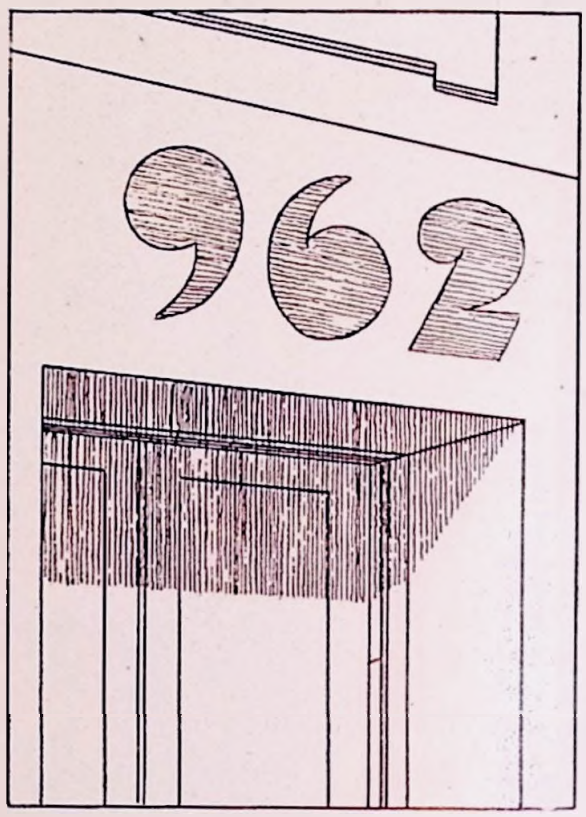
Magazines:

"Do you think that it would be possible to appeal to your readers to send any Catholic Magazines that they are through with to this Mission Station that they might help in informing and giving courage to our many generous Catholics?" Send magazines *directly* to

Rev. Francis J. Mahoney S.J.
Lourdes Rectory
Morant Bay
Jamaica, B. W. I.

Request from Davao:

Several months ago, it was announced that the Jesuits in the Philippines were opening a new school at Davao. Father Theodore Daigler was given the responsibility of organizing the new school. After a few months of classes he wrote that the student body is very small and their operating expenses are exceptionally high. Frequently he worries how he can make ends meet. The following is a quote from his letter: "Cash donations to buy food for the Fathers on the faculty is really our most pressing need. How prosaic."



962
Madison
Avenue

Dear Friend:

The excitement of Christmas reaches a high tempo at noon on Christmas eve. There are always last-minute errands, unexpected cards to be acknowledged, trouble with the stand for the tree.

You might reflect that while you are arranging the lights on the tree, the candle lights are being lit on the Altars of the Orient. American Jesuit missionaries will be walking in solemn procession to begin their midnight Masses. By the time you put the last gift under the tree the Jesuit missionaries in the Orient, India and the Near East have already offered their midnight Masses. From their lips will have gone the prayer that at your own midnight Mass the Christ Child will put deep into your heart wonderful graces and that His peace will remain with you throughout 1949.

Each day of this year there have come to my desk gifts for the missionaries. Not a request asked in the pages of JESUIT MISSIONS has gone unanswered. In appreciation, I will offer for your intentions a Novena of Masses ending on Christmas morning.

Begging the Prince of Peace to bless you for the joy you have given to our missionaries and the thousands of souls under their care, I am,

Gratefully yours in Our Lord,

Edmund A. Daily, S.J.

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THANK YOU

for a

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We are mission children from the Alaskan Mission of the Oregon Jesuits. We love oatmeal and will have some for Christmas if you have an extra dollar for the Sisters who run our orphanage.

Send contributions to

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900 Broadway
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A Madonna Note to You

Dear Friend:

If you give a subscription to Jesuit Missions you give a double Christmas present your friends, Hospitals, libraries receive a year-long gift and the missions new and interested followers To make gift subscriptions even more attractive, we are offering a year's subscription plus 2 boxes of Madonna notes for just $2.00. Each box contains 20 notes and envelopes, ideal for short personal letters, congratulations and gift acknowledgments.

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The Editors.

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