

# JESUIT MISSIONS

MARCH 1951



MISSION OF HEARTACHES



# JESUIT MISSIONS

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Beneath the primitive bell tower of the San Antonio mission in the Toledo district of British Honduras, Father William Ulrich S. J. of the Missouri Province has a few words of advice for an earnest parishioner. In this mission the bush is never far away.



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There is only one word which is a real synonym for Lent and that word is sacrifice. It is a hard word, splintered like the wood of the Cross, stark and throat-catching as the cry that once cleaved the darkness over the Hill of the Skull, "My God, my God! Why hast Thou forsaken me?" Its syllables are rough with suffering, taut with pain. Yet the first meaning of the word sacrifice is to make holy.

This world has to be made holy. The bitter Passion of Christ was a global thing, wrenching with one divine twist all men from the grip of Hell. But that battle against the powers of darkness did not end with the first Good Friday. That is why men and women dedicated to God are found today far from their homelands; why an American is tracing the Way of the Cross in China; why the Passion Play is staged in Tokyo; why a boy in Baghdad is groping for the light. If this world is to be made holy it must be done by those who themselves are holy and it can be done only through sacrifice.



Father Malachy Cutcliff S.J. of the New Orleans Province is now stationed at St. Michael's College in Batticaloa, Ceylon. When you read his story of a side trip on the Golden Isle the impression might be that Father Cutcliff is a bit on the impatient side and not too partial to crowds. It could be that he prefers other modes of travel (he was astride an elephant when this snap was taken) but don't think that he isn't patient. It even shows in the soft speech of his Bessemer, Alabama, birthplace and as for crowds—well, he is one of eleven children.

Last autumn Father James T. Meehan S.J., Mission Procurator for the Missouri Province, made an extensive survey of the Jesuit mission work in British Honduras.



"The next five years are going to be the critical ones for this mission. British Honduras is coming alive. It is developing. Roads are being built and villages are mushrooming. New



land is being opened for agriculture and the Colony may become somewhat self-supporting."

• • •

"Our most urgent need is a new St. John's College to replace the disgraceful shack which serves at present."

• • •

The Missouri Province includes the states of Missouri, Iowa, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North Dakota, South Dakota, Nebraska, Kansas, Oklahoma, Colorado and Wyoming. Father Meehan must also provide for the 58 Jesuit missionaries to the Indians of this region.



One of the many pictures taken by Father Meehan while on his tour of the mission is this month's front cover. The two boys are parishioners of Father Robert McCormack at Stann Creek, British Honduras.



St. John's College and Cathedral in Belize.

**B**RITISH HONDURAS, SPRAWLING along a strip of the Caribbean, is the site of intense missionary activity. In Belize, largest city of the Colony, in romantic-sounding Corozal and Orange Walk, in Stann Creek and Punta Gorda, in El Cayo and Benque Viejo, Jesuits of the Missouri Province have been toiling for the past fifty years. More than half of the 60,000 Negroes, mulattoes, Maya Indians and Spanish-Americans who make up the population of this Central American country are Catholic. But there is much work yet to be done. Father James Meehan S.J., recently returned from the Colony, calls it a mission of "hope and heartaches."

Since 1931 when a hurricane swept across the country killing 1,500 people, among them 11 Jesuits, and demolishing the famous St. John's College, the mission has suffered one setback after another. In the 1940's, hurricanes and fires stamped out the work of years and schools and churches vanished as though some strange spell had fallen upon the land. Today, the most aggressive enemy of the missionary is not the deadly coral snakes and the tommy-goffs, Black-Water fever or malaria, but poverty.

## MISSION OF *Heartaches*

FELTON O'TOOLE S.J.

Discouraging as the picture might appear, neither Bishop David Hickey S.J. nor Father John Knopp S.J., Superior of the Mission, takes a pessimistic view of the future. The religious life of the Colony is remarkably healthy as is apparent from the great devotion to the Sacred Heart and the frequent reception of Holy Communion. As Bishop Hickey has pointed out, native vocations to the sisterhoods, the brotherhoods and the priesthood, have flourished during the past thirty years. More than 120 young men and women have entered the religious life.

It is remarkable that in spite of the heavy damages wrought by the hurricanes on the schools of the Colony, today more than 7,500 children are receiving a Catholic elementary education. Makeshift structures of one kind or another have been patched together to make such a feat possible. Even

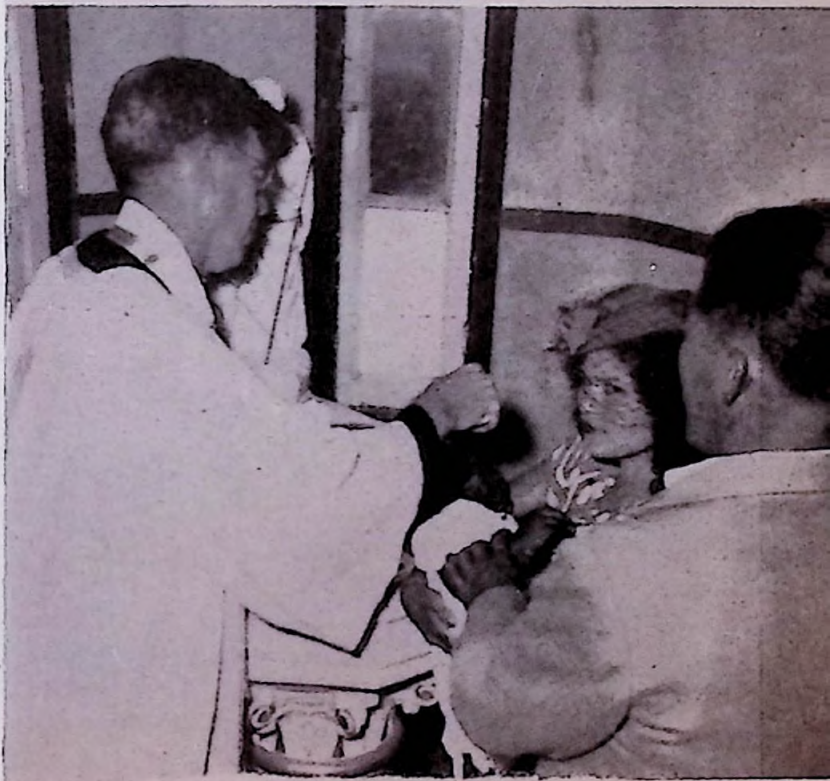
the "bush" missions can boast of open air classrooms. Lay teachers and Sisters, Mercy, Holy Family and Pallottine, lacking most of the equipment that modern educators regard as indispensable, are accomplishing wonders.

On a higher level, much of the hope of the future lies in St. John's College, Belize, where many of the future lay leaders in the social and economic life of the Colony are receiving their education. Once the pride of Central Americans, St. John's has never fully recovered from the wreckage of the great hurricane of 1931. Today, it is established in a drab, reconverted warehouse that is completely inadequate for its 201 students. The dream of the missionaries for a larger, hurricane-proof building can become a reality only if generous benefactors are found who are willing to contribute financial aid. Nor is the rather recently established Teachers College in a much better condition. A tin-roofed, rickety wooden structure, it is hardly a suitable place for the training of the eager Carib, Maya and Spanish-American boys who are being prepared for the important work of catechists and teachers in the "bush" missions. But little can be done to improve the physical set-up of these institutions as long as the great burden of financing the schools lies so heavily on the missionaries. Particularly is this true with regard to the Teachers College, where the students are largely drawn from families unable to offer financial aid.

Beyond Belize, the missionaries fan out from such key centers as Punta Gorda, Stann Creek, Cayo, Orange Walk and Corozal. Backward towns brooding over a white marl street, they are made up of bush huts, zinc-roofed sheds, and perhaps, a chicle commissary. Only Corozal boasts of a few paved streets. From these bases, the missionaries strike out for the "bush" missions. Often the way is little more than a path sliced through tropical bush.

But whatever the obstacles, the missionaries of British Honduras are succeeding in bringing Christ into the heart of the country, and into the hearts of the people of this mission of hope and heartaches.

(Top) Father Henry Sutti S.J. at Punta Gorda appears to have captivated his audience. (Center) Father Robert McCormack S.J., pastor at Corozal, officiates at a baptism. (Bottom) Father J. Eugene Coomes S.J. works the bush from Stann Creek.



# *The Divided Heart*

THE CHINESE PHRASE FOR DISTRACTION is "divided heart." It was at Zose, the famous shrine to Our Lady in the Sungkiang Hills outside of Shanghai that I had what seemed to be a very bad case of divided heart. This is the story.

It is early spring and this holy mountain crowned by Our Lady's Basilica rises high above the flat squared farm lands, yellow with colza from whose seeds cooking oil will be made, green with small patches of wheat and purple with the lucerne which grows in the fallow rice paddies. In a week or so the plowing and flooding of the rice paddies will begin and they will remain black and sodden until the bright green shoots of China's staple food begin to show above the water.

The Way of the Cross is a favorite pilgrim devotion here, and Station rises above Station on the tree-covered hillside. The sunlight filters down on the hard path that zigzags upward past the fourteen iron plaques set in cement and plaster shrines.

I am making the Way of the Cross, and such good intentions I have, too. To pray for



The famous Church of Our Lady of Zose, one of the most beautiful in all China, crowns a wooded summit outside the city of Shanghai.

A procession winds up the slope of Zose. In the background lies the lovely plain of the Shanghai Delta with its many canals interlacing the rice paddies and the villages.



China's millions, that they all may come to know Our Lord and His Way. The First Station, Jesus is Condemned to Death. I kneel on the bamboo-shadowed sand, but my thoughts are interrupted by voices from the path above me.

*"Falls, why'd he fall? He was a god. . . . What did they do that for? . . . An old custom, like in the Han Dynasty." A group of pagans are ascending the hill ahead of me, chattering in high clear Northern Chinese, reading the legends aloud, talking, arguing, explaining their own Way of the Cross.*

I try to shut out their voices and go on. Jesus Meets His Afflicted Mother. "We adore Thee, O Christ and we bless Thee. . . ."

*Penciled in Chinese on the white plaster background of the station, "Mother Mary, preserve me from all sin," signed Wang Wei-ta.*

Well, say a prayer for Wei-ta that she receives the grace she asks. I climb higher, praying. Stripped of His garments. . . .

*"Nailed, Ma, how terrible. How could they do that?" It's a youngster half wailing, and the mother tries to explain.*

I myself wonder how they could have done that. Should I go up and tell them the answer that has occurred to me, or should I go on making the Stations? The Twelfth Station, Jesus Dies on the Cross. . . .

*In an outburst worthy of Assisi, Francis Chang has scribbled in English on the smooth stone, "Oh, my God, I love you with all my heart. April 10, 1947."*



At the beginning of the Way of the Cross at Zose there is a statue commemorating the Agony in the Garden. China today faces its own Gethsemane.

I ask that I may receive some of Francis' devotion and simplicity. Trying to fix my attention, I kneel at the Thirteenth Station. But the group ahead of me is at the Fourteenth making their own peculiar contemplation. The words waft down.

*"How sad, how foolish." ". . . don't see why."*

Pray that the light to see why may come to pagan souls. I move on. Dear God, one Station without a distraction. But. . . .

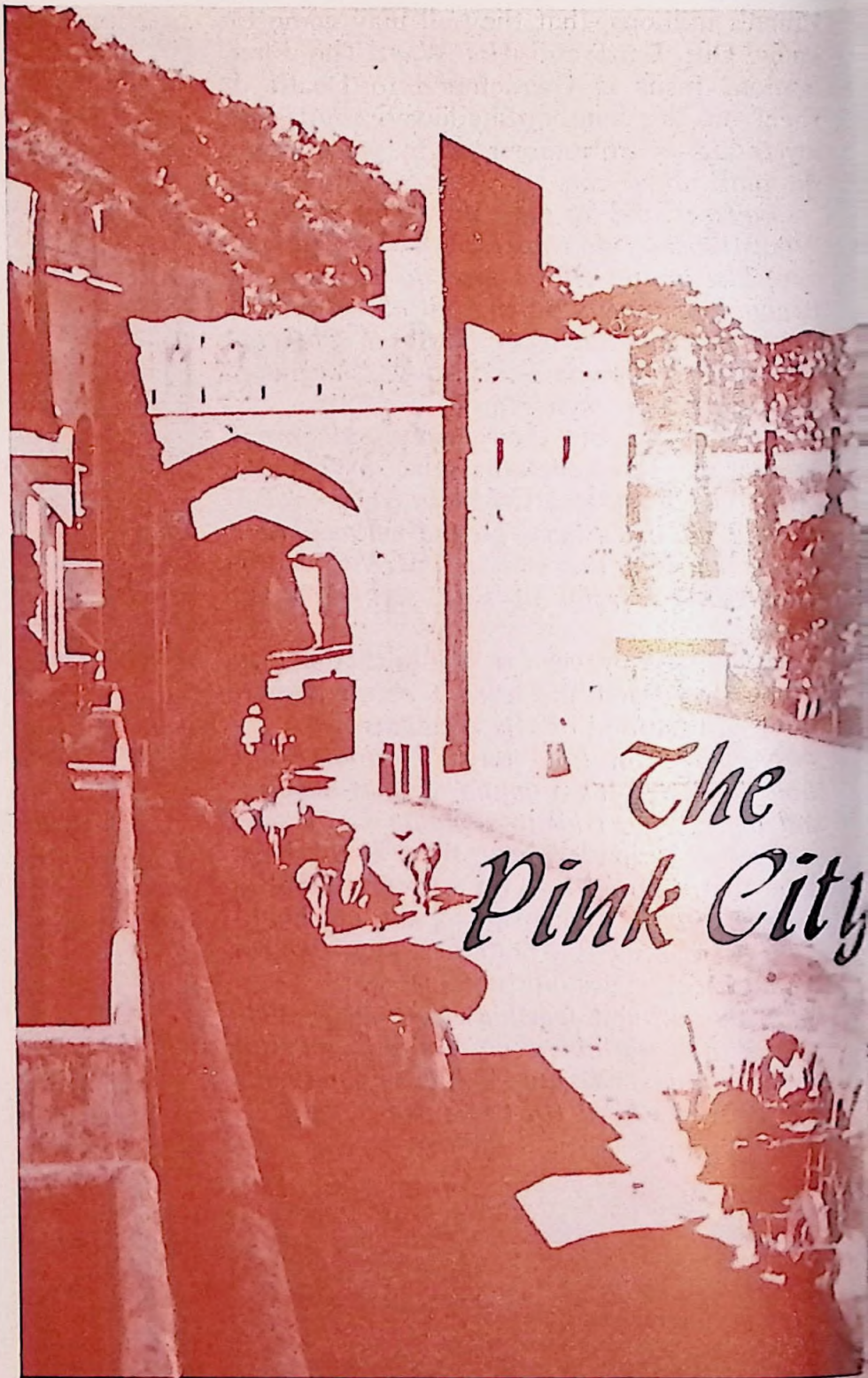
*Three times in Chinese Characters, "My Jesus I love thee." Chang Shih-chieh has signed and dated his public pledge.*

Strange grace that drives a Chinese youth to testify so publicly his devotion to the person of Christ, and I. . . . The final distraction, I give up. I say the prayers at the end to gain the indulgence. It is gained, but those distractions! The contrast, pagan souls, scandalized by the cross, groping toward the truth. Fervent Catholics proclaiming their faith in scribbled messages like the ancient Christians writing on the walls of the catacombs. I had made my Way of the Cross in and for China, but those side thoughts—were they really distractions? Did I really have a "divided heart"?

**FREDERIC J. FOLEY S.J.**

**S**AINT XAVIER'S HIGH School, Jaipur City, Rajputana: there is a certain lilt to that address and a provocative air of mystery as well. Like any great city of ancient India, it evokes a picture of turbaned Maharajas, of sparkling diamonds and soft glowing pearls, the dull flame of rubies and the deep liquid verdancy of emeralds, of splendid ceremonial processions led by towering elephants decked out in cloth of gold and spangled trappings. But even such a colorful picture does not reflect the unique charm of Jaipur. In a land of fascinating cities, Jaipur has an eminence all its own.

It is a city of rose-pink buildings that range from humble dwellings to ornate temples. The pink city sparkles like a jewel set in the soft grey dust of the Indian desert against a background of red hills. And golden sunlight, pouring out of a clear blue sky, fuses these varying tints into iridescent patterns. But color alone is not the single element of Jaipur's beauty. Its rose-pink temples with graceful domes and elaborately carved facades, its finely wrought archways of Persian inspiration, its noble palaces and impressive public buildings, its houses with fretted balconies and latticed windows, all are touched by the artistry of a race of craftsmen skilled in the use of line and contour and intricate design. Though the city is surrounded by crenellated walls that reveal its 18th century origin, there are none of the narrow, twisting streets that lend confusion to most oriental cities. Its thoroughfares are arrow-straight



One of the artistic archways which give to the Pink City of Jaipur an air of distinction and beauty.

and broad. They measure a spacious 111 feet across, wider than the boulevards of many modern cities. The narrow crossroads cut the thoroughfares with mathematical precision.

In color and contour, Jaipur City is like nothing else in India or the world at large. Tourists, arriving hot and dusty and fatigued over the last fifty desert miles of rail from Delhi, call it "fabulous" and "unbelievable." But Jaipur City is no mirage. It is as solid

HARRY T. BIRNEY S.J.

a reality as any city can be that is surrounded by walls of masonry twenty feet high and nine feet thick.

This fortress-like approach was dictated by conditions in the early eighteenth century when the Moslem Empire of the Moguls, centered in Delhi, was falling into decline and Hindu India was regaining its old ascendancy. The leaders in this restoration were the warrior race of Rajputs (the Sons of Kings). Their chieftains set up a chain of small, proud kingdoms in the desert west of Delhi, that were Hindu India's first line of defense and final instrument of victory. Together these kingdoms formed the territory of Rajputana, which is today a group of twenty-three Native States, each with its own Maharaja, but subject to the Parliament of the new Republic of India.

One of the most remarkable of the Rajput kings was the warrior, statesman, scientist, Maharaja Sawai Jai Singh, who ruled Jaipur from 1699 to 1743. His original capital was the impregnable fortress of Amber in the Aravali hills. But Amber was too remote and confining in its mountain fastness for the active and versatile spirit of Jai Singh. So on the plain below, six miles from the ancient capital and on the very edge of the spacious desert, he created Jaipur City in 1728.

In the intervals between campaigns of arms and diplomacy—and Jai Singh was as bold at the one as he was astute at the other—the Maharaja was an accomplished student

of mathematics and astronomy. The orderly design of his new capital revealed the mathematician as its spaciousness revealed a mind at home among the broad and distant reaches of the stars.

It was the Maharaja's interest in astronomy that brought the earliest Jesuits to Jaipur. They were received with utmost cordiality and housed at the expense of their royal patron. He built a chapel for them where he would frequently come to assist at Mass and leave a substantial gift upon the altar. The scientific collaboration between the royal astronomer and the Jesuits was not of long duration. For Father Gabelsperger died at Jaipur in 1741 and two years later death claimed the greatest of the Rajputs, Jai Singh, the "Lion of Victory." Astronomy was of no interest to his successor and Father Strobl's mission was concluded in 1745.

Now, after two hundred years, the Jesuits are again installed in Jaipur. Their coming was recorded for JESUIT MISSIONS by Father Thomas Downing in the issue of December, 1944. Today we are charting the heavens in a different manner from our predecessors, for our work is the education of young Rajputs. "Sons of Kings" by race, it is our prayer that grace will one day make them sons of the King of Kings.

The streets of Jaipur were laid out with mathematical precision and are 111 feet wide. The city is a model of bold designing that could inspire many a town-planner in traffic plagued America.





(Above) The Fourth Station in Tokyo's Passion Play, Our Lord meets His Mother on the way to Calvary. (Right) In the Garden of Gethsemane Our Lord is consoled by angels.



## *Oberammergau* IN TOKYO

LAST SPRING A GROUP OF JAPANESE CATHOLICS IN Tokyo decided to do their part in the Holy Year celebrations which were being held throughout the world. Their contribution was a unique one. As the Holy Year drew to a close they staged their own original Passion Play.

The whole idea had originated with a circle of friends around Francis Yamamoto, a musical composer of repute and a graduate of the Leipzig Conservatory. Acquainted with the famous Passion Play of Oberammergau, he suggested that something in a similar vein be done to set before the eyes of the Japanese people a picture of the Passion of Christ. The idea was accepted and a committee was formed. The proceeds of the production were to go to the Caritas Association for the relief of the needy.



Father Heuvers S.J.

For the realization of the plan they would need a text which was both worthy and workable.

So they turned to the man who could provide exactly that. Father Hermann Heuvers S.J. is the author of the religious drama "Gracia Hosokawa" and of the script for the film "The Twenty-six Japanese Martyrs" which is still being shown with undiminished success in the cinemas throughout Japan.

Although the possibilities were quite limited for any kind of a production on a grand scale



Father Heuvers came up with a text devoid of all theatrical pretensions and entirely in the words of Holy Scripture. It was a text that inspired Mr. Yamamoto to a musical composition of striking originality.

The play was by no means an abridgement of the one produced in Oberammergau on a much grander style. The whole production is set to music, with the actors singing their parts instead of speaking. It was not an easy undertaking for the cast of about a hundred persons consisted only of amateurs, mostly students from the Catholic schools in and around Tokyo. There is a significant note in the program of the presentation where it reads, "More than half of the actors are Catholics and the rest are in full sympathy with them."

The play was staged at the Marianist Brothers' Morning Star High School and capacity audiences were enthusiastic about it. The Catholics of Japan deserve high credit for their Holy Year celebration.

The entire cast of the Passion Play. They are all amateurs and a good proportion were non-Catholic.



# MORE PRECIOUS THAN *Uranium*

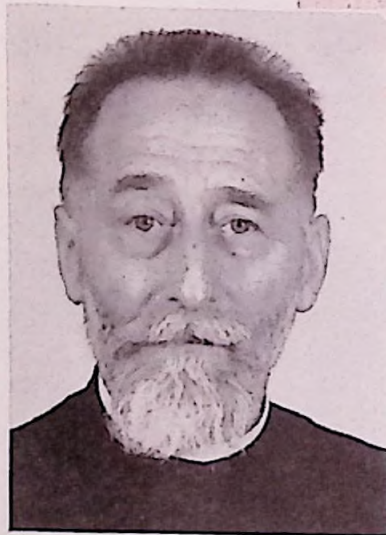
A RECENT ISSUE OF "The Saturday Evening Post" carried John Bartlow Martin's lead article, "The Big Uranium Rush of 1950." It chronicles the excitement caused by the discovery of pitchblende, the ore richest in uranium oxide and so necessary for the A-bomb, in the Upper Peninsula of Michigan. In the course of the article he mentions names that sent our imagination racing back over some three centuries.

Etienne Brule, the pioneer scout and bushranger, was the first white man to scale the rocks and pass beyond the Sault Ste. Marie. He traveled to the head of Lake Superior and found ingots of copper in Michigan's Upper Peninsula.

Scarcely had the trail to the West been opened when St. Isaac Jogues and his Jesuit companion, Father Charles Raymbault, planted the Cross at the Sault. As Jogues addressed the thousand Ojibways assembled there promising them, "after instructing you we shall go thither"—to the land of the Sioux and the headwaters of the Mississippi—little did he dream that on that same peninsula of Upper Michigan would be established the present Diocese of Marquette with its 90 parishes, 40 chapels and 63 mission stations where the sacrifice of the Mass would be offered regularly. Still less did he dream that 91,000 Catholics would one day bear witness to the glad tidings that he was announcing for the first time to these Indians.

Jogues returned to his Superiors in Huronia (Canada) to seek permission to establish this mission among the Ojibways, but never returned. God had other plans for him in the land of the Mohawks.

It was almost a generation later before



Father Paul Prud'homme S.J.



Father Rene Menard established the first mission cabin near L'Anse in 1660, spent the winter there and in the following year pushed on to the Bay of the Holy Spirit, now called Chequamegon Bay. What his motivation was we gather from his response to those who tried to prevent him from heading westward.

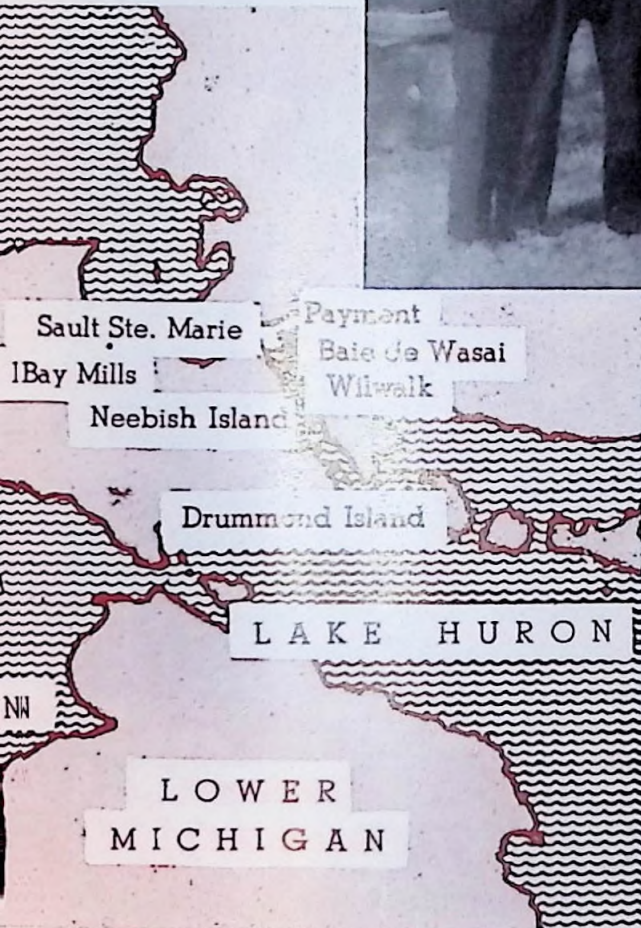
"God calls me. If I die it will be like St. Francis Xavier. Farewell, and it is the final farewell that I bid you in this world." Father Menard was separated from his fellow-canoeists on August 10th and never seen again.

In his wake came Fathers Claude Jean Allouez, Jacques Marquette, Claude Dablon and Gabriel Dreuillettes. How carefully these missionaries planted the Cross along

**ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.**



Fathers Prud'homme, McKevitt, Bateski, Malloy, Reinhardt, Bishop Noa, Fathers Lawless and Franczek at a Confirmation ceremony on Drummond Island, Mich.



The Upper Michigan Peninsula, still mission country.

the Michigan and Superior shores of the Upper Peninsula is attested by a map accompanying Father Dablon's "Relation of 1670-1671." At the extreme west we find "Mission du St. Esprit"; to the extreme east "Mission de Ste. Marie du Sault"; on an island in Lake Huron "Mission de St. Simon"; at the Strait of Mackinac "Mission de St. Ignace," and at the base of Green Bay, there labeled "Baye des Puans," "Mission de St. Fr. Xavier."

Almost three centuries have elapsed. The Upper Peninsula has become the Diocese of Marquette. Diocesan priests and members of religious orders serve the established parishes, but the Jesuit Fathers still criss-cross the peninsula to visit their Indian flock.

Father Paul Prud'homme, the successor of Fathers Chambon and Gagnier, is assisted by Fathers Lawless and Byrne in this apostolate. The chapels they serve show the growth of the work since the days of saintly Bishop Frederic Baraga.

The oldest structure still served by the American Jesuits was erected at Assinins in 1844. The next oldest is St. Lawrence's erected in 1882 near St. Jacques on Big Bay de Noc. The Chapel of St. John and St. Ann replaces St. Joseph's Mission (1861) and St. Therese's Chapel (1887) on Sugar Island. Other chapels are on Neebish Island; at Hannahville, near Harris (1946); at Stonington (1947); at Zeba, just north of L'Anse (1949); and St. Isaac Jogues Church (1949) at Sault Ste. Marie.

On weekdays Fathers Prud'homme, Lawless and Byrne offer Mass regularly at some dozen other stations extending from Watersmeet to Munuscong, and occasionally to some 50 or 60 Indian settlements of the Marquette Diocese. As they set out in their automobiles to some eighty pinpoints on the map of the Upper Peninsula of Michigan these three Jesuits are seeking something far more precious than uranium or pitchblende. They seek, as did Jogues and Marquette, the souls of some six thousand Ojibway and Ottawa Indians who still inhabit the land of their forefathers.



ANY CEYLONESE LOVES A CROWD, especially if that crowd is squeezed into the smallest space possible, and more especially if the crowd and the space are in motion, as in a bus or a train.

Recently I made a bus trip from Batticaloa to Welimada, a distance of about 120 miles. We covered the distance in the near record time of twelve hours, and I'm almost sure we could have broken the record if they had only allowed me to get out and push.

To begin with, the bus company deliberately misstated the time of departure. I had sent someone down the night before to find out the hours of departure. They were 5:30 and 7:00 in the morning. Preferring an early start, I went down to board the 5:30 but only to find that it had left at 5:10. A little peeved, I demanded a clear statement as to when the 7:00 bus would leave. The ticket agent owned up. It was to leave at 6:30.

At 6:30 I was in the front part of the bus

## *Swaying Along in Ceylon*

and trapped like a rat. Although the bus was loaded (to put it mildly), the Ceylonese bus driver calmly sat until almost 7:00. They are a superior lot, these Ceylonese bus drivers. As jobs go around here, their jobs are enviable ones. Their salaries are almost nothing, but "unofficial" sources of income

**MALACHY D. CUTCLIFF S.J.**

The Orient may not have the subways but it also has its rush hours. If Father Cutcliff is right in saying that any Ceylonese loves a crowd then everybody must be happy here.

are limitless, depending solely on the ingenuity of the individual. And the Ceylonese bus driver is usually an ingenious and enterprising rascal.

In Ceylon you can hail a bus from any place on the highway. Sometimes you see two persons, no more than a hundred feet apart, waiting for the bus. Do they come together and get on at the same time? Ha! Naturally this means two distinct stops. While this strums merrily on a Westerner's nervous system, it does not in the least disturb the other travelers.

Much time is wasted because of these frequent stops. But a lot of it is also spent in front of tea shops. The driver must have his cup of hot tea every hour or so. It takes almost as much tea as gasoline to get a bus to do 120 miles in Ceylon.

Nor does this tale of woe end here. It was my luck to be sitting behind and sharing a window with a gentleman who was chewing betel, a masticatory so productive that the chewer must expectorate every minute or two. Now, if you have ever sat windward of a tobacco chewer, you have some faint idea of what I was going through. Betel stain is indelible. As far as I know, I am the only Jesuit on the mission wearing a polka-dotted cassock.

All the grand heroic mortifications of missionary life which we conjured up when we were still Stateside we have managed to take pretty much in stride. But it is these thousand and one little unsuspected barbs that are our greatest sources of merit—if we would only learn to accept them with patience.

Patience! It is *the* virtue out here, the one most necessary for the missionary in the Orient. We are among people who are patient to a fault. And no ambitious, upstart American, be he engineer, health-officer or missionary, is going to budge them easily. The groove in which they exist has the depth of centuries.

The missionary's task is to energize the ponderous inertia of ages, to make them dissatisfied with their present lot and ambitious for progress—the progress of soul and mind that springs from the Gospel of Him Who came to bring not peace but the sword.

## Come, follow me

THE VIA DOLOROSA WINDS THROUGH the narrow streets of old Jerusalem from stage to stage of Christ's last sorrowful passage through the city He loved.

On Good Friday, the public Way of the Cross retraces, with compassionate solemnity, our Savior's agonized steps from Pilate's judgment seat to Calvary. The shining faith and profound grief of the pilgrims are unmistakable as they follow in mournful procession, chanting the sad strains of the *Stabat Mater*. At each Station they sink reverently to their knees in the open street. They are not deterred by the muddy or befouled pavements. Nor do they heed the curious or faintly contemptuous glances of casual passersby of alien faiths, or haggling merchants in the noisy bazaars.

The most impressive public Way of the Cross I ever witnessed took place on a war-time Good Friday. A group of Polish exiles had come to dedicate their sorrows to the Man of Sorrows. They had come to find in His cross the strength to walk to its last uncertain station their own *Via Dolorosa* that had already led them from Poland through Russian prison camps to the Middle East.

As they walked from Station to Station, they carried a great cross whose heavy beams lay on the shoulders of successive groups. It was not so much passed from group to group as it was eagerly grasped by the men and women, priests and laity, soldiers and civilians who formed the pilgrimage. I saw them as a symbol of a saving truth. It is not in reluctant subjection to the inevitable cross, but in willing acceptance that the cross of Christ imparts His strength and salvation.

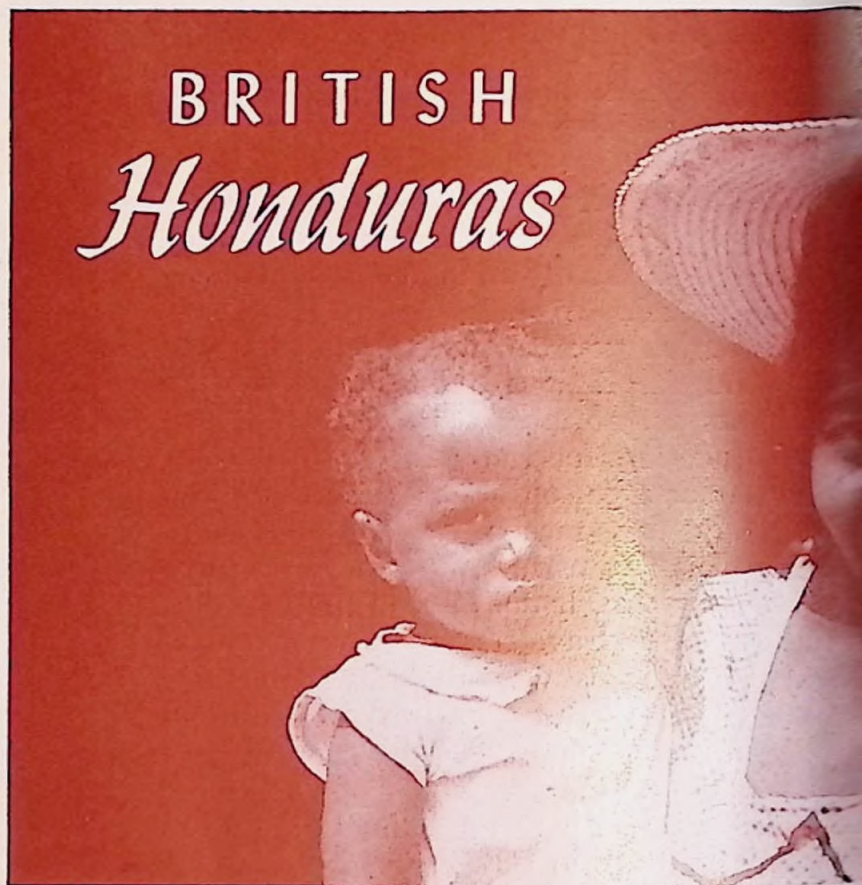
FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



Father John Murphy S.J. is stationed at Progreso in the Department of Yoro, Honduras.



Pallottine Sister M. Andrea at Punta Gorda.



The people of Central America are of various racial strains, Mayan, Guatemalan, and Spanish.



Father James Meehan, Mission Procurator.

**B** RITISH  
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Father Joh



Father Anthony Kuenzel S.J., now at Benque Viejo mission, prepares for a sick call in the bush. Good roads are a rarity in the colony.



(Right) Brother John Jacoby S.J., veteran missionary in Belize, heads a famous group of Scouts.

Spanish and African.

RAAS, LYING ALONG THE COAST OF CENTRAL  
 s once the home of the ancient Maya civil-  
 a haven for English and Spanish bucca-  
 oggany and rosewood, the banana and the  
 urrish in its rich soil, and a wide variety of  
 ng; its coast. Its population of 62,000—  
 amish and English—is 60 percent Catholic.  
 s of the Missouri Province are at work  
 of this land.

ment of the Republic of Honduras, is almost  
 Here, 8 Jesuits of the Missouri Province  
 ,700 people, of whom 85,000 are Catholic.

S.J., Superior of the British Honduras Mission.



Father Robert Hodapp S.J. supervises the carpentry shop.



## NOVENA IN *Jamaica*

"I WAS THINKING OF GOING TO JAMAICA during the first two weeks of March, Father, but then I would have to miss the Xavier novena, and I wouldn't do that for all the world." But how wrong you would be! I must admit that in years past when as a boy I bucked through the Boston snow and cold to pray to the only Jesuit I knew at the time (one dare not miss the Xavier novena in my family lest he disgrace the family), and in more recent years as a priest preaching the novena, I would have been tempted to agree with you; at least I would have nodded assent when you said, "But, Father, it can't be just the real thing way down there. It must be quite different." And we would both have been wrong!

One can only have unbounded praise for the mighty heroes of the past here in Jamaica, the silent and zealous priests who have preceded us and have set the foundations and established the devotions and customs for the people. One can only marvel

once more at the tremendous power God still chooses to exhibit through His great drawing card, Xavier, when one sees the crowded services here on all the good days between March 4th and 12th each year. One can likewise smile at the characteristics of the congregations, so very much like those he has left.

Were you to come to Kingston in the beginning of March you would find the same feeling of expectation among the Catholics, and even among many of the non-Catholics, as you would find in your native land. Engagements could not be made for those precious nine evenings. Those which had been made would be cancelled or postponed till after the meeting. Sodalties, Convert Classes, Ushers' Clubs yield to the pressure. "Don't forget the novena," "See you at the novena," "Who is to give it this year?", are the parting words during that time.

"But, Father, I wouldn't hear the same type of sermon down there, would I?" With

Father Raymond Fox S.J., who is in charge of the Cathedral of the Holy Trinity in Kingston, Jamaica, has been on the mission for a dozen years. Here he is shown with a group of converts to whom he gives instructions several times each week.



a knowing smile I answer "Yes." In fact, you might well hear one you had already heard before. The same topics, from the life of Xavier, or from the virtues, or from the sacraments and grace, which are necessary for the children of God where you come from, are also a must for His differently colored children down here. The doctrine of Christ is the same for all and St. Paul still preaches to us on Sundays in his epistles as he preached to the Romans and Ephesians.

You would find the congregation delights, as your old congregation, in singing. You would find that there are just as many discordant notes, which always seem to be the loudest. You would find some of the voices of an indescribable tone and pitch, seemingly meant to keep the devil away . . . it's

Father Leo Quinlan S.J., now at Half Way Tree.



bound to work too . . . just as you would find at home. You would also find the usual number of good singers (and this might surprise you a bit, since you perhaps expected to find them all Carusos). Likewise you would notice here and there those we might call the "Preacher's Delight," the type that nods approvingly throughout the sermon, tsk tsk tsking at the terrible sinners mentioned. And you, if you took the same seat every night, would find yourself surrounded by the same faces, since like you and the parishioners back home, they like to take the same seats each night, so much so that after the third night, strange faces in unaccustomed spots begin to worry the speaker. He wonders where the regulars are tonight. You will also find Xavier besieged with the same requests, for health, for a job, for peace in the family, for a good marriage. Now and then you will be startled by a new petition, that a divorce may be granted, or that whoever has set these devils on someone may call them off.

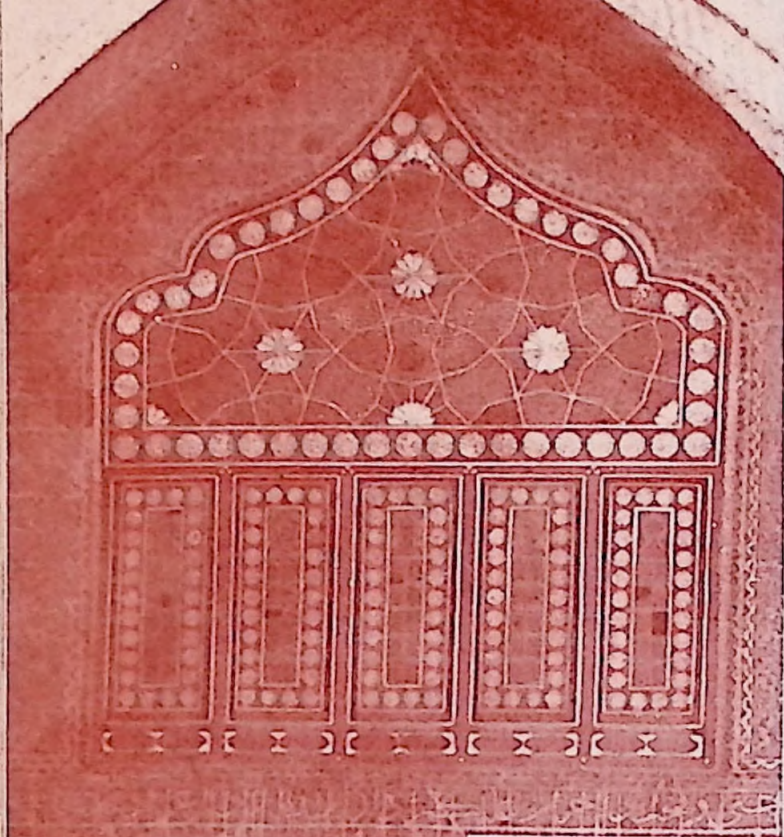
All is not complete similarity, though. In your home town the weather during the blustery month of March was taken as a challenge by the novena goer, and the colder weather, the snowier and rainier weather, did not diminish the throng. I said earlier that the church here will be filled on any good night between March 4th and 12th, but let there be a serious threat of rain, and the sermon is given to the empty benches. Church movies and meetings of all kinds yield to the rain. Again, this audience is much slower to laugh at the pleasantries(?) of the speaker in church, even if they have not heard the joke before.

All that I have said also applies to the other great novena down here, that to St. Theresa, the Little Flower. Along with Xavier she is Patron of the Missions and she has a special claim upon the affection of the people here.

What about the Sacred Heart Novena? It is growing, but for the present the meek and humble heart of Jesus is staying in the background and letting His great saints speak for Him.

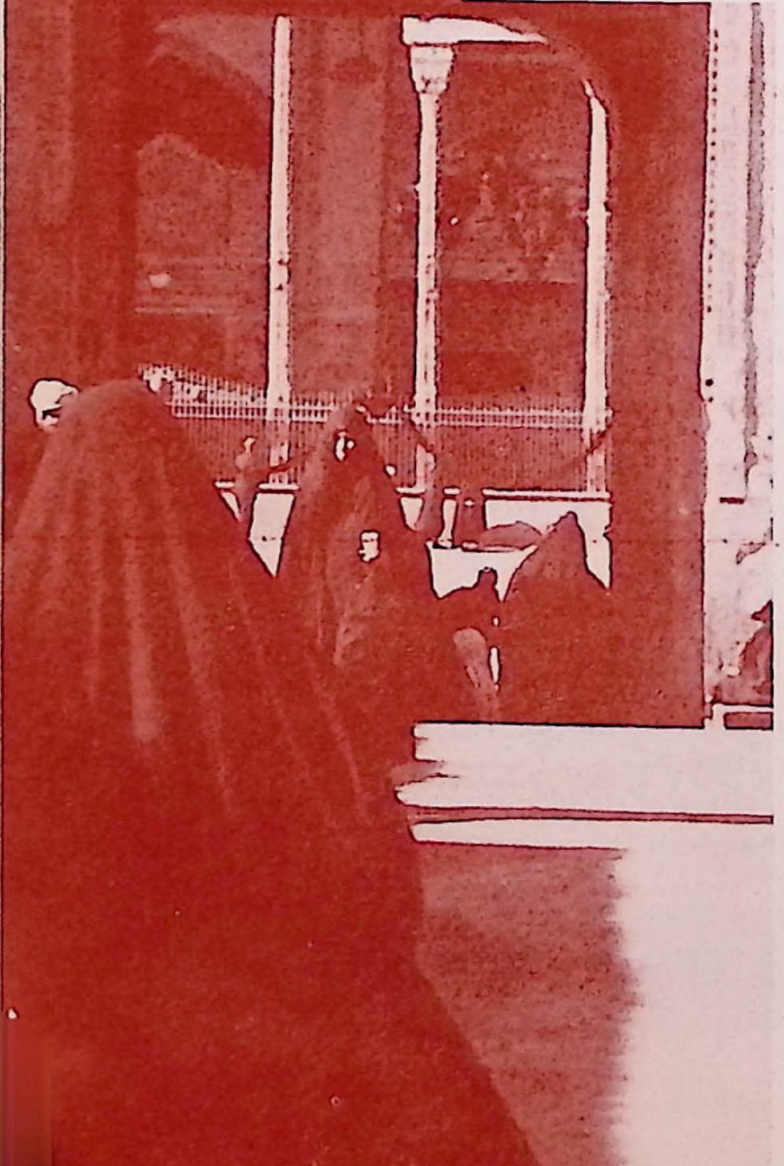
Yes, you could make your novena in Jamaica.

**LEO F. QUINLAN S.J.**



IT WAS A STRANGE SIGHT EVEN TO ONE who had spent some years in the East. I was peering into the darkness of a little office under the stands of the Scouts' Field, the sports grounds of Baghdad. There was Nuri performing the ritual prostrations prescribed for Moslems in the Qur'an. . . . Now, to see Moslems at their prayer in public is not strange. What was strange was to see one of Nuri's social position openly going through the ritual. The poor are frequently seen thus but then their utter poverty naturally, one might say, drives them to the arms of God and brings them to utter dependence on Him for they have no one else to help or defend them. But Nuri is a different case. . . . He is of the "effendi" class. We'd call him a white collar worker, educated and a graduate of the local normal school. He is independent to an extent and does not have to worry about rains and does

## My Friend Nuri



not have to seek out a new job every day as do the gardeners and day laborers you can see praying in the empty lots at noontime.

I did not know Nuri very well then but we have since deepened our acquaintance both because I so often have to take our boys down to his field for games and because Nuri is taking a course in English of which he is an avid and tireless student. He surely is an avid student. Often I've been standing on tiptoe with excitement as our soccer team was maneuvering the ball into a position for a score when suddenly there was Nuri nudging my elbow to ask how one forms the future continuous tense of the verb to speak!

So it has been that through the double bond of sports and English we have come to know one another better. But at the bottom there has been growing a further bond founded on Nuri's simple, albeit Moslem, piety. For we sometimes pass from a discussion of a relay team or the classes of adverbs to the realm of morals and theology.

The other day we were going over "The Prisoner of Zenda," Nuri's text for his coming exam for a Lower Cambridge English Certificate. The first chapter hints at a

Entrance to famous Khadimain Mosque, Baghdad.

scandal of a child born out of wedlock in the family of the hero. Nuri shook his head over this and went off on a discourse on women in the modern world. Nuri is no admirer of the modern freedom for women, a movement rapidly growing in Iraq. Nuri pleads that young men are weak, easily led on. That is why he sees a great evil in the discarding by young girls of the long black cloak which the older generation of women always wore and which covered them modestly from the crowns of their heads to the ankles. Nuri's opinion of women in general is very low, in fact. For him a woman has only half a mind. That is why they cannot, with their half a mind, take care of themselves.

These were interesting opinions for they are revelations of the Moslem mentality which dressed women with severe modesty. But what was also interesting was Nuri's clinching argument for such severe caution in women's dress. "Look at your Christian nuns," he concluded. "Are not they honored by everyone and yet they are covered from head to foot!" An interesting point, by the way, and one which reveals why it is that our Catholic convent schools are so well



THOMAS F. HUSSEY S.J.

patronized by high Moslem families.

But Nuri, though edifying in his concern about modern laxity, arouses my pity. He seems to give little place to the work of grace. There is nothing to help our depraved nature. His only solution is to remove every possible, every slightest, occasion of scandal. In his world there is no Blessed Sacrament to nurture purity; there is no Blessed Virgin to draw out the best in boys and girls. He does not know God's estimation of women (these beings of "half a mind") for His greatest creature was Our Lady, the Seat of Wisdom.

And, though he prays to God regularly five times a day (once he broke off a conversation in order to get home in time for the evening prayer), yet he stands in a fearful awe of God. "I become crazy when I try to think of God," he once admitted. The sweetness and deep calm of prayer to the Sacred Heart does not exist for him. May the Sacred Heart and the Seat of Wisdom enlighten him for "Nuri" means "light."

Mohammedans at their devotions. The book of the Qu'ran, the prayer beads and mat all have their place.

(Three Lions)

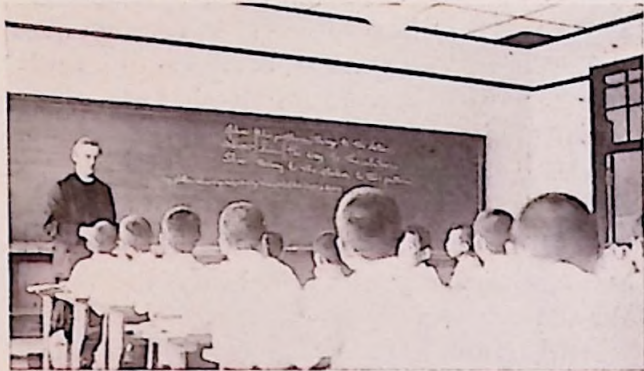


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# THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

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## MARCH: Catholic Education in Japan



Father John Forster S.J. in a classroom at Kobe.

**H**OW IMPORTANT IS CATHOLIC EDUCATION in Japan today? A partial answer may be obtained from the action of the Protestant Mission Board of North America. A news release issued by the Fides News Agency reported that in view of the present situation in China the entire China Protestant mission budget is being transferred to Japan. Protestant missionary groups already operate twenty-five well established universities throughout Japan. Another partial answer may be gleaned from the answer on a poll of religion conducted among 2,000 students of nine Tokyo universities. Over one-third of the students admitted they had never reflected seriously on God or religion; about two-fifths denied the existence of God and a third gave evasive answers. To a query on religion over three-fourths replied that they practiced no formal religion.

These responses were startling and emphasized the need of faith if a generation of students was to be saved from materialism, agnosticism and atheism.

In "The Importance of Education in the Missions" which appeared last summer in "The Missionary Bulletin" published by the National Catholic Committee of Japan, Father Joseph Roggenendorf S.J. stated: "In Japan, education is so important that it simply overshadows all the rest (i.e. spheres of Catholic influence through government, labor-management and writing). The figure of 17,000,000 Japanese going to school at this moment shows not only the healthy

broad base of youth in the population pyramid. It also proves the importance attached by the Japanese to school education, and that at a moment when material needs are most pressingly felt." But what is, or rather, what has been the Catholic answer to the education-hungry Japanese? Father Roggenendorf supplies the answer: "A little over a hundred schools (if we count the newly divided middle and high schools separately and leave out the kindergartens), many of them insufficiently equipped and most of them understaffed, capable of catering to a mere handful of 34,000 pupils."

But Catholic educational influence is not limited to the Catholic schools only. Of its 1,163 Catholic lay teachers 397 teach in public schools, 17 in non-Catholic private schools and 78 in Japan's universities. Religious and priests are also engaged as part-time lecturers in non-Catholic colleges and universities. Their influence both upon the students and their associate professors is far out of proportion to their numerical strength.

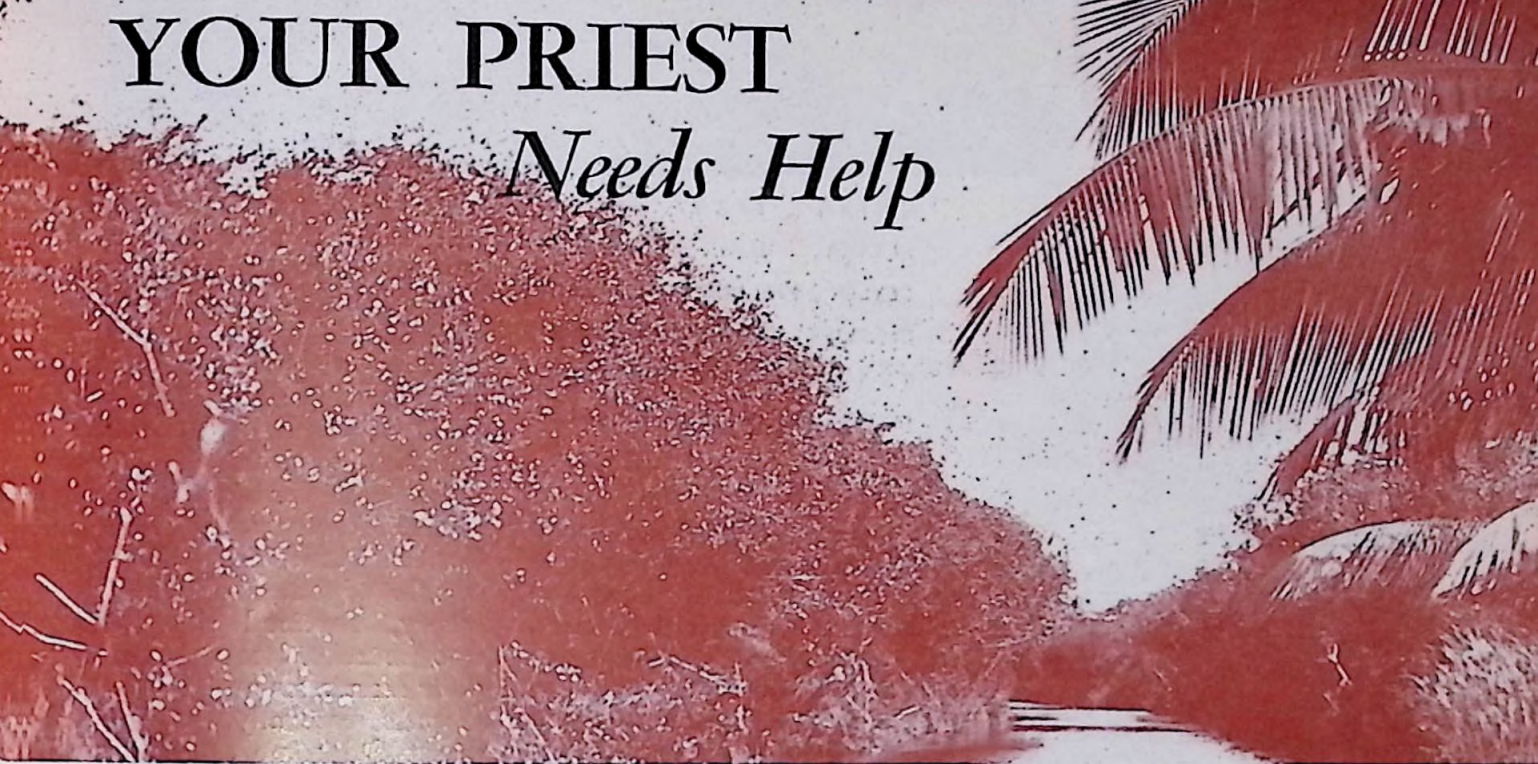
But there is need, urgent need, of more Catholic schools, more Catholic colleges and more Catholic universities in Japan if the Church is to wield its proper influence in the educational arena. Father Roggenendorf sadly observed of the higher institutes of learning under Catholic auspices: "There is not room enough in these few schools for our own Catholic children." And the sad fact must be added that to carry on the missionary apostolate through the schools eighty per cent of the students in Catholic schools at present are non-Catholics.

This month then we must pray the Divine Teacher that Catholics throughout the world will learn the importance of education in the missions and in accordance with their means cooperate with the Church in Japan to provide adequate Catholic educational facilities to strengthen the Catholic students in their faith and extend the advantages of Catholic morals and training to those not of the faith.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN S.J.

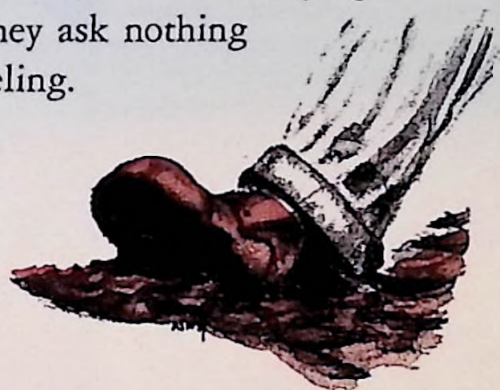
# YOUR PRIEST

## *Needs Help*



Would you travel knee-deep mud trails, or malaria-infested jungle rivers for two dollars a day? That is the ordinary day's work for bush missionaries of the Missouri Jesuits British Honduras Mission. They are God's representatives and yours in this tropical land, enduring heat, insects, loneliness, sickness for the love of souls. They take your place and do the work Christ Our Lord asks you and all other Catholics to do in spreading His Church. By horse, by jeep, by boat, by foot they penetrate to the river and mountain villages of the Indian and Negro peoples to teach them of Christ. For their people they build with their own hands village churches, dispense medicines for the sick, baptize and instruct the children, anoint the dying and bury the dead. For themselves they ask nothing but the necessary means to go on traveling.

Help them with two dollars for a day's expenses. Could you adopt a missionary for a day every month?



**JESUIT** *Missions*

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

# Afield

WITH

## AMERICAN JESUITS

### ISLES OF HOPE

As the year 1950 slipped un-  
easily into oblivion Father Vin-  
cent Kennally S.J., Superior of  
the Caroline and Marshall Is-  
lands, cast a look back over the  
months and found a silver lin-  
ing in the world-covering  
clouds.

"A great feeling of gratitude  
to God arises that He has made  
1950 a truly Holy Year for His  
greater glory. In our prayers of  
thanksgiving for that we do not  
forget the share that your pray-  
ers and your material assistance,  
financial and otherwise, have  
had in it. Many individual souls  
have been brought to Him. His  
Church has been established  
more firmly in some outposts of  
the Mission. A wonderful resur-  
gence of faith, accompanied by  
a real spirit of sacrifice and zeal,  
has arisen among the faithful  
due to renewed consecration to  
the Sacred Heart of Our Lord  
and the Immaculate Heart of  
Mary.

"On the material side, many  
new churches are in the process  
of construction. Most of them  
are of coral stone. This entails  
great labor as the people go  
out on the reef at low water and  
bring in the coral heads, weigh-  
ing from thirty to sixty pounds.  
These are then cut and split in-  
to rectangular shape. The blocks  
thus formed are fitted together  
and the walls rise. A small  
amount of cement mixed with  
the lime—obtained from 'burn-  
ing' the coral chips—is the bind-  
ing mortar. Men, women and  
children share in the labor and  
take pride in little marks of  
'style' they develop in the struc-  
ture. The cement, however, has

CHINA . IRAQ . INDIA  
ALASKA . JAPAN . JAMAICA  
CEYLON . PHILLIPPINE ISLANDS  
CAROLINE - MARSHALL ISLANDS  
YORO . BRITISH HONDURAS  
INDIAN AND NEGRO MISSIONS

more when possible. So it is  
slow, but a community work  
that knits the faithful together  
as well as the stones of their  
church.

"One of our most faithful  
catechists, Felipe, on the island  
of Ulul, to the west of Truk,  
died this year. During the years  
before and during the war, all  
alone, with no priest even visit-  
ing the island, he gathered the  
people together daily for the  
rosary, baptized the children  
and instructed them, witnessed  
their marriages and kept all the  
records carefully, so when a  
priest did come after the war,

to be purchased, also the wood  
for the door and window frames  
and the roof structure as the  
islands have no stand of trees  
for lumber. With the resources  
I have—thanks to you—I spread  
these out 'thin,' a little here, a  
little there and a 'promise' for

Bishop Baumgartner O.F.M.Cap. of the island of Guam and Father Vin-  
cent Kennally S.J., Superior of the Caroline and Marshall Islands Mission.





Father William Daly S.J. and John Lynch S.J., now studying Japanese.

he found a flourishing, well-instructed community. God will be good to Felipe. May his intercession in heaven bring us more catechists who are so much needed!"

### DILLINGHAM DISASTER

But at the same time tragedy was moving swiftly across the snowy tundra of Alaska. In the little town of Dillingham on Bristol Bay Father George Endal S.J. has his headquarters. Assisting him is Father George Boileau S.J. who arrived there last summer and reported at that time;

"A neophyte in the missionary game like myself has to stretch his legs to keep up with this man of vision, Father Endal. He thinks nothing of coming into a town with about twenty dollars, and in less than three years starting a parish and a school. His parish church and a house are nearly finished (if I ever become a better carpenter, I will get some of the outside finished for him).

"At present he is working with a carpenter and two native boys, Jonny and Wassili Snowball, on his new school about four miles from town. Your

correspondent has become the cook for all four of us. They have good stomachs! You know, when he first came here, Father taught in the old abandoned Native Service school. Now he will have one of his own, a foundation for the future day when Sisters will teach here, he hopes. Unfortunately, the resident Catholic population right here is not large. But in all the neighboring towns, some ten to fifty airmiles around, there are little groups of Catholics. Add to this a sizable group of natives who are Catholic and who come to the canneries in the summer, and one can see the work involved."

But the last word from Father Boileau came at the end of the year.

"I was at Anchorage when I heard rumors that Father Endal's new church and parish house had burned. So, I borrowed a Mass kit and flew there at once. The rumor was only too true. A strong north wind had blown sparks through a faulty chimney. All personal belongings, parish records, food, etc. had gone. And that included a suitcase of my own clothes and notes. Father had been teaching in the place of one of the local teachers who

had been called out of town by the illness of her son. So he was not home at the time the fire started. The townspeople pitched in and gave him a nice little cabin for the winter. He says Sunday Mass in the Union hall. Suffice it to say that Father Endal always looks his best in adversity. He did so now, too. So, we made plans for the next year, and then I took the plane for a tour of his mission districts."

### JAPAN REPORT

At Katase in Fujisawa, Japan, Father William Daly S.J. took a peek backward and then forward.

"Our first year at the Language School at Taura, Yokosuka, was interesting and unique in many respects. There were about sixty Jesuits in all, twelve of whom were Americans. The Spanish who survived the Red invasion sent the largest numbers to the Mission, and their priests and scholastics are here with fresh vigor and enthusiasm. They are equally anxious to learn English, but find it quite baffling to distinguish between Boston's Brother Cornwall's Harvard A and Mr. Lynch's Brooklyn banter. The others we have from Baltimore,

Fathers Lawrence Nevue S.J. and George Boileau S.J. snapped at Sitka.





Cincinnati, Cleveland and Ohio added to their problem. One interesting character is a Belgian Jesuit, who after escaping from a Nazi concentration camp managed to reach England through Spain and Portugal. After flying as an officer in the British RAF, he returned to Louvain to complete his doctorate. Now he is trying to translate all of that knowledge into Japanese.

"Others can tell of harrowing experiences with the Reds in East Germany, Hungary and old Czechoslovakia. A Mexican Jesuit joined us this year, in addition to the Brazilian and Italian scholastics. Although English is supposed to be the official language at Yokosuka, someone was not far wrong when he said, it was not exactly English, but 'broken English.' But after all, this was the year of the United Nations, not only in Lake Success.

"Every day brings home the consciousness of the tremendous potential that exists for the Church in Japan. The latest population will exceed 83,000,000. Compare that with 142,000 Catholics. Never in the history of the Church has such a challenge existed. For almost 300 years missionaries have been practically barred from teaching the Truth, but now the way is

open. Ever since the Emperor disclaimed his divinity, the multiplying millions of Japanese stand at the crossroads. Even though Catholic converts increased 30% last year, only 28,000 are under instruction now. Although missionaries have come from all over the world, the Americans are a perfect 'natural' for the job now, especially with the Occupation. The Japanese would rather study English than any other language. They would rather play baseball, even in winter, than any other game. They prefer American movies, American candy and the American way of life. They will not forget Bing Crosby and many want to be 'going his way.' Pray for us and them."

#### DOUBLE TROUBLE

Iraq has long been called the "Land of the Twin Rivers" but one of our most faithful correspondents, Father Joseph Connell S.J., Dean of Baghdad College, reveals that the Tigris and Euphrates have no monopoly on twinship.

"We have several sets of identical twins, and I was surprised to learn at a recent baseball game that all our Fathers were not aware of the presence of all these sets of twins.

Father Larkin's First A was pitted against Father O'Kane's First E in the very first baseball game these youngsters had ever attempted. I can assure you that the situation at any First year game is sufficiently complicated without the introduction of identical twins. Father O'Kane told his boy, Mansur, to sit on the bench, and perhaps he would be allowed in the game the next inning. It would be putting it mildly to state that Father O'Kane was disconcerted when he noticed the living image of the boy he had just benched swinging a bat as lead-off man for First A. Father O'Kane nearly jumped out of

## DEPARTURE



What are the feelings which a missionary experiences as he sails away from land into the unknown? Father Patrick Shaules S.J. of the China Mission has recorded in moving fashion one of the deep moments in a man's life. "We are on the high seas. About 24 hours have passed since we sailed out of Oakland.

"If I write the things which first come to mind this morning, it might sound strange to anyone who has not had a similar experience. Here I am at an important and dramatic moment of my life. I have just stepped out of the world as I have always known it, and said a final goodbye to the people I know and love. And what impresses me most is the way the giant cranes swing trucks and railroad cars onto the ship, and how the dozen welders quickly weld them to the deck with heavy iron

Fathers and students of Baghdad College enjoying a baseball game.





his cassock as he shouted, 'Get out of there. You're on my team—even if you are only a sub.' It took a bit of explaining to convince Father O'Kane that he was wasting all his voice on Mansur's twin brother, Nasir, a legitimate leadoff man for First A.

"Where Father Larkin was engaged at this point no one seems to know. At any rate, one inning later, when Father O'Kane's shortstop made a nice throw to first base retiring a First A runner (who had succeeded in hitting the ball as far as shortstop), Father Larkin became interested. He looked long at the shortstop, and then made



Baghdadis McDonough and Kelly and Father Joseph Connell S.J. at Nativity Shrine, Bethlehem.

bars! I do not think I am alone in this; all the talk I have heard among my companions has been about the ship and when we will sail.

"It was about two o'clock when I joined the others on the top deck to watch the Golden Gate Bridge and the coast of a continent known as North America fade away in the distance. Though there were remarks about last times and last looks, no one seemed to be experiencing any special emotions. It seemed as though that part of it had already been settled, and now we were simply occupied with the business at hand of getting out to sea and covering the six thousand miles of water which lies between us and our new world.

"For my part, I have been looking forward to this day in a very definite way since my appointment to the China Mission about seven years ago. It had always seemed to me that the day I would step out of this world on to the deck of a ship bound for the Orient, I

would try in a special way to leave behind there on the land my natural self with its human desires and likes in order to have nothing but Christ, and find all my consolation in Him alone. And what a joy it is to feel that deck under my feet now!

"In fact, during these days, I have had that sense of coming to an end of a great phase in my life. The many last farewells put one in the mood for looking back. The looking forward will come later.

"Strange to say, there was no sadness in it all. Nor did the other ten Jesuits seem depressed or anything but most happy and spontaneously cheerful. I haven't discussed the matter with anyone, but I am sure that they feel unworthy of causing the pain their departure obviously brought to people who love them. My last Mass on shore was said on the First Friday of the month in reparation for the sins I committed in this land, and for the benefit of those to whom my leaving caused pain."

determinedly for the field. 'Get off the field, Nasir,' he bel-lowed. 'Don't you know we're up at bat now?' There was a notable delay in the game while Father Larkin was apprised of the presence of twin brothers.

"Among our recent visitors were Mr. Richie, Dean of the Royal College of Engineering, and the prefect of the boarding section of that school. Our visitors made a very complete visit of our entire compound with the hope of picking up some ideas which may be used in their boarding school. When Mr. Richie saw Brother Parnoff pulling apart an automobile engine, he said, 'There's my man. He's really doing something.' Mr. Richie had often been impressed by the new appearance our school buses always appear to wear, whereas the public buses appear to grow old and decrepit after three months of service. In meeting Brother Parnoff he was seeing the reason why our buses always make a proud appearance."

## *Passiontide in the* **PHILIPPINES**



The realistic Scourging at the Pillar during Holy Week ceremony.

**S**TRANGE LANDS, STRANGE CUSTOMS. But if those customs have sprung out of the Catholic faith of a people how easy it is to understand them! It helps us to realize what a wonderful faith is ours, truly "Catholic" in its varied appeal over all the world, and particularly so here in the Islands.

Lenten regulations in the Philippines are not as strict as in other parts of the world. There are several reasons for this. This country has the exemptions granted centuries ago by the Holy See to the Spanish Empire and its colonies. Then this tropical climate is harder on the health than that of more temperate regions. Again, the health of the people in general is nowhere near as strong as that of the people in Europe or the States; their physique and resistance to disease is much less robust, as evidenced by the greater prevalence of tuberculosis.

Another reason is that as a general norm (exception being made for the more agricultural regions) the people here don't get as much to eat as those of other lands. Too many of the people have meat only a couple of times a year, on the feast-days; too many never have milk or eggs, or butter or even sugar. At the nearby town of Novaliches the main diet is rice and vegetables, with fish at times; and this is typical of towns

all over. It is true that the people do save of their meager stores for special occasions but in general their daily food is considerably less in kind and quantity than that of the Western countries. So, the Church, as a kindly mother, does not place any extra burden on her physically weaker children, such as the fasts common in other lands.

Yet the true spirit of Lent is strong here; that of mortification, of self-sacrifice, of trying to live in the spirit of Christ's passion and suffering. Their religious customs, generations old, show how well they received their Christian doctrine from the missionaries. On Fridays in Lent the Passion of Our Lord is sung in many Filipino homes. The music is, at times, very old—that of the early Spanish times; now and then the music of present-day Filipino composers is used. Usually there is enough musical talent in the family for this singing; if not, guest chanters are invited.

Another custom is the "Cenaculo" (the Cenacle or Last Supper Room). Twelve men of the parish who represent the twelve Apostles take supper with the parish priest in his convento (rectory). Then comes the washing of feet by the pastor, as Our Lord did for the disciples. There follows the Way of the Cross, with the priest and his servers leading the way through the town. The Stations are in different houses, paintings and statues showing the different scenes. The whole town joins in

the procession, saying the prayers and singing the hymns. The procession goes through the whole town. In church again, the rosary is recited and Benediction given.

Many of the country parishes have the custom of strewing palm branches and flowers in the path of the procession as it goes into the church on Palm Sunday morning; a memorial of Our Lord's triumphal entrance into Jerusalem. On Easter Sunday morning, very early, two processions are formed. The one of women carries a statue of Our Lady, covered with a black cloak; the one of men brings the statue of the Risen Christ. The groups meet at a platform before the church. Here, against a backdrop of painted clouds, a little child is "lowered from the skies" as an angel (a clever pulley arrangement is used). The "angel" chants the "Alleluia" and goes over to pull aside the cloak from Our Lady's statue. Then, as it were, Our Lady looks upon her newly-Risen Son and the people take up the rest of the hymn of praise and joy.

The faith is indeed a glorious tradition and a strong actuality in the Philippines. These Lenten customs are a splendid example of that. But there is a great need of

A holy day in the Philippines usually means a procession of some sort. Every barrio has its own patron saint and its own particular devotion to the Blessed Mother of that district. At the right is the procession of the Virgin of Peñafrancia and below the one in honor of Our Lady of Antipolo.



priests, so great indeed that there are many sections still without a resident priest, visited once or twice a year. So, your prayers for a great increase of vocations to the priesthood will surely be a blessing for our Mission.





# The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

The missionaries, aware of the threat of war and its consequent disruption of families and severe tests upon morality, desire to consecrate the families of their parishes to the Sacred Heart. It would be a protestation of their complete confidence in Our Lord's protection amid the tribulations of war. It also would be an inspiring consolation to the separated members of the family in realizing that there is a strong bond uniting them to the great Heart of Our Lord.

According to a recent report from one of our missions Sodalists are preparing 4,000 families to be consecrated to the Sacred Heart next June. For the simple yet impressive ceremony of the consecration each family should have a picture of the Sacred Heart together with a prayer leaflet. The picture can then be framed and hung in a prominent position.

Among the promises to St. Margaret Mary Our Lord said, "I will bless every place where a picture of My Heart shall be set up and honored." By consulting the Wanted Column you can help provide extraordinary blessings for the people of the missions. Certainly the Sacred Heart will accept such a gift as a prayer for equal if not greater blessings upon your own family.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

## Consecration of Families:

During June of this year the Jesuit missionaries desire to consecrate the families of their parishes to the Sacred Heart. As a part of the consecration they would like to supply each family with a picture of the Sacred Heart, together with a leaflet explaining the ceremony. To defray the expenses involved 25c is needed for each picture. If you respond promptly we could then purchase the pictures and have them actually in the missions by the First Friday of June. Your contributions should be sent to the business office of JESUIT MISSIONS at 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

## Vestments:

Time and again, requests have appeared in this column asking for donations for vestments. We now have on file a request from Father Regalado of the Philippines for a red and green vestment. Father Lange of Ceylon is in need of a complete set (five colors) of vestments, while Father Newell of Yoro needs a green cope and a stole for funerals. Since all of the Fathers are in tropical climates we would like to purchase a good quality of light material. Maybe you would like to give a set of vestments in memory of your mother and father or the men of the armed forces. Contributions in the amount

## JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

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Rev. John G. Furniss, S.J.  
51 East 83rd St.,  
New York 28, N. Y.

of \$25.00 for one set of vestments can be sent to JESUIT MISSIONS at 962 Madison Avenue.

**Altar Cloths:**

Like vestments, the missionaries are always in need of altar linens. We refer not only to the large altar cloths but also to the amices, purificators and finger towels. Due to present conditions, it is very difficult to purchase a good quality of linen. Import restrictions are becoming more rigorous. We would like to anticipate the scarcity of linen by purchasing an immediate supply. Can you send \$1.00 or more for the altar linen fund?

**Spring Farming:**

Father L. Fencil is in charge of Our Lady of Lourdes mission in Porcupine, South Dakota. Recently, he spent \$200.00 repairing a windmill as a part of an irrigation program. With the coming of spring Father is worried about replacing some of his old farm equipment. For his tractor he needs a plow, a disc and a harrow. The price of each is \$40.00. We would appreciate a prompt response to this appeal as the Indians will begin their farming before the end of this month.

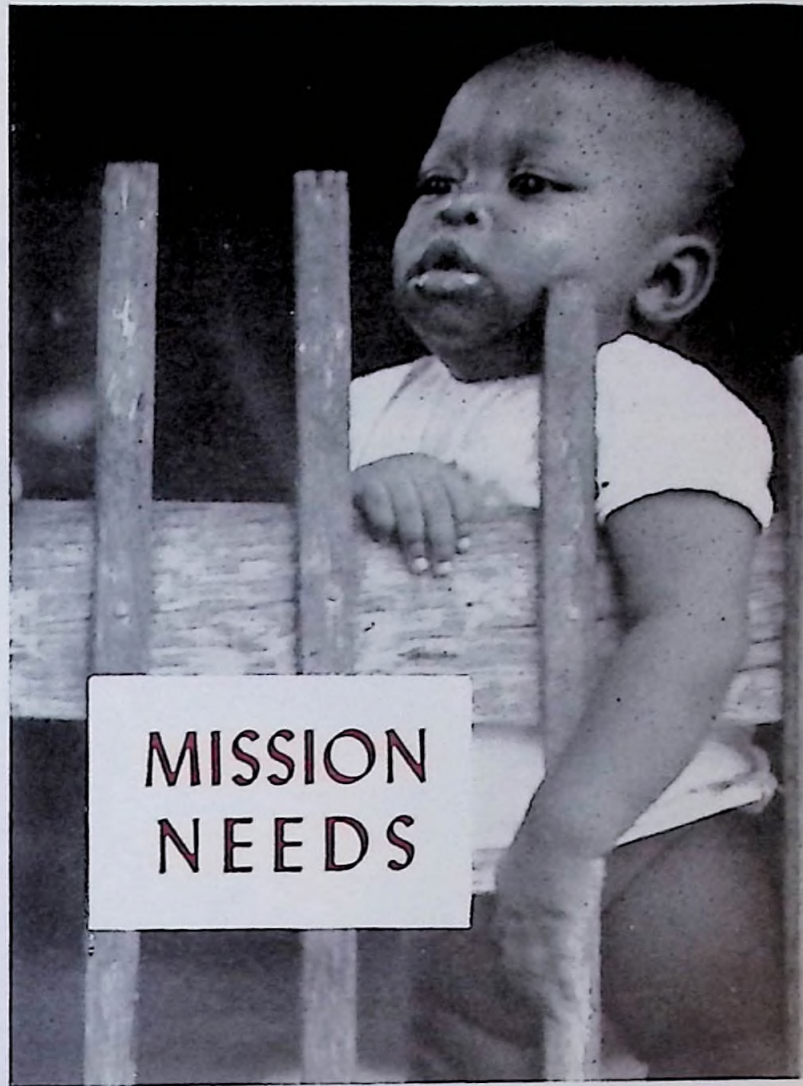
**Catholic Periodicals:**

Frequently, we receive letters at our office mentioning that families have accumulated a large supply of Catholic literature and would like to send the same to the missions. We list below the names of several missionaries who have well-organized distribution centers. Earnestly we ask that you send the reading material directly to the missionaries:

Rev. Henry Westropp S.J.  
 Rev. J. J. Brennan S.J.  
 St. Xavier's  
 Fraser Road  
 Patna, India

The Warden  
 Catholic Hostel  
 Loyola College  
 Madras 6, S. India

Rev. Joseph Reith S.J.  
 Mission in the Mountains  
 Malaybalay, Bukidnon  
 Philippine Islands



*in British Honduras*

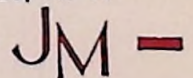
The ideal donation would be any sum of money to be used at the Mission Superior's discretion. Below is a checklist of other pressing needs.

COPE	<b>\$40.00</b>
VESTMENTS	<b>25.00</b>
WEEKLY WAGE OF A MISSION SCHOOL TEACHER	<b>10.00</b>
GASOLINE FOR MISSION BOATS AND JEEPS	<b>2.75</b>
CATECHISMS, ALTAR SUPPLIES	<b>5.00</b>

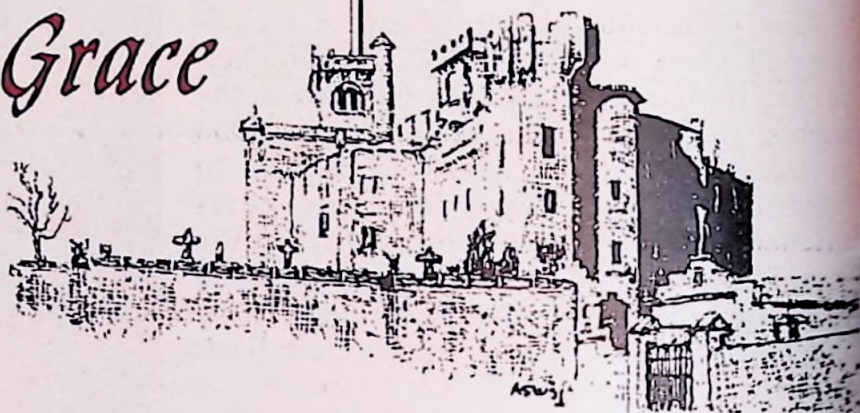
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**JESUIT MISSIONS**

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



# FOR YOUR *Novena of Grace*



St. Francis Xavier was born in this castle in Spanish Navarre and died in a hut on an island off the China coast. Miracles and conversions blazed his trail.



**S**T. FRANCIS XAVIER, the great Apostle of the Indies, whose preaching and miracles won thousands of pagan souls to Christ, keeps preaching still in the thousands of Novenas of Grace all over the world. He promised to use his powerful intercession with God to obtain for those who seek during the Novena of Grace "whatever they ask that would contribute to their salvation." Be sure to make your local novena from March 4th to 12th.

JESUIT MISSIONS has published an eight-page folding leaflet containing the essential prayers and hymns and history of the novena, illustrated with colored pictures. Prices are \$15 per thousand, \$2 per hundred (postage additional). Single copies will be sent on receipt of a self-addressed stamped envelope together with 5¢.



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