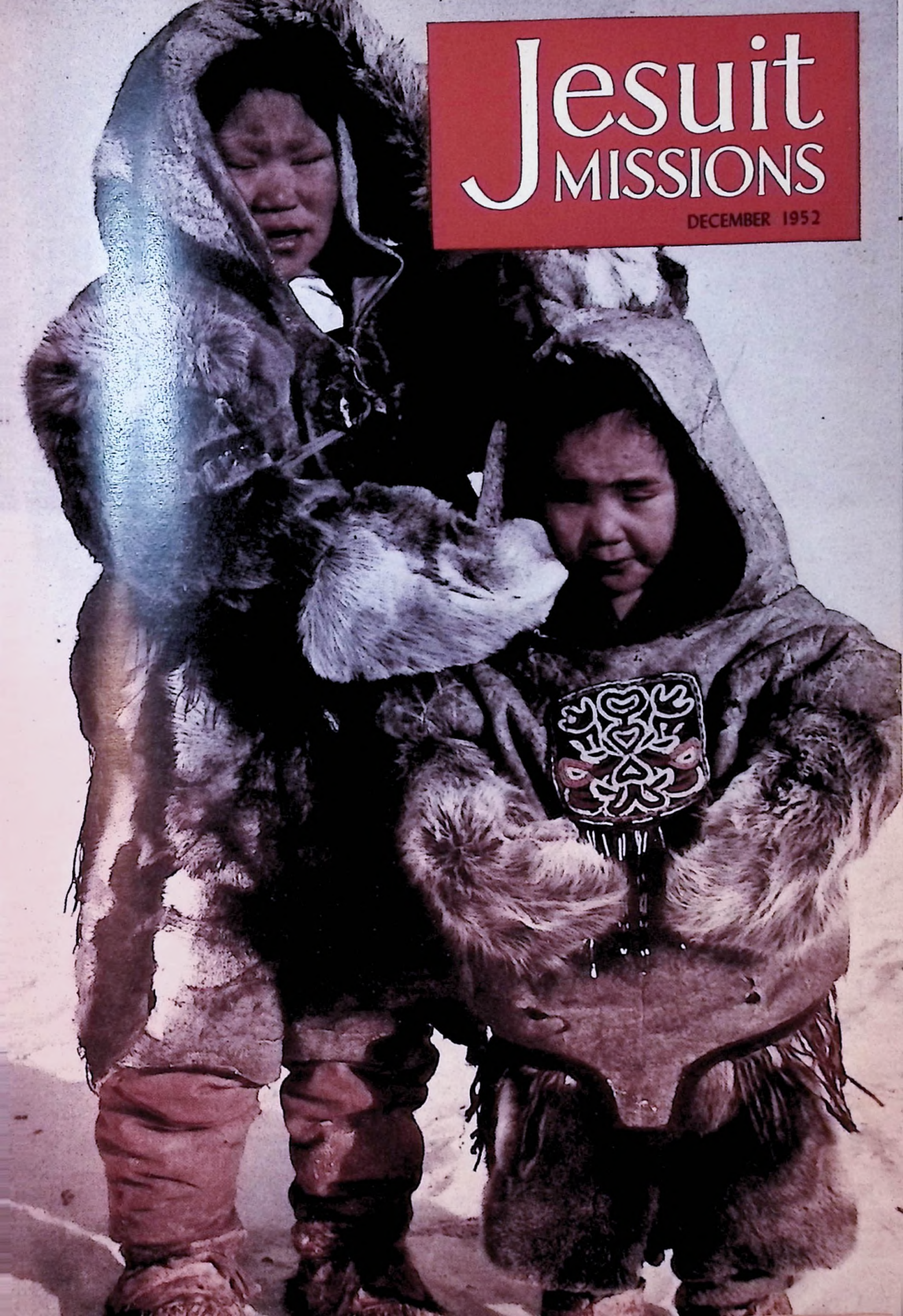


Jesuit MISSIONS

DECEMBER 1952



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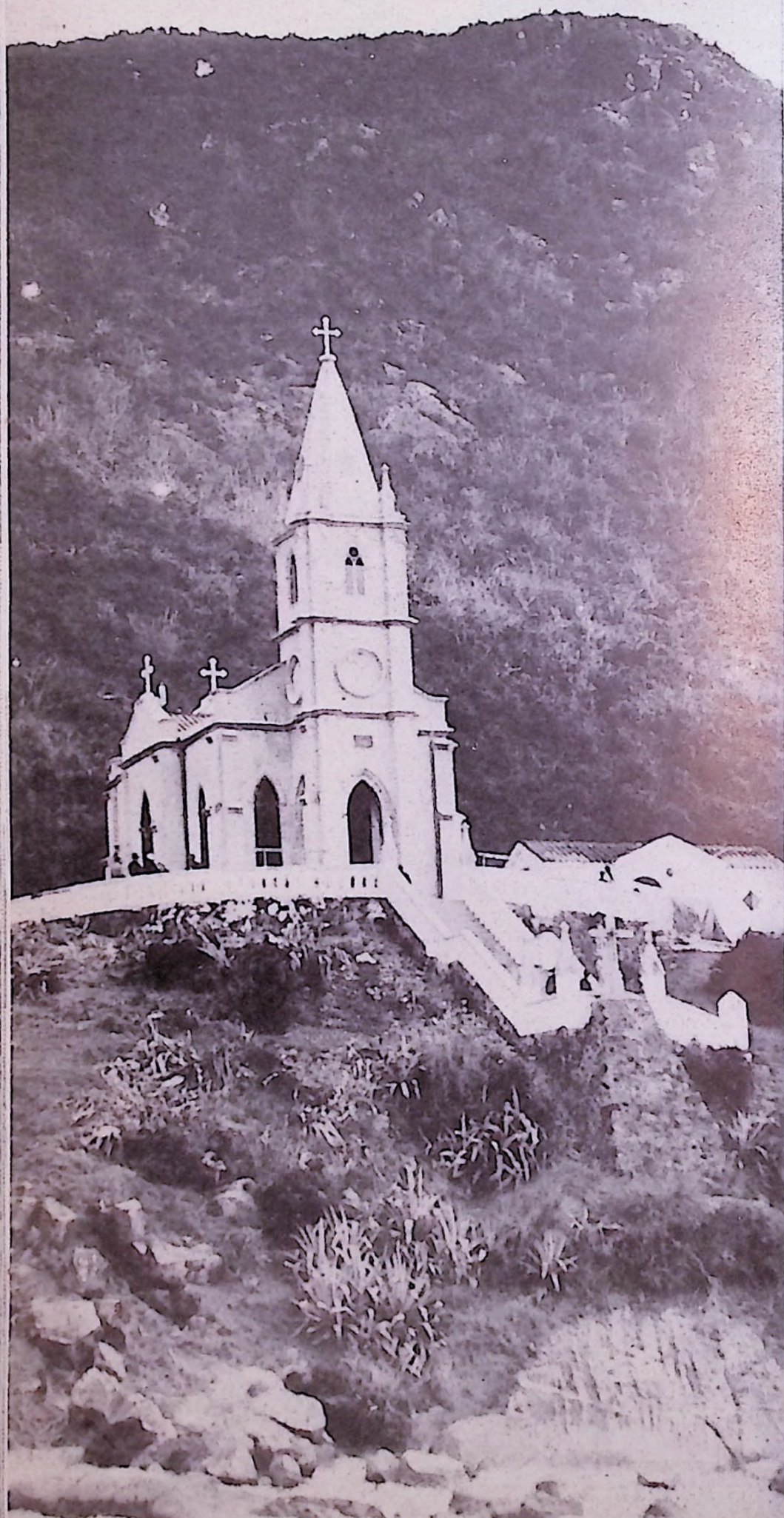
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MISSIONS

VOICE OF 1,114 AMERICAN JESUITS

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MISSION MILESTONES

- 1545—St. Francis Xavier lands in Malacca.
- 1546—Xavier sails for the Moluccas.
- 1613—First attempt to start a mission in Tonking and Cochinchina fails.
- 1617—Second effort to begin mission work in Cochinchina meets with great success.
- 1627—Beginning of a mission in Tonking.
- 1630—Missionaries reach Siam.
- 1654—Missions flourish in Tonking, Siam, Cochinchina, Macassar and Cambodia.
- 1668—Beginning of Marianas Islands Mission.
- 1699—Persecution breaks out in Siam.
- 1743—Three missions are begun in the Carolines.
- 1878—Beginning of mission in Mangalore.
- 1902—Division of the Missions of Netherlands East Indies.
- 1910—The first co-operative credit union is set up in the mission of Chota-Nagpur.
- 1952—American Jesuits are stationed in Moen, Fefen, Odot, Tol, Ponape, Awak, Kitii, Tamoroi, Koror, Yap, Likiep and Jaluit.

Christmas is a busy time for the missionary. There are so many things to be done, so many details to be attended to that Christ Our Lord may be born again, not in a rich but in a reverent and holy manner in Alaska, in Japan, in Baghdad, in India, and other parts of the world.

You who are mothers and fathers of families will understand the many duties which prevent the missionary from sending to each of you his personal Christmas greetings. We know, then, that you will permit us, the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS, to express to you what we know is in his heart and in his prayers at Christmastide—deep gratitude to you and to the Babe of Bethlehem who has inspired you to give so generously.

So from the Editors of JESUIT MISSIONS in the name of our 1,114 Jesuit missionaries throughout the world, a Blessed Christmas and a Happy New Year.

COVER. There is nothing romantic about the winter weather in Alaska. It is cruel and cold even to little children. Yet there is a warm spot in the Heart of Christ for these people. American Jesuits spend their lives shepherding them to Christ.

Alaska

EDMUND A.

ANABLE S.J.

ALASKA is a long way from the town where Christ was born, but at Holy Cross is a town for children that is close to the spirit of Bethlehem.

rather considerable establishment of Holy Cross.

The first of the permanent boarding schools of Alaska, the largest of the mission stations, as well as the center from which so many other missions had their start, Holy Cross today is a little of a jumble of the past, mixed with the modern and the present.

The home for some dozen Sisters of St. Anne, two Jesuit Fathers, four Jesuit Brothers, two Scholastics and a hundred and seventy children of assorted sizes, sexes, breeds and dispositions, Holy Cross shows its age in the weather-beaten, sagging, sprawled-out buildings

which form a little city, all its own, on the banks of the swirling, muddy Yukon.

It bears no resemblance at all to the "little city of Bethlehem" where Christ was born. But it is a sort of Alaskan Bethlehem. For here Christ is born in the minds and hearts of hundreds of children of the frozen north who go to school, work, play and live throughout the year with missionaries dedicated to the task of making Christ live in the children of Alaska.

Like all schools, the accent at Holy Cross is placed upon the education of the youngsters.

A Merry Christmas from Mr. Poole S.J. to a tiny Eskimo.

IT WAS A DARK, GREY AND WINDY DAY when I arrived at Holy Cross. We had started off an hour and a half before from Nulato and had flown down the Yukon, just above the tree-tops, mile after empty mile, with nothing but an occasional summer fish camp, abandoned for the winter, to show any signs of human habitation in the vast stretches of frozen land. And finally, tossing like a ship in a storm at sea, the little Piper plane had rounded a hill, and there, spread out to our right was the

Bethlehem



To the ordinary visitor, the points of interest lie in the four classrooms, where the Sisters struggle so valiantly to instill into so many black-haired heads the fundamentals of the "three R's" and the catechism. Other guests will be more interested in the machine shop where Brother Feltes quietly trains the larger boys in the mysteries of lathe and welder and the ignition and carburetion systems of all varieties of gas and diesel engines. Still others gasp at the splendid fur work done by the larger girls, as they make the parka jackets which have become famous in Alaska and have won prizes at every fair and contest in which they have been exhibited.

These all form the apparent points of interest at Holy Cross. But to a missionary, these are merely the result of literally thousands of other things. They can be done and can be appreciated because of the quiet and steady men and women who year after year, in obscurity and silence, continue their work for God. The real story of a mission school lies, not in the youngsters who are trained, but in all the hidden things which make the training possible. And these are the things which are almost impossible to tell and be understood.

In the books kept by Almighty God, there are sure to be a number of pages inscribed in gold, pages entirely devoted to the work and the lives of such men as Brother Hess, men whose days from early morning to the late hours at night are spent in a thousand and one tasks which must be done if the work of the mission is to go on evenly. Hands gnarled by hours with pick and shovel, hands whose veins have been swollen with piercing cold, hands which are almost as busy as that methodical brain which is constantly searching for other ways to make the mission better and more efficient. Surely in the days of eternity to come, when those busy hands will be at rest, the labors of the Brothers and their sacrifices and

sufferings, borne in silence and willingness will be richly rewarded by Him who has promised an eternal reward to those who give so much as a cup of water in His name.

How shall one write and fittingly describe the missionary spirit of a Father Greif who, preparing for his trips to the outlying missions, first sees to his Mass-kit and then makes sure of his accordion. And when the instructions have been given and the catechism has been taught, the accordion provides the music for a dance, that he may be a Father in all things to his people who have so little. And when the dancing is over, the strains of a hymn to Mary or to the Sacred Heart of Jesus, give a lasting reminder of the God who loves them so much.

There is no way for one to write that others may understand, really understand, the zeal and unselfish spirit of a Father McIntyre who leads the little religious community, and bears upon his slim and wearied shoulders the responsibility of the mission and village.

There is no voice to sing the praises of the Sisters who for close to seventy-five years have lived the truly hidden life, whose calm acceptance of poverty and sacrifice, whose continued labors take in the whole field of human relations, the infirmary, the kitchen, the laundry, the sewing rooms, the dormitories, the recreation rooms, and all the multitude of things which only a woman can do.

Yes, there is a Cross at this mission, a Cross which is heavy and constant and hard. But thanks to Almighty God for the generous men and women who are bringing Christ to that part of the Frozen North, it is indeed a "Holy Cross."

Big sister takes care of one of the many little ones at Holy Cross Mission on the Yukon.



SINCE THE DAYS OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER some of the most implacable enemies of the Catholic faith in Japan have been the Bonzes, who are the monks and priests of Buddhism. It took an atom bomb to change all this. As we know, the first atom bomb fell on Hiroshima which was a very strong center of Buddhism, and it has been from Hiroshima that a generally favorable and cooperative attitude towards the Church on the part of the Bonzes has sprung up.

Shortly after the end of the war a Buddhist Bonze arrived at the doors of the Catholic University in Tokyo asking the Jesuit Fathers there for collaboration with him in the struggle against Communism and materialism. His specific request was that some Father give a series of conferences to the Buddhist monks and people of the Hiroshima area. Father Hugo Lassalle S. J. immediately sponsored the idea, and through an old Bonze friend of his succeeded in forming an organization called "Association to Promote Religious Ideals." This association became a reality at a meeting of six Jesuit Fathers and twelve Bonzes in a tem-

Bonzes of Hiroshima inspect the foundations of the new Catholic church with Father Lassalle (right) the one who is chiefly responsible for their friendly attitude towards the Faith. (Below) Huge Buddha statue common in Japan.

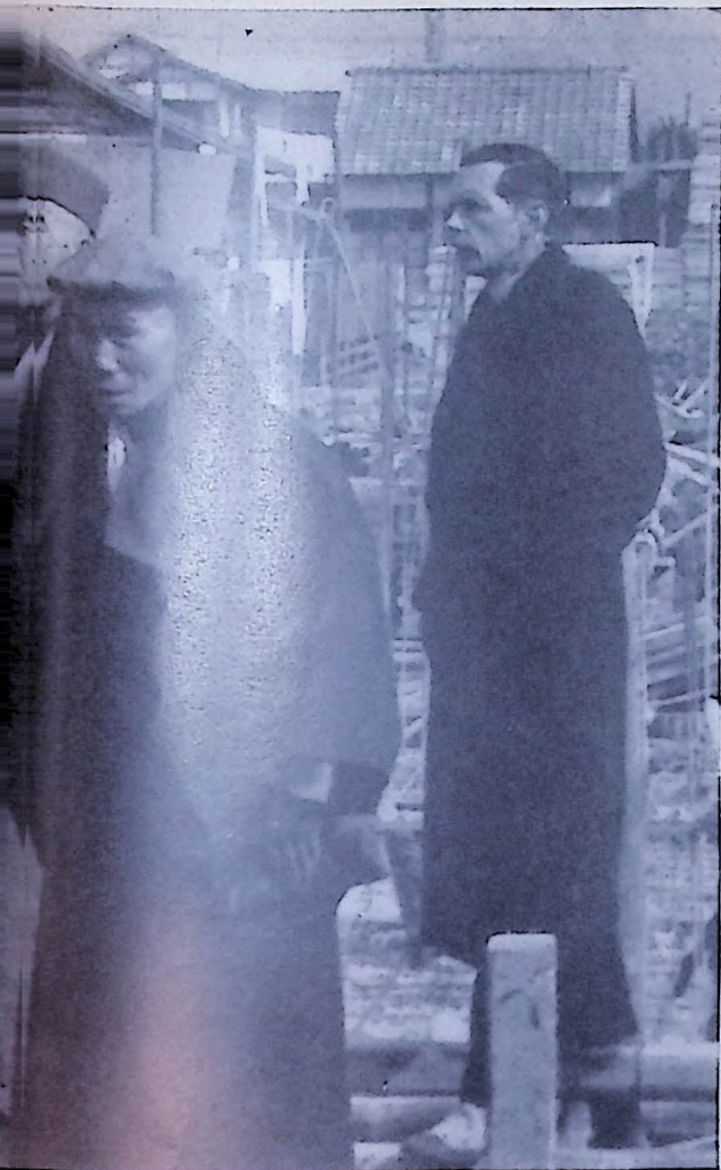


The A Bomb

ple in Hiroshima. Practically, it was decided to have a series of conferences in which a Bonze and a Catholic priest would be the speakers.

In the province of Hiroshima there are more than 300 temples of the Buddhist Soota sect. It was impossible to go to all of them, but they began by visiting the most important of these. The conferences were held usually in the temples themselves, sometimes in the schools or other public buildings. The audiences reached as high as 1,000 hearers. After the conferences, discussions took place, and questions were asked, the sessions usually lasting until very late.

At the beginning of 1951 the first general meeting with the Bonzes was held in Hir-



starts a Friendship

oshima, partly in a Buddhist temple there, and partly in the Jesuit novitiate. At the novitiate the Bonzes stayed for the night, and in the morning all of them heard Mass. At this meeting the most difficult theological questions were discussed, such as the Holy Trinity and the Divinity of Christ.

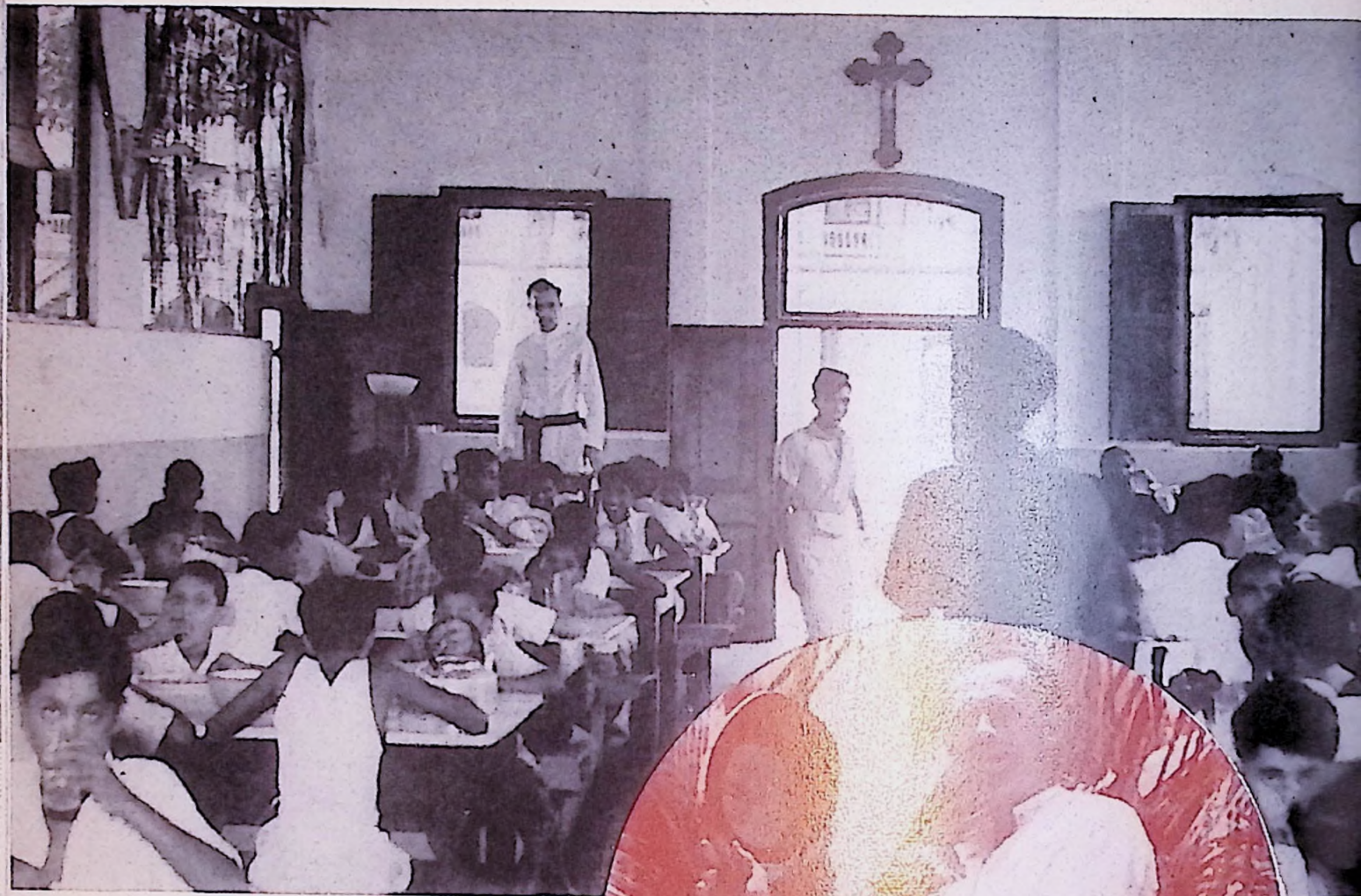
Father Lassalle, who was the leader in the movement for friendship with the Buddhists, had for many years increased his knowledge of the Buddhist religion by reading and contact with the Buddhists themselves. It finally dawned on him as far back as 1942 that the only way in which he

could thoroughly understand the religion of Buddhism was to make, if possible, a retreat with the Zen-Buddhist monks. Some months later he had to make a trip to a Buddhist monastery—a kind of novitiate.

Father Lassalle came to the monastery on the day assigned, and the master explained to him the nature and time of the retreat.

During the meditation the novices sat down in a squatting position with their faces towards the blank white walls without moving at all during the entire two hours of the meditation. Standing behind them was an old Bonze keeping watch on the younger ones. In his hands was a heavy bamboo stick, and if one of the novices nodded in sleep or tried to change his position, he would use it. "You can't imagine," said the master to Father Lassalle, "how many of these sticks have been broken on the shoulders of the novices in this room." Father Lassalle succeeded in getting through the "retreat" without too much difficulty, and as a result, was much better prepared for the work of understanding Buddhism than he would have been just by reading books.

Although some of the other Fathers helped Father Lassalle in this new apostolate among the Bonzes, he had to continue it alone from 1948 to 1951 due to lack of missionaries. Then he was obliged to drop it temporarily while he directed his energies to the construction of the Peace Memorial Church which is being erected at Hiroshima in memory of those who died in the atom bombing. But although Father Lassalle could not visit the monasteries, the Bonzes continued to visit him. Many of them came to see the new Peace Memorial Church, and some of them offered to collect alms for it from their Buddhist parishioners. This interest and enthusiasm of the Bonzes towards the Catholic Church still continues today. Some of them have the ambition of obtaining instructions of the Catholic faith, and becoming themselves Catholic catechists among the masses. Some of them, too, have expressed the hope of becoming Catholic priests, but there is a difficulty here since they have wives and children. In general, however, the apostolate among the Bonzes was never so promising as it is today.



The study hall at St. Michael's College. (Inset) Mr. Moran, the author. (Right) The author oversees the printing of the school paper which is called "The Singing Fish." Batticaloa boasts of a type of fish which makes a musical note. Many of them together sound like an orchestra tuning up at the beginning of a concert.

BATTICALOA *from the Study Hall*

IT IS STUDY TIME FOR THE BOARDERS NOW and I am sitting in the back of the study hall keeping an eye on the kids to see that they study. About half of the younger kids are in bed. If they weren't, you can be sure I would not have a chance to be writing now, here at St. Michael's College, Batticaloa, Ceylon.

Most of the boys in the study hall are dressed in sarongs and undershirts. Some have even taken off their undershirts but tonight I don't mind. Not that it is really

hot this evening; we had a good rain just at dark, the first one in more than a month, but it is moist and sticky. Two of the smaller kids just put their heads on the desk and have begun to study the visions of dreamland. Oh, I suppose it doesn't make much difference, they wouldn't be able to study anyhow if I woke them.

Outside a couple of dogs are swapping the gossip of the day. Their barking doesn't seem to be noticed, nor is the rhythmic beat of a tom-tom, a strange noise. There is a procession going on at the Hindu temple about four blocks in back of us and a lone drummer is beating his mournful tune for one of the gods.

In the street you can hear the thin, straining sound of a little English-made car as it turns just in front of the gate. The tingle of the bullock's bells as he labors by with the last load of firewood is slow and the wheels of the cart rattle with the tired effort of a heavy load.

Sitting here waiting for the end of study I like to play a game with myself, a guessing game. I like to guess what is behind the strange noises drifting into the Study Hall. It gives me a good cross-section view of what Batticaloa is really like.

First of all you must know something about Batticaloa. Batticaloa is an overgrown village on the east coast of Ceylon. I say



overgrown village because it has more to it than the ordinary village. It has paved streets, electric lights, one permanent cinema and one temporary one. The Police Station has an A.S.P. (Assistant Superintendent of Police) in charge. The Government Agent for the Eastern Province lives here and so do some 15,000 other people.

But if you judge by the houses, the number and size of the stores, the absence of telephones, the fact that there is still a cemetery right in the middle of the public esplanade, if you judge by the number of cows wandering about in the street, you must admit that Batticaloa is still very much a village. Officially Batticaloa is called an Urban Council, but for our purposes we will call it an overgrown village.

Start with the kids studying. We have 95 boarders here at St. Michael's. More than half of them are from villages in the Eastern Province. They have come to St. Michael's to get an English education because none of the villages have anything but vernacular schools. To look at them you would think that they are younger than they really are, that is, if you judged by their size. The Eastern Province is the poorest of the six provinces in Ceylon with the result that many of our boys have been underfed, or not given the proper foods to build them into the big strong men you find in, say, Texas. They are really a swell bunch of kids when you get to know them.

The noise of the tom-tom is still there. This is the time of year when many Hindus make pilgrimages to a temple south of Batticaloa. Every day or so you can see a group walking past the College to the temple here for a brief rest before they begin the last 50 miles of their pilgrimage. When they gather at the temple they make an offering of some coconuts and if there is a drummer on hand to lend solemnity to the occasion, all the better.

The cycle is the most common means of transportation. A teacher, a clerk in a Government office, a railway workman or a school boy will have a cycle. The postal delivery man comes on a cycle, the police to answer a complaint on a cycle, the clerk at the courts, the man who sells tickets at the theatre, the town photographer, all depend on their cycles.

The bullock cart is used to transport heavy goods. Coconuts are brought in from estates, freight is brought from the railway station, lumber and tiles are transported for a new house, rice is taken to the mill in a bullock cart. There are some carts used as taxis too.

WILLIAM H. MORAN S.J.



Fr. Koller can put up a stiff fight.

A SCHOOL Survives

BARTHOLOMEW LAHIFF S.J.

TALISAYAN (PRONOUNCED TALLY-SIGH-ON) was not much different from thousands of other small towns in the Philippines. But unlike most of them, it did boast of a Catholic high school, Mount Carmel, thanks to the sweat and sacrifice of the three men who had been pastors there. Having survived the scourge of war, Mount Carmel was deep in its task of training the future Catholic laity of that region. Father Gordon Koller S.J., the present pastor, looked hopefully to the future.

Then it happened, quietly, suddenly. Into town came one of those people who pose a serious threat to education in the Philippines. To him, it seemed that operating a school was a road to easy riches. He opened a high school and charged a tuition fee lower than Mount Carmel's. To the people

of Talisayan, whose pocketbooks were never heavy, the saving on tuition was attractive. Not that Mount Carmel's fees were high. They did not cover operating costs. But in their simple way, the townsfolk of Talisayan, who had grown up without Catholic education, saw no great difference between Mount Carmel and the new school, except that the new school was cheaper. Backed by large reserves of cash, the new educator hoped to "undersell" Mount Carmel until he forced it to close. Once Mount Carmel was eliminated, fees at the new school would go up and standards would come down. The technique was tried and true. There was no reason why it should not turn in a tidy profit here.

From the pulpit in his weather-beaten church Father Koller warned his flock. His

(Below) Mr. Carmel doesn't have imposing buildings but its educational record is impressive.



words had some effect, for the people loved and trusted their pastor. But many, caught by the promise of lower costs, made plans to take their sons and daughters out of Mount Carmel. The parents who intended to stand by Mount Carmel did not have the means to keep it open. Father Koller did not intend that the gains of his two prede-



Basketball, Mt. Carmel's best sport, is played in the open and usually before large crowds.

cessors and of the gallant teaching nuns should be lost without a fight. Fighting was not new to him. Twenty-five years ago the basketball coach of Canisius High School, on the lookout for boys with fighting spirit, had decided that Gordon Koller, in spite of his small stature and slight build, belonged on the starting five.

In 1945, while the ashes of war's destruction still smoldered, he had come to the Philippines to take up the duties of parish priest in Iligan, a seaport dominated by Mohammedan Moros. Before many moons had passed these traditional enemies of the Cross had grown to respect him as a man more fearless than themselves. When Iligan and the surrounding towns were given into the care of native diocesan priests

and Irish Columbans, Father Koller had moved to Talisayan.

As Talisayan's pastor he was determined that the town would keep its Catholic high school. Soon the Bureau of Private Schools found its mail bag heavy with letters from Father Koller. An inspector from the Bureau arrived to decide whether the new school met the requirements necessary for a government permit. Father Koller and the new schoolmaster knew that the grant or refusal of the permit meant life or death for the new school. If this school should receive government recognition, the fight would be over. Mount Carmel would be forced to close its doors.

Unknown to Father Koller, the inspector, unimpressed by the facilities of the new educational plant, granted a permit that was valid for only one year. This was a diplomatic way of granting no permit at all. No one would go to such a school while there was another one operating with a permanent permit. So the new schoolmaster blandly announced that his school, now recognized by the government, was ready for any and all students. Contrary to the usual practice, he did not hang his permit in the outer office for all to see it. The permit, with the damning one-year limitation written into it, was kept safely away from curious eyes.

Father Koller suspected the truth. He challenged his rival to show his prized permit. The challenge was not accepted. Warned by their pastor, suspicious of the wily schoolmaster, many of the parents changed their minds about transferring their children from Mount Carmel. The new schoolmaster knew that he had to halt the tide that was running against him. He hired a sound truck and went blaring through the town that his school was recognized by the government. On street corners, in the market place, in the town plaza, he shrieked that his school was recognized by the government. By this time the people of Talisayan had seen through him. Bootblacks in front of the movie theatre sold shines "recognized by the government." Peddlers in the market hawked fish "recognized by the government." Even boys in the playground began to play basketball "recognized by the government." An early morning bus took the would-be schoolmaster and the plans for his school quietly out of town.

Mount Carmel had survived the storm.



Father Carroll of Kotzebue.



(Right) Fr. Boileau and dog.



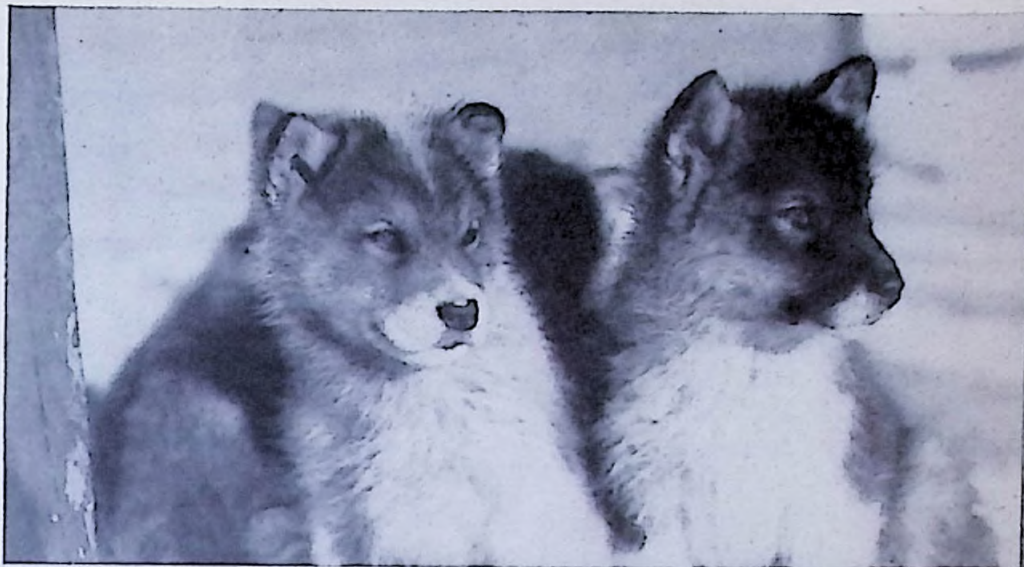
Men and

THIS CHRISTMAS SEASON, as Alaskan missionaries drive their dog teams over the snowswept tundra, they wonder how much longer the time-honored companionship between themselves and their dogs can last. Today it is threatened as never before,—by the rising cost of dried fish!

The noble Huskies, Malamutes and Siberians who have served the missionaries so well throughout the years have a higher status than that of being just pets. They are, rather, co-workers of the missionary. Their normal food is dried salmon. In former days it was abundant and cheap. Now in many villages the menfolk are away working on government projects during the fishing season and, as a result, fish is scarce and high priced.

One missionary has already gotten rid of his team. The others hope that the situation is only temporary, and that the price of dried fish will not after all separate them from their faithful dogs.

(Right) Father McIntyre at Holy Cross, all ready to hit the trail, poses with two Eskimo children.
(Below) Father Convert rests his dog-team on the frozen tundra.



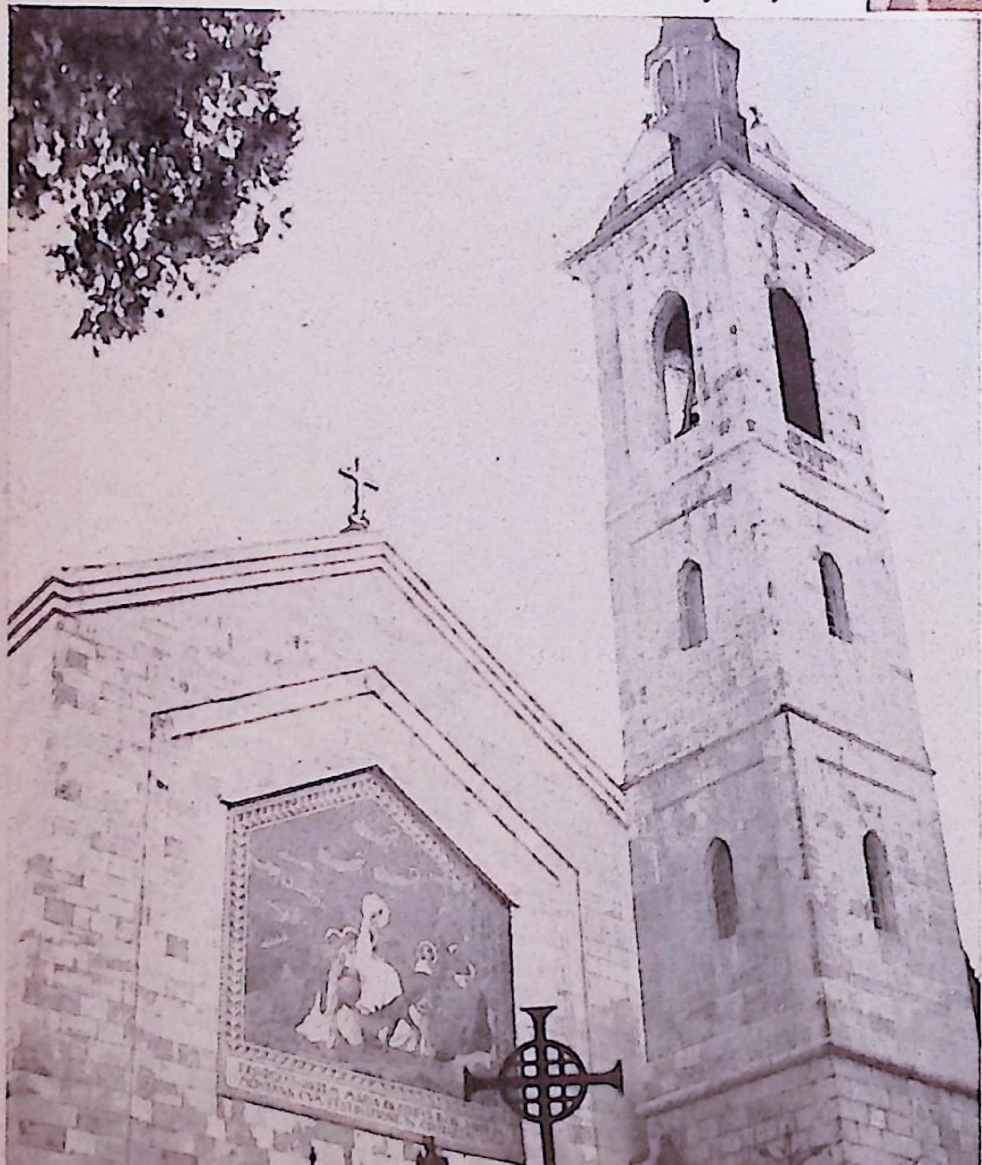
Dogs IN ALASKA

Salve Regina, Mater misericordiae. For years Christian souls have thrilled at the prayerful recitation of the "Hail Holy Queen." It is a prayer which lifts the adoring soul to the very gates of heaven and admits it to a brief vision of Mary and her Infant Son, Jesus, resting in her arms. My soul, however, never thrilled so much on hearing this prayer as it did at a Trappist Monastery, but a few, brief, miles from the Holy City of Jerusalem.

It was evening and the long Trappist day, which began at two o'clock that morning, had finally come to an end. The only light came from the flickering sanctuary lamp at the side of the tabernacle. Father Abbot gave the signal. Some of the monks left their stalls and a living letter "M" was formed. A deep, solitary voice intoned the Gregorian *Salve Regina* and it was not long before the chapel and Jerusalem and all else were forgotten as we were carried before the throne of the Queen of Heaven.

The solid love for Jesus and Mary, His Mother, which lies burning in the deepest corners of the hearts of all Trappists could

Church of the Visitation, close to the Holy City.



"After this



The author chats with Arab children at Baghdad College gate.

be felt being breathed forth with every note. As they chanted on they soon came to those wonderful words: *Et Jesum, benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exilium ostende, O clemens, O pia, O dulcis Virgo Maria.* "And after this our exile show to us the blessed fruit of thy womb, Jesus!"

These men, most of them from France, have truly chosen exile for Christ! They remind Mary of this each night and ask as their reward that on the day of their death, she be waiting for them with Jesus, her Divine Son.

Our Exile"

F. X. CURRAN S.J.

As the hooded monks filed away I was left alone with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. I could not help but compare the life of a Jesuit in Baghdad with that of a Trappist in Jerusalem. Both of us have chosen exile for Christ. They have chosen the exile of silence, manual work and the liturgical life of the Church. We have chosen the exile of the classroom and the laboratory, the pulpit and the confessional. Their day begins at 2:00 a.m., and ends at 7:30 p.m. Our day begins at 4:00 a.m. and ends when the last paper is corrected at 10:00 or 11:00 p.m.

As I knelt there with them in their small chapel night after night, I felt in no way like an outsider or a stranger. They and I, who had never spoken a word to each other, knelt as brothers before God Our Father and Mary Our Mother. On my second night I joined with them in their final salute to Mary, and with the same burning fervor I let fall from my lips the words: *Et Jesum benedictum fructum ventris tui, nobis post hoc exilium ostendel*

That was two years ago. Each night the fond memory of my brief stay in that Trappist Monastery comes speeding back to me.

The day at Baghdad College is spent with the boys in the school yard or in the classrooms.



Come, follow me

AMONG THE APOSTLES, SAINT PAUL is the great theologian of the Incarnation. He was completely absorbed in that mystery of infinite love wherein the eternal God revealed Himself to us in our own nature, as one of us, even as the most helpless of us, a newborn child. It is not by mere coincidence that the Epistles of the three Masses of Christmas day are taken from the writings of Saint Paul.

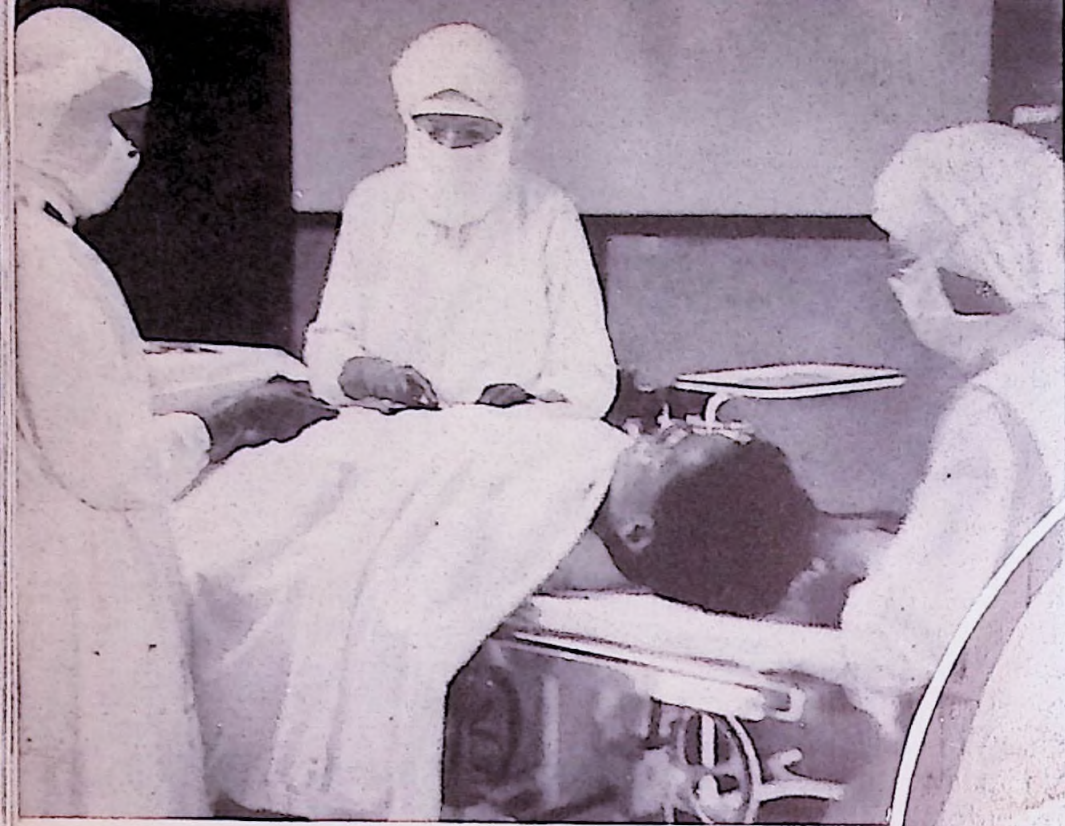
It is in his words that the Church describes the feast as . . . "a new dawn of glory, the glory of the great God, the glory of our Savior Jesus Christ, Who gave Himself for us." It is indeed a day of glory. But it is a day of profound humility and abnegation as well.

In the Infant Savior of Bethlehem, Saint Paul saw the expression of the tenderness, the prodigality of divine love. "The Kindness of God, our Savior, dawned on us, His great love for man." A love so compelling that being . . . "from the first, divine. . . He dispossessed Himself . . . presenting Himself to us in human form." Eternal splendor obscuring itself in lowliness to prove its love—this is the sublime truth to which Saint Paul repeatedly returns.

This truth he calls elsewhere "the message of life," that we must reflect "as beacons to the world, in an age that is twisted out of its true pattern." In an age of self-appointed messiahs, remote and inaccessible men, who talk peace and plan war, who build themselves to power on a pyramid of deceived and suffering humanity, we must carry "the message of life" to enlighten others: that salvation comes, as it came at Bethlehem, in love, in abnegation and humility.

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON, S.J.

For eleven long years the
heard by Mary and Joseph or
Eve, have been familiar on
Mission Sisters of Holy Family
India. From the time of the



HOLY FAMILY

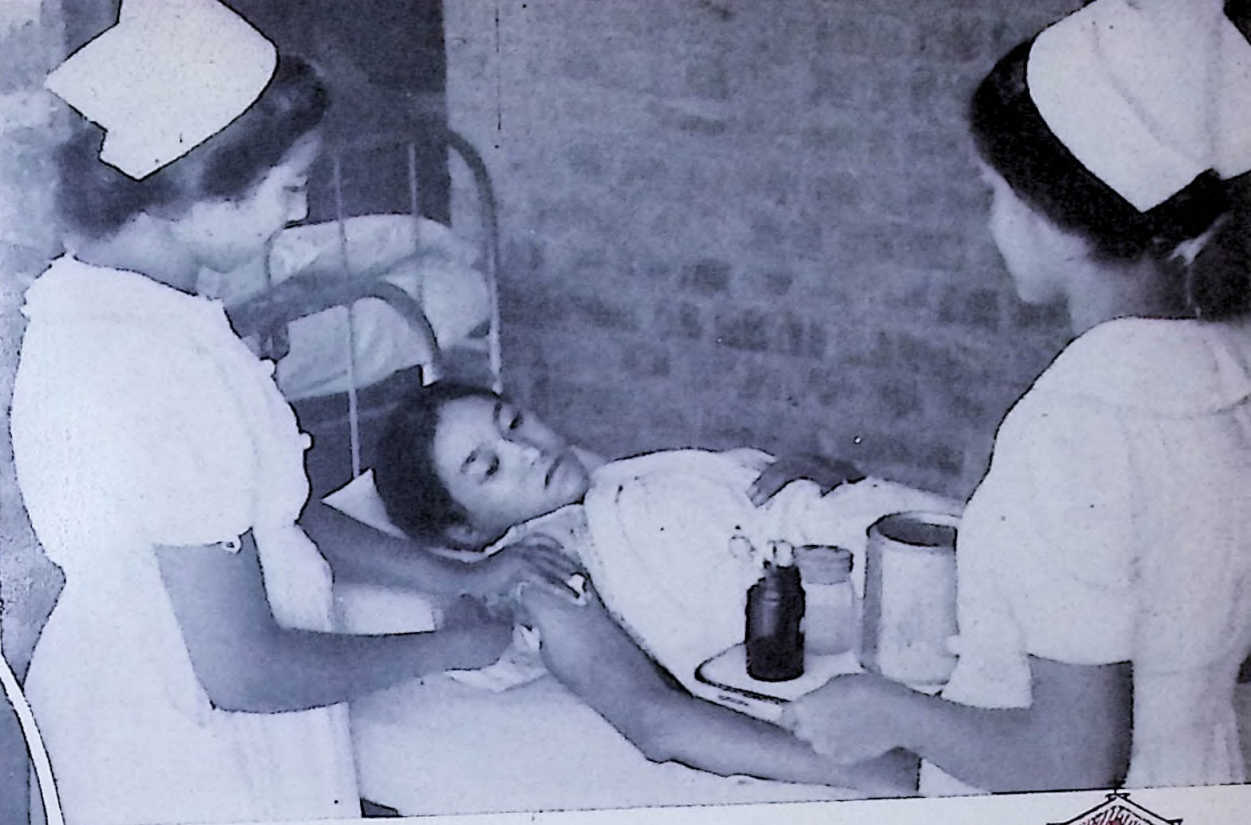


they have occupied "tempo
in this makeshift setup they
37,894 in-patients, 454,606
formed 11,194 operations and
They have endeared themself

This Christmas there is still
hospital, but prospects are
before for a real hospital h
Family. Since 1945 the Sister
acre tract on the Ganges River
by the Jesuits. Almost since
Frank Loesch S.J. has been w
a new hospital. But sufficient
been lacking to begin the wor

But now it is available—at
and the new hospital will so
shape. Whether or not it will
depends on the generosity of

"No room,"
Christmas
the Medical
Hospital in Patna,
Bihar in Patna,



on the Ganges



quarters" but
taken care of
patients, per-
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(Upper left) In the operating room, doctor and nurses are nuns. (Below) An American and an Indian Sister administer to a patient. (Upper right) Indian nurses trained by the Sisters become very efficient. (Right) Here are two more of them in pediatrics department showing their patients to Sister in charge. Holy Family Hospital is a very busy place.



Father Robert Burke S.J., Rector of the seminary, and some altar boys he has trained.

THE OPENING OF JAMAICA'S FIRST SEMINARY took place on the 10th of October, the feast of Saint Francis Borgia. It was a simple ceremony, in keeping with its modest establishment in temporary quarters, a small residence at 3 Emerald Road, close to the Cathedral in Kingston. Bishop John J. McEleney, S.J., presided, and quite fittingly. For the seminary was, with God's help, his creation, the product of his zeal and his vision.

The choice of the opening day was happily inspired. Saint Francis Borgia could not but exercise the force of his heavenly intercession for the success of this venture. That splendid grandee of Spain, the Marquis of Lombay, Duke of Gandia, Viceroy of Catalonia, friend and intimate of the Emperor Charles V, is better known to history as Saint Francis Borgia, the third General of the Society of Jesus. He was a missionary at heart who longed to pour out his blood on some far mission field in witness of his love for Christ. But Providence had other designs. Nevertheless, as General of the Jesuits, Saint Francis gave expression to his missionary zeal in a vigorous policy of missionary expansion. He reorganized and ex-

panded the Jesuit missions of India and the Far East. It was he who despatched the first Jesuit missionaries to the New World.

Apart from his zeal to spread the kingdom of God, Saint Francis Borgia saw the evangelization of the New World as a sort of fulfilment of a family tradition. He was, on the maternal side, the great-grandson of that King Ferdinand of Aragon who, with his Queen Isabella, made possible the voyages of Columbus that opened the New World to history. The desire of their majesties to see the pagan inhabitants of these new lands brought into the Catholic faith was truly sincere and apostolic.

So thoroughly Spanish a nobleman as Saint Francis Borgia would certainly take pride in the missionary spirit of his illustrious forebears and would exert himself to champion the cause to which they were devoted. The new Seminary, inaugurated on his feast day, is but the newest link in the chain of faith that will bind Jamaica to Christ. The first link in that chain was forged in the royal household from which Francis Borgia descended. That is an added reason for our confidence in his patronage and further proof that the Seminary was



Msgr. Wilson is Chancellor of the Jamaican Vicariate and one of its most distinguished priests. He has several doctorates and is an accomplished linguist. He is also, Jamaica's first monsignor.

begun under the most happy auspices. Since the faith was first brought to Jamaica over four hundred and fifty years ago,

Province was never able to provide priests in adequate numbers. So the growth of the Church was slow, although progress was steady. With the transfer of the mission to the American Jesuits in 1894, the number of missionaries was increased and the Church in Jamaica expanded with accelerated progress. At the turn of the century Jamaica's pioneer Jesuit, William Denoes, entered the Society. He was the first of many splendid Jesuit vocations from the island. Though such vocations were significant of the deep roots that the faith had taken, the ultimate

FIRST SEMINARY

RIGHT REVEREND
GLADSTONE
WILSON, S.T.D.

it may with reason be asked why the opening of its first Seminary has been so long delayed. The answer lies mainly in the fact that the intervening centuries have not been times of uninterrupted progress for the church in Jamaica. It was in May, 1494, during his second voyage that Columbus discovered the island. A church was soon built at Nueva Sevilla, now Saint Anne's Bay. The faith was planted. It flourished until 1655, when Jamaica was taken by the English and the Catholic religion was proscribed and its churches and monasteries destroyed. This condition persisted for nearly two hundred years. But eventually, in 1792, because of the influx of French and Spanish families from other West Indian islands and the Spanish-speaking mainland, Protestant England permitted a Catholic priest to establish himself in Jamaica for the benefit of these Catholic settlers.

But it was not until the passing of the Catholic Emancipation Bill by the British Parliament in 1829 that the faith could be freely preached and practiced. However, the "Second Spring" of the Church in Jamaica was slow in developing, though it did give singular promise in the first priestly vocation of a native son, Father Arthur DuQuesnay, who was ordained in France and returned to Jamaica to labor fruitfully for eleven years there.

The Jamaica mission was confided to the English Jesuit Province in 1850. But the

sign of its maturity was still lacking. Provision had not yet been made for the development of its own diocesan clergy.

Mindful of what the Sovereign Pontiffs of recent times have so often declared—that a diocesan clergy is the final proof of the Church's solid establishment in a mission country—Bishop McEleney had scarcely arrived in Jamaica when he began to work for this objective. Recognizing that the priesthood is not synonymous with a call to life in a religious order, he fostered vocations to the diocesan priesthood. The response to his efforts was swift and encouraging.

Entering the third year of his program, Bishop McEleney already has five candidates in the advanced stages of preparation for the priesthood at the College of Propaganda in Rome. Another is studying at Campion House, at Osterley in England. The newly opened Seminary will serve as the initial training and testing ground for younger candidates. The five young pioneers who entered Saint Michael's Minor Seminary in Kingston on the feast of Saint Francis Borgia have made history. They will surely be an example for other young men to follow and they will be a source of pride and inspiration to the Catholics of Jamaica.

The seed of a native Church, so long in germination, is now sprouting its first hopeful branches. God will not fail to bring them to fruition.

Treasure

IN THE TRASH

F. J. MacENTEE S.J.



Father Rock and Mr. Kehoe selecting more valuable stamps. Mr. MacEntee S.J. is also a worker.

DO YOU REALIZE THAT EVERY DAY YOU throw away something that is of value to us? The stamps on the envelopes that you discard can be converted into crisp dollar bills which are so badly needed by our struggling missionaries.

There are more than two million people in this country who call themselves *philatelists*, which is a fancy name for stamp collectors. These people take an interest in stamps when most of us lose it, namely, after they are cancelled, and are willing to pay good money for these stamps.

If you are in a position to send us large quantities of stamps through your work in an office, bank, school, or export company, you are just the friend we of the Woodstock Stamp Exchange are looking for. But even if you save only the stamps from your own personal mail, every bit will help. Just tear off the stamp leaving a little margin of the

envelope around it to protect the edges. Commemorative stamps, all air mails, foreigners, precancelled or unused stamps and old stamp albums are especially valuable to us.

Perhaps you wonder what we do with all these stamps. It was exactly twenty years ago that the students at Woodstock began this system of helping the missions and they still continue it. Every day during recreation about a dozen young Jesuits come into the stamp exchange, a large room piled high with stamps in sacks and cartons, sorting tables and filing cases. Some will stand at the long tables sorting the stamps that you send us, others are sending out orders to our customers. Still others are doing the clerical work—typing letters and keeping the records.

It doesn't seem possible that such an insignificant thing as saving stamps can help save souls, but it is quite true.

Joseph D. Ayd S.J., Director of Mission Exchange and Robert J. Forbes S.J. cataloging first day covers. Mr. Forbes is just home from Japan. The stamp exchange realizes quite a few dollars every year for the missions out of this work.



(Below) Jesuit theologians at the sorting table. Every recreation period these and other student Jesuits spend their time in the various activities of the stamp exchange. It is a labor of zeal for the missions. (All photos by Joseph T. Watson S.J.)



THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

DECEMBER: The Apostolate among Asians and Africans studying or working in America and Europe.

SINCE THE END OF THE SECOND WORLD WAR, the number of those from Asia and Africa studying outside their native lands has been increasing. About 6,000 Asians, mostly from India and China, and about 500 Africans are at present in American colleges and universities. In Europe, there are about 15,000 workingmen and students from Africa and Asia. The large majority of them are in France and England, for they come from the present and former colonial possessions of these countries.

The special interest in apostolate among them comes not so much from the fact that they are living away from home as from the important consideration of what feelings, impressions, ideas and practices of the Western world they will take back with them to their homelands. We know the esteem with which they are received by their fellow-citizens and friends because of their experiences and education in the coun-

Some of these students at Baghdad College will come to the U. S. for higher studies.



tries where they came in contact with scientific and material progress. We know, too, that many of those who have studied in Europe and Asia more quickly attain posts of prominence and influence in the cultural and political life of their native lands.

We know that while they are living far from their homes their friendship is cultivated by those who wish later to exploit them and their peoples. Propagandists for extreme doctrines of materialism, scepticism, atheism, of fanatic and exotic religious sects, and especially of Communism, direct their appeals to these students and workingmen. They strive to win converts among the future leaders of Africa and Asia so that through them may be planted the seeds of their sects and doctrines in these lands.

To often there has been lacking among Catholics the realization of the importance of this apostolate. Too much time has been spent in deploring the efforts of others and too little in striving to win to the true Faith future apostles in Asia and Africa. We forget that a large part of the rapid diffusion of the Christian religion in the old Roman Empire was due to the zeal of converts among the merchants, soldiers, and students.

Fortunately, in recent years more attention has been given to this necessity. Many academic "circles" and student homes have been started where Asiatic and African students are welcomed with true Christian charity. In this way they obtain some idea of a student life and a family life permeated with Christian principles. Their friendships with their fellow-students of the country itself and of other countries help towards the formation of an international society of justice and peace.

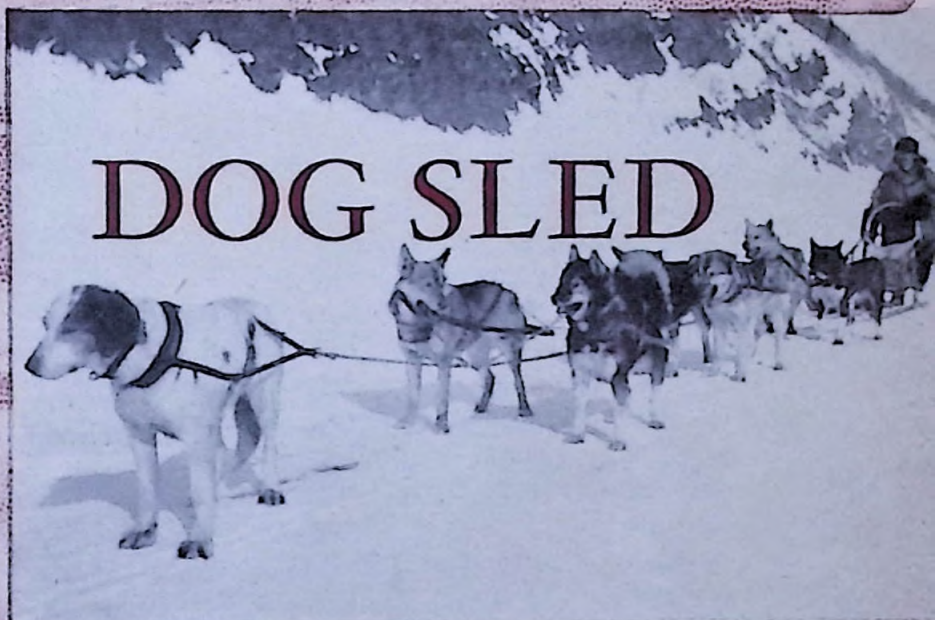
That such an apostolate among the Asiatics and Africans studying or working in Europe and America may bear fruit, its necessity must be widely acknowledged and then supported by our prayers and sacrifices. Finally, there must be those among us who will dedicate their lives and labors to this apostolate.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

Sick Call by Plane

and

DOG SLED



Strangely enough dogteams are proving more expensive than planes.

Father John Fox, veteran mission pastor located at Mountain Village has four distant stations to care for. Our Lord in Holy Viaticum travels far and wide over Alaskan wastes.

WHEN YOU ARE CALLED TO THE DEATHBED OF a parishioner seventy miles away over the Alaskan waste-land, you have a physical and financial problem. How to get there speedily on limited resources? Father John Fox S.J. made the first leg of such a trip by plane, then hired a dog-sled and finally arrived on snowshoes. Had he made the whole round trip by plane it would cost \$30. The one-way trip by dog-sled would have taken two days and cost \$33.

A bus trip costs you 10, 15 or 25 cents. A million dollars will not buy a single soul for Our Lord. But the price of your bus trip will help Our Lord to reach some soul that needs Him.

JESUIT *Missions*

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



Afield

WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

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

THE GOOD TIDINGS

Once again the Nativity gospel renews its message of joy and peace to those who will, with the shepherds, "go over to Bethlehem." It is a long way to Bethlehem from Saint Francis Mission on the Sioux Reservation in South Dakota. But Tony Bolts, a young Indian brave, has found the shortest way from his distant tepee to the manger. It is the way of simple faith and shining vision. For Tony, writing in his school paper, *The Sioux Chieftain*, reveals the secret of Christmas joy and peace in words that might have been written by any veteran missionary.

"I think the real celebration of Christmas" writes this young Indian seer, "consists in going to Mass on Christmas day and reliving with Christ the mystery of

His birth, and spreading the good news of His coming to those who have never heard of Him."

Tony has further wisdom to impart. For he has something to say about presents, too. "It is all right to give presents," he concedes, "like the three kings who brought presents to the Christ Child. But we must not get away from the thought that their true meaning springs from our joy in the Infant Jesus' birth."

FROM BROADWAY TO BALACLAVA

Balacava is a mission station in Jamaica, B. W. I. Broadway is—well, there is only one Broadway.

"Last December," writes FATHER CHARLES EBERLE S.J., "I witnessed the thrilling Christmas pageant at Radio City Music Hall. I remember the hush of reverence that came over the audience as the shepherds approached the crib; a sacred silence like the one that hovered

Bernard Red Cloud at Holy Rosary, S. Dak.



Fatima procession in Kingston, Jamaica.





over the cave on the first Christmas night. I suppose the show will be produced again this year. God bless the actors and the actresses all. May the Christ Child draw them each night a little closer to Himself.

"The choral singing was magnificent, but this year I will enjoy a sweeter music, the voices of my own little brown children at Balaclava. And the same little Christ Child will be there too, with Mary bending over Him just as she was in Radio City. We will not have the same splendid setting. But our little cave-like church will be, after all, so much more like Bethlehem.

ALASKAN NOCTURNE

Tok Junction has something better than an igloo in which to house the Christ Child. In a new and snug log chapel, Christ came to Tok a year ago. His birthday this year will be marked by a similar scene.

"It is midnight at Tok," according to its dynamic pastor, FATHER JOHN BUCHANAN S.J., "and once again the centuries stand still as mystery enfolds the world. Eternity is almost felt as Christ's Mass begins in one of His newest little homes. Max is singing 'O Holy Night.' His wife is playing our tiny old army portable organ. I wish you could have heard it. I wish you could have heard little Becky taking the lead in 'Silent Night' while Max and Millie and Evelyn hummed a background.

"The Gospel of Christmas was read and we talked of the coming of the very Son of God and how He chose poverty and of the ones He loved. We remembered that He came unto His own and His own received Him not . . . that the mighty of this world, the Caesars and their empires have passed on, but He remains. We remembered that this little one was Eternal God Himself, that out of no need but out of His infinite love He created us, and that it is we who need Him more than anything in the world.

"Then Christ's Mass continued and a priest in distant Tok offered the Son of God to His Eternal Father. We were joined all in God's family to the whole world beyond our snowy frontiers; we were joined with the ages, one in Christ. Mass ended."

THE ALIEN SHEPHERDS

Talakag is a Catholic municipality in the Province of Bukidnon in the Philippines. How the peace and joy of its Christmas were threatened reveals another phase of the Christmas story in mission lands.

"Last December was a hectic and crucial month for the Catholic Mission in Talakag," writes FATHER JAIME NERI, S.J., who ministers to the many barrios of the municipality. "During my absence a group of Protestant missionaries, three of them Americans, moved in. With the connivance of the local Justice of the Peace they had the townspeople summoned to meeting. Under the guise of civic duty, the simple Catholic flock were enticed into promising to participate in a Christmas program under the direction of the Protestant missionaries. Preparations for the "civic" celebration got under way. The Catholics were lured into the

Fr. Neri S.J. explains the Commandments in a mountain village of the Philippines.





Protestant chapel to rehearse for the festivities.

"When I returned to Talakag and learned of the affair I set about reminding my people that Christmas is a religious and not a civic festival. One by one they lost their enthusiasm for the Protestant maneuver. The project failed. Talakag enjoyed its traditional Midnight Mass, preceded by the Novena of Masses at dawn, as is our custom. Of course I incurred the wrath of the frustrated ministers, but my sheep were not led off to alien pastures."

BITTER SWEET

This isn't really a Christmas story except in the same sense that it reveals the sweet charity of Christ, of which Bethlehem is an enduring inspiration.

"Here at Saint Ignatius Church in busy Tokyo," writes FATHER BRUNO BITTER, S.J., guardian of the Japanese mission's thin purse, "I am usually working in my office until midnight. The light seems to attract people who are in trouble, so I frequently have visitors at late hours. One evening about 11 o'clock I found a mother with her three children on my doorstep. Two of the children were not yet able to walk. One was tied to her back and she carried the other in her arms. She had become homeless. Her last pennies were used up and she

Fr. Bitter S.J. busy at his desk in Tokyo.



did not know what to do. She had relatives in the country about five hours by train from Tokyo. So I went with her to the station, saw that she got something to eat, bought her a ticket and saw her off, with new hope in her heart.

"Recently at 10:30 p.m., a boy of 18 years called and asked me to open the church to let him pray. He was not a Christian, so I concluded he was merely looking for a place to sleep. I invited him in and listened to his story. He was an orphan who had left school and come from Kumamoto (42 hours by train) to Tokyo to look for work. He had found none, run out of money and was at wit's end. I got him lodged at the police station for the night—the next night—and the next. During the days he called at various shops to which I referred him and finally found work. I advanced him a month's salary against a promissory note. That night he went to the church and really prayed, with the tears running down his cheeks. He is deeply grateful and he is still coming faithfully to church. I have no doubt that God's grace will soon lead him into the faith."

THOU ART A PRIEST FOREVER

On November 21, the feast of Our Lady's Purification, four young missionaries of the Chicago Province and three of the Maryland Province were raised to the dignity of the priesthood at Saint Mary's College, Kurseong, India. Six of the newly ordained are American. Their companion is one of India's own.

FATHER JAMES V. KEOGH S.J., was born in New York City and received his education at Xavier High School and Fordham University. He entered the Society at Wernersville, Pa., in 1942 and went to Jamshedpur in 1948 in the first group assigned to that mission. Before he left he had received special training in social sciences at St. Louis University.

FATHER EUGENE WATRIN S.J., was born in Dayton, Ohio thirty-two years ago. He entered the novitiate after a year at St. Xavier's University, Cincinnati. He sailed



Fr. Frank Wieman S.J.



Fr. Eugene Watrin S.J.



Fr. William Goudreau S.J.



Fr. Walter Cook S.J.



Fr. Devasia Kachiramattam S.J.



Fr. John Deeney S.J.

for India in December 1946 and after three years of language study and teaching began his course of theology at Kurseong.

FATHER FRANK WIEMAN S.J., age thirty, was born in Shively, Kentucky. He entered the novitiate after completing high school at St. Xavier's, Louisville. The study of Hindi was his first assignment in India in 1947, and he is remarkably proficient in the language. But theology has been his preoccupation for the last three years.

FATHER WILLIAM GOUDREAU S.J., was born in November 1921. The town of St. Ignace in Michigan, founded by the great Jesuit explorer and missionary, Father Marquette, was his birthplace. Assigned to India in 1946, he has studied Hindi and the music of India with such enthusiasm that he is editing a hymnal of native tunes in Hindi.

FATHER WALTER COOK S.J., of Jamshedpur Mission was born in Washington, D. C.

thirty years ago. A product of Gonzaga High School, he entered the novitiate in 1939. After his regency at St. Joseph's High School, Philadelphia, he sailed for India to begin his course of theology in 1949.

FATHER DEVASIA KACHIRAMATTAM S.J., was born in Travencore, South India, and joined the Patna Mission in 1940. He is not the first of his family to devote his life to God's service, having a brother who is a Monsignor and a sister who is a Poor Clare nun, both in South India.

FATHER JOHN DEENEY S.J., also of the Jamshedpur Mission is a Philadelphian, born in July 1921. On completing high school at St. Joseph's, Philadelphia, he entered the novitiate in 1939. He taught at Scranton Prep from 1946 to 1949 and entered theology in India in 1949, first at Poona and then at Kurseong, high in the Himalayas, the scene of the recent ordinations.

ONE OF THE NEW FEATURES IN THE social life of present day India is the Xavier Labor Relations Institute, located at Jamshedpur in the province of Bihar, India. As far as can be ascertained from reliable sources, this institution, operated by Jesuits from Maryland, appears to be the first of its kind in the entire country. While its contributions to the reconstruction of the Indian social order have been limited so far, yet, given the requisite additional time, and the necessary material resources for putting its full program of social action into operation, the eventual value and effectiveness of its services may be truly outstanding. Here is a brief resume of what is being done by the school today and an indication of what it proposes to do at its earliest opportunity tomorrow.

The purpose of the Institute is essentially twofold. In one respect, it serves as a medium for the dissemination of the correct principles and the latest, tested techniques applicable to the democratic organization and functioning of an industrial society. This portion of the service is made available through a system of instruction, which entails a definite series of formal classes, supplemented by a number of informal group seminars. In its other phase, the school

Father Enright, Director of Xavier Labor Institute, visits the family of a laborer.



A New Service for a New India

JOHN CONNOR



offers practical advice and counsel with regard to the application of these principles and rules to particular problems faced by the individual students, or by the industrial units of which they may be members. To this end, special consultations and interviews with the staff of the Institute are always within easy reach of persons needing such assistance. By thus combining the academic with the active, Xavier becomes more than a mere forum for the exchange of ideas. It is a workshop of economic and social planning and action as well.

The instruction referred to here is given in a rather wide range of subjects. Examples of such subjects are Ethics, Sociology, Psychology, Economics, and Political Science. Other topics are aimed at meeting the more immediate social needs of the students. In this category are the matters of Collective Bargaining, Grievance Procedure, Union Organization and Administration, Public Speaking and Parliamentary Law, Indian Labor Laws and others of a similar nature. Besides these regular or permanent courses, there are several special ones, the number and content of which are determined by the students themselves.

Recently the School has embarked upon an extension program in workers' education.

Under this plan, instructors are going out from the Institute's premises to trade-union meeting centers, and are there carrying on a series of lectures in matters of particular pertinence to such organizations' industrial situation. This method of instruction seems to secure at least two important advantages over the more orthodox and traditional systems. For one thing, it produces a larger number of participants. At the same time, it appears to sharpen the interest of those attending, since there is a certain air of immediate practicality surrounding the venture by reason of its very location. Broadening and intensifying the scope of this service is one of the main objectives of the Institute in the future.

With the opening of the new school year in September, 1952, Xavier expects to inaugurate a large scale expansion in its educational program. This will involve the addition of tutorial classes on the university level, preparing students for the examinations leading to the Degree of Master of Arts in Labor and Social Welfare. These courses will be separate from the ordinary ones mentioned above, and will necessarily require higher standards, both for admission and completion, on the part of the students enrolling therein. As a consequence of this arrangement, the Institute will be in

a position to offer advanced, along with elementary training in modern industrial relations.

Along with these local services to the people of Jamshedpur, Xavier Institute is endeavoring to do everything that it can to aid other persons and groups in establishing similar educational institutions in different sections of India. Perhaps the best way of conveying the real meaning behind the work that is being done by this School, is to re-express its statement of purpose, as this is found in one of the Institute's announcements. There it is said "Xavier looks to the future. There is need today for clarity of thought, revaluation of principles and objectives. Xavier stimulates thought, encourages discussions and the free exchange of ideas. Xavier's courses are designed and arranged in a definite progressive order to aid those who wish to participate in bringing about a stable, peaceful, industrious, and just social order."

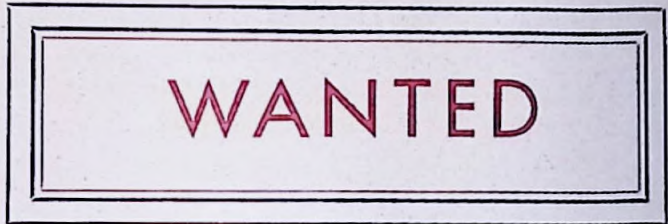
The Xavier Labor Relations Institute is thus clearly seen to be not only a school of thought but a school of action as well. And it is not only concerned with the problems associated with living in the present, but likewise aims at building for the future too. It is constructing a democratic economic, social, and political order in the new India.

The Director gives a talk to Indian workers at steel plant in Jamshedpur, site of Institute.





The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

On the evening of December 31st, candles will be lighted in every Jesuit chapel. Moments later, a bell will call the priests, scholastics and brothers to Benediction. As our Eucharistic King is exposed upon the altar, the organ will sound the stirring notes of the Te Deum, the church's official hymn of thanksgiving. Whether the Jesuit be a golden jubilarian or a novice, he will stand and with all the ardor of his heart sing out in praise of God's goodness.

In addition to God's general blessings, each Jesuit community will have a specific motive for gratitude: an increase of vocations, the completion of a building, preservation from the destruction of a typhoon.

The community of JESUIT MISSIONS is no exception. As the clock strikes twelve, the year of our silver jubilee will become history. During that period, you have prayed, you have sacrificed, that candles might flicker on altars in Alaska, that dispensaries in India might bring relief to the sick, that native boys might study theology. For these and so many other gifts to our missionaries, we thank God with a gratitude, prayerful and perpetual.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Candles for Christ

Christmas decorations have a charm all their own. The streets may be dark and the weather bitterly cold but there is an interior warmth as you pass homes attractively decorated with wreathes and sprays of holly and laurel. Candles are frequently the center of these decorations. The origin of their use is the Catholic custom of placing a candle in the window on Christmas eve to brighten the way of Mary and Joseph seeking shelter. For every candle you purchase at Christmas time, could you put aside an equal amount for candles to be lighted upon an altar in the missions? They will burn as Our Eucharistic Lord rests upon the spotless corporal. You could send a donation to JESUIT MISSIONS with the intention that God will brighten your own home this year with His presence and divine consolation.

Arabic at 110°

Most of our subscribers can appreciate the following request. No doubt the residents of Dallas and the Southwest will be particularly sympathetic. By this time, the weather may have changed but it will probably take sub-zero temperatures to obliterate recollections of last Summer. Pessimism

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Edmund A. Anable S.J.
900 Broadway,
Seattle 22, Wash.

Ceylon and Home Missions
Rev. James C. Babb S.J.
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New Orleans 19, La.

China (Suchow)
Rev. Louis Bouchard S.J.
762 Sherbrooke St., West,
Montreal 2, Canada

Iraq and Jamaica
Rev. John H. Collins S.J.
1106 Boylston St.,
Boston 15, Mass.

British Honduras, Yoro, India
(New Delhi) and U. S.
Indians

Rev. James T. Meehan S.J.
4511 West Pine Boulevard
St. Louis 8, Mo.

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and Yangchow)

Rev. John K. Lipman S.J.
821 Market Street
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India (Patna) and
U. S. Indians

Rev. John A. Kilian S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor S.J.
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India (Darjeeling) and
Canadian Indians

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403 Wellington St., West,
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur) and
Home Missions

Rev. Edward J. Farren S.J.
Calvert and Madison Sts.,
Baltimore 2, Md.

Philippines, Caroline and
Marshall Islands

Rev. William T. Wood S.J.
51 East 83rd St.,
New York 28, N. Y.

is not intended but it is well to remember that there will be a summer in 1953. During those months, there will be Jesuits in Baghdad studying Arabic. A few months ago, this new House of Studies was opened and the temperature was 110°. Most people would be content just to vegetate but the Jesuits of Baghdad have a regular schedule to follow and not a very inspiring one. They will be reading, writing and listening to Arabic. For the improvement of their new residence, can you send a donation of \$5.00 or \$10.00 to JESUIT MISSIONS? There are many articles yet to be purchased and bills to be paid.

Jamaica Seminary

On October 10th, Bishop McEleney of Jamaica, B.W.I. formally blessed his new seminary for native sons of that island. It was the feast of St. Francis Borgia, famous for his development of the missionary spirit of the Society of Jesus. From his day to our own, Jesuits have made it a cardinal point in their missionary program to develop native clergy. The event in Jamaica will have far-reaching, in fact, eternal consequences. Glorious as may be the spiritual reflections upon that event, their realization, however, will depend on many material factors. Before a young man can stand at God's altar or go on his first sick call or hear his first confession, he must spend years of preparation. Each day of those years, he will need support for his food, books, medical care and the very roof over his head. His Excellency, Bishop McEleney, will accept with genuine gratitude your gift of \$1.00 or \$10.00 towards his new seminary.

Doctors of Soul and Body

As a priest kneels before the bishop at ordination, he receives the sublime power to offer Mass for the living and the dead, to absolve sin in God's name and many other privileges. From that day forward, a priest must be a father, a judge and a doctor. This last epithet refers primarily to the healing of spiritual ills. During the coming year, however, there will be many occasions when a missionary in the tropics will be called to a home for a man burning with fever or a child screaming with pain from a snake bite. That will explain why so many missionaries plead strongly for medical supplies. For these missions of sympathy, would you kindly send to JESUIT MISSIONS a dollar or two?

20 % DEDUCTION ALLOWED

DO YOU TAKE FULL ADVANTAGE of the 20% deduction for charity the United States Government allows on Federal Income Taxes? If you have been unaware of this, check carefully on it. If you are aware, what better or more lasting charity than the Missions? It makes no difference whether you are in the high or low income brackets, your charity can support Jesuit missionaries, buy vestments, build schools and chapels. If you have any doubts about the legal technicalities of your deduction, consult your lawyer, your bank or a certified public accountant. Our acknowledgment of your gift and your cancelled check are proofs of your gift. Checks should be made out to Jesuit Missions, Inc.

JESUIT Missions

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

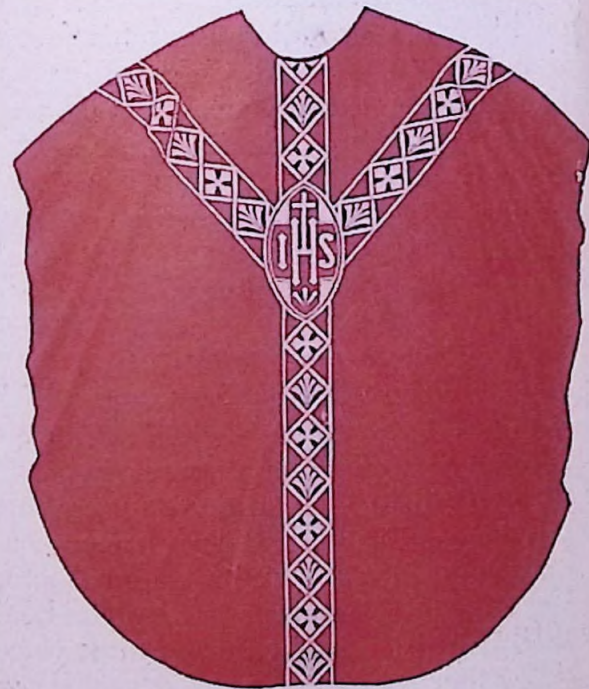
IN *His Mother's* PLACE



The Infant Christ

needed swaddling clothes at Bethlehem and Mary, His Mother, supplied them. Christ's priests on the missions need vestments for Mass. Will you take the place of His Mother? The climate, especially in tropical countries, is very hard on cloth and keeping the vestments fitting and decent is a problem for the missionary. He must see to it that every one of his chapels is equipped with vestments in the five liturgical colors. They need not be elaborate ones but light and suitable for his circumstances. Can you help clothe Mary's missionary? We can purchase the vestments at \$25 a set.

If you would like to give a set in memory of a departed relative or friend, or for some other intention, send us a donation and we will see the needy missionaries are supplied. Christ's name belongs on your Christmas list.



JM

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