

Jesuit MISSIONS

MAY 1953



JESUIT

STAFF

CALVERT ALEXANDER
Editor

JOSEPH F. MACFARLANE
Executive Editor

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE
Managing Editor

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON
KURT BECKER

LEO E. BIRNEY

RALPH H. BROWN

FRANCIS D. BURNS

EDWARD S. DUNN

LAWRENCE N. HAFFIE

JOHN H. McCUMMISKEY

ANTHONY S. WOODS
Associate Editors


THOMAS J. HALLAHAN

PATRICK A. RYAN

FREDERICK J. COSTELLO

J. OSCAR DOYON
Regional Editors

COLEMAN A. DAILY
Business Editor



The famous Buddhist temple of Bodhi Gaya in India, located in the southern part of the Patna Mission, is a favorite pilgrimage shrine for Buddhists even from far-away Burma and Ceylon.

JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, Main Street, Norwalk, Conn. in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price per year is \$1.00. Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second-class mailing matter at the Post Office, Norwalk, Conn., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the Act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412, Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

The Business Office of Jesuit Missions is at 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Editorial Offices are at 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF 1114 AMERICAN JESUITS

Vol. 27, No. 4

May, 1953

THE CHURCH IN NORTH INDIA.....	Kurt Becker S.J.	4
MARY WATCHES OVER CHINA..	Wilfred J. Le Sage S.J.	6
VOLUNTEER DAY IN SAN ANTONIO..	John T. White S.J.	8
TRIUMPH IN TOKYO.....	Norbert J. Tracy S.J.	10
THE SINGING HEART OF INDIA..	Robert J. Mayer S.J.	13
A HELL BELL FOR GION.....	Joseph Edelmann S.J.	14
COME FOLLOW ME.....	Francis W. Anderson S.J.	15
NINE SHEPHERDS OF YORO.....		16
JAMAICA'S FIRST SEMINARY.....		18
OUR PIUS SAVAGE.....	Francis J. Fallert S.J.	19
THE BISHOP'S PETS.....	Joseph H. Meyer S.J.	20
RED SICKLES IN SOUTH INDIA....	Joseph Hagen S.J.	22
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS.....		24
OUR LADY OF LEBANON.....	J. Thomas Hamel S.J.	28



MISSION OF THE MONTH British Honduras

For well over half a century the American Jesuits of the Missouri Province have staffed the mission field of British Honduras on the eastern shores of Central America. In recent years they have also taken over the Department of Yoro in Honduras.

Of the 46 Jesuits now in the field about half are engaged in educational work while the rest are in parish work. The focal point of the school system is St. John's College in Belize, recently rebuilt on a new and better location. It is the only Catholic school for higher education in the colony.

But through the years the missionaries have labored to build a school system throughout the bush missions. Today their Catholic schools cover the colony. There are no great stretches of inhabited territory beyond the reach of some Catholic school.

The big problem for the men working the bush missions is the ordinary economic life of their people. They are poor, a condition easily understood when one realizes the colony must import three times as much as it exports. So cooperatives, credit unions, etc. have been established to ease the situation.

It has taken over fifty years to build this mission to its present hopeful state. But there is always a price to progress—in British Honduras it is heroism.

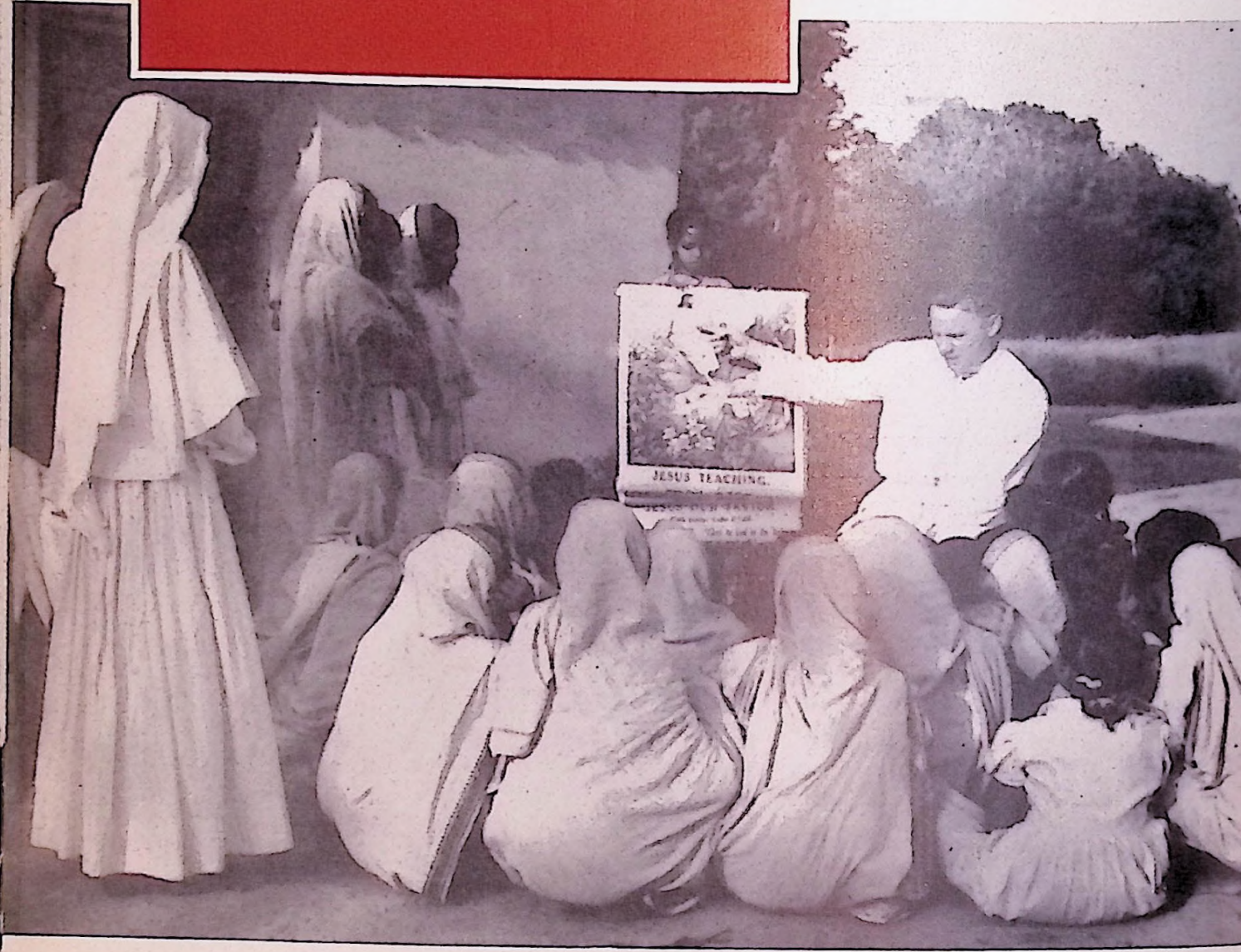
As you page through this issue of JESUIT MISSIONS you might note how the scene changes with every story. From India to China; from Central America to Japan; from the Caribbean to the Yukon, Ceylon, the Philippines and the Near East. From the changing scene you can piece together some idea of the world-wide activity of the American Jesuits. The picture will be far from complete, for each story here is only a tiny glimpse of various mission fields. But each provides a window on the panorama of over eleven hundred American Jesuits laboring for Christ throughout the world.

We really need a spiritual three-dimension camera to appreciate the magnitude and depth of that work. The material setup of more than a dozen mission fields has meant a tremendous financial outlay. Then there is something on which no possible price can be put—the manpower which that work demands. Yet no one of the thousands of American Jesuits who have given their years and lives for Christ on the mission fields ever thought it was not worthwhile. To them it has always been the greatest work on earth.

COVER. She would prefer anonymity, but she is Sister Marina O.S.F. of St. Francis Mission on the Sioux Reservation in So. Dakota. Through her, JM salutes all the devoted nuns who bring the unfailing touch of Mary of Nazareth to the mission fields.

The Church IN NORTH INDIA

Fr. Thomas Downing S.J., of the Patna Mission, teaching catechism with the help of a chart. Hindus, as a rule, are extremely religious, and the faith finds a warm welcome in their hearts. In the vast and crowded area of Patna, 159 Jesuits are working among some 20 million people



BELOW THE GREAT CRESCENT OF THE Himalayas, from the Arabian Sea on the west to Burma on the east, stretches the northern section of India, a long valley, running east and west. Here, in North India, a region about one fifth the size of the United States, there live some two hundred and seventy-five million people. It is for the growth and spread of the Church in this section that the Pope asks the prayers of the Catholic world during May. For it is in this section that the strange pagan cults of India are most deeply entrenched.

True, the Church has made headway here. But in comparison to the rest of India, the

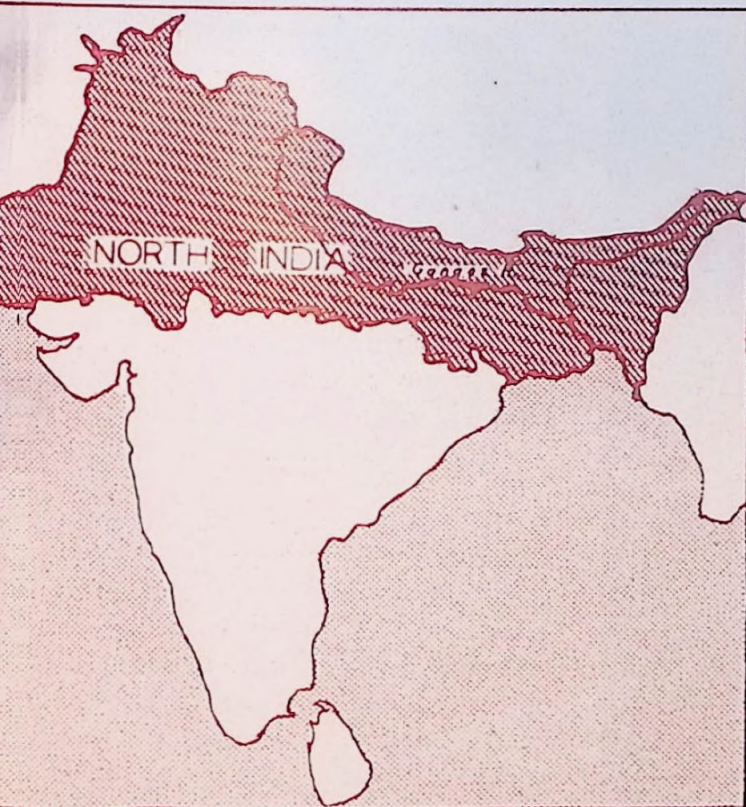
KURT BECKER S.J.

success of the Church is almost negligible. For here only one Catholic can be found for every four thousand pagans, while to the south, where the population is less dense, roughly one person out of every twenty-three is a Catholic.

The reasons for this great difference are many. There is, first, the great difficulty of reaching the north of India from the sea, and the fact that when the missionaries first came, there was so much to do in the south and along the coast that it was out of the

question to spread out toward the north. Then there is the fact that for almost two centuries the majority of the priests who did get there were chaplains attached to British garrisons, fine, zealous men, who had, however, so much to do in tending to their charges that there was very little opportunity for them to engage in missionary toil. And there is, finally, the deeply rooted nature of the pagan cults which flourish along the Ganges, and the Ganges itself.

This river, which rises in the foothills of the Himalayas, winds lazily south and east, a dun-colored, sluggish stream, fed by innumerable other currents, large and small. Gradually, it widens and deepens, until, some fifteen hundred miles from its source, it is met by the mighty Bramaputra, and together they turn sharply south, and sink through innumerable channels into the Bay of Bengal. It is not so famous as the Nile, for instance, nor so long as the Mississippi. The Amazon is broader, and the Yellow River carries much more water. But in its way it is a more important river than these. For these famous and historic rivers are only waterways and producers of food, but the Ganges is a Sa-



cred River. Uncounted millions have bathed in its waters to wash away their sins, unnumbered multitudes have made sacred pilgrimages to its shores. Temples and shrines and holy places line its banks. Deo Prayag

and Allahabad and Benares, the holy cities, extend great and ancient steps into its flow. No other river flows through more populous land, none is regarded with more awe and veneration. The Ganges is more than a river: it is a force, it is a deity, and more than two hundred million people nourish their strange and mysterious beliefs with its waters. The core and center of India's ancient and fantastic religion is the mud-colored Ganges.

Among the teeming millions of people whose life is so strangely influenced by the waters of the Sacred River there have, in recent days, come the dedicated disciples of another and muddier stream. Communists, who flourish and grow powerful by taking advantage of poverty and social inequities, have descended like vultures on the crowded valley of the Ganges and have begun to cause unrest and dissension among the people. The tremendous contrast between the rich and the poor in India is an old thing, dating back for centuries and stratified in the caste system. But envy and avarice are older and more deeply rooted than the castes, and the unrest following independence from Britain has left the poor of India, and the idealists, peculiarly susceptible to the rosy doctrine of Communist equality.

So along the placid shores of the Ganges the teeming multitudes of India seethe with a certain vague unrest and dissatisfaction. The withdrawal of the British has left a definite vacuum, a gap which must somehow be filled up. It is for this reason that the Church, with its ancient and inspired wisdom, asks the world to pray for the growth and increase of Catholicism in North India. The vague restlessness of the times, the very uncertainty which makes men stop and look around to see where they are headed, furnish opportunities for Red propaganda, also make fertile ground for the seed of the true faith.

Native vocations are needed to man the chapels and churches left untenanted by the departure of the garrisons. Zealous and holy missionaries are needed, to preach to the multitudes the sweet word of Christ. Catechists are needed to spread along the good tidings to their families and their neighbors. Funds are needed to carry out the corporal works of the faith. And above all, grace is needed, that the Church may spread and flourish, and the Ganges may flow through a Christian land, a sacred river indeed.

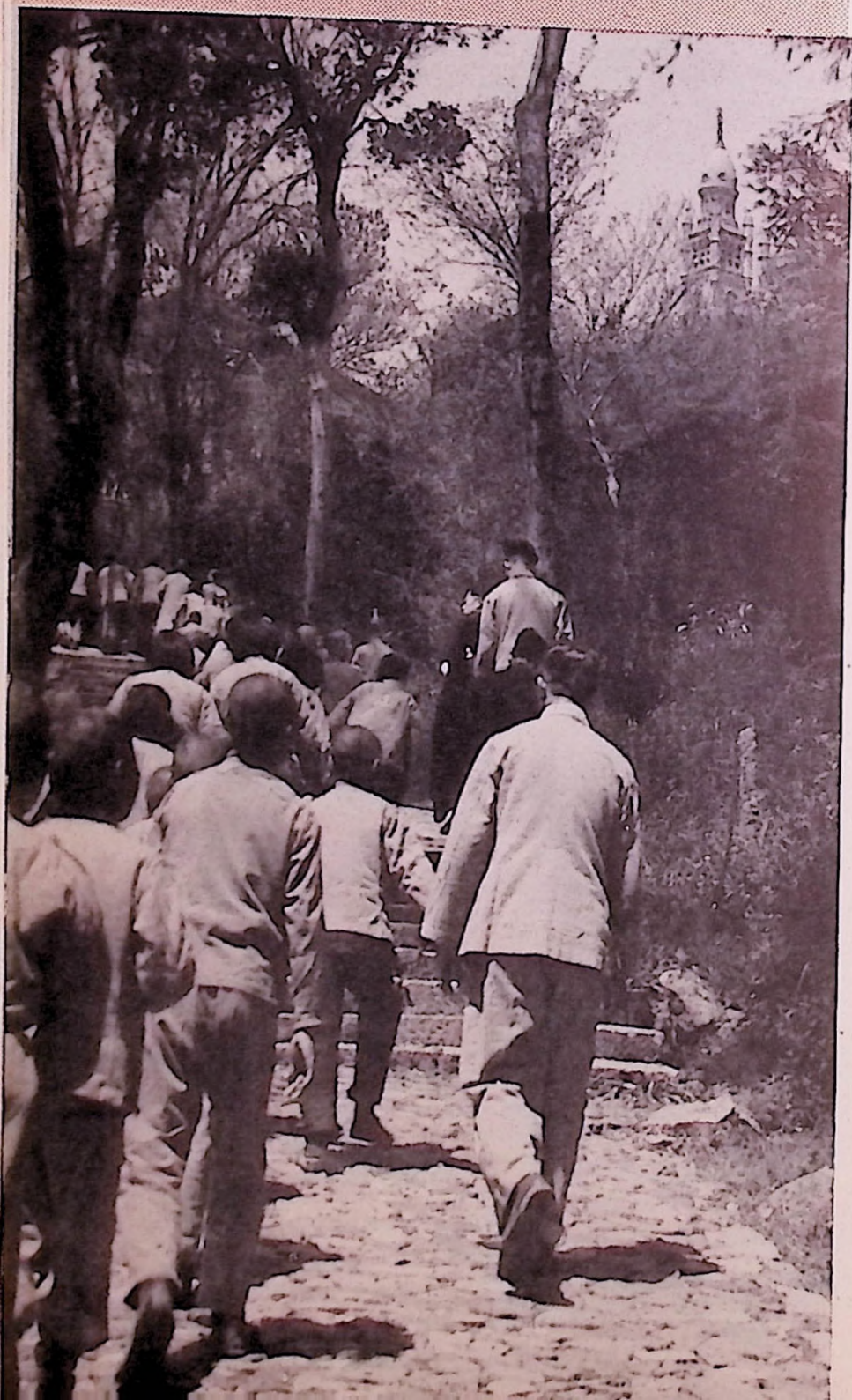
MARY

Watches Over China

WILFRED J. LE SAGE S.J.



(Above) She watches over her China. (Left) Chinese schoolboys on pilgrimage to famous shrine of Our Lady of Zose, seen in background.



I AM WRITING THIS FROM A HOSPITAL bed in Hong Kong and as I lie here my thoughts keep drifting back to China, and to Shanghai in particular. Less than a month ago I never expected to leave Shanghai—and then suddenly we were over the border from Red China to green Hong Kong and the unlimited hospitality of the Irish Jesuits of Ricci Hall.

Now people are asking me two questions. "How are the Chinese Catholics reacting to the situation? How is it all going to end?" The first question can be answered with one word—fidelity—and it is a truly heroic fidelity. Only God knows the answer to the second question but when the curtain does rise again it will certainly be with a tremendous victory for the Mother of God.

Christianity in China has been characterized by a deep devotion to Mary. Today her faithful children are being persecuted and unjustly

punished, some to prison, to exile, to death. But have they for a moment lost confidence in their Mother? Never!

Among the many favors she has bestowed on them is one granted to a family by the name of Li. Here are the true facts of the case. During the Taiping rebellion many families were separated. One little boy, the only son of the Li family, was unable to locate his parents. He wandered from village to village and at last arrived at the Catholic mission of Tong-Ka-doo in Shanghai. A French priest was helping many refugees at the time and after speaking to the lad and discovering he was an orphan he gave him a job assisting the refugees. The missionary put Li in a primary school and later sent him to St. Ignatius College at Zikawei.

After graduation, Mr. Li became a successful merchant, happy in his Catholic faith and always hopeful he might someday find his family again. It was this hope that sent him, at the age of thirty-nine, on a pilgrimage to the famous shrine of Our Lady at Zose.

He boarded a small boat and on the trip he struck up a conversation with a poor old woman on her way to the Buddhist temple of Kuang Yin, not far from Zose. In the course of their talk she revealed to him that for many years her only son had been lost.

When the boat arrived at Zose Mr. Li invited the old lady to accompany him to the shrine. She consented, and the two of them knelt together before the statue of Our Lady. How well must the Mother of God have understood that situation—the mother who had lost her only son, the son who had lost his mother!

After they rose from prayer they continued their conversation. The lady told him that she was from the village of Chung Shan and her name was Li. The man was startled; Li was a common name in China but his own village had been Chung Shan! Suddenly he said to her, "If you were to find your son how would you recognize him?"

Father Wilfred Le Sage of the California Province has been in China since 1934. He has been in schoolwork in Nanking, worked with the late Father Simons who was murdered by bandits, and organized many Catholic Action groups before he was expelled by the Communists. He spent some time in a Hongkong hospital before returning to this country to recuperate his strength.



The old woman smiled. "I would recognize immediately a birth mark above his left knee." When he heard this, Mr. Li quickly rolled up his trouser leg. There was the mark!

After thirty years mother and son had met at the feet of Our Lady. They embraced in the happiest moment of their lives. Then they turned to thank the Mother who watches over China.

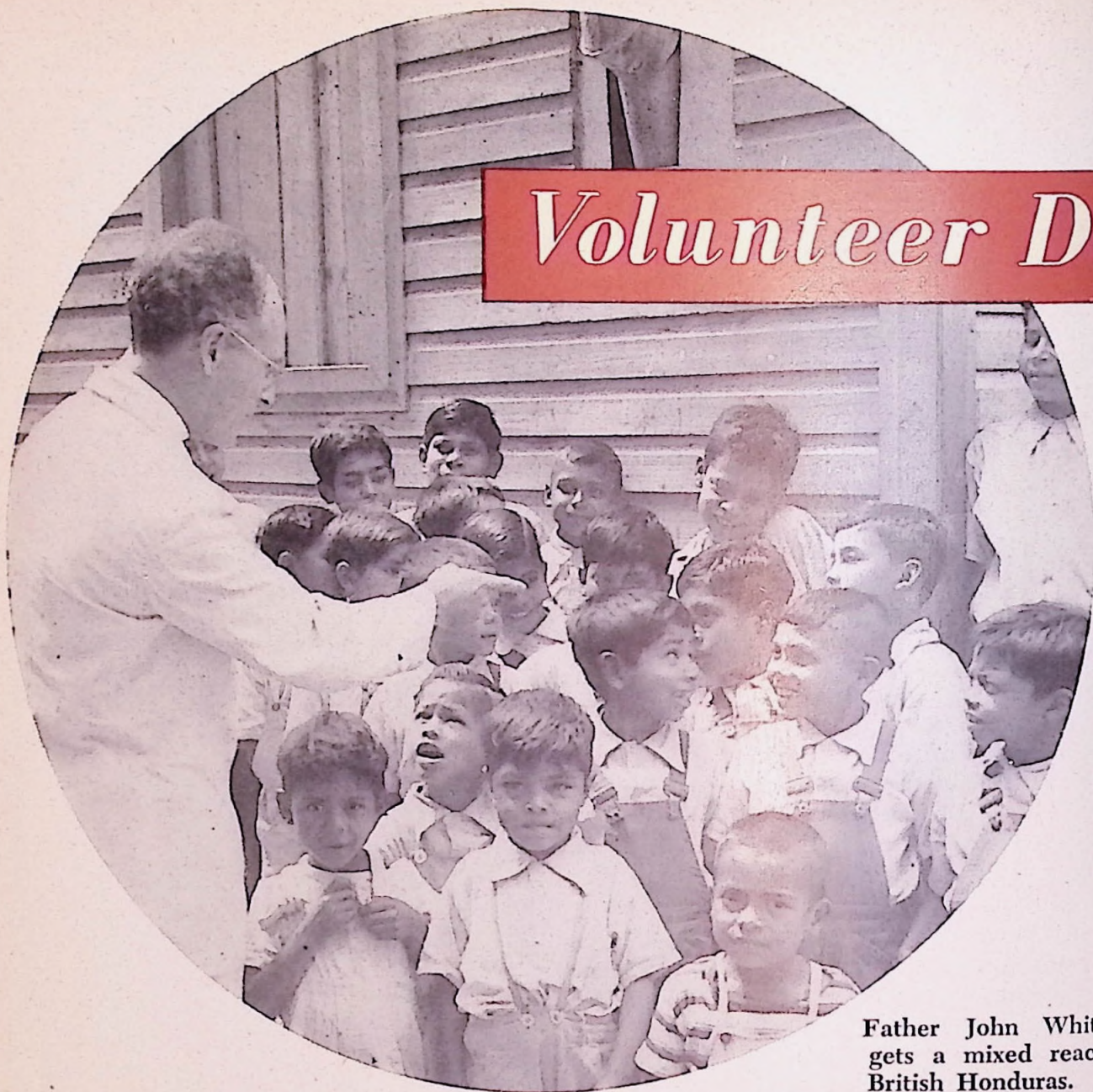
Mr. Li married shortly afterwards and his three sons became priests. Two of them are now dead but the third is still active in Shanghai.

That is one instance of the loving care which Our Lady has shown for the Catholics of China. They in turn have shown their appreciation of her motherly tenderness. This past year in particular thousands of them, as well as many non-Catholics, have wended their way in pilgrimage to her shrine at Zose. And what has been the result? A fidelity that must be seen to be appreciated, a fidelity deep and lasting.

No one of us can say how it will end or when. Pray for China as the darkness of Calvary descends upon her people. But remember that Our Lady is also on Calvary and she will not forget the children who have been faithful to her. It is the one hope that shines forth in the darkness, for Mary watches over China.



Volunteer Day



Father John White S.J. gets a mixed reaction in British Honduras.

DOWN IN BRITISH HONDURAS THE BIG drum is rolling in San Antonio today as it was four years ago when I stood in the ashes of the Church of San Luis Rey, for it is fajina or volunteer day. You can hear it as you climb the last steep hill to the peak that hides San Antonio from the sea.

When you look down into the saucer-like valley that is San Antonio, you see on the opposite slope a beautiful stone school. And the ashes of San Luis Rey are gone. The little green patch of level ground is clean and ready. As soon as there are cement and sand, the solid walls of a lovely church will blend with the clean, soft walls of the school.

The determined little Mayan men silently cutting brush to the steady beat of the big drum will see to that. They know where to find the stone. The jungles are full of the ruins of ancient Maya temples. They are the

rejected heritage of their pagan ancestors, hidden way in the hills beneath a tangled mass of tropical green. That stone will become the new church of San Luis Rey.

There are other changes in San Antonio—signs of economic development. Years ago when the Mission began to show the Indians the way to help themselves, the only business in the village was a little store stocked with emergency commodities. The real shopping was done in distant Punta Gorda.

From the beginning to end of any business transaction, the Indians did not fare so well. A couple of rattling old trucks clattered into town once a week more or less. A sharker was almost sure to be aboard to buy hogs. He would estimate the weight thirty or forty pounds below the actual weight, and buy the hog at a low price even for the estimated weight.

IN SAN ANTONIO

JOHN T. WHITE S.J.

With the money secured from the sale of a hog, a family would buy passage on the truck to Punta Gorda where the father hoped to sell a bag or two of corn and buy a few cuts of cloth, some thread, and always sweets for the children, cigarettes for father and beads for mother. The prices at Punta Gorda were at exclusive shop level. The Indians' corn could be bought at any price, since not to sell it meant to pay freight to haul it back to San Antonio.

Father William Ulrich S.J. attacked that economic problem. The men had to be educated, but in an informal way—the only way that would work in any Maya village. Real economic progress must begin with control of the transportation from San Antonio to the sea. Consequently the Village Council decided to undertake owning and operating a truck. Bi-weekly service was inaugurated and, to the surprise of the Council, maintained at two-thirds the price formerly charged. In a year's time the truck was paid for.

In order to control the hog outlet, a modified form of cooperative was organized. Direct contact was established with the Belize butchers. A transportation agreement was drawn up, and hogs purchased by the pound in San Antonio were sold by the pound in Belize.

The growth of this hog business has been a real education for the people not only of

San Antonio but of the neighboring villages. To them hog business was bargaining over one or two animals in the hope of getting enough for a new pair of trousers and a shirt. At the end of the first year of operation, the directors of their hog market reported the sale of 1,309 hogs. During the first six months of 1952 over 1,400 hogs have passed through the market.

Although the hog business was really started as an educational project to teach the people the importance of managing their own affairs, today it is a successful business branching out into other fields. For example, the Mayan Cooperative Society has set up a small general store in San Antonio.

At present the earnings of the store are being invested in rice and a rice mill. So San Antonio will become the milling center for all the rice consumed on the reservation. Until now it had to be shipped to Belize to be milled and brought back.

To know San Antonio and its lovely little people is to know that these efforts have been worth-while. The many generous Catholics in the United States who have helped Father Ulrich may feel assured that their sacrifices have been cherished and applied with great care and lasting results.

Yet there is still one great work to be done. For San Antonio is a beautiful little organism struggling along without a heart. All its veins and arteries still terminate in the empty green patch behind the silent white cross that patiently awaits the cement, sand and

poilite that must be moulded into the new Church of San Luis Rey.

When the rebuilt church is again the heart of San Antonio, the tom-tom will throb in a livelier tempo on fajina day—a symbol of newborn hope in the valley.



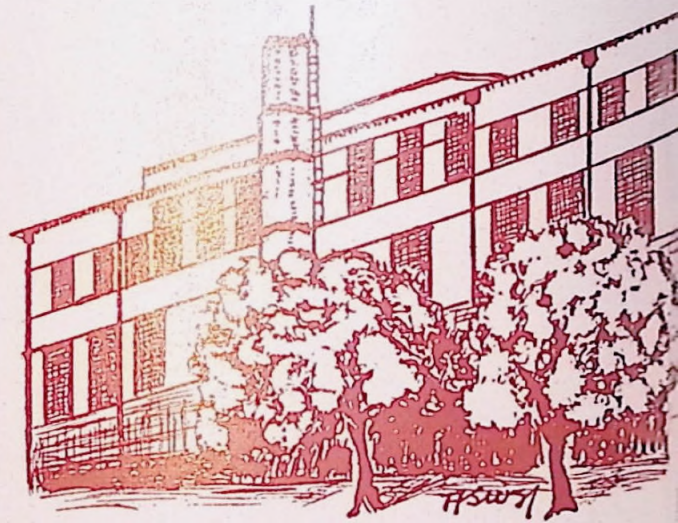


The rice, vegetable and soup diet is broken twice a year by feasts for dormitory students.

St. Ignatius Church on Sophia campus on the occasion of Pope's address to the Japanese.



Francis Furukawa helps pay tuition by assisting Father Daniel McCoy S.J. in biology lab.



NORBERT J. TRACY S.J.

SOPHIA UNIVERSITY, THE CATHOLIC UNIVERSITY of Tokyo, since its foundation in 1913 has been the spearhead of Catholic intellectual leadership in Japan.

After 40 years, it stands today as a glowing tribute both to the heroic persistence of the Jesuit missionaries and to the prayers and generosity of Catholics the world over. Yet only in 1946, after 33 years of disappointments and disasters, did it finally begin on its road of triumph.

Today Japan's 84 million people, crowded on four islands less in area than California are a nation humbled by defeat, eager to succeed with their new democracy. Yet, although they despise the street violence of the Communists, the battle of ideas between materialism and Christianity for control of the Japanese mind still goes on.

One mile from the moat-surrounded Im



Dr. Shibata, assisted by daughter, operates electron microscope for special research.



Father Bosch S.J. baptizes Sophia student on Christmas Eve. Robert Dressman S.J. in rear.

Triumph in TOKYO

perial Palace in central Tokyo stands the Catholic Men's University, called in Japanese "Jochi Daigaku" or Sophia University in honor of Mary, Seat of Wisdom. Although its student enrollment of 1,600 is smaller than the older and larger universities in Tokyo yet Sophia has won a high reputation in Japan. Last year the Japanese Ministry of Education ranked it among the specially recognized first-class universities of Japan.

After St. Francis Xavier passed through southern and central Japan, preaching and baptizing, from 1549 to 1551, scores of other Jesuit missionaries followed and were martyred later with thousands of the Japanese faithful in the violent persecutions of the first quarter of the 17th century. Finally, when Japan was again opened to foreigners after 200 years of seclusion and the new Meiji Constitution allowed freedom of religion, the Society of Jesus returned in 1906, at the special request of Pope Pius X, to establish in Tokyo the first Catholic university in Japan.

It took seven years to overcome the opposition and classes were just underway when World War I broke out, halting the normal development. After the war, the German Jesuits to whom the project had

been entrusted were fostering a steady growth when sudden disaster struck in the great Tokyo earthquake. In a few seconds, the new school was a heap of debris.

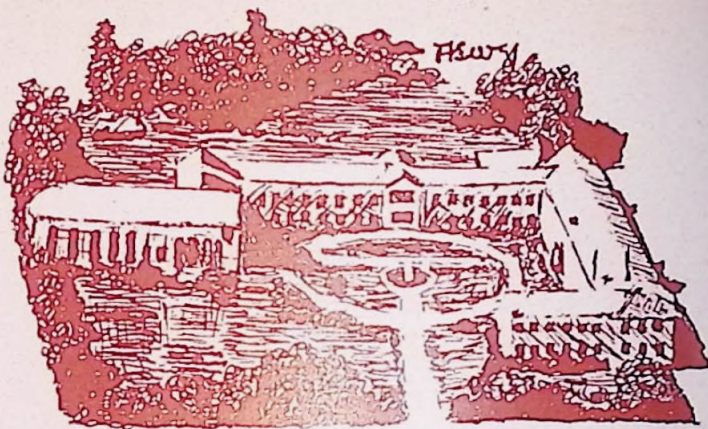
The missionaries struggled on, through the depression years, through the blacklisting by the Japanese Government after an incident at the Shinto Soldier's Memorial Shrine when Catholic students of Sophia refused to bow before the sanctuary during ritualistic ceremonies. Then came the Japanese-Chinese war with its conscription of youth, sky-rocketing prices and military restrictions suffocating the ordinary conduct of a university.

With Japan's entrance into World War II many of the international faculty were interned and the lack of students forced the closing of the school in 1944. Then in the spring of 1945 the B-29 bombers came out of the sky, raining destruction. The best and newest of Sophia's buildings was saved from complete ruin only because the Fathers kept watch and shoveled off the fire bombs as they hit. Everything else was gutted.

In 1945 Sophia began again, this time as an international cooperative effort as Jesuits from all parts of the world arrived to assist the veteran German Jesuits. In a short time

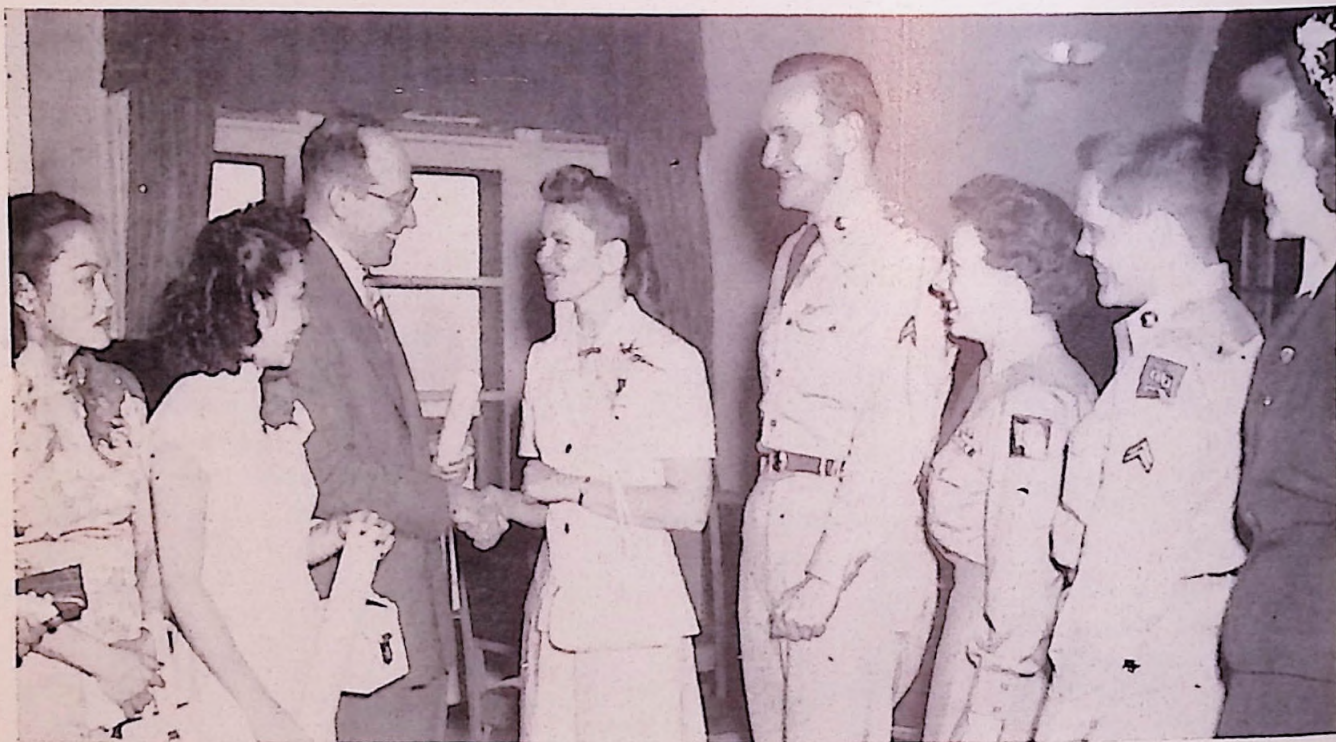
they were entrusted with the important work of training the Japanese clergy of the Tokyo Interdiocesan Seminary.

Sophia has always been a Japanese institution. Although the Rector, Father Theodore Geppert, is German yet the President is a Japanese layman and convert, Doctor Naojiro Murakami. The day classes are for Japanese young men only, who at present number 1,150. The day courses, given almost entirely in Japanese, are taught by 36 Jesuits of 7 nationalities, including 7 Americans, and 78 Japanese professors of whom 33 are Catholic. In the new system the Faculty of Literature comprises the departments of Philosophy, English and German Literature, History, Journalism and Education, while the Faculty of Economics contains the departments of Economics and Commerce.



present enrollment of over 400 students from 24 different countries.

These day and night classes by no means tell the full story of Sophia's influence in Japan. Conventions are held yearly for Catholic doctors, educators and others and these assemblies give the Japanese lay lead-



Graduation of International Division. Doctor Murakami congratulates Miss Dorothy Wong.

In 1951 Sophia received the coveted official recognition of its Graduate School with departments of Theology, Philosophy, Western Culture and Economics.

Most familiar to Americans making a tour of duty in Japan is Sophia's night school for American personnel in service, foreign traders and qualified students of any nationality. This International Division offers over 40 courses corresponding with those in accredited American colleges and has a

ers a greater solidarity and confidence for their Catholic Action work.

Nor is the work of the missionaries restricted to the classroom only. The Japanese Catholic Encyclopedia and other scholarly works, magazines and a monthly newspaper, Newman Clubs in other schools, lectures and retreats—all these are undertaken by the Jesuit faculty.

For 33 years Sophia University faced disaster but would not die. Its last 7 years have been a splendid revival. Yet, in this hour of grace, its work is just beginning.

SINGING HEART OF *India*

ROBERT J. MAYER S.J.

EARLY EVERY MORNING A CHORAL symphony wells up from the singing heart of India. During Mass, each day is christened in a mission chapel when children pour out their souls in praise of Jesus. In the minaret a cry calls Mohammedans to face Mecca. Along the Ganges a Hindu chants long passages of *Ramayana*. School-boys troop along to the tune of lilting little rhymes. Women with loads upon their heads hum gay songs of long ago. With a cheerful whistle and a brand new ditty, a shepherd boy trips along with his flock to greener pastures.

For a second the pace of the choral symphony changes abruptly with the tea-vendor's insistent cry: "*Garam chahee! Chahee-garam!*" (Hot tea! Tea-hot!) whenever a train pulls into the station.

Then suddenly shrill cymbals bang, and a big black bear dances about on his hind legs, in step with his master's clanging cymbals and merry chortling. A colorful wedding party marches by. No wedding cortege, not even a Catholic procession, would be complete without a band.

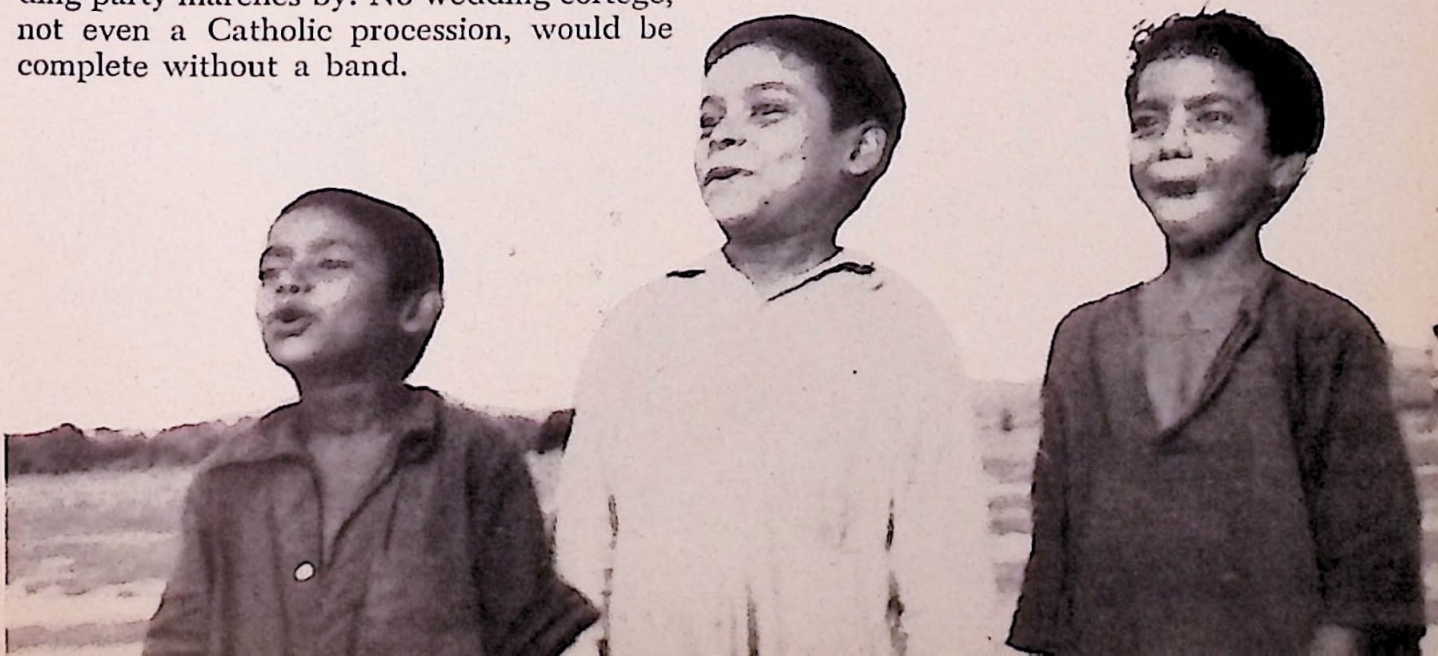
FROM DAWN TO NIGHT a choral symphony of Christian and pagan notes is heard in the land



Toward dusk, a sacrifice is offered in the pagan temples, and tom-toms beat, while endless religious chants fill the air. Still later in the night a far more reserved, yet more intense religious chant steals from the Capuchin monastery, out across the plains.

At length all is silent. One sound alone is heard. It is the strong voice of the village watchman who makes his rounds faithfully, putting the final note on the symphony from the singing heart of India:

"All is right! All is right! Robbers take flight!"





STRETCHING NORTH FROM ATOM-bombed Hiroshima is a green wide valley through which a swift river runs. It is now almost fifteen years since the Jesuits started to build a novitiate in the western hills of that valley to train and educate the young Japanese who wanted to join the Society.

Though it was built in a kind of Japanese style to fit well into the Japanese landscape and atmosphere, for a long time the country folk considered this house where foreigners and Japanese lived so peacefully together as something very strange. They would look on it from a distance but would not come close. But gradually, through curiosity and through the children, people in the surrounding villages got to know the Fathers and started to visit the chapel. A few took instructions and were baptized. The Church was slowly growing in Hiroshima.

The terrible atom bomb struck and brought death and injury to many hundred thousands in and around the city. The procession of misery started to flow out of the city. The novitiate opened its gates wide and was turned into a hospital that saved many lives, especially through the skillful and sacrificing work of the Novice Master, Father Arrupe, who had studied medicine in his native country of Spain before he joined the Jesuits. This broke down the last barriers between the Fathers and the people. They now started flocking to the church. Young energetic Father Laures, a giant in size and capacity for work, instructed and baptized so many that soon the novitiate chapel became much too small to accommodate all. A new church had to be built.

Work was begun on a new church not too far away in the village of Gion near the river. It is a good-sized church as mission churches go. There was also a kindergarten and a little convent. But the pride of Father Laures was the bell tower, and he would not rest until he had found a benefactor who donated the bell to call his people to prayer and worship.

Now almost every Buddhist temple has a bell, but they are rung differently from our western style bells. A big beam is attached to the side of the bell and it hits the bell in long intervals: bong—bong—bong. But in most of the villages there is also a fire bell that goes bing-bong—bing-bong. And that is how Father Laures' bell sounded when he had hung it in the new tower.

A HELL BELL for Gion

JOSEPH EDELMANN, S.J.

People came running, asking, "Where is the fire?"

The next Sunday Father capitalized on the excitement. He built his sermon around the new bell. "You asked where the fire was when you heard our bell. I will tell you where it is. It is burning in hell for everyone who does not believe in God and keep His commandments. Remember that when you hear this bell."

It was a very effective sermon. The people of Gion are very proud of their new bell—so proud that they now insist on calling it the "hell bell."



Dedication of the bell tower and church in the little Japanese village of Gion, not very far from the atom-bombed city of Hiroshima.



Come, follow me

ON THE THIRD OF MAY THE CHURCH commemorates the Finding of the Holy Cross. According to the ancient tradition, it was in 326 that Saint Helena, mother of the Emperor Constantine, unearthed the precious relic in Jerusalem.

The cave where it was found lay deep beneath the terrace that had been raised by the Romans over the hill of Calvary, and where they had erected a shrine of Jupiter and temple of Venus. These were deliberate profanations to prevent the Christians from worshipping at the site of their redemption. For the old pagans, like those of our own day, feared the mystery of the Cross of Christ and tried to obliterate it from men's consciousness.

Saint Helena's cave is still venerated by devout pilgrims. It is a dark and eerie crypt deep beneath the sanctuary of the Basilica of the Holy Sepulcher, reached by a narrow and precipitous stairway. It is unadorned, except for a simple altar on which the Holy Sacrifice is celebrated daily. The air is dank and pungent with the smoke of countless candles that through the ages have blackened its ancient walls and vaulted ceiling.

It would be but a gloomy recess in the heart of the earth, if out of its very darkness had not come the sign of light and pledge of life, the Cross on which our redemption was accomplished. There is something symbolic in that darkness. For so often it is down in the deep recesses of our own soul, overlaid with the shadows of suffering, that we really discover the Cross of Christ and, as Saint Paul, find strength and joy to "glory in it."

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

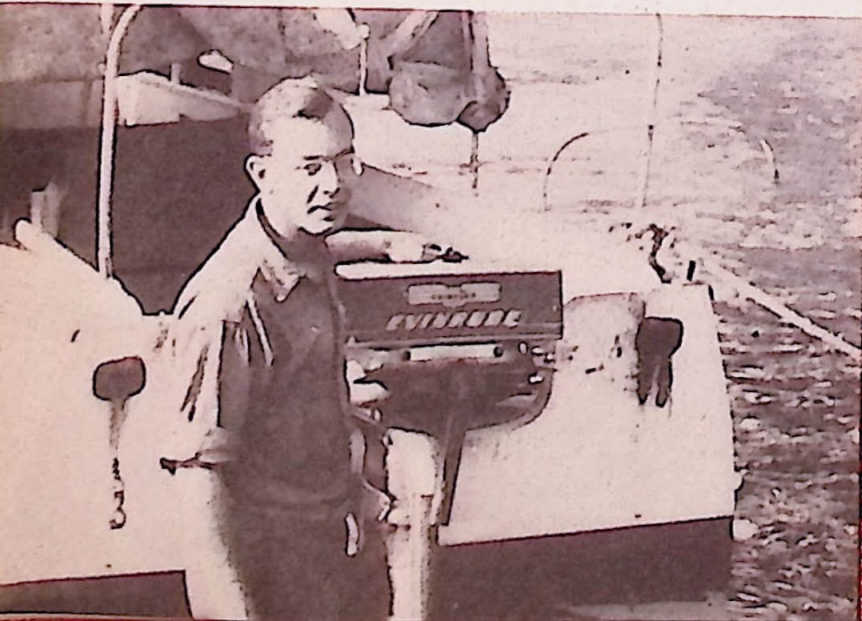


1 Father Francis Ratermann S.J. has his headquarters in the city of Yoro in Honduras.



4 Father Francis Hogan S.J. holds the Christmas Adoration of the Infant in Olanchito.

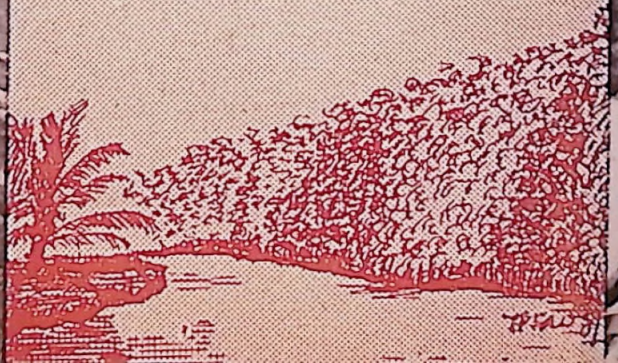
7 Father Clement Andlauer S.J. moved to Yoro after years of work in British Honduras.

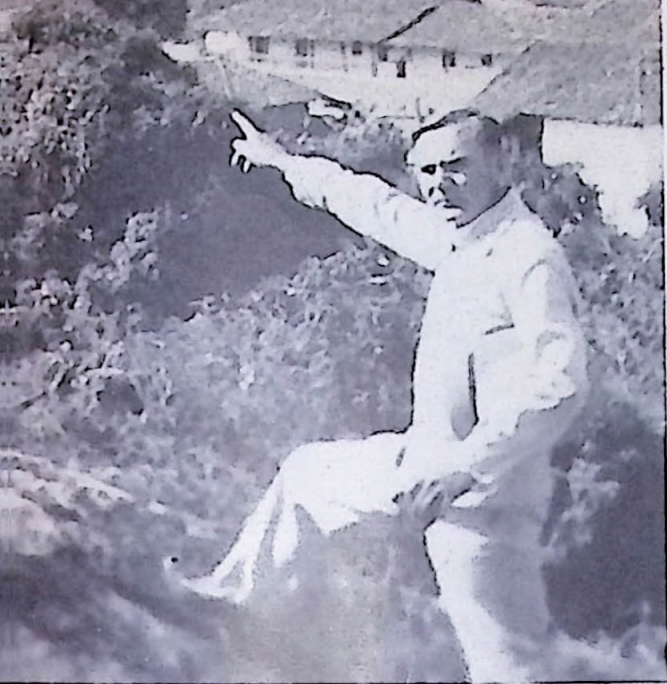


Nine Shepherds OF Yoro

THE Department of Yoro lies in the north central section of the Republic of Honduras in Central America. Here there are nine American Jesuits whose mission covers an area of 15,000 square miles. They are shepherds for about 80,000 people scattered in the forest-covered mountains.

To reach their people these nine Missouri Province Jesuits must travel the trails on horseback or foot or, when possible, by jeep. But there are only 600 miles of road in all Honduras and only 88 miles of railroad. Wide are the pastures, the shepherds number only nine — remember Yoro in your prayers.





2 Father John Newell S.J. points out the mission which he helped to start six years ago.



3 Father John Murphy S.J. works out of Progreso over the rugged terrain of Honduras.



4 Father George Prendergast S.J. has the unenviable task of beginning a new Yoro station.

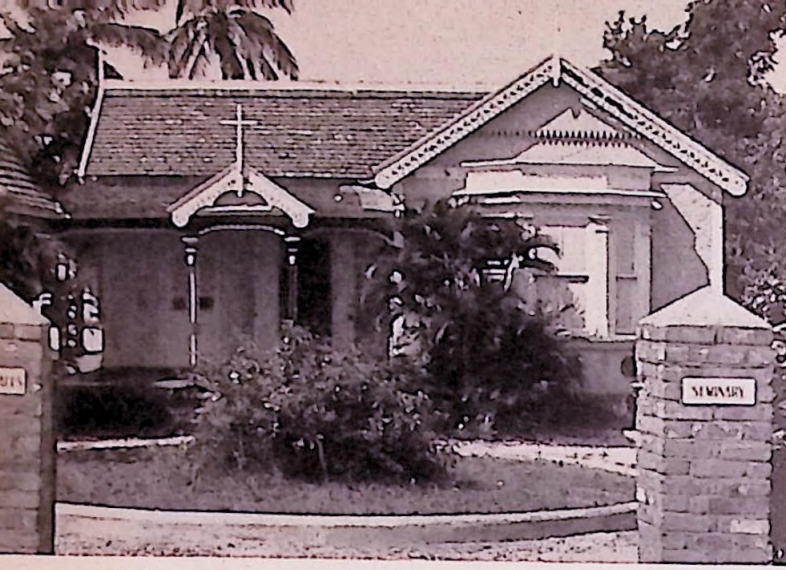
5 Father Joseph Hebert S.J. of Progreso wishes there were more roads in Yoro for his jeep.



6 Father Joseph Wade S.J., veteran British Honduras missionary, is stationed at Progreso.

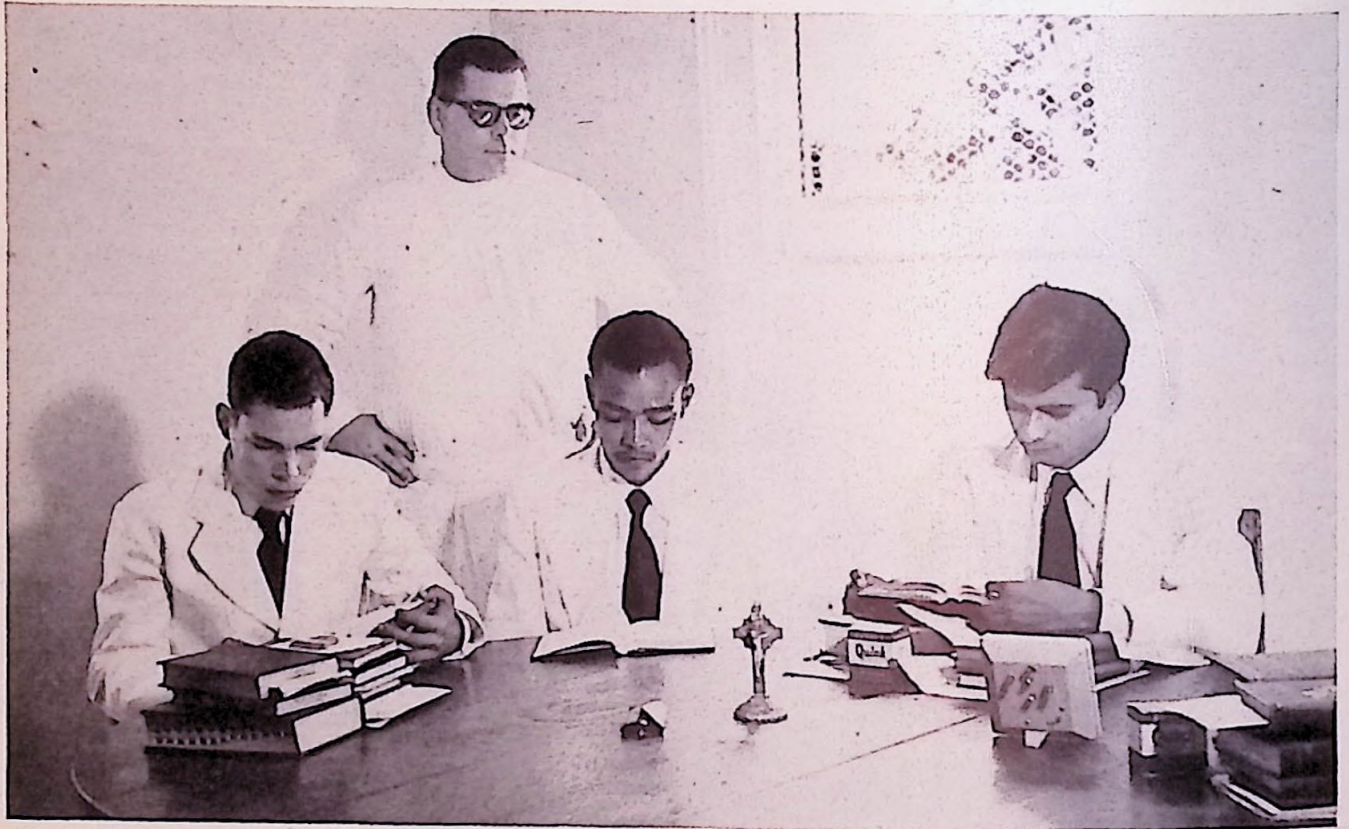
9 Father William Moore S.J. does a little bargaining with a young merchant in Olanchito.





(Above) The house and (below) Rector and students.

Jamaica's FIRST SEMINARY



(Below) Bishop McEleney with Monsignor Wilson, Father Burke and seminarians on dedication day.



ON THE CARIBBEAN ISLAND OF Jamaica a long-awaited dream has finally come true. For the first time, Jamaica has its own seminary for its own priests. It is something long and ardently desired by the Vicar Apostolic, Bishop John McEleney S.J. and the New England Jesuits of the mission.

The beginning of this vital project is necessarily a modest one. A small residence on Emerald Road in Kingston, three seminarians (now four) and a skeleton faculty under the direction of Father Robert Burke S.J., Rector.

But already over a dozen applications are in for next year. The mustard seed is sprouting fast.

OUR PIUS *Savage*

FRANCIS J. FALLERT S.J.

HE WAS THERE TO MEET THE THREE new Sisters when the plane settled down onto the muddy Alaskan field. The Sisters were 'cheechakos'—then. They thought they would surprise their community by arriving unexpectedly. They did—and had to walk a mile to the Holy Cross mission through rain and mud.

Had he not come, it would have been much worse. Their grips would have remained there in the rain. And the Sisters would probably have gotten lost. As it was they struggled along, clinging desperately to those precious surprise packages—especially that water-soaked sack of bananas. All the time they cast nervous, furtive glances at him past the edge of their dripping, unstarched wimples. Could they trust such a fierce looking figure?

Their meeting had been somewhat disconcerting. "I am Pius Savage," he said.

"Well," one of the Sisters said dubiously, "I'm glad you're pious, anyway."

But the Sisters learned to appreciate Pius. He is an example of the devoted handy man so necessary for work in a missionary country. When his hunting or fishing is successful the Fathers and Sisters taste fresh meat. He is always on hand when the mission needs help.

For the Jesuit scholastics the big break from missionary routine was a hunting trip with Pius; for moose or geese perhaps, or a

winter trip with dogs and sled to the trap line, or to dip fish through the ice.

For all that Pius is, still his wife and little girls also endear him to the missionaries. She is a convert; became a Catholic two years after they were married. One day she remarked to Pius, "You know, maybe I would not have married you if I had known about this Catholic business."

"Why?" asked Pius.

"I guess maybe I'd have become a Sister."

"Oh, I guess that would be all right," interposed seven-year-old Mary Dorothy. "Mamma would be up at the mission then, and she'd take care of us."

The other girls thought that would be a satisfactory solution. Other *girls*,—only? Yes. Six of them all in a row—and not a boy. That was a sore spot for Pius. I could always stop his teasing with a reminder about what swell hunters his *boys* would make.

But Pius had the last laugh. I was 'outside' studying theology when an airmail package arrived. It was a cigar in honor of 'Little Pius,'—at last.

The skilled handyman of Holy Cross Mission, Pius Savage, an Alaskan Indian, with his wife and four of their seven children.

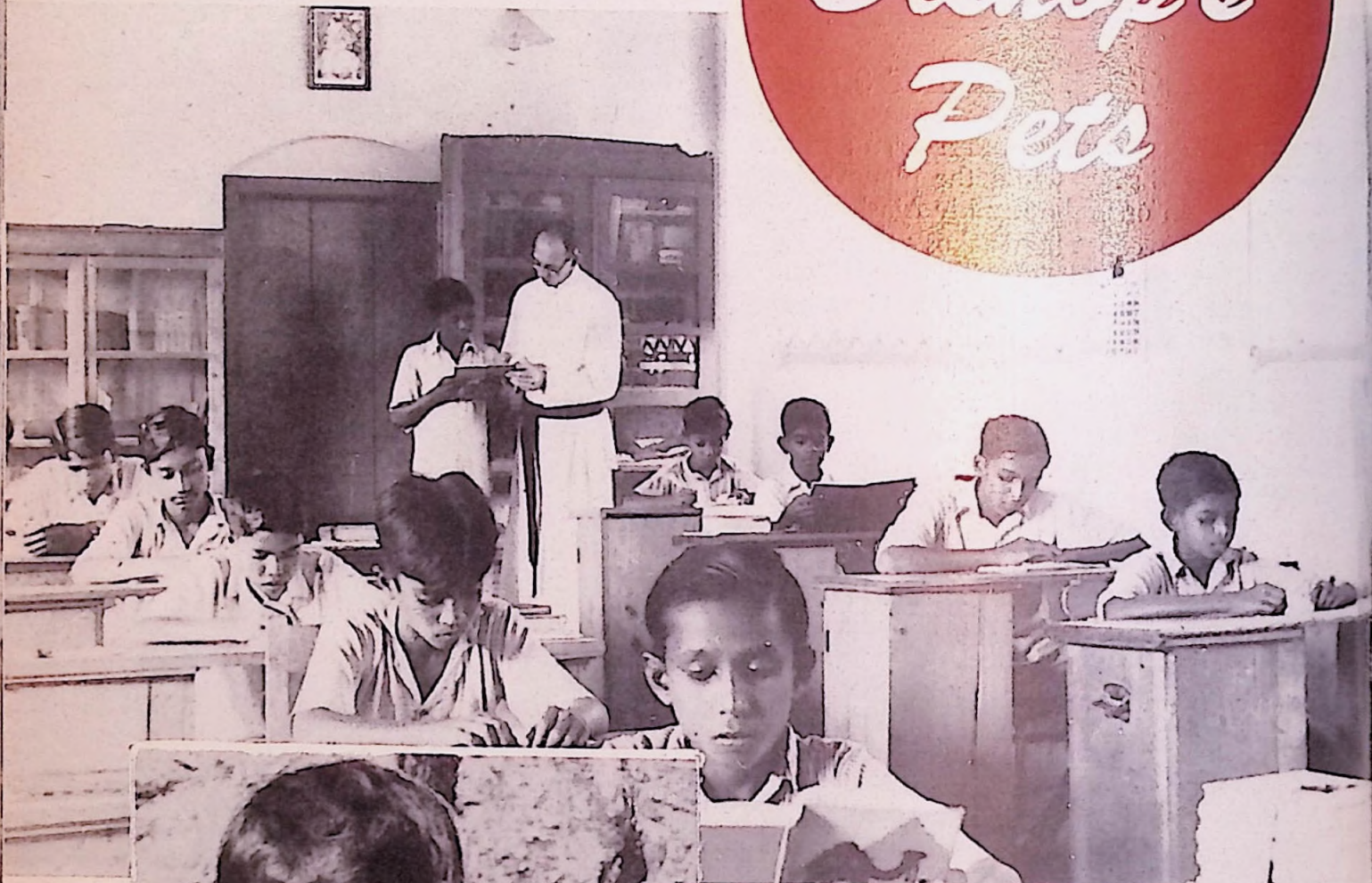


(Left) The author admits, "This story on Pius is to pay him back for the time he deliberately egged me into a snowshoe race and I ended in a snowbank on my face—as he knew very well would happen! And he never lets me forget!"

OF MICE AND MEN is this story which deals with the future success or failure of the Church in Ceylon

JOSEPH H MEYER S.J.

THE *Bishop's Pets*



The bishop's pets are the seminarians (above) with Father Meyer and (below) the mongoose.

BISHOP IGNATIUS GLENNIE S.J. OF THE Trincomalee Diocese in the Eastern Province of the island of Ceylon has two pets. Both live in his back yard; one in a special wire cage which can be moved inside or left out, depending on the weather; the other in a long crumbling building that has long outlasted normal life under the rugged climatic conditions of Ceylon. The latter cannot be moved about when the monsoon rains pour in torrents or the tropical sun bears down unmercifully. It may just stay put, and we're hoping that it will do at least that for just a little while longer.

The first pet is a clever little mongoose whose lightning speed and unbounded curiosity means that reptiles and rodents—deadly enemies of a mongoose—haven't got a chance

on episcopal premises. A mongoose is a lithe little animal about the size of a half-grown kitten who loves to prowl and whose days are boring if he can't pick a fight. He can pick off a low-flying bird with an effortless pounce, but his prize game is snakes—the more venomous the better.

There are no secrets for a mongoose. He's God's most curious creature, and for that he fits into the East most admirably. As he makes the 'rounds' of the episcopal buildings each day, the personal files of the Bishop hold no more awe for him than the wastebasket. Everything must be probed, for a mouse or a lizard on the beat of a mongoose could never be tolerated.

The second pet in the Bishop's backyard is one that gets and deserves more attention than anything else in the diocese. It's just a youngster; celebrated its fifth birthday only last January. It's not much on hunting rodents, but when it grows up, the enemies of the diocese better watch out. This pet, so dear to the Bishop's heart, is the Minor Seminary of the Trincomalee Diocese.

At present it is bulging with twenty-one barefooted youths from Ceylon. The present seminary is quite inadequate, but the Bishop hopefully looks forward to the day when he will be able to build a real home for his pet. Maybe on a sunny beach of the Indian Ocean where the fresh, salty air would be so appropriate for those growing youths who in the Master's own words are chosen as the "salt of the earth" and to be "fishers of men."

While it is good to dream of the years to come, it's much more sobering to look at the present. And as the news of America filters into the missions, we get the impression from last year's presidential campaign that the first thing to report about persons and institutions is the financial status.

The fees at the Trincomalee Diocesan Seminary are twenty-five rupees a month. With the American dollar now bringing four and three-quarter Ceylon rupees, that comes to about five dollars and twenty-six cents. It includes room, board, laundry, and haircuts. Your first question is: "Can you actually operate on that amount?" Well, not quite. It really takes forty-five rupees a month or about nine dollars and a half. Even that is pretty astounding in comparison to American living expenses. But a pound of rice, as any housewife will tell you, swells up miraculously well, and rice plus coconuts

makes up the standard menu of Ceylon.

But it doesn't take a C.P.A. to point out that, with expenses running to forty-five rupees and income set at twenty-five, our books don't balance. There are still twenty rupees per seminarian per month unexplained. Well, you have probably taken up some of this slack yourself when you contributed to the Propagation of the Faith collections that unfailingly pop up every year in your own parish church. This Society helps us stay out of the deep red, and our good friends in the States have not forgotten us either.

As the seminary is still in its growing stages, and the number of seminarians still too small to warrant our own faculty, the students attend all classes at the Jesuit college just across the road.

Next year we hope to send our first group to the Major Seminary. From there on in we should have three or four ready each year.

Conversions in seventy-percent-Buddhist Ceylon are slow in the making, but when our Bishop's pet gets a little bit older, when native clergy staff all our parishes, the Pearl of the Orient, as Ceylonese like to call their pretty little island, will find its rightful place in the crown of Christ the King.

His Excellency Bishop Ignatius Glennie S.J.
of the New Orleans Province's Ceylon mission.





Father Joseph Hagen S.J. hears a confession during one of his trips through the villages of the Madura mission in the south of India.

RED SICKLES *in South India*

EVER HEAR OF A PLACE CALLED HANUMANTHANPATTI? I suppose not. Few people outside the immediate neighborhood have. But its claim to fame rests on this unpleasant fact: it is located in the geographical center of the most dangerous movement in South India today—Communism.

In the early part of 1950 one of the priests in Madurai, that's the center of the diocese, prophesied that my parish in Hanumanthanpatti would be a hot bed of Red activity when the time came. The elections in the fall of 1951 proved him right. Overnight red sickles appeared on the walls of Catholic houses. Young enthusiasts, fresh

JOSEPH HAGEN S.J.

from the city, told the old folk how wonderful it would be under Communist rule. In a nearby village agitators went from house to house interviewing the people. The conversation went something like this:

"Salaam. Is your name Raj Kumar? That's fine. Now how many acres of land do you own? Two, eh? And you have nine children? Well, that is hardly land enough to support so many people. Now you vote for the Communist in the election—that's the ballot with the sickle on it—and if we're elected you'll get five more acres of good land."

The situation looked pretty bad to say the least. Simple folk took the campaign promises to heart and it was slow tedious work trying to change them. Catholics and the Congress party worked hard but with little apparent success. Things came to such a pass that the father of a non-Red candidate was really worried. He decided that he

should have some sort of insurance that he was backing a winner. Now, what would have been a major problem for anyone else, was quite simple for him. He quickly gave a second son an equal amount of money for campaign expenses, Rs. 10,000, and entered him on the Communist ticket. Thus, whichever way the election came out, he would have an inside track with officialdom—or so he thought. Luckily an Independent candidate, long popular with the people for his genuine interest in their welfare, was induced to run—and he won.

Today, the prospects seem brighter and the fervor of the Reds has cooled considerably. A number of staunch workers have left their ranks after discovering that Communist control means something less than paradise for the people. But each one of us realized how close a call it was. It is strictly a fight against time and carried on under the shadow of the sickle.

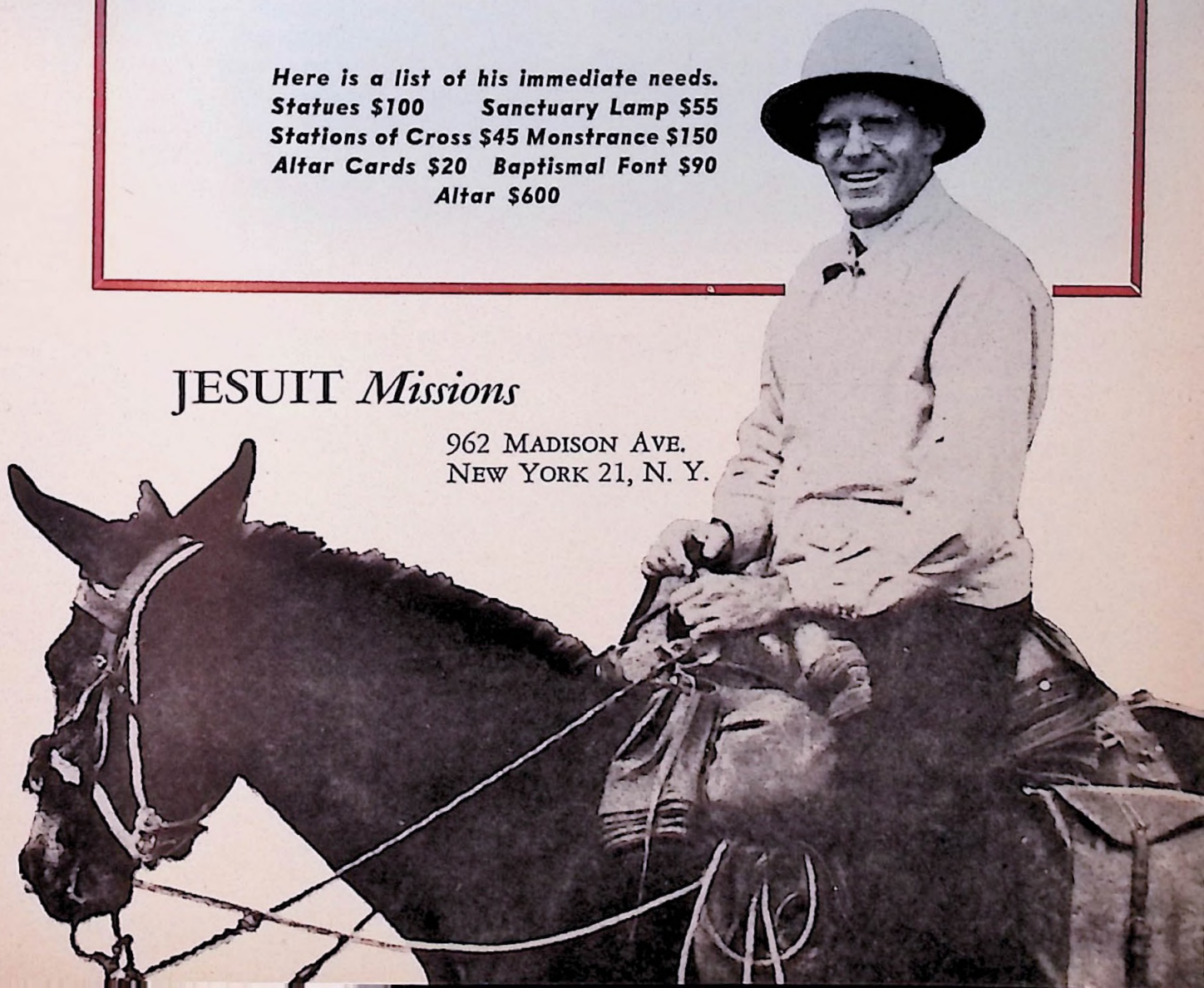
HERE'S A MAN *with a Mission!*

Father George Prendergast, Missouri Province Jesuit, has a brand new mission at Progreso, Honduras. His people are all Catholics, but poor and exposed to evil influences. Mass is offered now in a wide-open barracks. He must build a mission church.

Here is a list of his immediate needs.
Statues \$100 Sanctuary Lamp \$55
Stations of Cross \$45 Monstrance \$150
Altar Cards \$20 Baptismal Font \$90
Altar \$600

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

SPOTLIGHT ON CEBU

While the nations of Asia grapple with the problems of war, internal difficulties and economic survival, the one Catholic country in the Far East turns its attention on activities that we associate with peace.

From the Philippines JAMES O'DONNELL S.J. of Berchmans College in Cebu reports:

"From February 1st to April 30th anybody in Manila with 40 centavos could go window shopping around the world in a matter of hours. For the 1953 Philippine International Fair is being held there. Its object is to foster international friendship, to broaden culture and mutual understanding and to promote trade.

"What has that got to do with the Jesuits? Well, one of the buildings at the Fair will house the first comprehensive exhibit

of the country's religious history from the era of the Conquistadores up to the present. Further, since Cebu was the first place colonized by Magellan and the Spanish explorers it is the cradle, so to speak, of Christian civilization in the Philippines. So the Fair has a double interest for the Jesuits of Berchmans College.

"And how are we represented there? By three half-hour radio plays transcribed on tape and sent to Manila. They will be played daily for all who visit the Cebu booth. The first tape is a straight radio play describing the landing of Magellan, the baptism of the king of Cebu and Magellan's fatal battle with the inhabitants on the island of Mactan.

"The second tape is called 'A Tour of Religious Sites of Cebu' and the third is entitled 'Cebu in Song and Story'. The narrative is broken up with Visayan songs and hymns. We got some local musicians to help us out while making the records. A group of girls from the neighborhood did a lot of the vocalizing, accompanied by bass fiddle, mandolin, banjo, guitar and ukulele.

At the opening of the first Plenary Council ever held in the Philippine Islands His Eminence Thomas Cardinal Gilroy of Australia, Papal Legate to the Council, welcomes Archbishop James Hayes S.J. of Cagayan. The ceremonies began on January 7th in Manila at the Church of San Augustin.

The Philippine Hierarchy who constituted the Plenary Council is composed of six archbishops and twenty-three bishops. The Jesuit Fathers who assisted at the Council were the Vice-Provincial Father Kennally and Fathers Cullum, de la Costa, Edralin, Moran, Paguaia, Patangan and Siguion. This first Council, which was a great success, ended in late January.





But far from Manila and the bustle of the Fair as well as the stately proceedings of the bishops at the first Philippine Plenary Council a quiet scene will be enacted on the peaceful shore of the Mindanao Sea.

"With the coming of May," writes FATHER GORDON KOLLER S.J. of Talisayan, "I know only too well what I will see when I look out my window. Little brown angels, all dressed in white, with large varicolored wings, will be playing our Filipino version of hop, skip and jump.

"These little angels, plus their companions, congregate every afternoon for our 'Flores de Mayo', Flowers of May. They also gather here for catechism every morning. Before and after their catechism and May devotions they run and jump as though they had new springs in each leg. Some of the little angels tease me when I read my Breviary outside. They walk along behind me and it usually ends up by my talking with them and praying the Breviary later. Their shrill little voices make this a lively home even during vacation time. There simply can't be anything more tiny, lovable and heartlightening than little Filipino children."

EXILE AND ITS PROBLEMS

In another part of the Philippines one of the exiled China Mission veterans was stuck with a problem, one of a very personal nature.

"Did I tell you about my Christmas package?" asks FATHER JOHN GORDON S.J. "It was from a nun. In it were two large jars full of brown goo. The jars were labeled 'Staneet Shampoo'. Well, I can take a hint so I headed for the shower with one of the bottles. There I decided against any half measures and used it from head to foot. It was real gummy stuff and I had a time trying to get it all off.

"However the results were soon apparent. I immediately sensed an increase in popularity—at least with the dogs. They began to follow me everywhere, even into the chapel. I started to wonder.



Father Jaime Neri S.J. with some of Father Koller's "angels" at the Talisayan mission.

"Then came a letter from the nun saying she had sent me two jars of home-made taffy in shampoo bottles. I tasted it then. Sure enough, it was taffy! But I couldn't eat it now without feeling like a cannibal. So I gave it to our workman Aspirino who loves to keep his hair slicked down. But last Sunday I had to take it away from him. He had stopped going to Mass; claimed he could not get his hat off!"

THREADS IN A PATTERN

Shembaganur is an important spot on any map of Jesuit activity in India. There is located the house for Jesuits studying philosophy, until recently the only one in India.

"Shembaganur is in the heart of the country the famous Jesuit missionaries De Nobili and De Britto worked so hard to convert," writes EUGENE LOCKWOOD S.J. "Our Sacred Heart College here is old but its number of American alumni is small so far owing to the fact that most missionaries



A new Superior for the Chicago Province Jesuits of the Patna Mission in India has been recently named. Father Rudolph Bohn S.J. succeeds Father Richard Welffe S.J. whose six-year term has expired. The new Superior was born in Glandorf, Ohio, in 1889 and attended St. John's High School and College in Toledo. After his graduation he entered the Jesuit novitiate at Florissant, Missouri, in 1911. He taught at St. Louis University and was later ordained there in 1925. He was appointed to Patna in 1931 and has served there for the last 22 years both in the schools and in the bush missions. His long experience in India eminently qualifies him for his new post.



from the U. S. have finished their philosophy before coming to India. But the number is growing. Last year three Americans received minor orders, the ceremony that marks the first step towards the priesthood. This year two more knelt before Bishop Leonard S.J. to receive the tonsure and minor orders. Anyone witnessing the cere-

John Kenealy S.J. receiving tonsure from Bishop Leonard at Shembaganur in India.



mony would have been struck by the thought that here was a wonderful example of the Catholicity of the Church.

"JOHN KENEALY S.J. and JOHN KNAPEK S.J. are typically American—at least in their differences from one another. John Kenealy is a West Side Chicagoan through and through. Of Irish Catholic stock, he gives one the impression that a large portion of the 'old sod' has been successfully transplanted. Jesuit-trained at St. Ignatius High, he tackled and blocked his way to All Catholic football honors. But in June of 1945 he said good-bye to college and collegiate football, to his Mother and Dad and two sisters, and entered Milford Novitiate.

"John Knapek has a different story. Born in the small town of Natrona, Pa., he attended a public high school and Carnegie Tech for a year. Then came the war and he volunteered for the Air Corps. For nearly four years he got a bird's-eye view of Texas, England, France, Holland, Belgium, Germany and South America. Like many another ex-serviceman he found earth and heaven in a new perspective when he returned. With sights trained on a new target his aim led him to Milford Novitiate.

"The two Johns came to India as Patna missionaries in 1949. As they knelt here before the bishop I could not help thinking how Our Lord weaves different threads into the glorious pattern of His kingdom."



LETTER OF THE LAW

In case you have ever been involved in governmental red tape the following report from the China Mission Jesuits on Formosa should evoke sympathy.

"Have you ever wondered what 'letter of the law' meant? We found out when we bought the house that serves as our new residence. After the usual haggle, we reached agreement with the owners and the place changed hands. Or so we thought. When they went to report the sale to the proper government officials, they were told that the architect who designed the house was not recognized by them. As far as they were concerned, no such building existed! If the owners wanted to bring the 'ghost' house into existence, they were required to follow proper procedures, with the usual payments along the long line.

"The first step was to obtain permission to go ahead with the construction. This obtained, an authorized architect was called in to draw up the plans. He did so, and the blueprints were approved. Since the home was an actuality it was not thought necessary to tear it down and rebuild. We were grateful for that. The owners were merely charged for the imaginary deeds. Finally it was agreed by both parties that such a house was now real. It could be sold. But—one little item. Before it could be sold, the land had to be bought. It seems that formerly all lands here belonged to the Emperor of Japan. Since the war, the government of China inherited all. That called for another payment or so. At last the long-suffering owners had collected the necessary papers and a clear title to house and land. The sale went through and we moved in.

"Early last month, Father Murphy was summoned to the Land Bureau and told he would have to apply for permission to live in our now-famous house. He applied, and we await a definite decision six months from now. We have a roof over our heads, at any rate, though we're not too sure whose it is."

A CHILD OF MARY

An American Jesuit still in China writes to his fellow missionaries in exile. "You must remember FATHER JOSEPH SHEN, the Chinese priest with an Irish brogue, who gave a talk on vocations at FATHER JOHN CLIFFORD's Summer School. He was an enthusiast for the Legion of Mary. He died in a jail infirmary here after sixteen months "inside." FATHER JEAN BILLOT S.J., nephew of the late Cardinal Billot S.J., was on the sick-list at the time and so was near enough to give him absolution just three minutes before he died. He had asked Joe earlier if he were suffering much and Joe answered, "*Ita, sed Martyres Christi sumus.*" (Yes, but we are Christ's martyrs.) The authorities gave no word of the death so it may be difficult to recover his body.

"I knew Joe well, of course, from our associations in Shanghai. He foresaw this outcome to his career plainly, and feared it humanly. But that did not deter him from doing all he could for the love of Our Lord and the honor of Our Lady—even though the road led to a meeting with them on Calvary."

Father Joseph Donohoe, Brother James Finnegan and Father Edward Murphy wonder if the new Jesuit residence in Formosa is theirs.



HIGH upon the green, rolling hills of Lebanon, not far from the capital city of Beirut, and overlooking, so it appeared, the historic Bay of Jouni, stands the statue of Our Lady of Lebanon. Mounted on a base of white rock, the Lady herself is a picture of pure whiteness that tenderly cuts into the broad blue heavens above and behind her.

Atop the mountain height, which commands an imposing view of the eastern ring of the blue waters of the Mediterranean, her post of watch over what was formerly the country of Syria is in a town called Harissa. Directly below, the famed Jouni Bay makes a slight dip into the shoreline, and lets fall its white foam nearly to the first rise of the hills. This is indeed an historic spot, famous long before the coming of Christ for the myriad troops of ancient civilizations that passed here on their way to war and back again. Tales of battles fought and won have been recorded along the rock embankments of the Nahr-el-Kelb (Dog River) which flows into the Bay itself. Others still, in the wake of the Egyptian, Persian, Greek, and Roman armies, have come here for the past nineteen centuries, either to make new wars or simply to stop and read the many things Jouni has to tell.

Today, however, when visitors pass this small town crouched at the foot of Harissa, they look up as well as look out. For today there is a Lady waiting and watching upon the hill above. I had gotten to know her quite well, so I thought, until one Sunday in August, within the octave of the Assumption, I went up to Harissa for a closer look at the Lady in white. That Sunday morning I really discovered her.

The first thing I immediately noticed was her position, which faced directly into the Bay of St. George and the triangular shaped



port of Beirut. Unlike Notre Dame de la Garde in the port of Marseilles, who casts her image and light of guiding protection for men of the sea, Our Lady of Lebanon looks rather to the inhabitants of the land. Perhaps that is why an expression of sadness and sympathy spreads across her countenance, and a crown of thorns sits upon her head. From 2,000 feet below one misses very much. Ever a queen, she watches in sorrow.

But I am sure the sight of the hundreds of people who came to her that day, by auto or bus, or on foot, lightened her heart. So great were the crowds that I found it impossible to reach the top of the statue, and had to be satisfied with making a few turns on the cement stairway, which winds around the foundation and leads to her feet. People were everywhere, whole families of them, idling along the stone porch, squatting

Our Lady of Lebanon

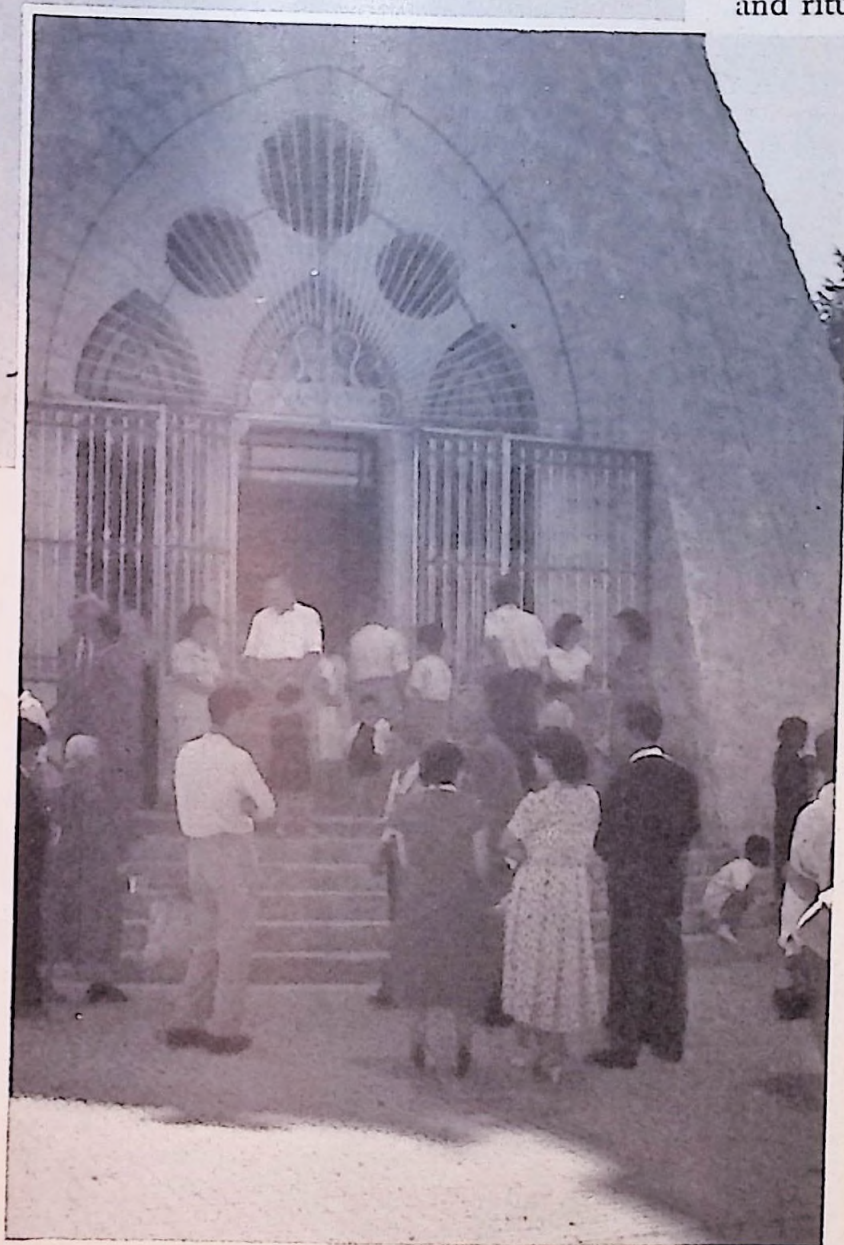
J. THOMAS HAMEL S.J.

on the floor, eating their Sunday dinner, and casting their look now up to the face of Mary, now out over the sparkling waters.

When a little girl passed me on the stairs with a live chicken tucked under her arm, I made nothing of it, until I looked over the rail. There below a man was strenuously cutting off the head of another chicken, and allowing the blood to spill over what at that moment nearly looked like the slab of an altar. It was not long before I discovered that cutting the heads off chickens was going on all around me, and was a common practice of the people who came to the statue. The purpose of it was to spill the blood of the animal upon the foundation of the statue as a token of sacrifice to obtain a certain favor from Our Lady; the chickens were then given to the poor. All the meaning and ritual of the sacrifice of old was there, and I was struck by their tangible piety and devotion.

Yet Our Lady, it seems, would not let them rest content in their humble offering, however poor. She would not have them forget the one, acceptable, and supreme offering of her Son on Calvary. For while around her feet, vestiges of the Old Law in the Old World were still being traced out in the humble lives of those people, at the same moment directly beneath her statue, in a vault-like chapel built out of the foundations itself, the Lamb of God, her Son, was being offered daily in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. I stood in the doorway of the chapel, unable to enter any further, while the crowd of people adored the white, hidden Lamb, elevated over the snowy head of a venerable Maronite priest.

My stay at the shrine that Sunday morning was much too short, but I will not forget meeting the Lady there, the watchful Lady of Lebanon at her post atop the heights of Harissa. I will not forget her crown of thorns and her robes of marble white, because to me it is a symbol of her Immaculate Heart suffering for all the little ones of the East. May she guard us all!



(Above) Statue of Our Lady of Lebanon on the shores of the eastern Mediterranean. (Below) Entrance to chapel of shrine.



The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

Monthly, the Editors of **JESUIT MISSIONS** have a staff meeting. Its purpose is to discuss the contents of the forthcoming issues, to formulate plans for publicity and to examine our financial status and circulation. Many of our problems and those of our missionaries could be expeditiously solved by one factor—a larger circulation.

The question has been asked: "What would be the most effective means of increasing our circulation?" I think the answer is a three letter word—you. You are our friend. You have constantly responded to the appeals of our missionaries. That is an irrefutable proof of your zeal for souls.

If more people know about our Jesuit missionaries, the prayers and help extended to them will be proportionately greater. The potential spiritual and material power of each new subscriber could have eternal effects upon souls.

Both the missionaries and ourselves are convinced that you could do nothing more profitable for us than to secure a new subscriber. Within a year, the investment will yield a hundred percent.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Cups of Water

Father Edmund Burke of Buxar, Patna, India, suggests a literal application for the following words of Our Lord: "And whoever gives to one of these little ones but a cup of cold water to drink because he is a disciple, amen, I say to you, he shall not lose his reward." For the Sisters and the orphan children under their care, Father Burke would like to sink a well costing approximately \$100.00. Water is now brought to the convent at a great sacrifice of time and convenience. It would be a wonderful asset for the Sisters just to step outside and to draw water for drinking, cleaning, cooking and washing. Perhaps you can only afford to sink the well a foot but your gift, in terms of eternity, will be immeasurable.

Coins for Kerosene

If Father McManus (Brooklyn), Father McGowan (Jersey City) and Father Hacker (Buffalo) had spent their boyhood days on a farm they might have been familiar with the temperamental behavior of kerosene lamps. After a night or two on Koror in the Carolines, they quickly learned all of the tricks. It was a great change reading, writing and shaving by the flickering light of

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.
4439 S. Carrollton Ave.,
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.

China (Nanking, Shanghai
and Yangchow)

Rev. John K. Lipman, S.J.
821 Market Street,
San Francisco 3, Cal.

India (Patna) and
U. S. Indians

Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J.
Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J.
1114 South May St.,
Chicago 7, Ill.

India (Darjeeling) and
Canadian Indians

Rev. F. J. Costello, S.J.
403 Wellington St., West,
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

India (Jamshedpur) and
Home Missions

Rev. Edward J. Farren, S.J.
700 N. Calvert St.,
Baltimore 2, Md.

Philippines, Caroline and
Marshall Islands

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

a kerosene lamp. Though they have no comments regarding the inconvenience, they do have a few comments regarding the price of kerosene. It is now 52c a gallon. Do you think you could supply the missionaries with two gallons of kerosene? A dollar saved on kerosene could be used to bring The Light of the world to souls.

Small Altar Linens

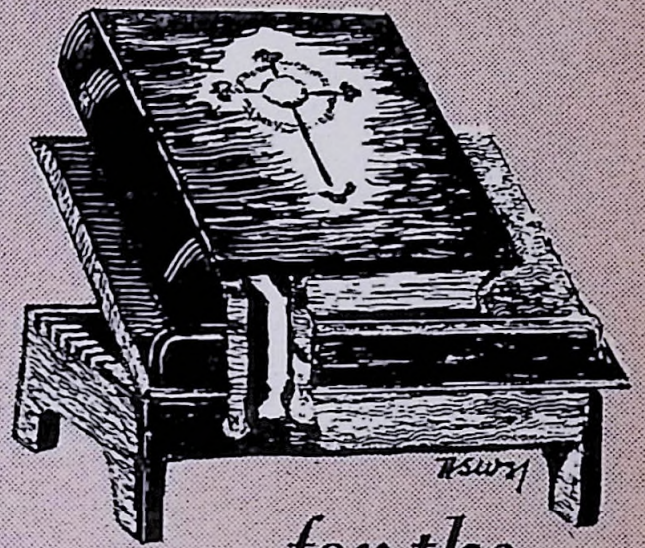
Before a priest vests for Mass, he goes to a drawer in the sacristy and takes out a purificator, a corporal and a pall. They are called small altar linens. Upon the corporal, the Sacred Host rests from the Consecration to the Communion of the Mass. The purificator is used to dry the chalice while the pall rests upon the chalice. Because of such an intimate association with the Body and Blood of Our Lord, these linens must be washed by a priest.

It is customary for each priest to have his own set of the above linens. He uses them for a week. Each visiting priest also needs the same linens, even for one Mass. Thus, it is necessary to have a goodly supply of such linens available, especially in our large mission centers. We have immediate requests from two missions for small altar linens. In the spirit of Mary making the seamless robe for Her Eternal High Priest, would you contribute \$2.00 or \$5.00 to purchase these precious linens to be used in the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass?

Classrooms Without Furniture

Even though you have never taught class, you probably have tried to take care of one or more children for a few hours. They are in perpetual motion. Now suppose you were trying to teach thirty-five children in a room without chairs or even a bench. You would have to have eyes all over your head, ingenuity plus an extraordinary gift of patience from Almighty God. That is exactly the problem of Father Edwin Saxton of Bar Bigha, Patna, India. The classrooms for his orphans are without any furniture. He feels that he could equip the five classes for \$150.00 each. The next time you babysit for one of your relatives, suppose you suggest as a charge for your time a gift for Father Saxton. You and the mother and father will profit by such a charitable donation.

Mass Books



for the
MISSIONS

THE ROMAN MISSAL, the book that is used for the celebration of Holy Mass, must be supplied constantly for our missions. New chapels are being built. Worn-out Mass books MUST be replaced. To fill the requests from our American Jesuit missionaries all over the world, we appeal to you to help. SMALL or LARGE gifts welcome. Each book costs \$40.

JESUIT *Missions*

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

There'll be 7,751
for Breakfast, Dad



FOR the Missouri Jesuits in British Honduras
7,751 breakfasts are a DAILY problem—
To say nothing of LUNCHES and DINNERS.
There are 7,751 CHILDREN to be fed.
Just like YOUR OWN children
They have HEALTHY appetites.
Will you send us a DOLLAR or TWO
To help feed these little ones of CHRIST?

JESUIT
Missions

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