

# JESUIT MISSIONS



APRIL 1954

# JESUIT

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(Left) Father Joseph Willmes of Patna snapped this picture of a modern Gunga Din at his mission in India.



# MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF THE 1129 MISSIONARIES  
OF THE 8 AMERICAN JESUIT PROVINCES  
Vol. 28, No. 3  
April, 1954

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*COVER. A face of the new India. This boy from the northeastern part of the country where the Patna Mission is located depicts on his countenance the traits of the new republic, eager, restless, forward-looking.*

MISSION OF THE MONTH. THE PATNA MISSION IN INDIA, staffed by the Jesuits of the Chicago Province, straddles the Ganges River for three hundred miles. Thirty million people live in the broad sweep of land fashioned by the Ganges between the Himalayas and the Central India plateau. This makes the Patna Diocese the largest one on earth.

The personnel of the Mission number 165 and they are distributed among thirty mission stations and half a dozen schools. Two of these schools lie outside the Ganges district, one at Katmandu in the Kingdom of Nepal and the other in the city of Jaipur.

A typical account of the difficulties encountered by the missionaries in the villages is given in this issue by Father John Morrison. It spotlights the method which the missionaries have found most effective for winning converts. But it is a method especially hard on the missionary himself. Yet it is the way the Kingdom of God must be spread.

## BEHIND THE LINES

Our lead article in this issue was graciously written for us by the noted author, Father John LaFarge.

The article concerns the Pope's Mission Intention for April on the Church in Scandinavia. For many years Father LaFarge has been spiritual director for St. Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League in New York.

For 28 years Father LaFarge has been Editor and Associate Editor of the Catholic weekly *America* and is a recognized authority on social questions.

We believe his description of the Church in the north of Europe will be interesting and highly informative for our readers.

May we also call your attention to Father McCummiskey's article on page 16. It helps to answer the question which he is asked so often, "What can I do to help the missions?"

Our regular feature *Window on the Mission World* is another "must" for all sincerely interested in mission problems. It pinpoints the most important obstacle to the swift building of the Kingdom of Christ.



MANY AN AMERICAN CATHOLIC may think it strange that we should be asked to pray for the Church in Scandinavia. Here in the United States we are accustomed to think of the Scandinavian countries, Iceland, Denmark, Norway, and Sweden, as well as Finland, as something entirely Protestant. This is so much the case that until quite recent years converts to the Catholic Faith from among the people of Scandinavian descent or origin in this country felt themselves isolated, a

*Fr. Adelkamp S.J. celebrates Mass at Bjorko, Sweden, where St. Ansgar first preached the faith.*

# CATHOLIC CHURCH *in* *Scandinavia*

JOHN LAFARGE S.J.

rare exception amidst predominantly Protestant surroundings.

The steamer lines and the air routes are inviting American tourists to take their summer vacations among the *fjords* of Norway or the lakes of Sweden or to visit the historic towns of Denmark or explore the moors and glaciers of volcanic Iceland. Few of us think of the Catholic Church in this connection. Visitors to the recent Olympic meet in Helsinki, the capital of Finland, were surprised to find there a Catholic bishop and Catholic churches and American nuns teaching.

However, prayers for the Church in the Scandinavian countries are not something new for the United States.

Saint Ansgar's Scandinavian Catholic League (headquarters 40 W. 13th Street, New York, N. Y.) has for over forty years carried on a fine work of information through its annual Bulletin and its various activities. It has kept the American public alerted to the struggles and progress of the Catholic Church in these countries, and has also, despite very limited resources of its own, done much to assist converts to the Catholic Faith in the United States of Scandinavian origin or descent, as well as to help in the education of some of the clergy of these countries. The League is chiefly active in New York and Massachusetts as well as Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, North and South Dakota.

The Holy Father's request for prayers during the month of April is particularly timely in view of so much that he has done of late to restore the status of the Church in the northern lands. For the past four hundred years these lands have been officially "mission" countries as was indeed the United States until early in this century. But they differ profoundly from other present-day mission countries since each one of them was once wholly Catholic with a flourishing, fervent Catholic life and splendid examples of piety, learning and charity. Robbed of their faith by their treacherous princes at the time of the Protestant Reformation these countries, nevertheless, preserved many a memory of their ancient faith, many a Catholic feast, religious practice, or religious objects. Even Finland, the last of these countries to embrace Christianity, built its fine cathedrals, though, as in the other northern countries, these are now at the disposal of the Protestant religion.

Today the Catholic Church is in a very small minority in these lands. In Denmark there are 26,000 Catholics out of 4,281,275 inhabitants. In Sweden Catholics number some 19,000, of whom 6,000 only are Swedish born; the remaining 13,000 are recent refugees, out of a total population of near 7,000,000 with forty-six priests and 150 sisters. These three Catholic ecclesiastical divisions of Norway, North Norway, and South Norway total in Catholic population about 5,100 out of a total population of 2,846,000. Out of Finland's 4,052,177 people only 2,002 are Catholics. Out of Iceland's 127,270 people there are some 500 Catholics.

Small, however, as is the Church numerically in these countries it is great and strong in spiritual vigor and fervent hope. Sym-

bolic of that hope is the return to Sweden in recent years of the Brigittine Nuns, the Order of the Most Holy Saviour, founded by Sweden's great saint and seer Bridget or Brigitta of Vadstena. In Italy and Sweden today this Order, suppressed for 400 years, flourishes in units under the leadership of the great American-Swedish convert, now in her 83rd year, Mother Elizabeth Hesselblad.

Piece by piece the full status of the Church is being restored to Scandinavia by the changing of the various administrative divisions of prefectures to the status of vicariates, and the vicariates to the permanent status of a regular diocese.

In May, 1953 the Vicariate Apostolic of Denmark under Bishop Suhr was raised to the status of the Diocese of Copenhagen. In Sweden on November 7, 1953, the Vicariate Apostolic of Sweden became the Diocese of Stockholm, along with the Golden Jubilee celebration of its venerable Bishop Erik Mueller, who was assisted by the distinguished Coadjutor-Bishop Ansgar Nelson of the Order of St. Benedict.

In Iceland, though the bishop is still only a Vicar Apostolic, he is a native Icelander, Dr. Johannes Gunnarson, the first to be consecrated a bishop since the Reformation, and the title of his see, Holar, was held by the last Catholic bishop, Jon Arason.





*A Catholic nun in Sweden shepherds her charges at a summer camp outside Stockholm.*

Most dramatic of all is the restoration of the Church in Norway in 1953 when the Vicariate Apostolic in Southern Norway became the Diocese of Oslo. The Holy Father appointed Bishop Mangers, the Vicar Apostolic, to be the first Ordinary of the new see. This event took place in connection with the public celebrations of the 800th anniversary of the establishment of the first Bishop of Oslo at Trondhjem, on the occasion of the visit of Cardinal Nicholas Breakspear to Trondhjem in 1153. (In the following year he became Pope Adrian IV, the only English Pope in the history of the Church.) The creation of the arch-episcopal see at Trondhjem eight hundred years ago was not only a milestone in the history of the Catholic Church in Norway but was the basis of Norway's unity and independence, of her later religious and cultural development and of incorporation into the sphere of European culture.

The obstacles to the conversion of Scandinavia are still great. Catholics, as we saw, are a minority. The idea is widely prevalent that the Church is identified with foreign power. The State Church is legally entrenched, although some of its more rigorous provisions affecting conversion to any faith but the Lutheran have been recently relaxed. In Norway there still exists an unrepealed

constitutional provision against the entry of any Jesuit into the realm—despite the platform of religious freedom which was restored in 1814. Moreover, the Church suffers from extreme financial straits. These are particularly difficult under the heavy new charge imposed upon it by the refugees from behind the Iron Curtain.

During the last twenty-five years these countries have seen some of the most distinguished conversions to the Catholic Faith in modern times. Among the younger intellectual groups, particularly in Sweden, there is a keen interest in the Church which takes the form of a reaction against a very widely prevailing materialism. Certainly there is every reason at the present time to storm Heaven with prayer for these countries, as well as for American Catholics to assist these lands either by their actual presence as tourists and visitors or else by their financial help. Scandinavian Catholics ask their brethren in other lands to add to the Litany of the Saints, to whom they practice special devotion, the glorious names of St. Ansgar, Apostle of the North, of St. Knud of Denmark, St. Henry of Finland, St. Erik of Sweden, St. Olaf of Norway, and St. Bridget of Sweden whose wonderful life was so fascinatingly written by the great Danish convert Johannes Jørgensen.

# Priesthood in Poona

**P**OONA LIES NEAR THE WESTERN COAST OF India, about three hours travel from Bombay. Its high altitude and dryness make its climate a pleasant one and as a result Poona is a favorite vacation resort. The Indian army has here its military academy, the equivalent of our West Point, and its chief training grounds.

Poona is also a training ground for the soldiers of Christ. This year marks the one-hundredth anniversary of Poona as a Jesuit mission field. But it is also a special year for four American Jesuits at De Nobili College. On March 24th the power of the priesthood will descend upon them forever.

Three of these Americans are from the New Orleans Province and belong to the Trincomalee Mission in Ceylon. FRED COOLEY S.J. was born in Mobile, Alabama, and entered the Society of Jesus in 1942. After finishing his philosophy course at Spring Hill College he set sail for Ceylon in 1949. There he taught at St. Michael's College in Batticaloa before going to Poona to complete his studies.

EUGENE HEBERT S.J. hails from Jennings, Louisiana, and entered the Jesuits in 1941 at Grand Coteau, La., the novitiate for the New Orleans Province. He taught at St. Michael's College in Batticaloa and also at St. Joseph's in Trincomalee before going to Poona.

HARRY MILLER S.J. of New Orleans is one of seven children, six of whom are in the religious life. Two of his brothers are fellow Jesuits and three of his sisters are members of the School Sisters of Notre Name. A graduate of Jesuit High School in New Orleans, he entered the Society in 1941 and went to Ceylon in 1948. He also taught both at St. Michael's and St. Joseph's before beginning his theological studies.



*Fr. Eugene Hebert*



*Fr. Harry Miller*



*Fr. Edgar Graham*



*Fr. Fred Cooley*

The fourth American to be ordained is EDGAR GRAHAM S.J. of Baltimore who belongs to the Jamshedpur Mission of the Maryland Province. He attended Loyola High and Loyola College in Baltimore before entering the Wernersville, Pa., novitiate. He studied philosophy at Woodstock College and left for India in 1948. There he was assigned to Loyola School in Jamshedpur for three years before going to Poona.

These men will have an important part to play in building the Kingdom of Christ in the new India. In their own time they have seen Poona become the ecclesiastical heart of the country as the bishops of India established there the Papal Seminary for all their clergy. Side by side, the diocesan clergy, Jesuits, Carmelites, Fransalians and other religious will be trained in the same classrooms.

To these four Americans of the Ceylon and Jamshedpur Missions, "Ad multos annos!"

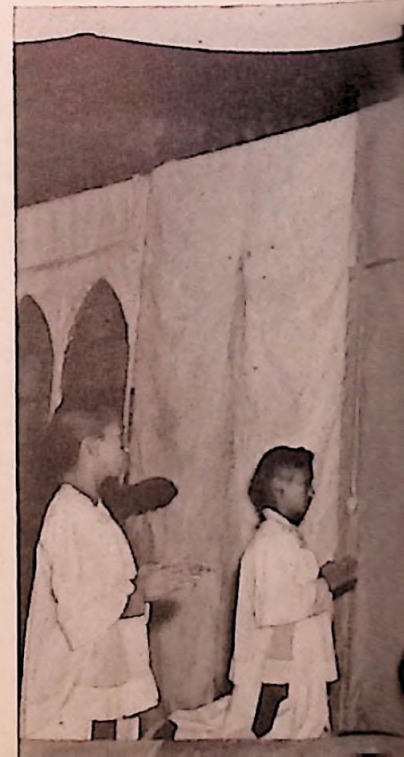
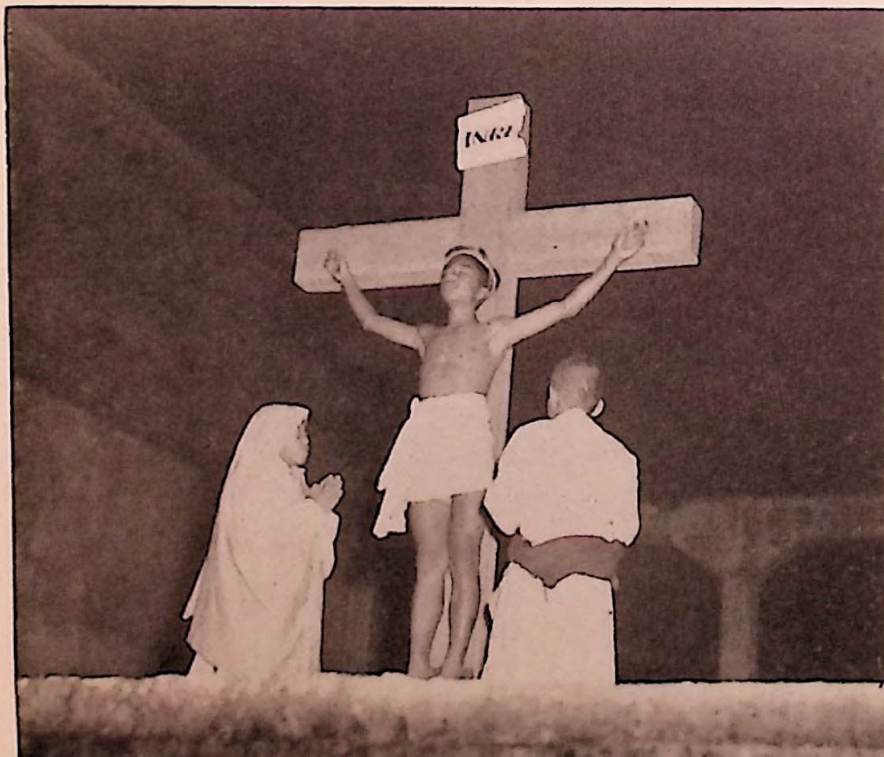


1. Pagans and their priest prepare for a sacrifice. Stalks of rice laid on the altar will be offered to the pagan god and burned on the fire. Sodality boys acted out all the parts and delivered a running commentary of explanation.

2. The pagan priest prepares to lay the rice stalks on the fire as the pagans watch. Rain delayed performance twice.



4. St. John and Our Lady watch Christ die. The boys managed lightning and thunder effects, made a big impression.

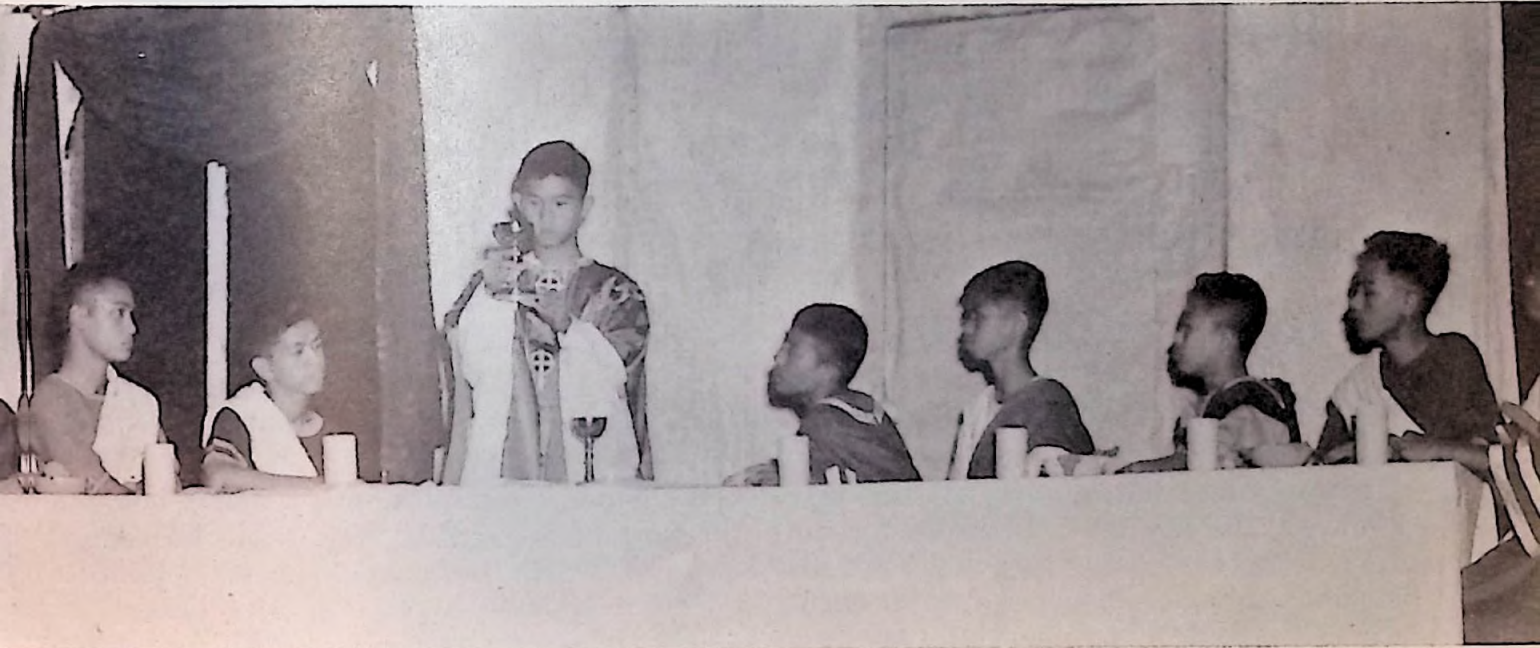


# Sacrifice in SAN PABLO

**T**HE MASS is a Sacrifice and a mystery. Unfortunately, it is much too easy to lose sight of the fact that it is more than a stylized ritual which a priest performs with his back to the congregation. So the Sodality at San Pablo, in the Philippines, hit upon a vivid and unusual way of pointing out the sacri-

ficial aspect of the Mass by the simple and effective way of acting out the idea in a series of tableaux, and linking the Mass up with the Last Supper and Calvary, while pointing out the meaning of sacrifice as exemplified in an old pagan custom of offering rice for a holocaust.

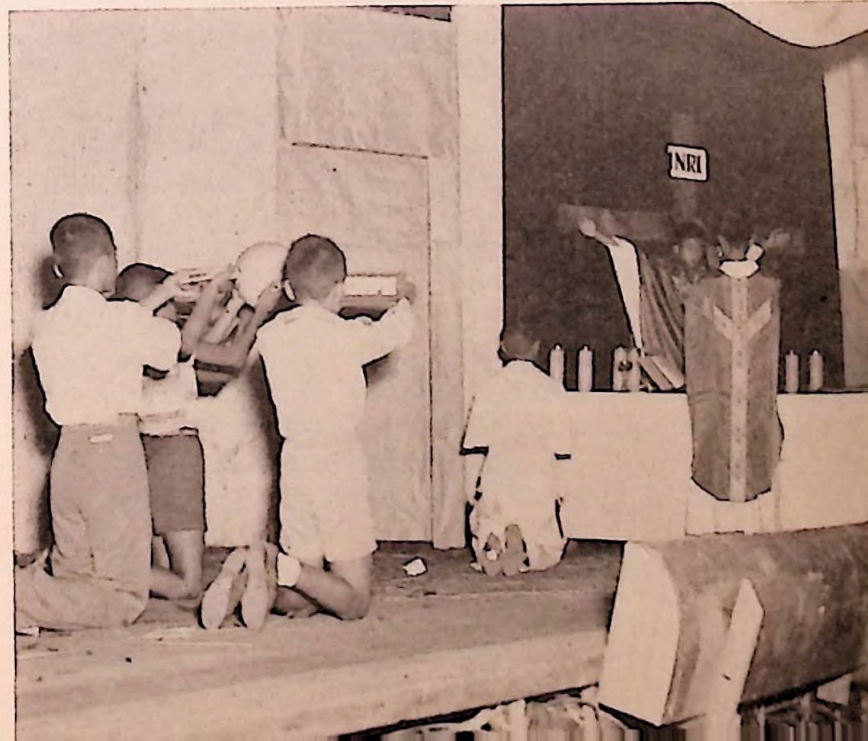
**3.** Sodality acts out the Last Supper. Costumes were borrowed from San Jose Seminary.



**5.** Priest prepares for Mass as Christ, in vestments, watches interestedly.



**6.** Boys offer books and basketball as priest offers the host. Afterwards all received Communion.





# ANGELS



In British Honduras a bush priest finds the last Saturday of the month the busiest but happiest day

**I**T WAS THE FOURTH SATURDAY OF THE month, the day for Confessions for the children of the Santa Inez and San Luis Sodalities. But Saturday morning, particularly at the end of the month, leaves little time to think about the afternoon schedule. For it is taken up with the teachers from the villages surrounding Cayo. Twenty-eight of them from twelve elementary schools come in to the Mission to be paid.


But payday at Cayo is not just a matter of handing out a check for the month's wages. In exchange for their paycheck the teachers must hand in sheaves of monthly reports on daily attendance, progress in study, hours spent in handicraft and sewing. These the pastor must carefully examine, for among other titles that go with my office I am district manager of the schools. In this capacity, like other pastors in the central towns of British Honduras, I must send in a complete monthly report to the Government Education office in Belize. And any mistake made on the last Saturday of the month means an incomplete report to the

Government, and a month's delay before the mistake is rectified, for it will be three or more weeks before the pastor sees his teachers again.

These Saturday morning meetings with the teachers are interrupted by visits from the needy, God's poor, whom the pastor takes care of at this time.

Before he realizes it, the pastor finds the morning gone, the bell of the town clock drifts up the little Cayo valley to the hill where the church and mission house stand. It is twelve o'clock. If he can get away at the stroke of the bell, he will get a warm meal which the Pallotine Sisters with their unfailing care and punctuality have sent over from the convent nearby. Often enough he doesn't get away, and warm food waits for no man.

Once again he remembers that this is the day for the children, but the refreshing thought is soon crowded out by the realization that Saturday is also a mail day. A truck will be leaving for Belize within the hour with the outgoing mail. After the pas-



# in the Moonlight

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JOHN C. RUOFF S.J.

tor has banged off several letters, he may or may not find time to enjoy the pious Spanish custom known as the siesta.

At last it is the children's hour; the church bell is ringing to tell the children of the valley that it is time for Confessions. On my way to the confessional I pick up my Breviary, for the Good Lord has been waiting to hear my vocal prayers. While I wait for my "little angels" to leave their play, and during the lull between confessions, I shall be able to pay my respects to the Lord. In groups of four and five the children come to cleanse their souls in preparation for their Eucharistic Lord. When a hundred or so have laid their faults at the feet of the Saviour it is time for the five o'clock supper. As I leave the children are now at play, the boys playing soccer, and the girls batting a soft ball in a game which is a cross between cricket and American Indoor. These games are ready for them on their Confession day to bring them around the Church.

At six o'clock the laughter and play of the children comes to an end in abrupt silence as little heads are bowed for the peals of the Angelus over the hills of Cayo. The Angelus is also the signal for the little people to be on their way, because the

Father must have silence around the Church for the confessions, first of the nuns and the lay teachers, and then for the grown-ups.

In the next two hours the irregular flow of penitents gives Father the needed time to finish the Office of the day. It is a time for the pastor to reflect on the unfailing patience of His Master who did not murmur when the people crowded around Him and demanded His time. And if, in some small way, he has imitated the patience of His Lord, a bright ray of consolation comes to brighten his soul.

But Saturday is not finished yet. In his study the pastor begins to labor over the Spanish of his sermons and announcements. Right in the midst of paging his worn Spanish grammar and dictionary, the ever-threatening doorbell clangs. It is now 8:00 o'clock. Time to let up on the pastor except in case of emergencies. Balking at climbing the stairs for the umpteenth time that day, the pastor walks to the veranda. In his best Spanish, he wants to know who is there and what's up. No answer. Bending over the veranda he sees, caught in the full light of a tropical moon, two little children, Gilberto and his sister Gregoria, looking too bashful

to speak. "Oh, you little . . . . . ." but the last word fades, as the pastor catches himself and finishes, "children." Finally they summon up their courage and in one voice they say: "Father, we have come for Confession." The Father swallows hard, happy now that he checked the harsh word. For he remembers that Gilberto, aged 13, and Gregoria, aged 11, live four miles out of

in the obstacles or prerequisites; they wanted to be confirmed when the Bishop came. They had two months in which to get ready. If they really wanted to be confirmed that meant they had to walk into Cayo and back again each day, eight miles, a lot of steps for little feet. But walk they did with persistent fidelity, rain or shine. Their industry in learning the catechism matched their determination. And when the Bishop came they were ready for anointing with holy chrism.

The story of little Gregoria and Gilberto came back to the Father that busy Saturday night with the clarity of the full tropical moon overhead. And here they were again, trudging those four miles for Confession. Of course, he would hear their Confessions. And as the little pair went to the church, the Padre hurried into his cassock.

When their Confessions were over, the Father stopped the impressive little pair.

"You know what I'm going to do?" asked the Father. "I'm going to write a little story about you."

"Like Father Gerald!" exclaimed Gregoria.

"Yes, just like Father Gerald," replied the Father, remembering that the Sister had been reading stories to them by Father Gerald Brennan who wrote about little angels, those that are in heaven, and those that make a lot of noise under his rectory window.

"And what is more," went on the Father, "I'm going to send the story about you to New York."

"But you can't," put in Gilberto.

"Why can't I?" the Father asked.

"New York is too far away," explained Gilberto.

The Father laughed. "Don't worry. I'll find a way."

Then the little pair began excusing themselves. It was very late, and they had to be getting home. They had a four mile walk ahead of them that night. Surely they could find a place to stay in Cayo that night, objected the Father. No, they couldn't. And they really must be on their way. And so they went off. On the morrow they would be back for Mass and Communion, though it meant rising at four o'clock. And as the Father watched the pair disappearing into the Cayo valley, he was sure he had seen angels in the moonlight.



Cayo. They have been walking for more than two hours to reach the parish church.

The memory of their first meeting flashes before the Father. It was in February last that they first came to the mission house, just as they came this night, hand in hand, too bashful to speak up until coaxed. That had been the time that they had come to ask if they couldn't receive Confirmation.

But a little questioning revealed that they hadn't received their First Communion nor their First Confession. Nor did they have any schooling yet. They were not interested



# A Diocese in Miniature

MATTHEW J. ASHE S. J.

*Father Matthew Ashe, pastor of Spanish Town, Jamaica, with altar boys and adult assistants.*

**I** LIKE TO THINK OF MY MISSION OF SPANISH Town in Jamaica as a diocese in miniature. It is not, of course, anything of the sort, but that is one way of describing the complex and fascinating spiritual work that Father David Carroll and I have to do.

Our central church is old—the building was erected over 80 years ago—but it houses Christ and a thriving congregation. We have three Sunday Masses, two in the morning and an evening Mass at seven to accommodate the sugar plantation workers, who labor every day during crop time.

We have four parish societies, a Boy Scout troop, a Credit Union and a youth club. Our two schools, elementary and high, are humming successes, thanks to the wonderful Sisters of Mercy who manage more than six hundred youngsters in the elementary school alone.

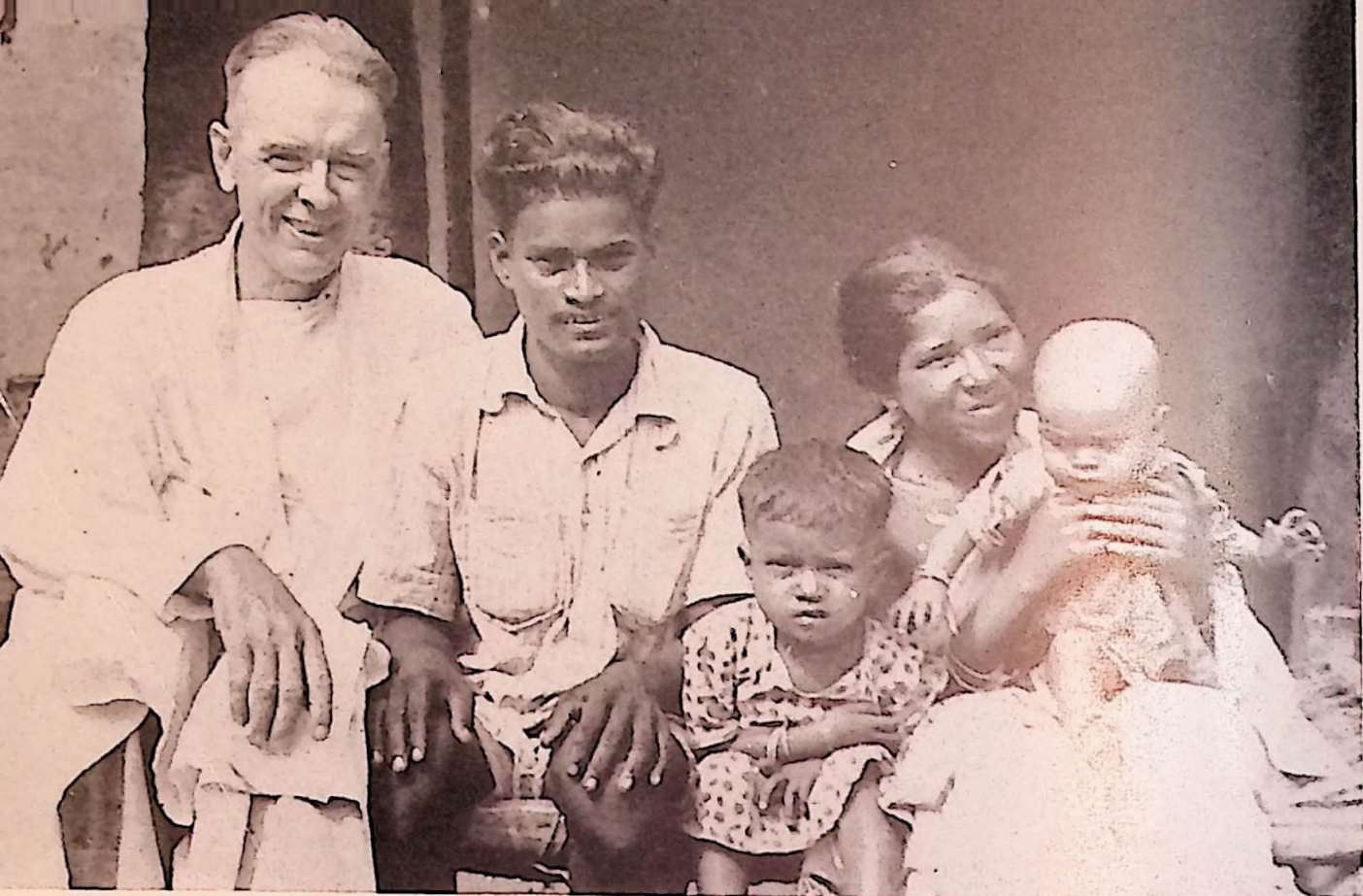
From our central station we attend a 200-bed public hospital, an alms house, a combination reformatory and orphanage for boys, and two separate prisons, in one of which major criminals are executed by hanging. We are very happy also to act as

chaplains at the Hansen Home, a model center for victims of leprosy, under the devoted care of the Marist Sisters.

Our outlying sub-stations are three, all small centers of Catholicity, but each with its own little primary school. One of these missions boasts a fine new school building that replaced a ramshackle structure destroyed by the hurricane of 1952.

Spanish Town itself is rich in Catholic background and tradition. Founded in 1523 by Diego Columbus, son of the Great Discoverer, the town was the site, in the days of Spanish occupation, of one of the oldest cathedrals in the New World.

Our mission church is no cathedral. It is old and tired and too small. But it is a bustling center of the love of God and a growing Catholicism. It keeps us happily busy, and if we have any free hours now, they will soon be gone. They are building a new House of Correction in the far corner of our mission area; that will mean more chances for apostolic visits, and this time we will add seafaring to our skills, for the place has to be reached by boat.



*Father Morrison with one of his Catholic Santal families at Chakai in the Bihar district.*

## In India there is only one priest in a district of three thousand square miles to help the Santals

**I**N THE SPRING OF 1928 FATHER WESTROPP came to Chakai, camped, and sent out a catechist to see if any people in the locality were interested in the Catholic Church. The Santals were, and on April 30th the first was baptized!

Father Westropp acquired a plot of ground on the outskirts of Chakai and began a school. This was a start, but the locality had disadvantages and he soon purchased land at Gajhi, six miles from Chakai, where he established headquarters.

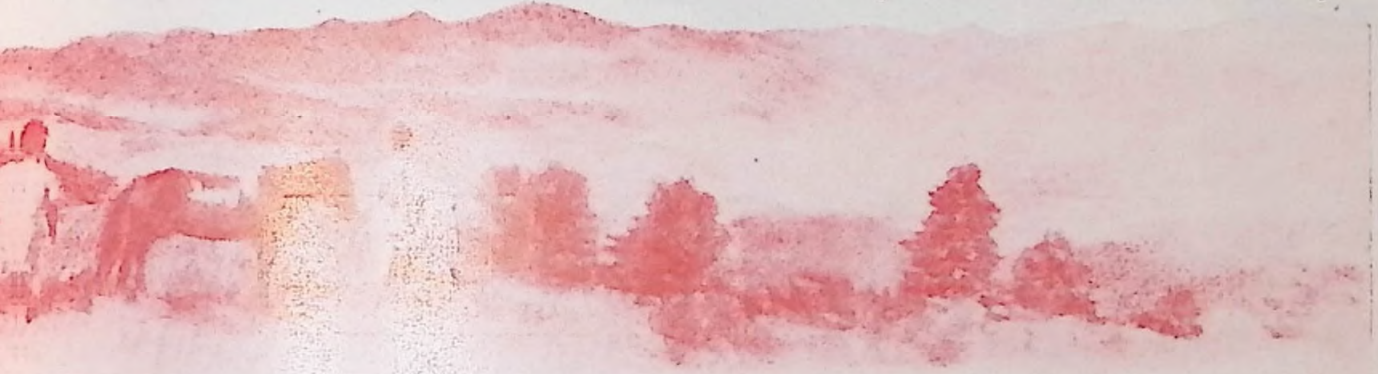
From the very beginning the orphans, widows and the poor found a father and a protector in Father Westropp. And with an unerring eye for permanent work he set about building up his mission. A large tract of land, mostly wooded hills, was acquired some thirty miles from Chakai where several Catholic Santal families settled down. This is Mariam Pahari. Elsewhere chapels

were built to serve as centers for his now slowly growing Catholic population.

When Father Miller took over from Father Westropp about the middle of 1931, the foundations of the mission were firmly laid and the policy was set. For over seventeen years Father Miller did not spare himself, spreading the Kingdom of Christ in his large district. The skeleton of the motorcycle that took him many thousands of miles on his apostolic work now lies in an old shed at Gajhi. When the motorcycle would go no more he took to a bicycle. Not content to work through catechists alone, he was on intimate terms with each of his Catholics, scattered as they were in many villages over hundreds of square miles. In the great heat, and in the difficulties of the monsoon he kept on. His people were given the opportunity to hear Mass and receive the sacraments regularly.

# After Twenty-Five Years

JOHN A. MORRISON S.J.



In spite of great distances and bad roads, it was rare that any died without Father Miller beside them to give them God's forgiveness and the last blessing of the Church. He was father and mother, doctor and lawyer to his people, and always the priest.

I have known Father Miller since I was a boy in high school at St. Louis University and he was a theological student there. I renewed our friendship when I came to India in 1929, and I have known him through the years. I write from personal experience. His diary also, though sketchy and incomplete, affords interesting bits of information. There was, for example, the night that he spent sleepless, trying to save the life of a man bitten by a snake, and on another occasion the laconic entry: "Only one meal today,—no money."

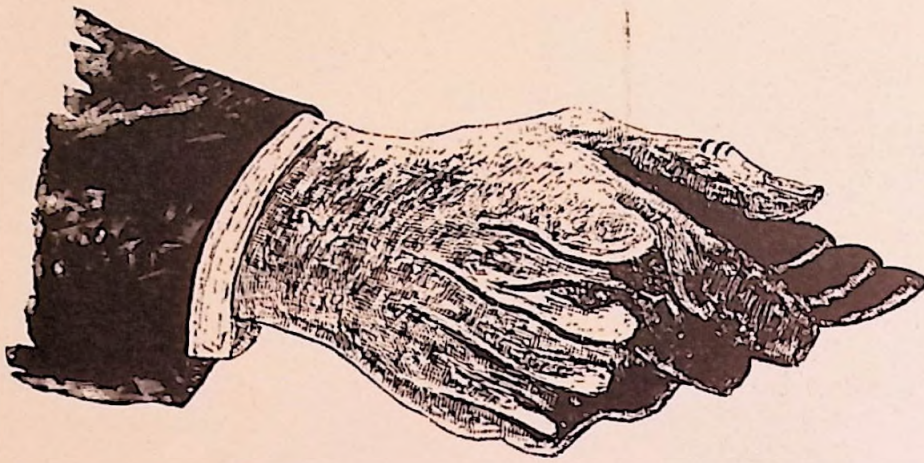
Poverty is and has been the great difficulty of the Santals in Monghyr District. Able to carry on at a low subsistence level under normal circumstances, when sickness or misfortune strikes, the Santal family goes under. Cattle and lands are mortgaged away; children who should be in school are hired out as farm servants, hunger is a constant companion, and the once happy family is reduced to miserable serfdom. When the father of the family dies the condition is worse.

So it was that Father Miller and Father Westropp acquired land, a safe place where Santals might settle without fear of being dispossessed. Many Catholic Santal families

are now settled on mission land. And the orphans' and widows' home was started to take care of those who had lost parents or husband and were left destitute. Not that all our Catholics are either settled on mission land, or are orphans or widows at the mission. Not by any means. But these works fill a definite need. Here, in this one mission district which comprises some three thousand square miles, there is only one Catholic priest, confronted with overwhelming problems. He does what he can.

Father Miller left India in the fall of 1948 and he died in America early in '49. When I took over in March, 1950, I found that headquarters had been shifted from Gajhi to Mariam Pahari. However, the place had many disadvantages and we have moved back to the old locality, not to Gajhi itself, but to a place a mile or so from Chakai. It is centrally located for most of the district, with good communications.

I have been able with great difficulty to put up the bare essential buildings, enough to carry on with. The present chapel does duty as a school in the day time and as a dormitory for the boys at night. I live in the sacristy. But the time has come to build a permanent church and residence. The present chapel can then serve as a school. And a convent for sisters is also needed. I can hope to have them when I have a place for them to stay. And for all of this about fifty thousand dollars are necessary. Well, a man can dream, can't he?



## CHOOSE YOUR

A FEW YEARS AGO A GRACIOUS AND zealous nun, rich in holiness and wisdom, wrote to a young Jesuit priest to say that she had chosen him as her "special priest-to-pray for." It was her belief, she said, that everyone could profit spiritually from the help that a "partner-in-prayer" could offer. She was eminently correct, for although the Jesuit in question seldom sees his saintly benefactor, he has, on many occasions, felt the effect of her powerful prayers.

In the same vein, there is the story told concerning Bishop von Ketteler, champion of the Church in Germany a century ago. The success of his work, he learned, was due in great part to the prayers and sacrifices of a little nun in a nearby convent, a little nun who offered up everything that she did each day for the Bishop. Without her aid, he suspected, he might well have been a failure.

Other examples could be brought forth to prove the efficacy of this type of auxiliary aid, but it would seem that no further proof is necessary. It would be more practical, perhaps, to apply this idea of "partners-in-prayer" to the missions. Of all the Church's representatives the missionaries constitute the group that could benefit best by the wide-spread adoption of such a planned and purposeful method of prayer.

Every missionary realizes his own limitations, his helplessness in the face of great obstacles, his need for outside aid. The man on the missions knows full well that he can never "go it alone." For him, the "partner-in-prayer" would be like an extra assistant or a troupe of well-trained catechists. His approach to any new problem would be more certain and more confident were he aware that some unknown person in some unknown part of the world was praying especially for him, his neophytes, and his mission projects.

The possibilities contained in this idea are almost limitless. For every missionary in a foreign land, there could be at least *one* co-missionary here at home. Any Catholic—layman, priest, religious—who adopts this specific method of prayer could know for certain that he is truthfully taking an active part in the missionary apostolate of the Church. The unity and strength consequent upon such prayerful cooperation would indeed be productive of great and good results for all concerned.

For the 1,100-plus Jesuits working on the missions entrusted to the eight American Provinces of the Society of Jesus, there are, surely, more than an equal number of "prayer-partners" who could adopt a specific priest, brother, or scholastic as one's own "special missionary-to-pray-for." In

fact, each missionary could have a whole platoon of partners, a hidden legion of unsung co-workers. And this applies not only to the Jesuits. Every missionary, man or woman, regardless of order, congregation or institute, would welcome such a spiritual partnership. All our American Catholics, even those with just a minor interest in the missions, could thus provide an almost inexhaustible arsenal of spiritual strength and power. This important way of helping the missionary is open to all.

# PARTNER

## *in Prayer*

JOHN H. McCUMMISKEY S.J.

This suggestion of praying for a specific missionary need be only the beginning. There is an even greater field of prayerful endeavor open to those who wish to pray for certain specific intentions. Our files at JESUIT MISSIONS are filled with requests for such special intentions sent us by Jesuits in the field.

Co-missionaries who really want to help their brothers on the missions can put some of these intentions in their prayers: a missionary who is in a Chinese Communist prison (there are several Jesuits still in that situation); Chinese converts torn between loyalty to Christ (with its possible martyrdom) and capitulation to a godless government; a girl in a mission land whose parents refuse to allow her to become a nun; university students in Japan; labor leaders in India; native priests; converts; catechists; writers; apologists; Buddhists; Hindus; Moslems; the "loneliest missionary"; or the "missionary who needs prayers most right now." This is only a partial list. Anyone can think of additional intentions, all of them pointed and specific.

It should be mentioned here that *prayer* can include many more things besides the

Our Father and the Hail Mary. It can also take in our devout assistance at Mass and the reception of the sacraments, our daily rosary, occasional novenas, retreats, days of recollection, assistance at benediction of the Most Blessed Sacrament, and, in a special way our Morning Offering to the Sacred Heart. It may also include acts of mortification and self-denial. As was said earlier, the possibilities are almost without limit.

The kind of prayer suggested here is merely an application of the old principle



of "Divide and Conquer." By concretizing our prayer we can plead for God's help in a specific matter, concentrating our spiritual forces toward a definite end.

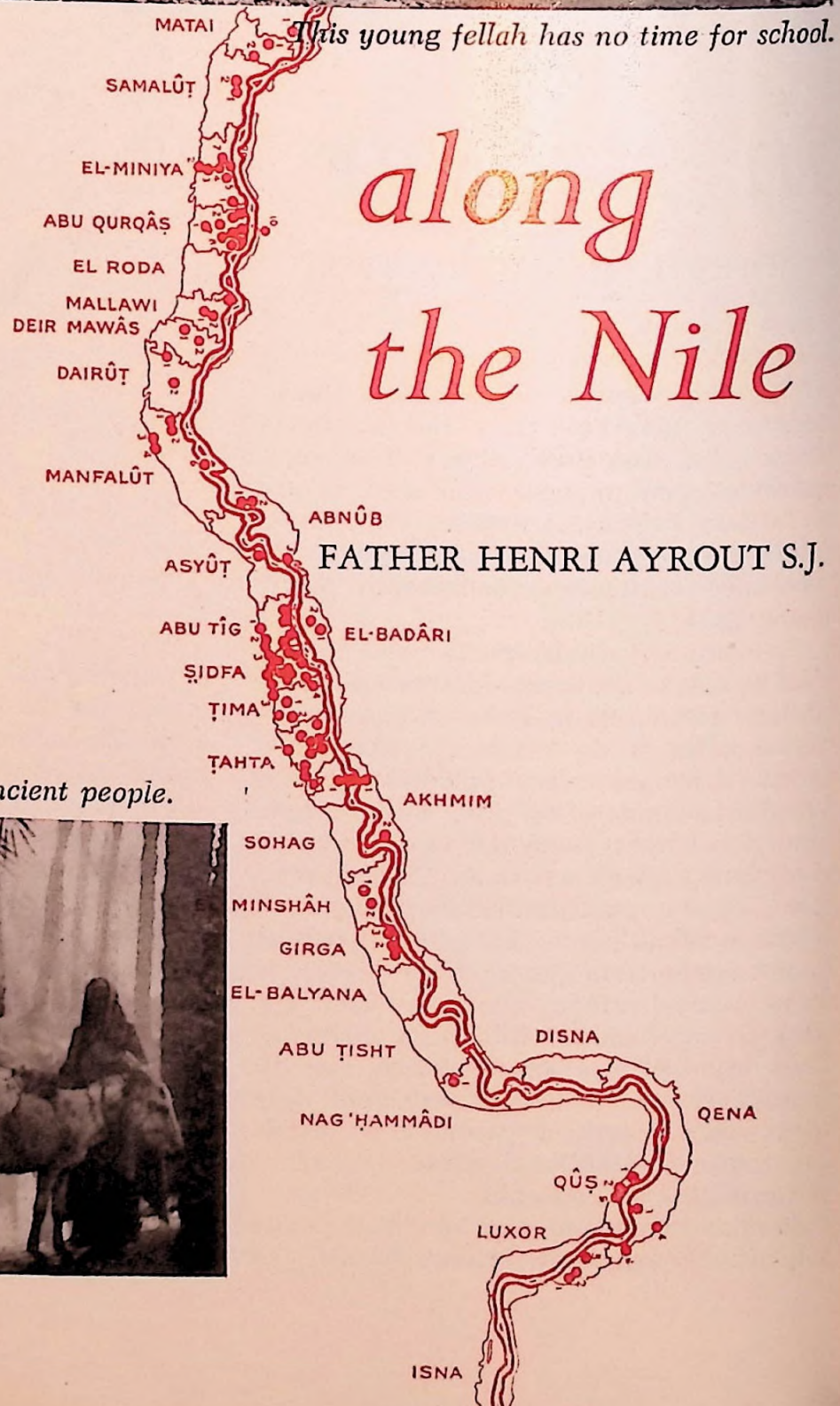
I am told that a lamp was kept burning in the courtyard of Annas in memory of and in reparation for the blow given to Our Lord by the servant. This outward act of reparation was for *one* specific incident in the Passion, not for the whole glorious series of events. Thus, our definite, concrete effort to pray for a certain missionary, or a certain project, or a certain intention can parallel this lamp in the courtyard of Annas. It can be our own special, individual, particular part in the world-wide missionary effort of the Church. It is small enough for any of us to undertake; large enough to delight the heart of Our Saviour.



*This young fellah has no time for school.*

# LIFE

# along the Nile



*The ageless Nile and an ancient people.*





*Mother can do anything, and she teaches me.*

**L**IFE ALONG THE NILE FOR THE MILLIONS of *fellahs*, who constitute by far the majority of the Egyptian population, is pretty much like it was centuries ago. Their carts, clothing, houses, even their methods of farming have scarcely changed.

Poverty and ignorance are the great problems, and they go hand in hand. A family that needs the help of even the smaller children in the work of the fields, just to produce the bare necessities, cannot allow much time out for schooling.

The Government of Egypt has made repeated efforts during the last 25 years to raise the *fellahs* standard of living. And in 1940 I inaugurated the Catholic Association of Egyptian Schools, which had, at that time, the rather modest aim of helping to keep in existence the 52 free village schools we were then operating.

The Jesuits in Egypt started the free village school system in 1891. It was a slow and costly work, but by 1952, we had 122 of these schools, with 170 teachers and about 11,000 pupils. The recent growth has been due, above all, to the efforts of the Association, which has even been able to carry on 80 medical aid stations in the principal villages. But there are still 389,000 Christian children for whom we have no room in our schools. Our job, in fact, has just begun. Many of our schools are without the most indispensable materials. In particular, tools and equipment for professional training are entirely lacking. But with God's help, we shall carry on.



*Fr. Ayrout S.J. and Orthodox Coptic priests.*

*Like all puppies he loves his little master.*





Archbishop Nisan with (l. to r.) Frs. Hamel, Curran and Ferrick of Baghdad and Pere Edward.

# “The Shepherd



A scattered Chaldean flock *of* ZAKHO'  
along the northern border of Iraq  
is gathered and held together  
by their vigilant pastor.

**H**IS TELEGRAM IN ANSWER TO OUR REQUEST consisted of one word—"Welcome!" So we left Baghdad for the little town of Zakho on the northern fringe of Iraq where Archbishop John Nisan watches over his Chaldean flock.

It was noon of Holy Thursday, a cold-whipped, wet day, when we found ourselves at the door of the Bishop's residence. Zakho was bleak and quiet under the driv-

ing rain, more remote than ever between the high-peaked, black and white mountains that fortified the valley on both sides.

Our reception by the Bishop was very much on the informal side. He simply waved his hand at us, said, "Come on!" and we followed him up a steep stone staircase. When we entered the long, narrow room of the Bishop, I, for one, was hurriedly trying to recall the necessary protocol

of introduction, thinking of which knee to bend and where to find his ring. The next instant, however, told me that was all unnecessary. For there in the center of the room, his back to us, was the Bishop on his knees, stoking a primitive looking pot belly stove. Only the crackling wood made a noise in the room; everything else was quite still. He got up from his knees, looked at us with twinkling eyes, and said, "Well, well, sit down," and went over to the cigarette table.

"You smoke, of course?" as he passed them around. "I will join you," he offered blandly, "On Easter Sunday!" He turned again to tend the fire.



### JOHN T. HAMEL S.J.

Suddenly the Bishop turned from the fire and waved a tiny piece of brownish colored wood at us. "Smell it," he ordered. Then he was off to the other end of the room, to return a moment later with a tray holding four small glasses.

"You like the smell?" he inquired. "'Tis juniper. I make this creme de menthe from the essence of juniper, and . . . oh, other things, too. Yes, in the summer I go up to the mountains to make it, it is very easy. Take this now, and tonight after the "Mandatum" in the church, Père Edward and I will join you for some more. You are coming to the mandatum, aren't you? It will begin at 5:00. The bell will ring at 4:30 to call the people to church."

So ended our first meeting with the Bishop of Zakho. In the late afternoon we went to the church, and of the many inspiring ceremonies our short stay allowed us, the mandatum, or washing of the feet, was one that I shall never forget. The storm had not ceased at all, for thick black clouds still hovered above the little town. But within the church the storm was forgotten and the sound of falling rain was drowned in the chorus of people's voices resounding off the four corners of St. George's Cathedral. They were everywhere, the men in front, the women in the back, clerics and children crowding the altar and sanctuary; while in the center leading them, in humble but compelling dignity, was the mitred Bishop himself.

It was really our second meeting. Unmistakably he was their shepherd, and they his sheep. Directly in front of him, lined in two rows of six, sat the "twelve." Then the singing stopped, all except the Bishop who continued in a low chant, as he girded himself with an apron. Towel, pitcher, and basin were all prepared, and the twelve, tiny, white-albed figures began to move restlessly in their chairs. Ten boys and two girls, and one bared foot for each. The Bishop knelt before the first and began to wash. Standing, then kneeling, standing, kneeling, as he went down the rows with the reverence of Our Lord Himself, as though he were doing it for the first time in his life. "After that, he putteth water into a basin, and began to wash the feet of the disciples, and to wipe them with the towel wherewith he was girded." (John, XIII, v 5.)

I noticed the intent gaze of many young mothers and fathers, and thought they must have been thinking of another Holy Thursday, when the Bishop took their feet, washed, dried, and kissed them, as he was doing now to a new generation. The soap, too, we all saw, was no mere ornament. The washing finished, the Bishop took a chalice of wine in his hands and held it to each one, after which he sprinkled them vigorously with holy water, and had to chuckle at their blinking faces. Finally, to the delight of all the "twelve," he presented each with a large, colorful holy picture, and then went back to the lectern. Some minutes more of singing ended the ceremony. A Holy Thursday to remember! And a Bishop to remember! A true shepherd of his flock in these mountain pastures.

# Palestine Vignette

CHARLES J. DUNN S.J.

*Poverty in the East is a hard teacher for those who are unfortunate enough to experience its effects.*



THE LOW RUMBLE OF A MOB CAN CHILL A HEART. I felt that chill one day at the Trappist monastery at el-La-Troun which rests on a small peninsula sticking out into the "No Man's" land between Jordan and Israel. By day the plain before the monastery echoed to the sound of Israeli machine gun practice; at night chance mortar shots checkered the fields to discourage Arab farmers who would forage for grain. To hear a mob groan in that area could mean trouble and I soon found that the murmur meant trouble—refugee trouble.

Walking unseen through the woods brought me closer to the sound and the sight. Along the length of the entrance road stretched a line of close to 150 people in such condition that only a Charles Dickens could describe them. Rags, with patches of rags, from one end of the line to the other. Infant bundles of rags held in ragged arms. War-crippled rags that limped along to join other murmuring rags. It was "hand-out" time and these unfortunates of God had come to seek from the Trappist Brothers the charity of Christ.

It was an everyday event, but to the uninitiated it was a living drama that could be realized only by seeing. Three Brothers came down the line. One held a large stick to be used "only in complete necessity," for hunger can drive reason from a man. The Brother in the middle pushed a cart mounted with a large urn which steamed with potatoes, vegetables, rice, shreds of meat, lettuce, tomatoes . . . and huge chunks of monastery made bread. The third Brother had the important job—to ladle out an equal amount. No easy task before the beseeching eyes of a mother and hungry child.

Plates would be of no avail for such a stew so each hand thrust forth a good-sized can that any American housewife would cast into the rubbish pile. While the tin was filled the other hand reached for its bread. So down the line. Soon the murmur of the crowd was silenced. Each spoon explored to the bottom of its "dish" and a gentle flow of relaxation ran through the line. The Brothers retreated through the gate with the peace known only to those who act with the loving kindness of Christ. They would be back tomorrow and tomorrow through 1954, for did not Christ say, ". . . whatever you do for these the least of my children you do for Me!"

A vignette of one-hundred and fifty of the hundreds of thousands of Middle East refugees. Some starving, many despairing, all suffering. They need help!



The Whole

World  
Over

*Our Lady*

is being especially  
honored  
this Marian Year

But there are  
mission churches in

INDIA, CEYLON

and the

PHILIPPINES

without her statue.

Will you help us send statues of Our Lady

to the Missions?

Send your contribution to:

**JESUIT** *Missions*

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



## Window on the Mission World

*This is the time of year when young people at home do irreparable harm to faraway missionary fields.*

THIS IS THE TIME OF YEAR WHEN THOUSANDS of young people find themselves wrestling with God. They didn't start the fight. He did. It all began because, in His own sweet, mysterious way, He asked them to leave all things and follow Him.

Then, for the first time in their lives, they began to fight God. Not with curses or raised fists; not in rebellion, really, for these young people are the cream of the crop. They are much loved by God and they love Him very much.

Their struggle is a wordless, silent, secret one, a battle hidden in a heart. But every blow is echoed in another Heart, the Sacred Heart. The struggle began in wonder, developed in dismay and grew to unconscious and unwilling rebellion. He has asked too much, and without ever formulating a conscious rejection, they are going to turn away sad, and without ever a word, deny Him His request.

This is the time of year for rejected vocations, when God invites young men and women to follow Him as priests or religious, —and they say "No" to Him! The mysterious workings of grace in any individual soul cannot be summarized in a neat formula, nor can the presence of a vocation be charted on a graph. Much less can one easily declare that here and here are rejected vocations.

But there are rejected vocations. One look through the Window on the Mission World shows that. Everywhere on the frontiers of Christendom, where patiently heroic men and women are burning out their dedicated lives in frustration and overwork, because they are too few to do what they have to do, the desperate need is for more priests, more brothers, more sisters. It is hard to conceive that God, Who wills the

salvation of all men, should also will that ordinary means of salvation be brought to the world's billions by a handful of missionaries.

We cannot, obviously, chart the ways of Divine Providence. But it seems very safe to say that God would not drastically limit the numbers of His apostles. Yet those numbers are drastically limited. The conclusion seems inescapable — that many, who were invited, though not commanded, to join the glorious army of missionaries, have refused.

The consequences are heart-breaking. On some missions, whole villages have asked for instructions, and there is no one to teach them. Schools, where youngsters can learn the tremendous meaning of life, are understaffed; most of them, in sober fact, do not yet exist—they are only dreams to haunt the sleep of missionaries. The poor, the sick, the naked, the hungry,—in their pitiful millions they look for a Samaritan.

These lines may seem exaggerated and rhetorical. They may be rhetorical, but they are not exaggerated. Here at JM, our daily contact with missionaries from all over the world allows us to make a reasonable judgment of the situation. Without exception, the most pressing need is for more apostles.

That means more vocations, thousands of them, missionary vocations. The United States has no reason to be unduly proud of its contribution to the world-mission of the Church.

At this time of year, then, we should pray earnestly for those young people, who are struggling with a vocation. Their secret decisions are of world-shaking importance.





# A field WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## NO WIND AT 65 BELOW

*Father George Boileau S.J. says that his parish at Fairbanks, Alaska, is as large as Texas. The parish boundaries run from below Mount McKinley to the North Pole. And Father Boileau gets somewhat heated when people say Alaska is cold.*

"This person has suffered more from the cold in San Jose, California, than he has here. Our cold is dry, and we dress for it. We don't go out unless necessary when it gets to fifty below. Some places the wind tears through. That is bad. But the wind has to stop to get a new breath every now and then, too. Here it drops to 65 below *only* when there is no wind. Then an 'ice fog' develops, which happens when the moisture in the air freezes and floats around as ice particles. For maybe five weeks a fog will hang for some two hundred feet over Fairbanks—but the sun is shining up in the hills!

"Many people have strange and exaggerated ideas about Alaska. Someone has said that if there were no mosquitoes here, the place would be a paradise. Not far wrong. And the mosquitoes are bearable—almost."

## WHERE ARE ALL THE NUNS?

*Father Silvio Garavaglia S.J., founder of the new Annotto Bay mission in Jamaica, B.W.I., writes eloquently of a need that cripples missions everywhere, the shortage of sisters:*

"A miracle is what I need now. I have fairly combed the world for nuns, but those blessed creatures are most difficult to find. I have written to groups in the States, England, Ireland, Belgium, Germany, Malta, Rome and Mexico, and the dear Mothers Provincial and General write back ever so sweetly that they only wish they could help but that they cannot spare a one. I have resorted to all sorts of stratagems to induce



*Father George Boileau of the Oregon Province is stationed at Fairbanks in inner Alaska.*

them; I have made promises (both rosy and thorny), I have used flattery, I have made veiled threats (of Divine displeasure), I have cajoled, worked on their pity and pleaded shamelessly, but my words were so much seed that fell on stony ground. Alas, who shall deliver me from this privation!"



**SPOTLIGHT**

THIS MONTH THE JM SPOTLIGHT SWINGS EAST to India and Father Robert Wilkinson S.J. of the Patna Mission. Close to thirty years ago another kind of spotlight was trained on him when he was a star athlete in Cleveland, Ohio.

Father Wilkinson has been in India since 1940. His present assignment is in Patna City but previous addresses were in Chuhari, Kurseong, Ranchi and Behar-Sharif. His experience in those places admirably equipped him for the important job he now has as Director of the Nirmala Library.

That title can be misleading. What it really means is that Father Wilkinson runs a Catholic Information Center which spearheads the fight against Communism. In a single room, ten feet wide and twenty feet long, fronting on the bazaar, gather Moslems and Hindus who would never dare to openly approach a rectory or mission station. There the Catholic faith is explained to them through films, lectures, books, etc. There they also see that faith in action as the sick, the hungry, the unemployed are helped.

Father Wilkinson believes that most of the Communists are such because of the sheer weight of the propaganda with which they are deluged. To offset that he needs Catholic literature of all kinds. In fact, he can use all kinds of help. His address? Nirmala Library, Patna City, India.

Father Garavaglia opened his school in January. A man of determination, he is teaching class himself, and we suspect that he is methodically writing to every Mother General in the world. Some day, Our Lady of Mount Carmel School will have nuns!

**RAILROADS AND RUINS**

*Father Frank Wieman S.J., Patna missionary, spends most of his time on trains, visiting scattered Catholics around the Samastipore mission. But every Sunday finds him saying Mass at a once-flourishing mission, now in ruins.* "Every Sunday I go to Darbhanga, capital of the district. Our mission compound, at first glance, is most picturesque. But when you get close, the buildings won't stand scrutiny. At one end of the property are the ruins of what was once a convent and is now only a foundation and a few barred windows held up by crumbling bricks.

*Father Francis Wieman stops for a chat in sugar cane field. He belongs to Patna Mission and is now stationed at Samastipore*





“Next to the convent are two stone pillars, all that is left standing of a once beautiful church. At the other end of the property is a recognizable building, the only one in the whole plant that withstood the earthquake that levelled the mission many years ago. It was originally an Apostolic School and now serves all possible purposes.

“Two rooms have been converted into a little chapel, one houses a catechist, another holds all five classes of our little school, one is saved for my visits, and the remaining two—well, we hardly dare look at them for fear they will fall down.

“The congregation here, thank God, is already too large for the chapel. We plan to build a little church and repair what is left of our one building.”

#### HSINCHU GETS A CRIB

*It's a little warm to think of Christmas, but every day is Christ's birthday on the missions. The California Jesuits in Formosa decided to make December 25 more than just another day in Hsinchu, a city of 100,000 which saw its first Catholic priest just two years ago.*

“Why not,” mused Father Murphy, “put up a crib somewhere downtown where everyone can see it?” Then things started to pop.

There was no crib, to begin with, but that could be made on the spot. Figures for the crib were another question. A wire to Taipei disclosed that Brother Finnegan had nothing but some sad cardboard cut-outs. But Father Pena was due in from Hongkong—so another telegram went to him, and three days later he arrived with a fine set of figures.

Then someone mentioned music to attract people to the crib. Father Bourret, the electronics expert, got “that look” in his eyes. The tape recorder was out of order, but a quick message went off to Manila for the parts needed for repairs. Then Father Bourret went downtown to rearrange Formosa's telephone system. All he wanted was a special telephone line to carry recordings to the



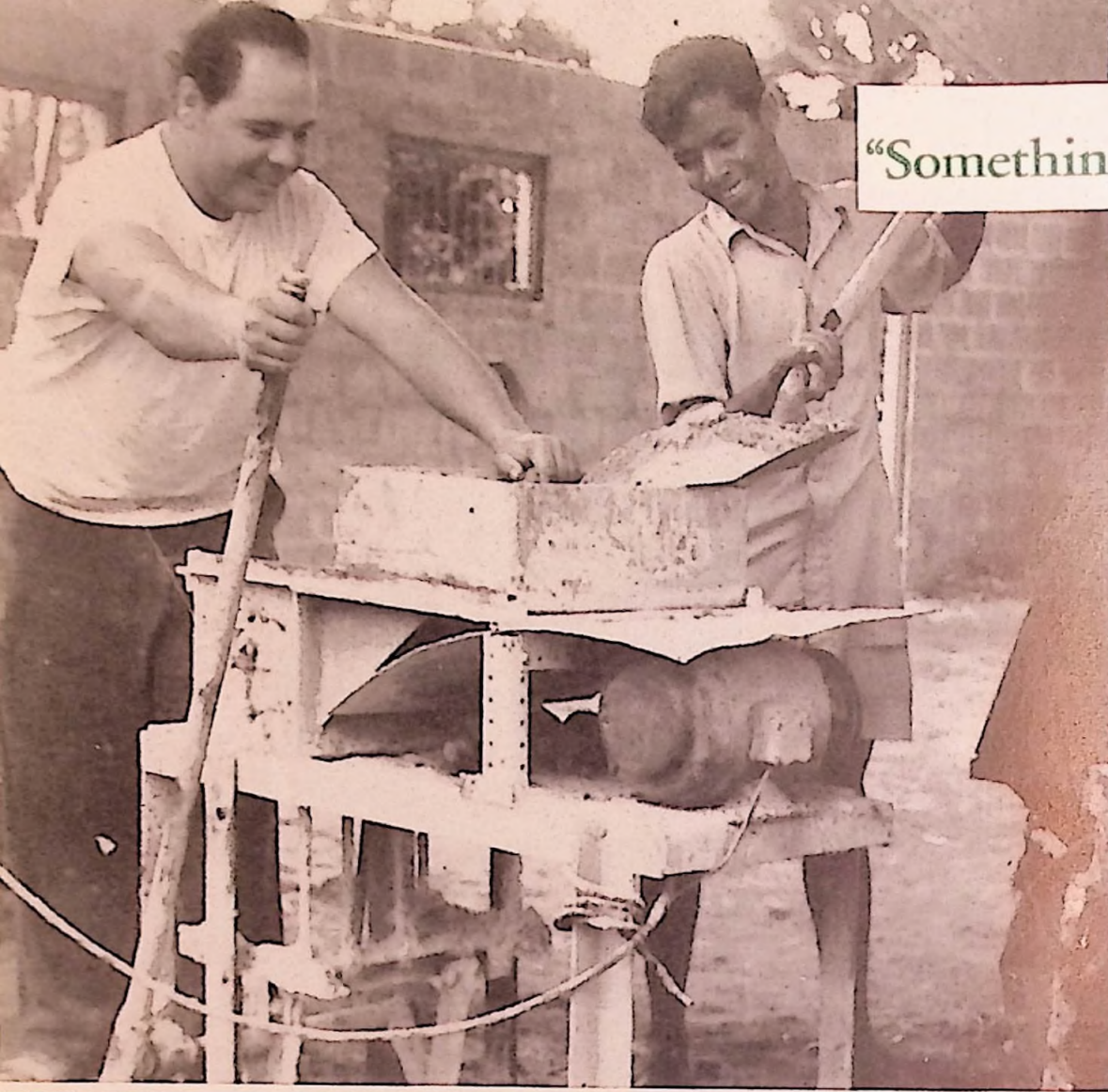
*Father Edward Murphy of Formosa also gets the Christmas idea over by a party.*

spot selected for the crib. The telephone people had never had such a request, but they decided it could be done.

Meanwhile Father Palm was putting a choir together. He had borrowed several records of Christmas music, and soon dozens of carolers, most of them pagans, were singing sweetly in Chinese, Latin and English. Tests were run with the recorder and it worked.

Some Catholic men picked out the best spot for the crib—midtown, across from Hsinchu's largest theater.

So it was done, hurriedly, but well. Rumor says that Father Murphy is musing about importing a big Hollywood spotlight for next Christmas. Who knows? His musing started something last year.



"Something had to be do

*Brother Trujillo S.J. making cement blocks.*



*Father Lange loads cement blocks for new Trincomalee sch.*

we were to do our duty to the Church . . .”

ANTOINE J. BRAQUET S.J.

# TROUBLE in *Trincomalee*

THE CENTER OF ATTENTION IS A LITTLE cement mixer, chugging and chuffing with almost ludicrous energy. The casual “sidewalk superintendent,” casting his critical eye on just another construction job, might turn from the cement mixer to watch the four stonebreakers, squatting under a shelter of cocoanut branches, stolidly crushing gravel by hand. Nothing unusual so far. Standard operational procedure for Ceylon.

But this is not just another construction job. Take a look at the building itself, and you will see. Across the four and one half acre plot, where the lines of the school buildings are taking shape, there are just three workmen to be seen. And all of them are American Jesuits.

Brother M. G. Trujillo S.J., sweating in the heat, hands buckets of cement to a priest co-worker, who pours the cement into the wooden forms. The priest is Very Rev. John W. Lange S.J., Superior of the New Orleans Province Mission in Eastern Ceylon. Perched atop the steel framework of a classroom building, Father Ralph Reiman S.J. makes a terrific racket fastening tin roofing.

Just the three of them. On other and luckier days, you might see hired workmen, when money is available to pay them. Or you might see younger and more vigorous Jesuits, visiting scholastics pressed into temporary and willing servitude.

This unorthodox building program is not inspired by romanticism or an excess of animal spirits. The Jesuits in Trincomalee need a new school so badly that they are building it themselves. They would be delighted to hand over their hammers and buckets of cement to paid, and more competent workers. But they can't afford to pay them.

At present, classes for their St. Joseph's College are being conducted in a cramped building, the generous loan of the Bishop. The Principal's office is a corner of a classroom, which also doubles (or triples) as a library. And a wholly inadequate library at that, of only 600 books, not one good reference set in the lot. The school has no laboratory space, and science equipment consists of a pitiful dozen odd pieces. Our typing course, taught on the verandah of the faculty residence, is offered to as many pupils as can use our one typewriter at a time. That boils down to one student and a couple of kibitzers.

Something had to be done, if we were to do our duty to the Church and our people in Ceylon. So we began the job ourselves, with confidence in God and the hope that our aging muscles would hold out. We are pinching rupees with one hand and shoveling concrete with the other. We have a plot of our own land with some solid buildings on it.

But we have only begun. There is more building to do and we are doing it on a pay-as-you-go basis. We want this to be a good school, worthy of the culture of Trincomalee. Our mission stations are in the backwoods and jungles, but education is a different kind of apostolate. First-class equipment is no luxury if you want a first-class school to prepare first-class citizens of this world and the next.

Our job for God is to prepare our people spiritually and intellectually for whatever His Providence has in store. Our new and greater St. Joseph's College will help us to do that job better. So we are building the College ourselves, even if that is the hard way.



# WANTED

## THANKS FOR THE KNIVES AND FORKS

Which you supplied for St. Andrew's Indian Mission, Pendleton, Oregon, in response to our appeal in October.

At this same mission the Indians have plans for improving their library with new shelves and partitions. There is no difficulty

## The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

In this issue, there is an urgent appeal for your assistance in supporting Father Lange and his brother Jesuits in Ceylon. You have always answered generously our various requests and, for that reason, we have confidence that you will consider well Father's problem.

Due to a lack of funds, Father Lange is actually spending days in the broiling sun as a bricklayer, carpenter and stone-mason constructing a school. For manual labor, Father Lange has as his inspiration the Apostles who were fishermen and Paul who was a tentmaker. Further, Father Lange, like all missionaries, realizes the paramount importance of education. There is something more to the missions than merely baptizing. The faith must be preserved and strengthened; leaders trained to combat Communism and other dangerous doctrines.

Your contributions to the Ceylon campaign will help the missionaries adorn and sanctify the temples of God in the hearts of the youth. As a reward, may God strengthen your own faith in time of distress.

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

about obtaining the free labor of carpenters, but the cost of lumber presents a problem. Up to now the Indians have collected \$37.00 among themselves but they still need about \$63.00. Could you help them with a dollar or two?

## REMEMBER THE COW YOU BOUGHT

For the Sisters' Orphanage at Bihar, India? Your wonderfully generous response to this appeal for undernourished children was heartwarming. Thank you very much.

Sister Rita, the Indian Superior of the Sacred Heart Sisters, asks if you could help her get a horse. The old war horse that brought the Sisters into town for classes is laid up, so the four or five Sisters now have to walk.

One Horse replacement—\$200.00.

## WE DON'T NEED BELLS

To get us to church on time, since our homes are well-supplied with clocks and watches. In the missions, though, the people depend on the church bells to announce the time of service. One example of the need for bells was given us by Father Henri Ayrout. This marvelous missionary has accomplished the impossible in building schools and churches for the Catholic Copts in the Nile Valley of Egypt. He has 44 free schools and almost as many churches. New churches are added every year and for these he would like donations for bells which will be mounted in the churches to call the people to prayer and Mass.

A gift of a bell would make a permanent and fitting memorial for a dear relative or friend, one which would be used every day for the service and praise of God.

Cost—\$100.00.

## BIG BAZAAR IN APRIL

For the benefit of 400 Indian boys and girls will be held April 23rd. The income from this Annual Carnival plays a big part in supporting the school and other activities of the Sioux Mission. You can help these Indian children by sending them your last year's Christmas toys, old jewelry, trinkets and clothes to be used as prizes. Cash donations are also most welcome.

Address: Rev. Joseph Zuercher S.J.  
St. Francis Mission  
St. Francis, South Dakota

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



# With His own hands

Father Lange is building a school

The Very Reverend John W. Lange S.J., Superior of the Jesuit Mission of Ceylon, has a lot of work to do. Yet he believes the school he is building is so essential that in addition to everything else he is now mixing concrete and laying brick.

*He needs help! Won't you help him?*

Contributions—any size—for Father Lange will be received with prayerful gratitude at

## JESUIT Missions

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



# Must It Remain A Dream?

For years Father Edmund Burke has dreamed of building a chapel in Dumraon, Bihar, India, and dedicating it to Our Lady of Fatima. He has prayed and planned and toiled.

*But he cannot do it alone!*

Will you help?

\$5,000 will build and equip it.

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