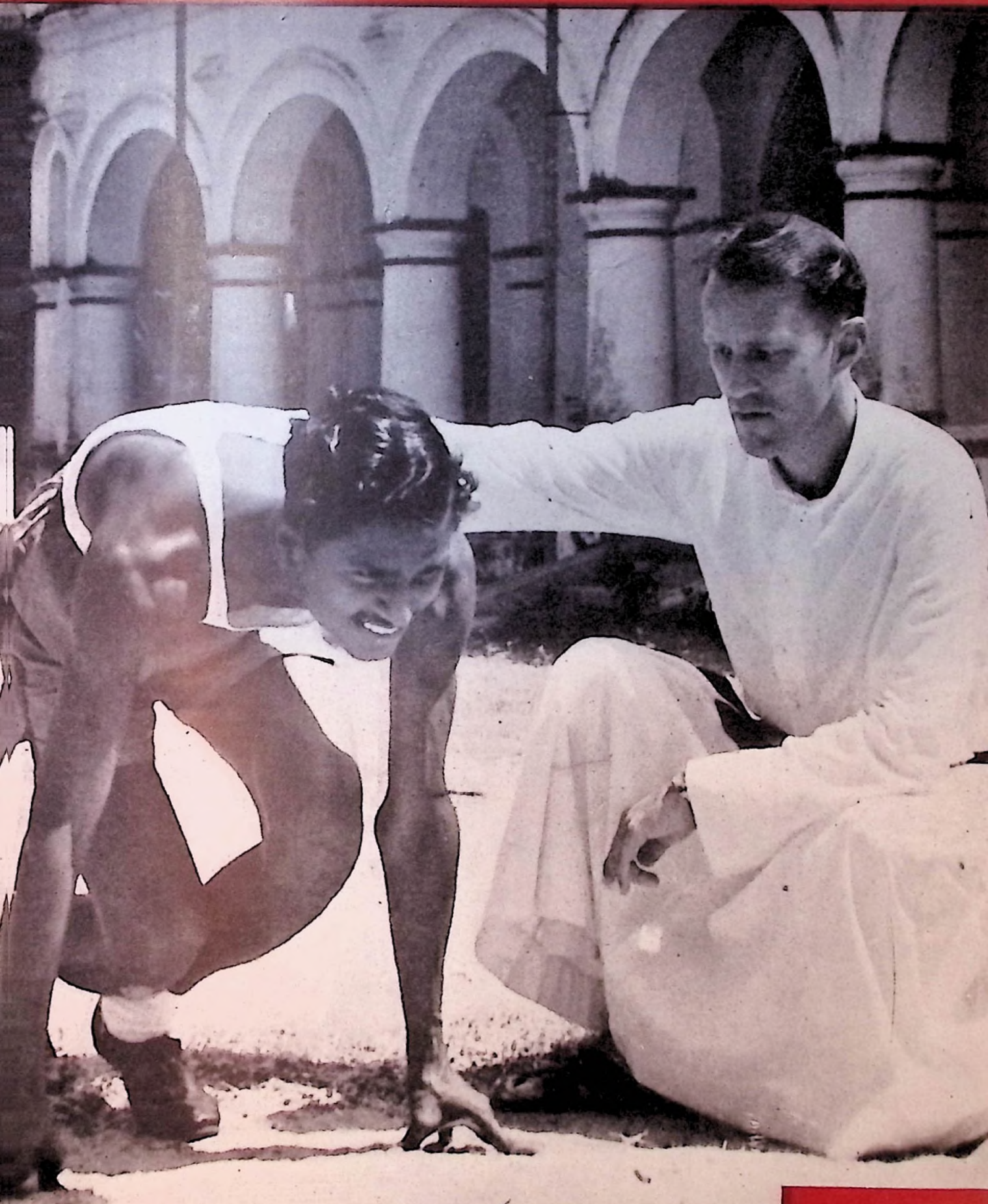


# JESUIT MISSIONS



# JESUIT

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(Left) The Ceylonese temple of Dagaba Thuparama. The original building dates back to the year 1153 B.C.



# MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF THE 1129 MISSIONARIES  
OF THE 8 AMERICAN JESUIT PROVINCES  
Vol. 28, No. 4

May, 1954

JAPAN'S HOUR OF GRACE....	Neill R. Meany S.J.	4
BOYS TOWN IN BATTICALOA.....		6
MARY AND THE MISSIONARY	Clement J. Armitage S.J.	8
HYMN OF HATE.....	Fred J. Foley S.J.	10
C.O. MEANS NEWS IN JAMAICA	Richard V. Lawlor S.J.	13
ALLAHU AKBAR!.....	Richard J. McCarthy S.J.	15
YOU PRIESTS HAVE NO IDEA	Paul C. O'Connor S.J.	18
LEPCHA LAND.....	Desmond S. Matthews S.J.	20
MAY IS ADOPTION MONTH.....		22
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS.....		25
OUR LADY'S CHURCH OF GREEN	Robert Stowe S.J.	28

## BEHIND THE LINES

When we saw the Holy Father's Mission Intention for this month we knew that there was one man who would understand its deeper implications.

So we wrote to Father Richard McCarthy S.J. in Baghdad and asked him to come out from behind his massive Arabic tomes and write the article we needed.

Father McCarthy took his Doctorate in Moslem Theology from the University of Oxford and has already published one book on that subject with another now on the press.

A few months ago we made a brief mention of Father Fred Foley of the China Mission who as special staff correspondent for JM was detouring through Indonesia and Malaya before reporting for his Formosa assignment.

His "Hymn of Hate" article on page 10 is an eyewitness account of what he observed in Java. In a short time we are hoping to give you also the observations of the camera wielded by one of our best mission photographers, the same Father Foley.

And may we ask you to read prayerfully our first article which concerns Japan in her most important hour?



*COVER. Among his other duties Father Harold Weber S.J. of St. Michael's College in Batticaloa, Ceylon, is athletic director. Here he is coaching the Ceylon school champion in the 100-yard dash.*

**MISSION OF THE MONTH**—On the eastern shore of Ceylon, in one of the poorest districts of the island, lies the Trincomalee Mission which is manned by the Jesuits of the New Orleans Province. This mission is the largest in extent, the smallest in population and the poorest and most backward of all the six dioceses in Ceylon.

The 50 American Jesuits who belong to the mission are about evenly divided into parish and school work. There are 48 schools under the direction of the Jesuits, but of these only about 20 schools are Catholic. The others serve Hindu and Moslem children but an active apostolate among these is forbidden by law.

In the out-stations, mostly along the coast, the missionary's job is mainly to hunt and to find the lost sheep, to revive the faith and to educate the young. The problem is strictly one of man-power; in the past there have not been enough missionaries to work among the people of the outlying districts. Until more men are available and the present group of native seminarians are trained the men now working in the field must be content with holding the battle lines.

*You* have a part to play  
in this global prayer movement  
to win Japan to Christ

# This is JAPAN'S

NEILL R. MEANY S.J.

**T**HE ISLES OF JAPAN, TARGET OF HISTORY'S most devastating aerial bombardment, are once again under attack. This time no cities will be flattened, no lives lost, but the power of the assault, if it could be measured, would make the atomic bomb look like a pop-gun. For Nippon is being zeroed in by the prayer-sights of the Catholic world in a gigantic, unprecedented attempt to bring the whole nation to Christ—NOW—without delay.

That this is a stupendous order, nobody realizes more than the missionaries in Japan. At the same time, nobody knows better than they the power of prayer to remove mountains of paganism and cast them into the sea; and prayer is what they are counting on in their big push to win Japan for Christ. The Japanese word describing their plan of battle is *Kito-sen*, which can be translated as a global prayer movement. It brings the concerted power of Catholics the world over to bear directly on Japan—not just a prayer now and then, but definite prayers and a previously determined sacrifice on a certain day each week for one year. Real precision bombing with results guaranteed!

Like any worthwhile project, this movement is far more likely to succeed if it has several especially big and influential backers; and there are at least two of these who can be taken for granted as completely



sold on the idea. One is St. Francis Xavier, the great apostle of Japan. The other is St. Paul Miki.

You may never have heard of this Jesuit St. Paul, but to Japanese Catholics he is known in much the same way as St. Aloysius is to Westerners. His image may appear on the medal worn by a Japanese schoolboy, or on the holy card clutched by an almond-eyed lass after her first catechism lesson.

Again, you might see his calm features on the wall of a Catholic home in Japan, where he is often pictured wearing the distinctive robes of the *samurai*.

St. Paul was twenty-two years old and had just graduated from the College of Nobles in Azuchiyama when he entered the Society of Jesus in 1586. His next eleven years made up the period of study and

# HOUR of Grace

prayer that is the lot of every Jesuit preparing for the sacred ministry. At length the day approached when Paul was to be ordained Japan's first native priest—but he never made it. In 1597 he was engulfed by the tide of religious persecution that raged throughout Japan, and his cross rose with twenty-five others on a hill above Nagasaki. In the light of his martyrdom it is a noteworthy fact that the city of his death, blasted by an A-bomb three centuries later, is now Japan's most Catholic area.

Here is the man to join Xavier in support of a world-embracing campaign of prayer for Japan! These are his own countrymen, for whose salvation he offered his life.

*How to join this global-prayer crusade:*

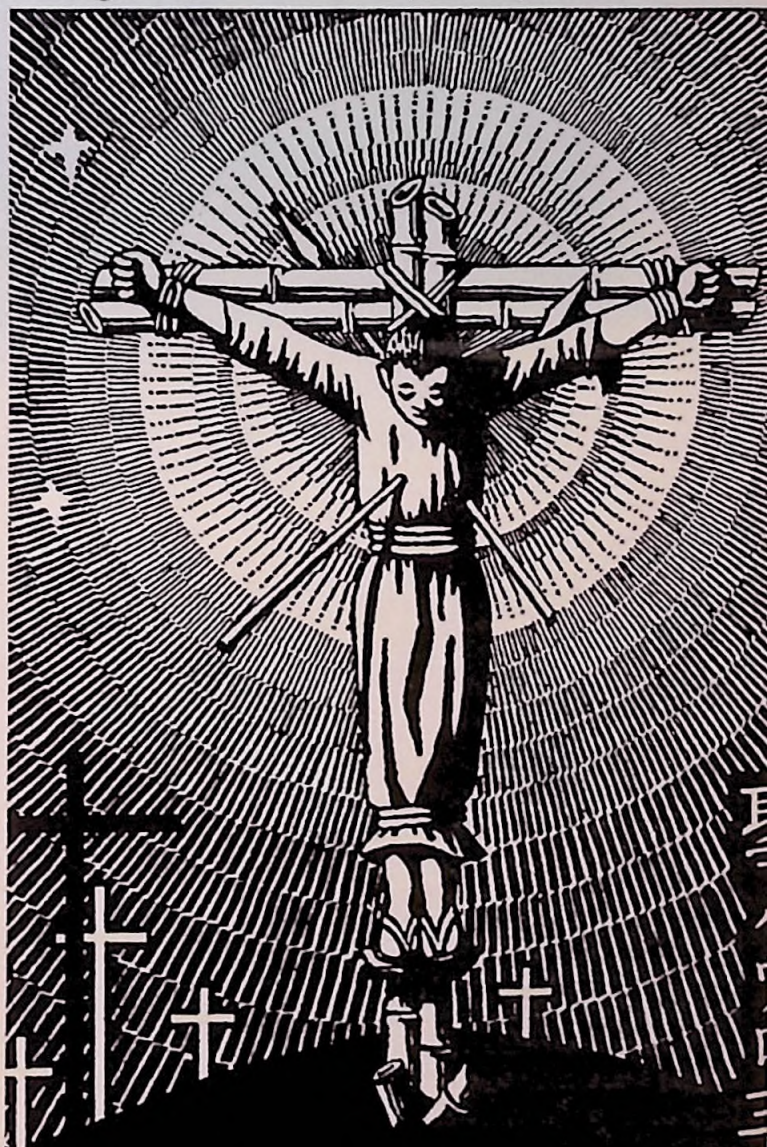
- 1) *Select a definite day of the week.*
- 2) *Determine what definite sacrifice you will perform.*
- 3) *For one year continue that offering on that day of the week.*
- 4) *Send your name (and address if you wish) with the day selected to the originator of this movement:*

Father Peter Arrupe S.J.  
Jesus-kai Shudojin,  
1551 Nagatsuka  
Gion Kyoku Kunai  
Hiroshima-ken, Japan.

"Like my Master I shall die upon the cross," he said on the way to his execution. "Like Him my heart shall be pierced with a lance, so that my blood and my love can flow out upon the land and sanctify it to His Name."

While their prayer drive is in progress the missionaries will find it well worth their efforts to keep St. Paul Miki's interest at a maximum pitch. To help them do so, copies of the illustration accompanying this article will be sent to the bishops and missionaries of Japan. The design, by an American Jesuit, is an adaptation of a drawing which appeared in *JESUIT MISSIONS* for November, 1932. The cost of reproduction and printing has been defrayed by Japanese benefactors in America. It is hoped that St. Paul Miki, regarding the devotion these pictures are meant to inspire, will supplement the prayers of the Catholic world with graces so potent that his entire homeland will soon acknowledge Christ as its King.

*St. Paul Miki, the Japanese Jesuit who was crucified with twenty-five others in 1597 at Nagasaki, is one of Nippon's favorites.*



# BOYS'

**S**T. SEBASTIAN'S ORPHANAGE AT BATTICALOA in the Trincomalee Mission of Ceylon will never have the reputation of Father Flanagan's Boys Town. But it answers to the same need in one of the poorest districts of the island.

Very few of the hundred and more boys at St. Sebastian's are orphans in the strict sense. Most of them come from broken homes or have been abandoned at an early age. Only half of them are Catholics but all of them soon realize that they have a Mother in Heaven watching over them.

Father Felix Clarkson S.J. has succeeded Father John Lange, now Superior of the mission, as Director of the orphanage. On his shoulders falls the heavy burden of providing these youngsters with a home, a school for their training, and a firm spiritual and moral foundation for their entire lives.

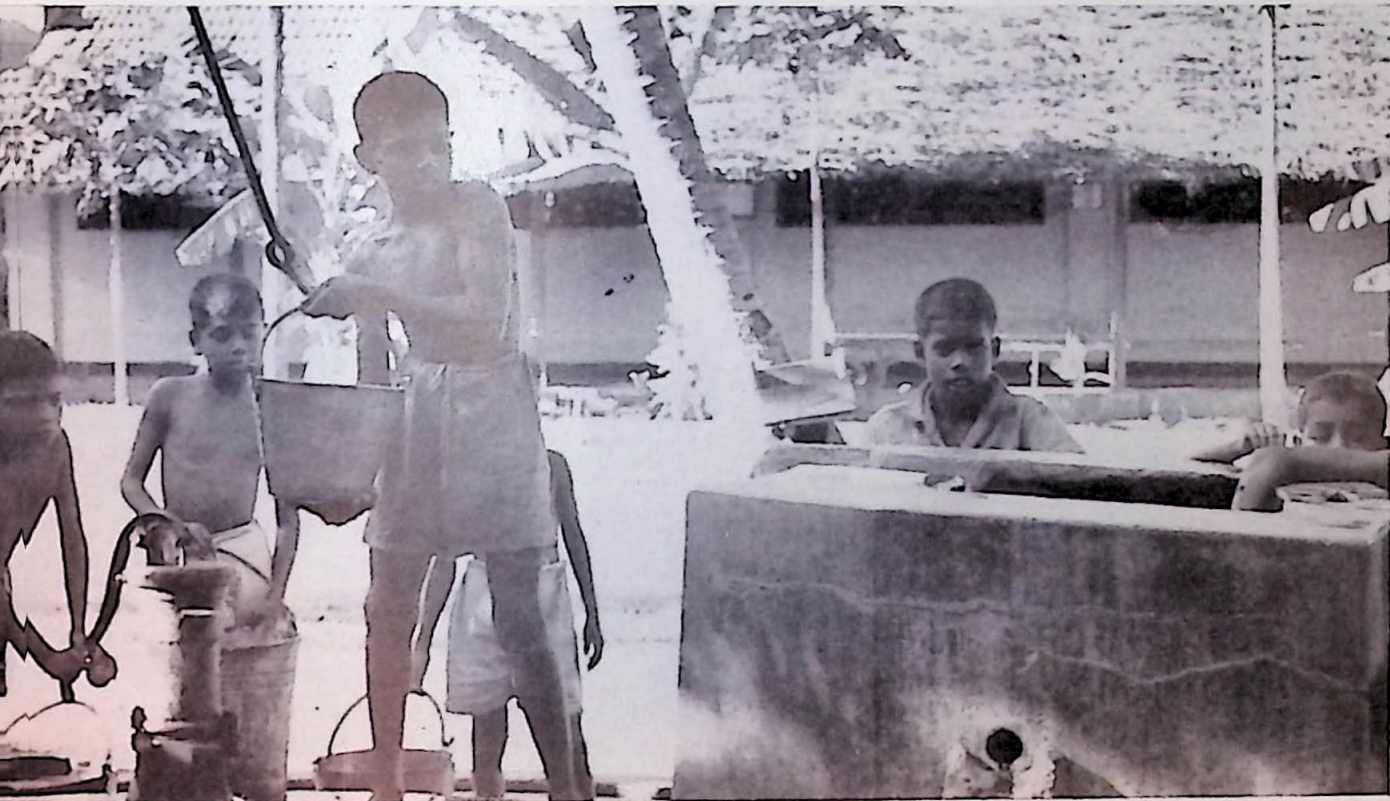
*This Ceylonese youngster is typical of the boys who find a home in St. Sebastian's.*

*Under the watchful eye of Brother Richard the boys are taught trades they will use.*



# TOWN

*in Batticaloa*



*To haul water from the well is one of the weekly assignments divided among the boys.*

*Boys of the orphanage grind rice which is the staple food throughout the island.*



*Father John Lange, now Mission Superior, supervises the sawing of cocoanut palms.*





# MARY

EVERY MISSIONARY HAS A Woman in his life. Morning, noon and night her name is on his lips and her image forever in his heart. She is a part of his life, a beautiful, essential part, for if he didn't have her he might very possibly quit his job. She is the one he turns to when the chips are down, when a soul is slipping from his grasp, when he is fighting to stay on his feet, physically and mentally. And the urgent, fervent whisper on his lips breaks beyond the barriers of earth to resound like a trumpet call in the halls of heaven. "Mary, my Mother, help me!"

It is a cry naked in its simplicity, golden in its trust and love. It comes straight from the heart of a man who deals in fundamental things—in heaven and hell; these people to be saved; his own weakness and the sublime power of the Mother of God.

A missionary is a very human being. He is not an odd stick who went off to the ends of the earth because of some fantastic notion. He did it because he had a very realistic grasp of what was important and what was not important. All men are on this earth for just one reason—to prove themselves worthy of living with Almighty God forever. Nothing else counts.

The missionary sees that fact with the clarity of those who live

*Both* remember Calvary and the bond  
made then is very real today

## *and the Missionary*

close to God. But he knows that there are millions who are blind to it, whose aching hunger can be satisfied only with knowledge and truth. He has that knowledge and truth and humbly, prayerfully, he asks of Almighty God that his life may be dedicated to sharing that infinite wealth with others. It is a privilege that binds him closer to the Woman who gave on Calvary, in silence and in sorrow, her own Son to all mankind.

So this practical realist goes off to some tiny, faraway spot on the globe and spends his life in living and teaching Christ. There is nothing romantic in mission work. It is hard work, it is dirty work. Yet day after day a man will sweat out the wretched quarters, the poor food, the loneliness, the hatred around him, because he believes it is worth while—and worth heaven for his people.

But the heart of a man who gives his life for others is not made of flint. It is a sensitive thing, like a violin, tuned to the highest pitch of love by hands made holy by sacrifice. That is why failure hurts so much, why a man can unashamedly cry when a soul which he fought so desperately to win goes down to death and the agonizing emptiness of Hell. That sensitiveness will send a priest stumbling over mountain trails in midnight darkness in answer to a sick call, not only because it is in the line of duty but mostly because it is in the line of love.

"Son, behold thy Mother!" There are no other words in Scripture which a missionary makes more his own. Spoken in the darkness and agony of Golgotha, these words are terribly real and terribly dear

to a man who walks far and lonely paths. There are times when they are all he has to cling to, when that same darkness which speaks of failure and futility, of despair and death, hangs heavily over him.

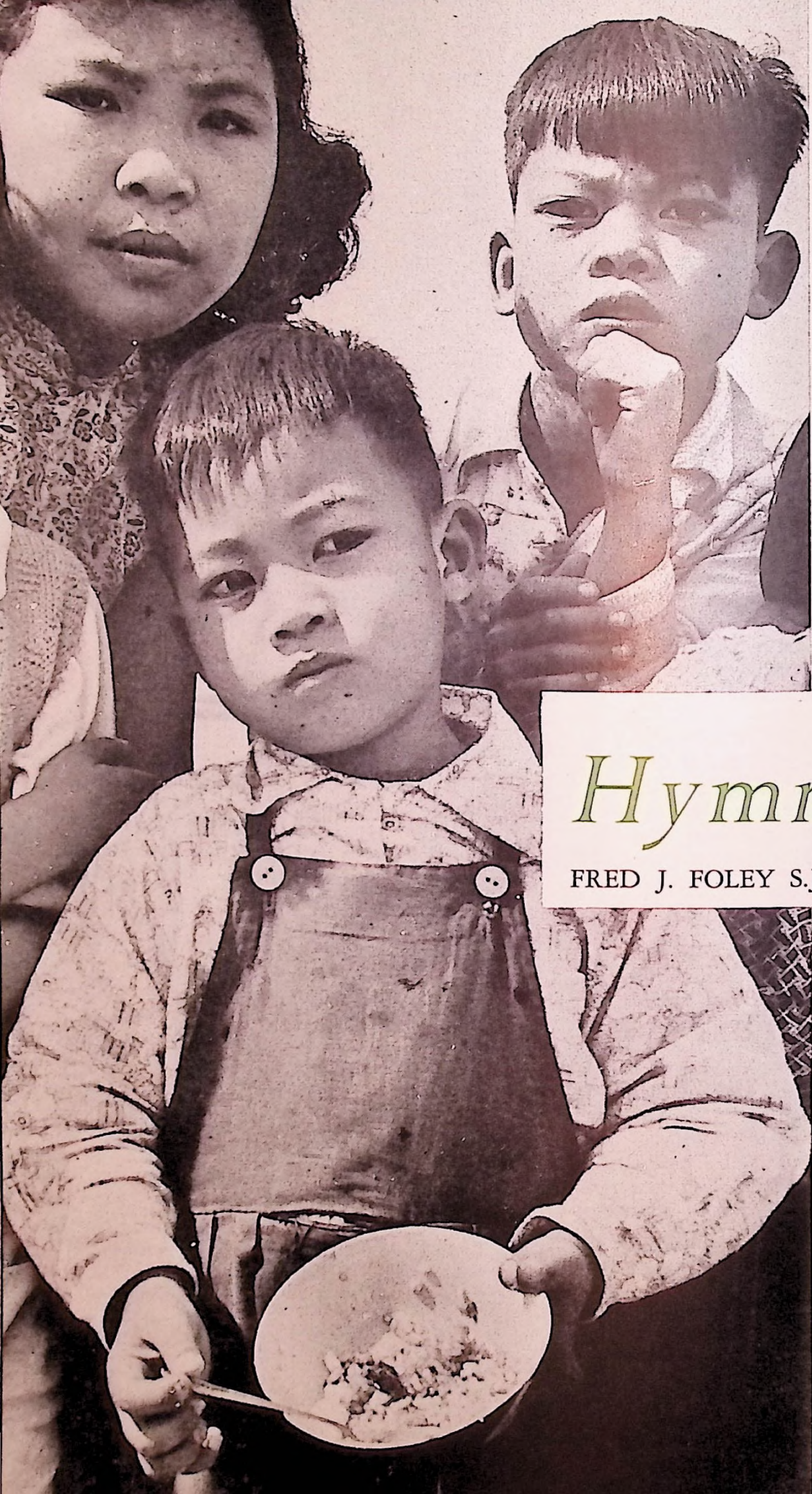
Francis Xavier knew that darkness as he lay dying on the island of Sancian. This lonely, love-ridden man, heartbroken now at his failure to win China to his dear Christ, battled against that darkness with the one weapon left to him. Again and again, his fevered lips whispered, "O Virgin Mother of God, remember me!"

Every missionary knows the sincerity, if not the depth, of Xavier's plea. For Mary is a tremendous thing in his life. The dark-eyed girl who came out of Nazareth to become Queen of Heaven is, in a very real sense, his Mother, his ideal, his love.

As long as she is so close to him he is more than willing to face the hardships, physical and mental, which make up so much of his daily routine. Tropical heat and Arctic blizzards; the endless beat of rain on the roof swelling into a crescendo of loneliness; the rice or fish or cocoanuts now tasteless from frequency; the irritating, unthinking people to whom he will always be an alien and yet for whom he will lay down his life.

These are the things he gladly chose because once a Woman who is now his Mother watched the blood of her Son crimson the rough wood of a cross and knew heart-break. There are some things that can be paid back only in the same coin and no one understands better than she does the full meaning of that cry, "Mary, my Mother, help me!"

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.



# *Hymn of*

FRED J. FOLEY S.J.

THE CHINESE COMMUNIST PENETRATION of Indonesia is all too apparent even to the casual observer. Djakarta has its Communist movies, its flood of publications—some straight from Peking. I sat down to a Chinese dinner in the market section of Djakarta and for a full hour the record shop across the way blared out “The East is Red” and “Mau Tse-Tung,” the Communist marching song, and others I had not heard since I left Red China in October of 1951.

Chinese in Indonesia number less than 3 million. Yet they are in evidence far out of proportion to their numbers. Everywhere they loom large in commerce, thrive as shop owners, operate *batik* factories, buy and export spices and copra, hold futures on rice and other crops. Travelling by train, I was surrounded by Chinese business men, and my ability to speak Chinese helped me through many a traveller’s difficulty—and all this in Java.

This large and influential body is subject to a concentrated and highly successful propaganda attack by Chinese Communists, the main and only line being that Com-

# HATE

munism has saved China, and that it will save Indonesia. Press and education are the two main lines of infiltration.

A quick review of Chinese language publications reveals a total of about 70 Chinese language dailies, weeklies and magazines. Of these, 27 are either out and out Communist or pro-Communist. Some 17 are anti-Communist, sympathetic to the Nationalist Government. The rest are neutral. Two Communist dailies (Sheng Huo Pao, Hsin Pao) have a combined circulation of 5,000. This is quite large when it is realized that 10,000 is considered a big circulation for a daily in the Indonesian language. Three non-Communist dailies in Djakarta have a total of 5,500 subscribers (Tse Yu Pao, Hsiang Pao, Tien Hseng Pao). Weekly editions are divided, three Communist to one anti-Communist. The best pictorials and most lavish editions are Communist.

Another element of press propaganda is

book stores. Of 18 Chinese book stores in Djakarta about 12 are Communist and 3 Nationalist—leaving 3 neutral. In general it is much easier to obtain Communist books and propaganda. Glancing through Chinese papers, I could see the sprinkling of general news with the heavy filler of Peking date-line and standard Communist line editorial and feature material. To say the present day China mainland is presented in these articles as a true earthly paradise is a large understatement.

With regard to Djakarta’s Chinese language schools (almost all Chinese send their children to these schools) 24 are anti-Communist, 21 are Communist and 3 are neutral. The great advantage enjoyed by Communist schools is their hidden and seemingly limitless subsidy which enables them to pay high teachers’ salaries and charge only token tuition. Tuition in a Communist high school is 2 to 3 rupiahs a month (20 rupiahs equal approximately one American dollar) while a non-Communist school must charge 30 to 50 rupiahs a month to meet expenses.

Teachers’ salaries are likewise disproportionate. On a basic unit of 4 hours of teaching a week, a Communist school pays 70 to 100 rupiahs while the non-Communist school can pay only 45 rupiahs for the same number of teaching hours. It is apparent that the subsidy comes from Red China.

This stream of propaganda has every chance of being most effective, because many overseas Chinese were disillusioned by the former government in China; some, too, left China for the south because of political difficulties and are naturally sympathetic. Coupled to this is a great pagan spirit of opportunism—the desire to be on the winning side. People read both papers, patronize both sides—for business. In chance conversations with Chinese on the train and in stores, I rarely found anyone who would openly condemn the Communist regime in China. Only in pro-Nationalist schools and business associations does one find a strong position against Communism. Speaking Mandarin with a Chinese photo dealer, I tried in vain to convince him that he was committing moral and economic suicide by favoring the Communists. He just couldn’t see it and my eye-witness report was not enough to overbalance the flood of propaganda.

This hymn of hate has had unbelievable and frightening success with Chinese youth



Father Foley in Formosa with Miss Wong Shulan, who draws his Sunday Gospel posters.

in Indonesia. Priests have told me of girls who attend a pro-Communist school refusing to attend the parish retreat. One boy of eight, after a year in a Communist school, absolutely refused to attend a Catholic school at his parents' request. Another little girl of about First Communion age said to a priest, in Chinese, "You are a reactionary."

Awake to the danger, the Church is working to stem this tide among the Chinese. However, the number of priests and sisters working among the Chinese is pitifully small and their means limited. Many parishes care for Chinese wherever they are found. One parish in Djakarta is made up almost entirely of Chinese; other cities have at least one Chinese parish.

Catholic schools for Chinese are just being opened in Djakarta. The Franciscan Missionary Sisters of Mary are beginning with a kindergarten and small school. Their middle school has one class of 12 girls. Austrian Jesuits—refugees from Red China—are beginning a middle school for Chinese boys in Djakarta but Ricci School is making a pitifully small beginning in a borrowed part-time building with a class of 7 boys.

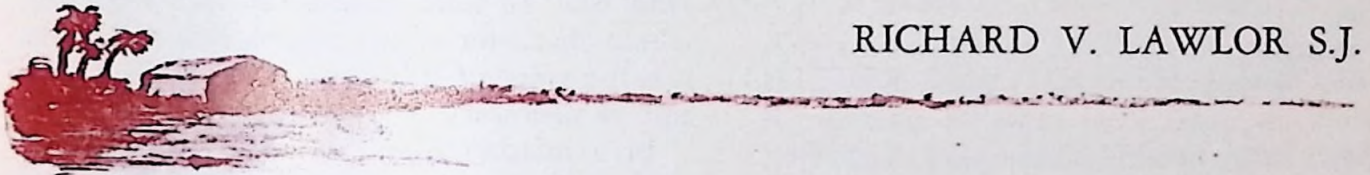
The Chinese parish in Djakarta has begun a little magazine, "Our Life", to go against

the flood of Communist propaganda. A heroic task! The work will go on, and it has the assurance of victory from Him who said "the gates of Hell shall not prevail against thee". But today, through human eyes, it looks close to impossible. Money, men, sympathy, interest and knowledge are required. Together with prayer, they will succeed in making the canticle of Christian love triumph over the Hymn of Hate.

*One way to counteract the flood of Communist literature and propaganda in Asia is by the widespread distribution of Catholic literature. The American Jesuits in Formosa, for instance, can make good use of your Catholic books and magazines. Could you help to drown out the "Hymn of Hate" in this way? Please send directly to*  
 Father Edward Murphy S.J.  
 Jesuit Fathers  
 8 Peng-lai New Village  
 Taipei, Formosa.

# C.O. means NEWS IN JAMAICA

RICHARD V. LAWLOR S.J.



*A missing  
manuscript  
doesn't prevent us  
from writing of a  
fellow editor*



**F**ATHER GERALD F. HEFFERNAN S.J. is a journalist. He knows that practically anything can happen just before press-time, and he has developed a calm tolerance for the unexpected. I hereby appeal to his tolerance when this issue of *JM* reaches him in the mission of Jamaica, British West Indies.

To explain: a couple of months ago, we asked Father. Heffernan, who is Editor of *Catholic Opinion*, the weekly newspaper issued by the Jesuits in Jamaica, for an article on the life and work of a missionary editor. He wrote the article. Now, just a matter of days before the presses must roll, the manuscript has disappeared.

We are a stubborn lot here at *JM*. We had decided that in May our readers should have a story on *Catholic Opinion*. So they will have it. Since there is a curious view hereabouts that I lost the manuscript, I have been chosen to tell the story.

There is some justice in the choice. For a year I had the joy of being Assistant Editor of *Catholic Opinion* under Father Heffernan, and I learned something about the problems of missionary journalism.

*Catholic Opinion* is a venerable publication. Founded 58 years ago, just after the first American Jesuits arrived in Kingston to staff the Vicariate of Jamaica, it developed from a monthly of somewhat somber mien into a weekly of modified-tabloid size.

In many ways, *C. O.* resembles a small-town newspaper in the United States. It prints as much local news as possible, it names every name it can be sure of spelling with reasonable accuracy, and it feels that no Catholic activity is too insignificant to be recorded for posterity.

Getting the news is not easy. Jamaica is a good-sized island and there are Catholics scattered all over its mountainy recesses. The paper boasts a corps of "stringers", lay Catholics in every mission center and most outstations, who can be counted on to write up the Catholic news of their area.

By Friday of each week, the paper is made up and printed. By train or truck or mail, copies go out to every mission center and, if things go well, *C.O.* is on sale before the first Mass on Sunday.

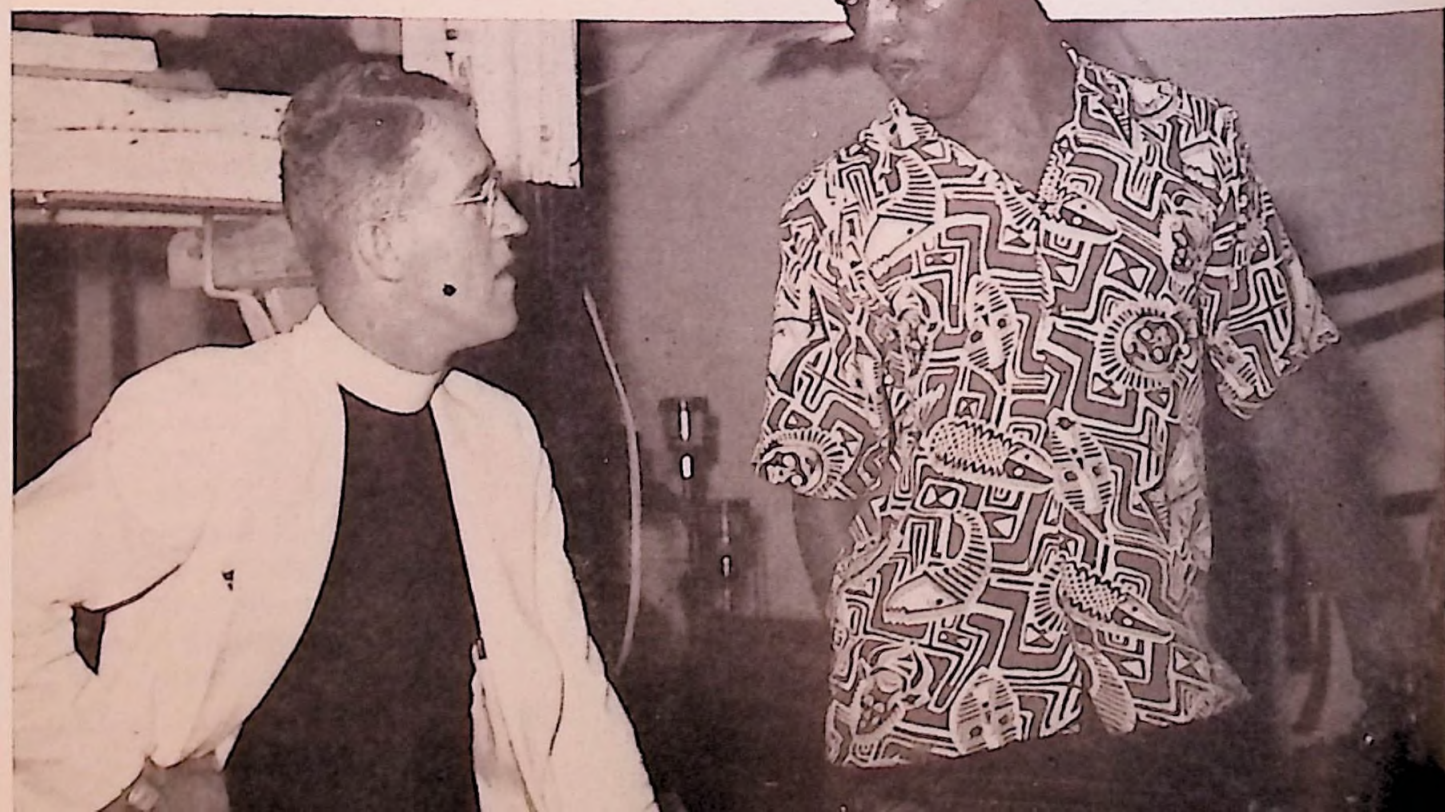
The best praise for the paper is the fact that people miss it when a printing strike or transportation difficulties delay the weekly issue. Sporting circles seem to chafe most if they miss their weekly dose of "Sports Round-Up", a knowing survey of football (soccer), cricket and track, written by a mild gentleman who signs himself, "The Dragon".

The masthead of the paper displays the triple tiara and keys which symbolize the Holy See. In that symbol one can read the whole character of the paper. It is Catholic; it is the voice of the Church to teach, exhort and, if necessary, reprove.

In a mission like Jamaica, where Catholics are a small minority scattered over a difficult terrain, the importance of a Catholic newspaper is obvious. It brings a sense of solidarity in the Body of Christ to converts who may see a priest only rarely. It is the Catholic paper, and Catholics are proud of it.

Running a successful journal on the missions is no easy job. Chief credit for *Catholic Opinion's* vigor and growth goes to its Editor, Father Heffernan, who for more than a decade has devoted his energies to missionary journalism. I hope he will accept this poor substitute for his fine article which *somebody* around here mislaid.

*Father Heffernan with one of his assistants at the press for Catholic Opinion. We feel sure that in his long term as editor he has discovered things get lost in Kingston, too.*



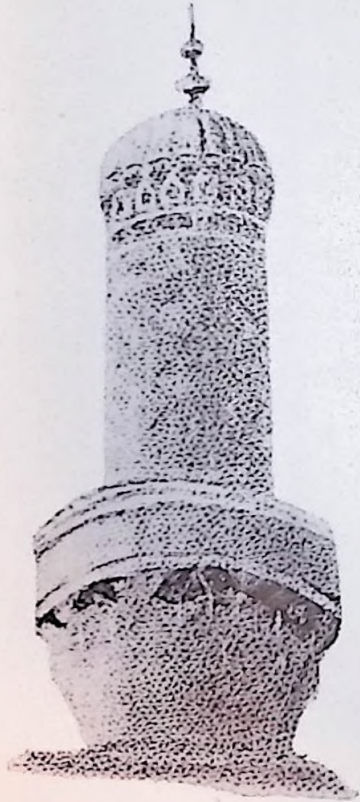
# Allahu Akbar!

The holy Father asks us to pray  
during the month of May  
that the limitless extent  
of Divine Love may become  
better known to the Moslems

RICHARD J. McCARTHY S.J.

His is all in the heavens and on the earth. Who shall intercede with Him save by His leave? He knows what is before men and what behind them, whereas they comprehend only so much of His knowledge as He wills. His throne extends over the heavens and the earth; preserving them is no burden to Him. He is the August, the Immense!"

To the orthodox Moslem, God is an infinitely transcendent Being Who has arbitrarily determined and decreed everything which was, is, or will be. "What God wills, is; what He wills not, is not." He is answerable to no one. "Whom God guides, is indeed guided; and whom He leads astray, those indeed are the losers." Man's evil acts, as well as his good ones, are created by God. It is difficult to see how the orthodox theology leaves any room for human liberty. In practice, of course, the Moslem recognizes the force of certain moral laws and standards. However, precisely because he is a Moslem, he feels himself to be one of the Elect whose salvation is assured, unless he should commit the single unforgivable sin of *shirk*—polytheism or associating another with the one God. No Moslem, whatever



**A**llahu akbar! THESE TWO ARABIC WORDS resound through much of the Moslem's history and enter intimately into the most sacred moments of his daily life. In war they are his battle-cry. In war and in peace they preface the call to prayer and are part of the formal prayer itself. Five times a day the muezzin's *Allahu akbar!* is chanted from the balconies of myriad minarets.

*Allahu akbar!* The phrase has often been translated "God is great!". It would be better, perhaps, to translate it "God is Supreme!" This phrase is a terse epitome of the Moslem's attitude towards his Creator—"the Lord of the Worlds", "the Highest and Holiest", "the Mighty, the Glorious", the peerless and absolute Lord of all His creation. The famous Throne Verse of the Koran thus describes Him: "God—there is no other god at all—is the Living, the Subsistent. Nor somnolence nor sleep lay hold of Him.

*The people of the desert have always been deeply religious. The famed Lawrence of Arabia once described the Arab mind as "full of ardor and more fervent in belief than any other in the world."*



his sins, will remain forever in hell. Mohammed's intercession, on the dread Day of Judgment, will bring forth all Moslems from the "Fire", leaving it the eternal abode of the *kafir*, the infidel, the non-Moslem.

Does God love? Can He be loved? Orthodox Moslem theology answers "No". It is not an illogical answer in its context, and its harshness is somewhat softened when we recall that the Moslem frequently invokes God as "the Merciful, the Compassionate". Yet, apart from the rare cases of Moslem mystics, Moslems would find incomprehensible the sublimely blunt affirmation of St. John, "God is love." They have the utmost respect and reverence for God. They fear His judgments and are grateful for His mercies. God is often in their thoughts, much more frequently on their lips, but never, so to speak, in their hearts. For the Moslem does not believe that God can be in a man's heart; he does not know that God also has a heart; he has not heard the

"good news," the revelation of God's love.

The Moslem venerates Jesus as the greatest of the Prophets after Mohammed. But Jesus did not die on the cross. God is preserving him, and he is to come again in the last days to conquer Antichrist. The Moslem also has a high regard for Mary. She conceived Jesus virginally, and the traditional explanation of a certain verse of the Koran implies that Mary herself was conceived immaculate. But the Moslem considers it blasphemous to say that the Son of Mary is also the Son of God. Nevertheless, a profound impulse of fallen human nature seems to have compelled the Moslem to recognize the need of a mediator between God Supreme and man the lowly. For the Moslem this mediator must be "the Seal of the Prophets"—Mohammed, gradually exalted over the centuries into a superhuman figure with extraordinary prerogatives.

When the Holy Father asks us to pray that God's immense love may be better



*"Allahu Akbar!" Moslems of India bow in prayer when the muezzin sounds. From the western shores of Africa to the farthest East the faith of Mohammed is strong. (Three Lions)*

known to Moslems, he is asking us to pray the prayer of Christ: "that they may know Thee, the only true God, and Him Whom thou has sent, Jesus Christ." Moslems do know God. There are none who affirm His oneness more vigorously. So our prayer must center on the second half of our Lord's petition. We must pray that Moslems may also know that the one God "so loved the world that He gave His only-begotten Son". This prayer of ours should have a special power in this Marian Year. A Marian Year must be a missionary year, in which the Mother of "the whole Christ" must lend a most willing ear to our plea for the building up of her Son's mystical body. Prayer knows no barriers when it reaches God through the Immaculate Heart of His Mother.

Travellers in the Middle East have often noticed in the hands of Moslems a string of beads. The devout Moslem uses this "rosary" for counting off the ninety-nine "most excellent Names of God." As the beads

slip through his fingers he murmurs: "The Merciful . . . the Compassionate . . . the Mighty . . . the Hearer . . . the Seer . . . the Powerful . . . the Exalted . . . the Avenger . . . the Pardoner . . . the Giver . . . the Withholder . . . the Incomparable . . . the Patient." Often the list is begun or ended with "Allah" (God). But according to some Moslem traditions the hundredth name of God is "the Exalted Name", known only to the Prophets and to other saintly persons. One thing we know, and we pray that Moslems—nearly three hundred millions of them—may know it too. God *has* an Exalted Name! It is the Name which engenders faith, inspires hope, and fires charity. It is the Name which we have learned from the lips of the beloved disciple: GOD IS LOVE! St. John knew this Name, because he knew Jesus. We know it, because we know Jesus. Moslems will also know it, when they know Jesus Who is Love. This month let us pray that they may come to know Him.



*Sister Scholastica of the Ursuline nuns takes over a mammoth cooking job on a work-picnic.*

NOT SO LONG AGO I WAS VISITING A nice little family in Anchorage. Alaska Housing Authority had put up two hundred and fifty low rent housing units and I was doing a routine inspection. The mother was telling me how hard it was to care for a family in Alaska. She had three children.

"Father, you have no idea how hard it is to raise a family in Alaska. The food and clothing are simply out of sight!"

"Are you telling me?" I queried.

"Certainly, I am telling you. You priests have no idea what it takes for a modern family to live up here!"

"How long have you lived in Alaska?"

"Not quite a year, but the prices are terrific!"

"Well," I answered, "I have lived for 23 years in Northern Alaska where conditions are a bit more primitive than here at Anchorage. And believe it or not, I have just exactly 136 children to feed, clothe, and lodge. And this on the Yukon where freight alone is \$125 a ton."

"My goodness, I didn't know that you priests did such things."

"We don't alone. I have seven devoted Ursulines who help in the work, besides



You

three good capable Jesuit Brothers. And you know I never hear them complain about carrying the world on their shoulders."

"But how do you stand it? I have three little girls and they run me ragged."

"We have children running all the way from 4 years up to 17 and 18 and each skips around just as much as your children. The job looked at under some aspects is appalling, but none of my community has ragged nerves. They take it all in their stride, even with an Irish lilt and a smile."

"But how do the Sisters wash for all that group?"

"One Ursuline, Sister Vivina, a veteran of some 30 years in top Alaska, with the help of about ten girls does it all. They wash and mend for each one of my big community every single week. You have three little girls. You should wash for 56 boys and see what a job you have on your hands! Getting water, hanging out clothes to dry in 20 below weather, mending socks

*Is there a familiar ring to this story of the Far North's HCL?*



PAUL C. O'CONNOR S.J.

## *Priests Have No Idea!*

for these destructive little boys—it's a job!"

"Good heavens, what a strange life you people lead! Doesn't the Sister-cook get tired feeding all that bunch?"

"Oh, I suppose she does get tired at the end of the day. She has never told me about it, but you should see the food disappear. In one year we consume 13,000 dry smoked salmon, fifteen hundred pounds of farina, one thousand pounds of macaroni, three thousand pounds of rice, fifteen hundred pounds of beans, forty-three hundred pounds of sugar!"

"My, my, my! And to think that my three children eat so much! How do you solve the baking situation? Generally, I find baking too much trouble."

"Bread, bread, and more bread—baked to the tune of four hundred loaves a week. To mix the dough, we use about seventeen tons of flour a year. The boys mix the dough, and the girls bake the bread under the careful eyes of Sister Thecla. And all

these things have been going on for fifty years!"

"My goodness, how little we people here in Anchorage know what is going on in the missions! All we read about in the papers are wars, Communists and Korea. Where does all the money come from to support a mission of that size?"

"Happily more goes on in the world than we read in the papers. Almighty God looks after the world and has millions of helpers. We find evidence of that every day. Help comes to us in the most unexpected quarters. A little here and a little there. We march on from day to day. My bank account right now as I speak is reduced to \$27.50 in the bank, and remember, I have to support 150 people. Still I am not *too* worried."

"I would be worried sick? How do you do it?"

"Well, as a matter of fact, we don't. God does."



*A sturdy Lepcha, one of the aboriginal people who inhabit the forests on Himalayan slopes.*

**T**HE MILES OF FOREST UP ALONG THE TEESTA and the Great Rungit Rivers, and the thick jungles of Sikkim and eastern Nepal is Lepcha Land. Here, in a primitive simplicity that has been theirs for centuries, live the aboriginals of the Eastern Himalayas. Seldom do they come down even to the border towns of Darjeeling or Kalimpong, but prefer the nomad life of the forests.

Here they are undisputed masters. They know the call of every bird and animal of the mountain forests, and the use of every root and herb and flower. The men carry a long knife, and hunt with the bow and arrow, moving along game trails and through thick jungle without a sound. Shy as they are, you rarely see the real forest Lepchas, but high on the slopes for hours on end you can hear the "ting, ting" of the bells on their hunting dogs, as they run down a mountain sheep, deer or pig.



*A glimpse of the hill country around Darjeeling, Canadian Jesuit mission.*

Physically, they are of the true Mongolian type, short and stocky, seldom more than five feet tall, with the beardless, red cheeked healthiness of the hill folk. They are a free, happy, laughing people, without a caste of any kind in this land of caste. Their farms are clearings in the forest, where they grow millet, pulse and barley for a few years before moving on to new land. If the crops fail, they can live on mountain spinach, fern tops, fungi and the game they can kill for themselves.

The uses these people make of the giant bamboo that grows wild on the mountain sides is truly amazing. Bamboo aqueducts carry the water of mountain streams to the

by DESMOND S. MATTHEWS S.J.

# Lepcha LAND



Father Matthews, the author, is one of the Maryland Jesuits of Jamshedpur.

...orsteps; the houses themselves are made almost entirely of bamboo: roof, thatch and the walls made of bamboo mats. Within, stools made of bamboo, called *mohras*, seat the family, and their drinking water and beer are kept in huge bamboo pots called *dhirees*.

Like so many aboriginal tribes, they are animists, and worship the spirits of trees and waterfalls and rivers. Often, on the trail, they will pause to pray before an especially beautiful waterfall, asking the spirit of the mist to guard them on their journey; or before some towering forest giant, asking that the spirit of the great tree will protect their families while they are away.

With this simple faith, they make good and devout Christians, translating the ardor of their belief in nature into a firm faith in the Great God Who gave them their forest and their waterfalls. But their land is virtually cut off from any contact with Christianity. The Swiss Augustinian Fathers—all mountaineers in their own right—have penetrated into the area, and the Canadian Jesuits in Darjeeling District, once they get more men, will be able to reach many more of them.

But at present, they are a lost people, as far as Christianity is concerned. Miles of leech-infested forests out along the Tibet-India trade route from Kalimpong to Lhasa make it terribly difficult country to work in. The yellow mustard and maize, and the rich pink of the ripening millet and the emerald green of the rice terraces on the lower slopes finally give way to the somber green of the forests where giant bamboo and silver firs and dwarf rhododendron, and oak and chestnut and giant laurels fight upward from the mould of the forest floor. And above and beyond it all are the snow peaks of Sikkim, India's northern ramparts, frowning down on Lepcha Land. Here, in this setting of great natural beauty, is a pearl of great price for some missionary, present or future. With God's help, he will sell all he has to procure it.

At an early age this youngster of the wild Himalayan country can take care of himself.





(Left) Scene from new Holy Childhood film, now being shown in our parochial schools. Fr. Richard Ackerman, C.S. SP. (right) is National Director.



# MAY is Adoption Month

**F**OR OVER TWO MILLION PAROCHIAL school children in the United States the month of May has a special significance. For them it means "Adoption Month". As members of the Holy Childhood Association they stage a concentrated drive to rescue the many young children of the mission world.

The children in the parochial schools are well aware of the Holy Childhood work, thanks to the devoted efforts both of the Sisters who teach them and of the zealous National Director, Very Reverend Richard Ackerman, C.S.Sp., of Pittsburgh. But there are too many Catholics in this country who do not realize the extent and need of the organization.

The Holy Childhood Association, established more than a hundred years ago by papal decree, is an international children's mission-aid society which operates orphanages, school and hospitals in many areas of the globe. Membership in the association is confined to children up to thirteen years of age.

These children reach out helping hands by prayers and sacrifices through the year to the abandoned and neglected little ones of other lands. Then in May they take for their slogan, "Adoptions for Mary" and concentrate on "adopting" motherless pagan babies. With each contribution, either given as a group or individually, of the "adoption alms" of five dollars, they assure that one abandoned infant will receive Christian baptism, shelter, medical care, and education in a Catholic orphanage conducted by our missionary sisters and priests.

It is a wonderful training in sacrifice and unselfishness for our children and the Holy Childhood Association deserves every commendation for its great work.

# A PRIEST Remembers

- ... HIS FAMILY
- ... HIS FRIENDS
- ... HIS BENEFACTORS
- ... THE LIVING
- ... THE DEAD



Will You Help young men in Ceylon  
to become priests?

\$1.00 a day will do it:

\$300.00 will support one Seminarian for  
one year.

Donations will be received with thanks at

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962 Madison Avenue  
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# Window on the Mission World

*What does a missionary need most to succeed? Is it health, money or personality? No. He needs YOU.*

One of our missionaries has a reputation for never failing on a difficult assignment. He seems to be able to build churches and fill them with converts as if the process were routine. If he decides that a school is necessary, he starts one, and keeps it going, though nobody knows where the money comes from. For many years, almost every work he started has met with success.

We think we know the secret of his success. It is the unbeatable combination of prayer and hard work. Before every major project, he writes letters to a dozen convents of contemplative nuns and asks them to pray for him and the work he has to do. Then, serenely, he tackles the job.



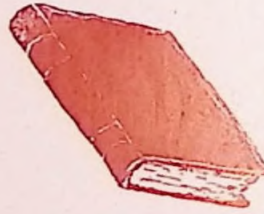
This priest has not discovered a new missionary technique. He merely knows what every missionary knows: that he needs prayer more than he needs health, or money, or a natural talent for winning friends, or anything else that might be useful to the fisher for souls.

Our Lord Himself taught us to pray that His Kingdom come. It is a Kingdom that cannot be built with hands in cement or wood. We deceive ourselves if we think that money and hard work alone are needed for the success of our world-wide mission endeavor. Where there are hard hearts to melt, the solvent is grace; where there are closed minds to be opened, the key is prayer.

Saint Therese, the Little Flower, knew the missionary power of prayer so well that she made herself a missionary in her cloister, and Holy Mother Church has set this little nun, co-patron of the missions with Xavier, to be our example.

Every missionary knows that prayer is the indispensable tool of his apostolate. Did

you ever get a letter from the missions that did not ask for prayers? That appeal is no empty formula, written quickly as a salute to convention. It is a real request for what the missionary needs most.



Missionaries need so many things to carry on their pioneering for God that it is easy to forget this primary need of prayer. We Americans are a practical and generous people, and we respond sympathetically and generously to appeals for funds, for clothing for the poor, and so on. And when the missionary writes to thank us, we feel a glow of pride because we have helped him in his holy work. At the end of his letter, among other little amenities, Father writes, "Please pray for me and my mission."

The Church wants us to be mission-minded in our prayer. She wants us to look over the fences of our own little world to see the great world outside, all of it the one parish of the one Church. We can and should pray for all missionaries, but it will be good, also, to pray much for missionaries we know personally or through our reading.



Father wants to be taken seriously. And he needs to be taken seriously. We may not be able to build a new chapel for him, or keep his jeep in gas, but we can give him a gift more precious. We can ask Our Blessed Lord to pour His graces down upon this priest and his people.

May we ask you to pray for our Jesuit missionaries? The letters we get from them invariably end with a request for prayers, so we are passing that request on to you. Pray for them by name. Ask the blessing of God for them, for their work, for their people. We assure you that you will be giving them a gift beyond price.



# A field WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## CALLING ALL MOSQUITOES

*An anonymous man of experience penned the following for Your China Letter, a news-sheet sent to friends of the California Jesuit missionaries. Hundreds of Jesuits afield in tropic lands will read this without nostalgia.*

"The advantages of a mosquito net are many. It's a fine place to keep mosquitoes. Setting up the net is a nightly ritual, observed by all mosquitoes within range with faint smiles of contempt. The contraption hangs from T-bars at either end of the bed. If hung properly, it looks like a filmy coffin. Once inside, if you can get in, it still looks like a filmy coffin. This is not a consoling notion.

"The 'getting in' varies from place to place, but Old Hands favor a 'lights out and so to bed' procedure. This is intended to keep the mosquitoes in the dark about your next move. But they *know*. And, unfortunately, most lights on the missions seem to be exactly ten feet from the bed. When the light goes out, a number of things happen: (a) All mosquitoes in the area stretch lazily, whine a little whine, and head your way

## FATHER PIERRE CHARLES S.J.

*Many missionaries the world over will feel a sense of almost personal loss when they hear of the recent death of FATHER PIERRE CHARLES S.J. Père Charles, as everyone seemed to call him, was one of the best-known and best loved missiologists of our time. His vigorous pioneering in the scientific study of mission theory and practice was conducted in no ivory-tower fashion, though he was a notable scholar. Père Charles scoured the frontiers of the mission world for a first-hand study of the missions. His writings have influenced mission thinking and mission practice profoundly. We at JESUIT MISSIONS, who knew and loved him, ask our readers to pray for the great soul of a great missionary. R.I.P.*

Father Pierre Charles S.J.





### SPOTLIGHT



On the east coast of Ceylon, wedged between sea and jungle, lies the mission station of Akkaraipattu. There our Spotlight comes to rest this month on Father Godfrey Cook S.J., one of the veteran missionaries of the New Orleans Province.

Akkaraipattu is typical of the conditions which the missionaries in Ceylon must face. It is a city of some 12,000 people, divided about equally between Moslems and Hindus, with a sprinkling of Methodists and Catholics. It is Father Cook's headquarters when he is "in residence"—but he is forced to reside in the sacristy of his church!

He has no kitchen but as he himself blithely explains, "Why should I have a kitchen when I have no cook? As my fellow Jesuits delight to point out, one Cook on this place is already too many." So he goes from house to house each day of his 31 families for his meals. This gives him the opportunity of visiting all his parishioners and sharing their poverty and their troubles.

Before the Spotlight moves on, would someone like to help this courageous pastor in the jungle by the Ceylon sea?

like homing pigeons. (b) Someone seems to have moved the bed. (c) When finally you crawl cautiously through the net, you succeed in unmaking the bed. This is as bad as it sounds. Remaking a bed in a mosquito net on a hot tropical night is something Dante would have appreciated."

### ONE DRY DAY WAS ENOUGH

*During the rainy season, British Honduras can be very wet indeed. FATHER ANTHONY R. KUENZEL S.J., missionary at Benque Viejo, was worried about the weather for the dedication ceremony of the site for a new church.*

"It had been raining considerably every day for days on end, so we kept praying for good weather just long enough for the blessing of the site of a new stone church we are trying to build at one of my out-stations.

"The miracle happened. When HIS LORDSHIP, BISHOP HICKEY S.J., arrived, the day was bright and sunny. We had the solemn blessing, Mass and Benediction, and everybody was safely indoors when the rains returned for a two-hour torrential downpour. My good Indians are sure that the break in the weather was an *obra de Dios*."

*Father Anthony Kuenzel S.J. of British Honduras with a Mayan guide at ancient ruins.*





**BY BOAT TO PARADISE**

*The Carolines and Marshalls are a seafarer's mission, for the necklace of islands can be covered only by boat. Father Thomas C. Donohoe S.J. is happy about a new addition to the mission fleet.*

"Yesterday we blessed our boat, the *Saint Joseph*. It is a fifty-foot motor-sail boat and will be a great help to our work here. It has already run shakedown cruises of more than two hundred miles and everything is running according to specifications.

"Some five hundred of our Jaluit people came to the blessing, including the Magistrate, all the local officials, chiefs and sub-chiefs. We had a simple but very tasty banquet, provided by the people themselves, and in the evening the ladies of the parish put on a rather long dance which told the story of building the boat. It was a very skilful performance. They must have practiced for weeks."

**TO THE SISTERS, GOD BLESS THEM!**

*The Fathers of the Patna Mission have a special affection for the Medical Mission Sisters of Philadelphia, who run the Holy Family Hospital in Patna City.*

FATHER ROBERT WILKINSON S.J., *chaplain of the hospital, writes:*

"In addition to their other wonderful works, the sisters take special pains to repair broken-down Jesuits. Three of our priests have undergone surgery here lately. Two were minor cases, but the third was in the operating room for more than four hours. The surgeon, SISTER LEONIE TUMMERS, said he would be all right, and he is.

"The Medical Missionary Sisters have their convent in the nave of the Old Cathedral, and we use the big sanctuary as a chapel for them and the 79 student nurses. Long ago we dispensed with benches and kneelers in this chapel to make room for everyone. The rugs which an appeal in JM got for us serve for kneeling and sitting.

"FATHERS LOESCH and STEGMAN are putting up a new hospital on the other side of the city. The sisters will staff it."



*Off to India and the ordination of their missionary sons, Fathers Eugene Hebert and Harry Miller of the New Orleans Province, are (l. to r.) Mr. and Mrs. Israel Hebert and Mr. and Mrs. C. T. Miller, all of Louisiana. They will tour the Ceylon mission.*

**TOO HUNGRY TO PRAY?**

*Missionaries know that a man can be too hungry to pray. FATHER GEORGE J. WILLMANN S.J. writes about a Knights of Columbus campaign against poverty in the Philippines.*

"Part of my work is with the Columbian Farmer's Aid Association. This organization, comprised of Knights of Columbus and approved by the Hierarchy, is a nation-wide attempt among our 120 K of C groups to mobilize the educated Catholic laity in the interests of rural reconstruction.

"In each community where our men are located, they urge cooperation with the government program, and, in addition, undertake specific projects of their own. Some groups have encouraged cottage industries, one is trying to improve the quality of the local livestock, and another has helped to provide irrigation for 800 acres of good agricultural land."



# OUR LADY'S *Church of the Green*

ROBERT STOWE S.J.

OUR LADY OF GUADALUPE, A MISSION chapel of St. Patrick's Church in San Jose, California, stands surrounded by pungent cabbage-fields and the apricot-golden drying-fields of Mayfair Canning Company. Its nickname, among its largely Spanish-speaking congregation is the *templo verde*, the church of green; and its green stucco walls, new as they are, have already become a symbol to Guadalupe's people. They know that it is a lonely fortress, placed there to guard them and their Catholic heritage from the depredations of the nineteen Protestant churches.

But if Our Lady of Guadalupe's lonely watchfulness inspires respect in the passer-by, he will respect it even more when he learns that the little church is there because its people brought it there—in sections across San Jose from west to east—put a new roof on it, painted it, and refinished it inside and out.

Each Sunday morning, as Guadalupe's ancient Southern Pacific engine-bell booms across the fields, the people come trooping from their settlements to join their priest in offering the Holy Sacrifice. And any home-

bodies who might be tempted to snatch an extra hour's sleep on the Lord's morning come sharply awake, as Guadalupe's loud-speaker blasts them from their pillows with a Mexican tune whistled or sung into the mike, or a three-minute sermon, repeated often enough to keep those dozers uncomfortable. As the Holy Sacrifice goes on, the people rejoice that they are worshipping in their own chapel because it wasn't always so.

Less than six months ago, the folk of Our Lady of Guadalupe tramped down *Salisipuedes* to Sunday Mass, and struggled back out again, reflecting that their little nickname for this washboard street was a happy choice indeed, since it meant, "Get out if you can." And there, on *Salisipuedes*, in a wretched, tumbledown hall, kneeling on newspapers, and savoring the taste of dust or mud, as the season might suggest, they assisted at the Holy Sacrifice—and marveled how only the Catholic Church could be the Church of Christ, since only the Catholic Church could bring men and women, and teen-agers and little children to worship God in such a place as this.

*The Church of Our Lady of Guadalupe was dedicated in a colorful manner with an honor guard of Mexican-American Legionnaires.*



But now things are different, and the young curate of Our Lady of Guadalupe, Father Donald McDonnell, with the Jesuit seminarians from Alma College, under the guidance and encouragement of St. Patrick's venerable pastor, Monsignor Edward Maher, labors with far more pleasure and success.

Now, in the Marian year, Our Lady of Guadalupe takes on a new importance in the life of her people. The things they need most are coming gradually into being, under the inspiration and guidance of their priest—a new farm labor union makes a faltering but persistent start; a projected credit union foreshadows a cooperative economic life to lift some of the financial pressure from the poorest families. Guadalupe's new youth club reaches out toward the teenagers, too many of whom from this area find their way to juvenile correction agencies. Into the sacristy of the new chapel, once a month, comes the County Children's Clinic to give free advice and treatment to those who need it.

Most important of all for the catechists from Alma, all this brings encouragement and satisfaction to their labors. For the people are learning what too many of them had too long forgotten: that Christ is their best friend and helper, and that His friendship and help come to them most abundantly in those morning-moments at Mass in the little Chapel of Green.





# WANTED

## I Can't See

How Father John Ruoff manages to drive his jeep over the jungle trails of British Honduras, since he has needed a windshield replacement for six years. The windshield is so cracked that Father Ruoff can no longer see through it. The replacement cost will be about \$25.00.

## The Business of Missions



Dear Friend:

Several of our readers spontaneously and, I might add, quite independently in view of their addresses, have sent contributions to JESUIT MISSIONS in memory of a relative or friend. In their letters, they mentioned that they were giving a gift to the missions rather than sending a floral piece to the family of the deceased. Perhaps others might be interested in doing the same.

For example, with \$10.00 a Requiem Missal can be purchased. This missal, of course, would be used literally for years in contrast to the short life of a floral piece. We notify the family of the deceased that such a gift has been made. It has really proved a great consolation to the families amid their sorrow.

The above amount is merely a suggestion. With a smaller gift, we can buy a stole or some other item for a missionary. A larger amount can be used for a regular missal or a set of vestments. As the priest reads your missal or wears your vestments, God knows that you are the donor and will impart also to your soul graces eternal.

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

## One Football Is Worth a Dozen Grapefruit

To the same Father Ruoff who says his supply of footballs for soccer is exhausted and the boys in his twelve schools have substituted grapefruit for the regulation footballs. It keeps the boys occupied with their favorite game but things can get pretty messy if a grapefruit gets one too many kicks. You might like to supply a regular football to take the place of an unsatisfactory grapefruit, and assure these boys of British Honduras of better, uninterrupted soccer games. Could you send a dollar or two?

## Father Fox Is a Good Carpenter

And he has had to use his mechanical talent for many years as a missionary in Alaska. Right now, Father Fox feels helpless and a little lost, since he lost his tool kit when his boat sank with him aboard. Father Fox would be very grateful if you would help him replace his tools. Tools are expensive but if you would send a dollar it would be a big help to Father Fox.

## This You Won't Get the First Time

But there is a Father Adam, an Indian priest of Patna Mission, who has a roof for a chapel but no walls. Some one gave Father Adam the asbestos roofing for his chapel but he needs \$100.00 to buy coal so he can bake enough bricks to put up the walls which will hold the roof of the chapel.

Would you be able to send \$1.00 to buy a bag of coal to bake the bricks for the walls to hold the roof of the new chapel?

## The Tuition Cost

For a course in sociology for a missionary returning to Japan will be \$500.00. This additional education of an experienced missionary will be a wonderful investment that will pay rich dividends in years of devoted service for the Japanese Mission. Would you like to help pay for the support of this priest for one year while he is studying?

## Ten Cents

To buy a catechism for a child in Jamaica is a request we have from Bishop McEleney. In the Bishop's words: "The Marian Year offers a golden opportunity to arouse the piety of our people and to give them some needed instruction. We would like to obtain a catechism for every Catholic school child but we simply haven't the money."

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Ceylon and Home Missions  
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# *Shall* HIS VOICE *Be Stilled?*

The Sacred Heart Program in Jamaica  
needs help. Lack of money  
could take it off the air.

Will you send us a contribution to  
keep the voice of the Sacred Heart  
on the airwaves?

Whatever you can spare will be re-  
ceived with gratitude at

## JESUIT *Missions*

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*He Never Heard of*

**CHRIST!**

It is to make it possible for boys like this to know and love Christ that Fr. John Lange is building a school in Batticaloa with his own hands.

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No matter how small,  
No matter how large,  
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