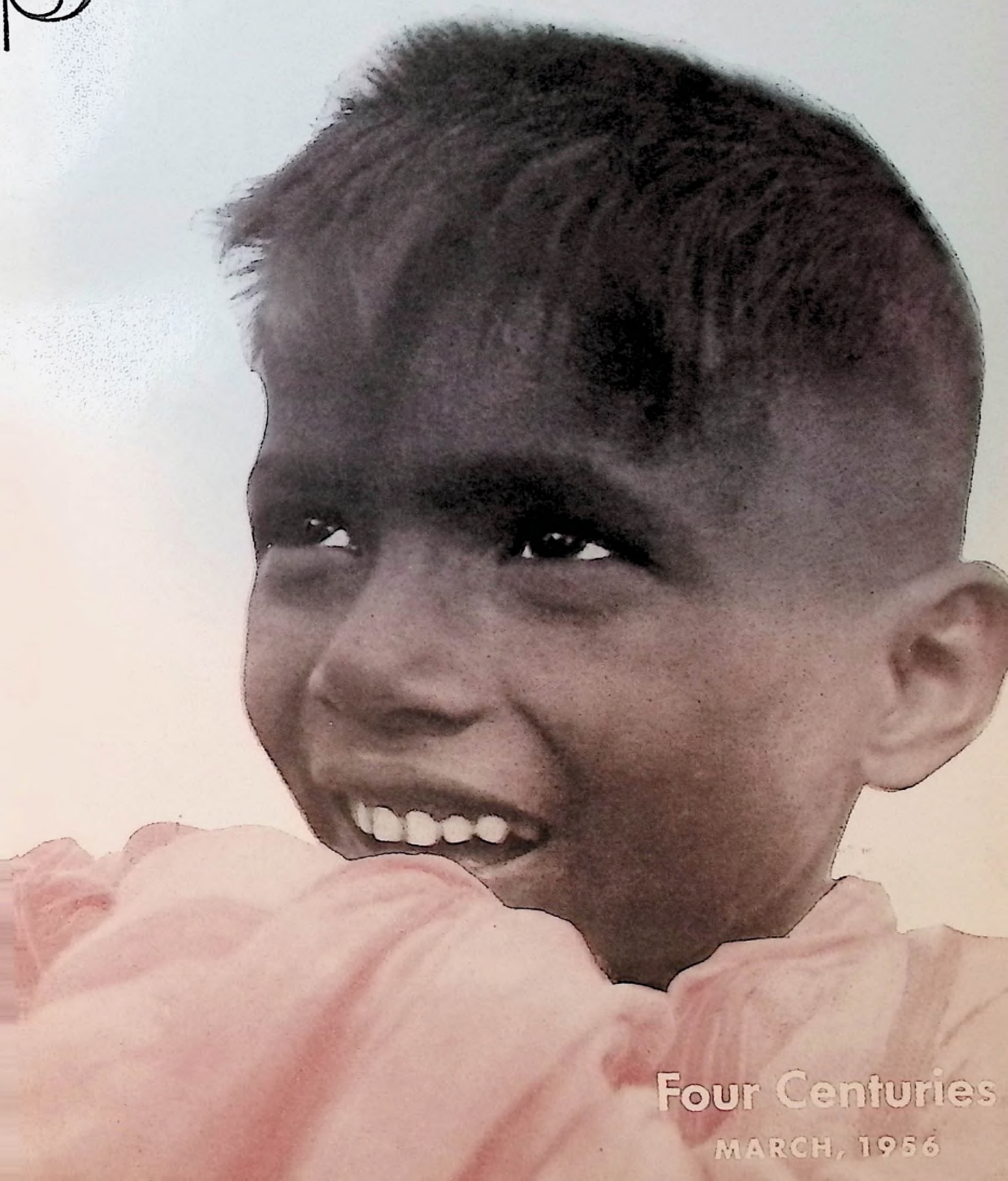


# Jesuit Missions



Four Centuries

MARCH, 1956

# FOUR CENTURIES



Richard V. Lawlor S.J.

## The anniversary of Saint Ignatius Loyola's death is a time to remember his place in mission history.

**T**HE BABY WAS too young to know that history had just been made. He had never heard of Christopher Columbus and he did not know it was October 12, 1492. When one is only a year old, great names and great dates mean nothing.

July 31st, 1956, will be another great date coupled with another great name. On that day 32,899 Jesuits will commemorate the fourth centenary of the death of their founder, St. Ignatius.

The two dates, July 31 and October 12, go together, if one has a little historical imagination. For the baby born in 1491 was Inigo Loyola, and he came into a world that would never be the same after that early morning landfall at San Salvador in the Bahamas. Columbus opened up a vast new world for conquest; Loyola was to plan and direct a good part of that conquest, not for Spain or Portugal, but for Christ.

The name of Saint Ignatius is more often paired with that of another contemporary, Martin Luther. Every history book lists Ignatius and the Jesuits as prime movers in the Counter Reformation, justly. And yet, in the long view of centuries, it may well be that the work of Ignatius and his Society was far more determined by Columbus than by Luther. The Reformation has come and gone; the Counter Reformation is also history. But the horizons opened by the Great Navigator are still wide and compelling.

To put it briefly: Saint Ignatius entered a world newly ripe for missionary endeavor, and in that historical context he founded the first missionary order in the Church. Columbus and Magellan and the others opened doors upon a staggering view of thousands, perhaps thousands of thousands, of unknown peoples who did not know Christ. They had to be brought to knowledge of Him. In the Providence of God, the baby Inigo, who grew up to romantic tales of Columbus and the Indies, was to become one of the great missionary initiators and innovators in the history of the Church.

A startling statement? Not if one examines the record. The Jesuits today are the largest missionary order in the United States and the world. Over their four centuries of existence, they have produced many of the greats of missionary history—from Xavier, Valignano and Ricci on. They, to be sure, were missionary initiators and innovators—but, Ignatius?

It is easy to say "like father, like son." But that is precisely the case. If the Society has produced great missionaries, if she today has one-sixth of her total membership on the missions, the reason is that Saint Ignatius made his Society that way.

Saint Ignatius did not intend, at first, to start schools or to combat the Reformation. Before any clear or detailed plan of the Society had evolved, Igna-

COVER. Eileen Duggan once wrote about the joy that comes unsought to a boy. This Indian boy might well be he of whom she said: "Once on a sun-rinsed country day, A barefoot boy, called in from play, Came on an errand to our door, And, at a loss upon the floor, Knuckled one toe against the next, Forgot the message, verse and text, Broke off as if in some surprise And smiled and smiled into my eyes."





The weather-beaten tombstones of forgotten men lean against the wall of a church dedicated to the enduring memory of Xavier in Malacca.

tius decided to go to Jerusalem, not merely to satisfy his piety, but to preach Christ to the infidel. His companions, who formed the nucleus of the new order, caught fire with the same apostolic flame. So, at its very origins, the Jesuits were missionary, with the Holy Land as the mission of their desire.

Later, readiness for any task assigned by the Holy See, whether at home or in the field afar, was to become the norm of Jesuit activity, but the original plan of foreign missions never left the mind of Saint Ignatius, and he saw to it that it could never leave the mind of his sons.

"It is to be noted," Saint Ignatius wrote in his Constitutions, "that the intention of this vow which the Society made of obeying without any excuse the Sovereign Vicar of Christ, is that we should go wherever he sends us for the greater glory of God and the good of souls, whether among the faithful or infidel."

There is the whole essence of the Jesuit way of life: to serve Christ through his Vicar, anywhere that the glory of God demands, as determined by the will of the Holy Father.

One immediate corollary is that Jesuits are bound to go to the missions if the Pope wishes them to go. Since all the mission territories of the world are the immediate care of the Holy Father, it was taken for granted that he would request missionary service of the young Society. Missions were in the air. Returning explorers were breathless with tales of new and strange peoples. So the Basque captain who dreamed of a world conquered for his Eternal King, deliberately committed his little Company to the missions.

And so there was born a new type of

religious order, the first in the history of the Church to be essentially missionary. For more than ten centuries monks and friars had left their convents and monasteries for the missions, but always on a volunteer basis and not because of the very nature of their vocation. The Society of Jesus was the first religious order to make the missions an essential and natural part of its religious way of life.

This idea of Ignatius was a distinct innovation, and one which opened the way to further innovations which are now part of the normal life of the Church: the creation of societies exclusively consecrated to the foreign missions and even to certain missions in particular.

Many of the characteristics which distinguished the Jesuits from previous religious orders—the regretful renunciation of the obligation of choir, for example, and the lack of a distinctive religious habit—are partially explained by the need for adaptation to a distant and perhaps dangerous apostolate on the missions. Saint Ignatius knew his ends and he wanted means to suit them.

Mobility, another innovation, was one of the prime characteristics of the new Company. Jesuits were to be ready to travel anywhere, anytime, wherever the Church needed them. Occupations which demanded too great stability, either at home or abroad, were conceived as hindrances to the active apostolate.

And so the first Jesuits seemed to be everywhere, or to want to be everywhere, especially on the missions. One would expect that men formed by Ignatius himself would be on fire for the mission apostolate, and such was the fact. In 1540, before the infant Society was first approved and when scarcely a dozen men

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were available, Saint Ignatius sent his greatest son, Francis Xavier, to the Far East, for a whirlwind apostolate perhaps unmatched since the days of Saint Paul.

Ignatius was no mere arm-chair missionary. He wanted to serve on the missions. One of his great desires was to see Ethiopia return to union with the Holy See. To achieve this, he offered the entire Society as a missionary expedition to that nation.

By the time of Saint Ignatius' death, his Society numbered more than 1,000 men. True to their vocation as missionaries they already served nine mission territories. In the next century, much stirring mission history was written and Jesuits were often in the midst of it. In missions far from civilized Europe, eight provinces of the Order were erected.

This first of the four centuries of mission activity was a time for pioneers and heroes. In 1547 three priests, a scholastic, (Saint Ignatius himself started the practice of sending Jesuits to the missions young) and a lay brother departed for the mysterious Congo. The first group to enter the New World arrived in Brazil two years later. Xavier, always on the move, became the first to preach Christ in Japan. The first in a long line of missionary martyrs, Father Anthony Criminale, was killed in India. The Paraguay Reductions were founded. Ricci, deNobili, Rhodes, Acosta and a dozen others wrote their names into history.

The second century saw 153 Jesuit missionaries killed out of hatred of the Faith. Some of the greats of American mission history appeared—Marquette, Kino, Salvatierra, the North American martyrs. Of the Jesuit missionaries of this period nine are now canonized saints.

The third century was a sadder time.

First, the Jesuits were expelled from mission after mission, and in 1773 the entire Society was suppressed. The result—there were at the time about 3,000 Jesuit missionaries—was the total ruin of many flourishing missions and a severe blow to the entire missionary effort of the Church. But when the Society was restored in 1814, mission work was quickly resumed.

The fourth century of Jesuit missionary history ended in 1941 on the anniversary of Xavier's departure for India. In 1904, Saint Francis had been declared universal patron, together with the Little Flower, of all Catholic missions.

But we must never forget that behind Xavier was Ignatius. If Saint Francis was set on fire for the Church's apostolate on the missions, the spark was Ignatius. And if the brothers of Xavier have served the Church well as heralds of the gospel, they have done so because they also are sons of a common Father.

Sons have a right to be proud of their father, and to love him. That is why Jesuits all over the world are celebrating this year as the Ignatian Year. Saint Ignatius, though well known, is not quite a "popular" saint. People remember him as a romantic figure in his early life, the gay, bluff soldier who gave it all up and started the Jesuits. His later story is only dimly known by the general public—he is remembered, if at all, as an administrator, a man who was very strict about obedience. Few know he was a mystic, one of history's greatest lovers of the Triune God.

Fewer still perhaps, think of him as a great figure in the story of Catholic missions. But he was, one of the greatest. This year, the Society he founded as an essentially missionary order, dedicates itself anew to the missions.

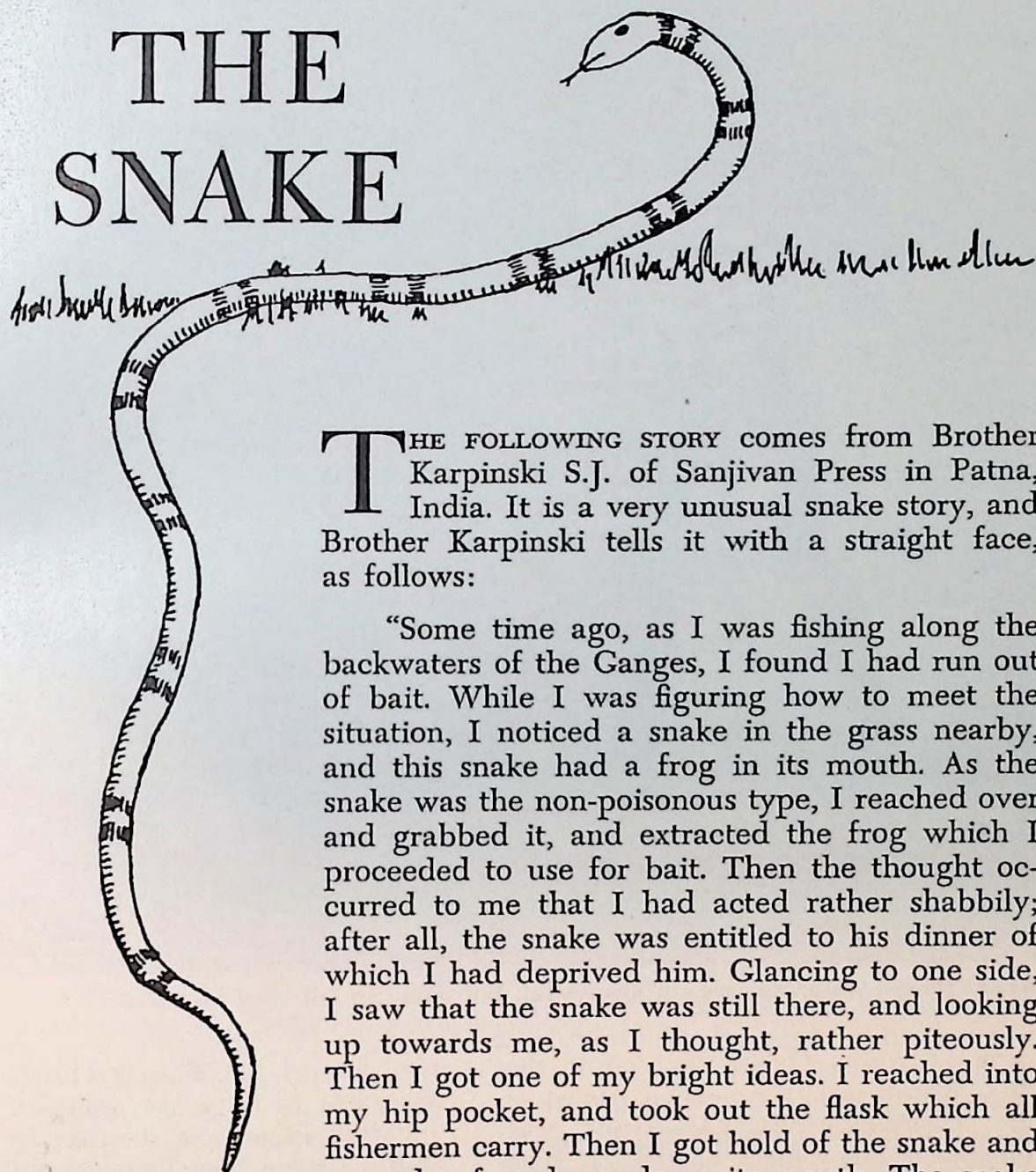
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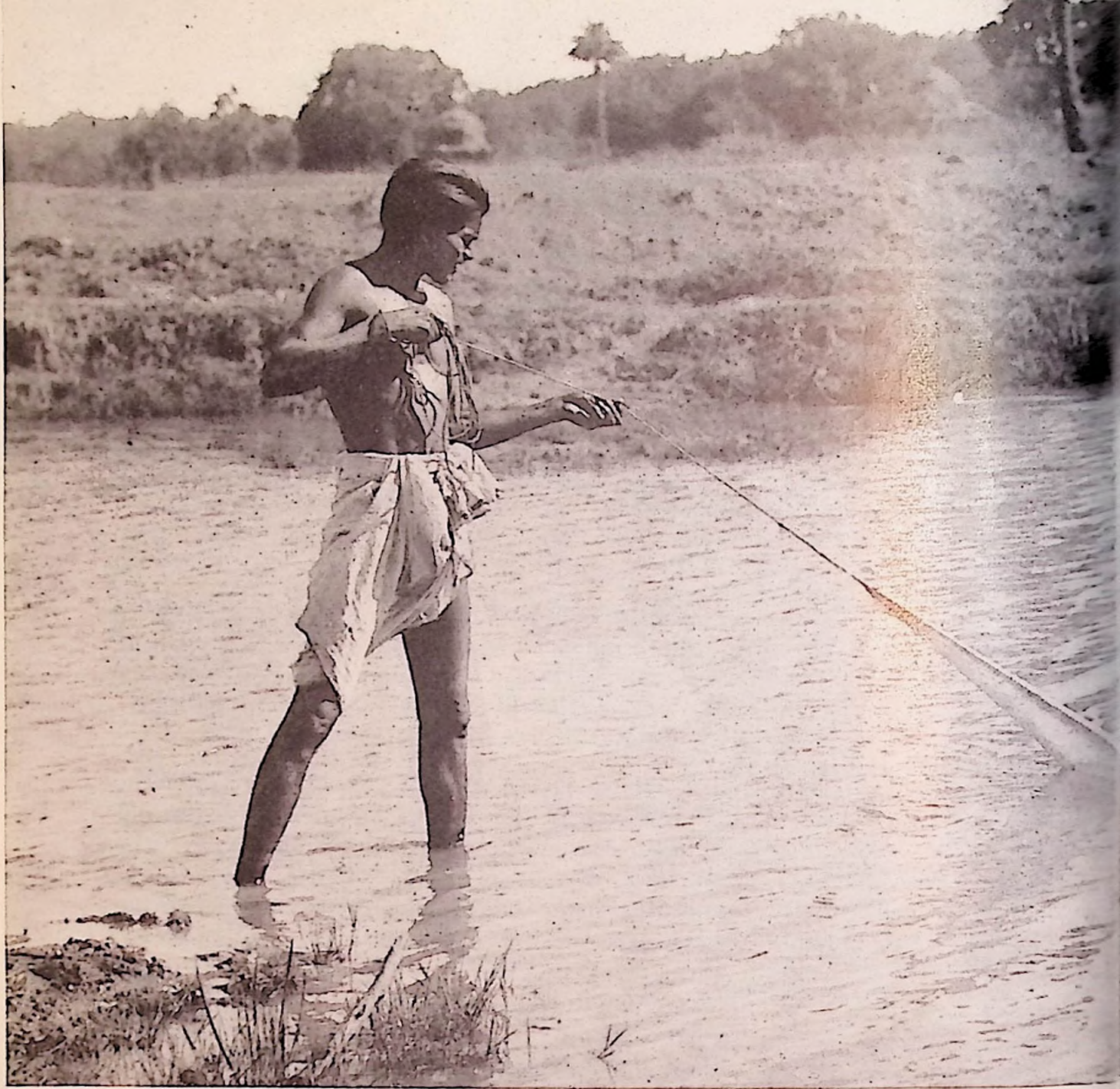


# THE SNAKE



THE FOLLOWING STORY comes from Brother Karpinski S.J. of Sanjivan Press in Patna, India. It is a very unusual snake story, and Brother Karpinski tells it with a straight face, as follows:

“Some time ago, as I was fishing along the backwaters of the Ganges, I found I had run out of bait. While I was figuring how to meet the situation, I noticed a snake in the grass nearby, and this snake had a frog in its mouth. As the snake was the non-poisonous type, I reached over and grabbed it, and extracted the frog which I proceeded to use for bait. Then the thought occurred to me that I had acted rather shabbily; after all, the snake was entitled to his dinner of which I had deprived him. Glancing to one side, I saw that the snake was still there, and looking up towards me, as I thought, rather piteously. Then I got one of my bright ideas. I reached into my hip pocket, and took out the flask which all fishermen carry. Then I got hold of the snake and poured a few drops down its mouth. The snake seemed pleased, and when I put it down again, it moved off into the tall grass. I went on with my fishing. Presently I became aware of something tapping at my boot. I looked down. There was the snake back again, but this time he had three frogs in his mouth.”



Where there's water, there's not always fish but who can tell until he tries.

**T**HE YOUNG ORAON bathing in the stream near the mission station at Charbandia, Raj Anandpur, was oblivious of any danger. In the soft June morning the jungle was silent. Rains had already broken the great heat of May; work in the fields was about to begin.

The roar that startled the boy was as sudden as it was near. With the conditioned reflex that is second nature to the jungle-dweller he leaped into the stream and made for the other side.

When the story of the attack became known in the village, men and boys armed with bows and arrows set out to find Father Julius Kujur, who would

take care of the bear for them. Others were sent to track the animal.

Father Julius was soon ready. Armed with a twelve bore hammer gun loaded with buckshot and ball, and accompanied by Joseph, the catechist, he set out; I followed with Baidu, a young Oraon who knew where the bear had hidden.

*Bhaludungri*, "bear hill" is well named. An isolated rock outcrop jutting from the surrounding country side and covered with scrub jungle growth, it offers just the protection needed for bears intent on their seasonal raids of nearby village fields. Here we took up our positions. Armed with primitive weapons and

# The Bear of Bhaludungri

*Horrible, hairy, human, with paws like hands in prayer,  
Making his supplication rose Adam-zad, the bear.  
I looked at the swaying shoulders, at the paunches swag  
and swing,  
And my heart was touched with pity for the monstrous  
pleading thing.*

*Touched with pity and wonder, I did not fire then, . . .  
I have looked no more on women—I have walked no more  
with men,  
Nearer he tottered and nearer, with paws like hands  
that pray—  
From brow to jaw that steel shod paw, it ripped my  
face away!*

—KIPLING

attired only in loin cloths, the men moved forward, relying on their strength of number to rout the bear and move him forward in the direction of the waiting guns.

But an old one is not taken so easily. Wise in such things, the grizzled veteran broke beat early and, moving off to the side to avoid the danger ahead, slipped away from the beaters.

His ruse would have been successful, had it not been for the light rain that had fallen, settling the dust and leaving an album into which each paw print wrote an almost imperceptible record of its owner's travels.

Reading the book lying open at our feet, Baidu and I followed quickly, until he raised his hand and whispered: "Bhalu, bear."

Despite his name, the Indian Sloth Bear loses no time when he is in a hurry. This one was already a hundred yards away, headed for a *sal* thicket, when I raised the rifle and fired as he reached the shelter. We hurried forward.

The trail led off the hill down to the stream. This meant that he had given up trying to reach Bamini Baru, whose forest covered slopes loomed in the distance. At the stream the deep imprints of his paws stopped at the water's edge, where he had doubled back into the fields once more, then headed for the protection of a thicket along the bank. In the late afternoon Baidu and I led the now thinned out pursuit.

What followed was against all the

books, and against what ordinary common sense dictates under normal circumstances. Following up a wounded bear too closely can lead to trouble, particularly in thick cover. But in this case, when the animal had already made an unprovoked attack in broad daylight, and was lying wounded in a populated area, there were other factors. The chances were all too good that the first person approaching too near—a woman gathering firewood, a child herding cattle, a man plowing—might be frightfully mauled. I advanced down the trail with Baidu some distance behind.

His roar was the first thing I heard. Then sight took in the details. The bear had been lying up in a depression behind a willow bush which had concealed him completely until I had come too close. Now, ten paces away, he was coming in fast.

It so happened that this occurred precisely at the time that I was in the process of stepping down a small embankment about two feet in height. This meant that I was slightly off balance. What had to be done was to regain balance, lift the rifle and stop three hundred pounds of concentrated energy coming at full charge. As the rifle came up I realized very clearly that there was only one way to stop this: a head shot shattering the brain and instantly paralyzing the center of action. Any other shot, no matter how deadly, would still leave him a sufficient amount of energy to inflict tremendous damage before he died. One sweep of these curved claws, with all the strength of the powerful back muscles behind it, could take away a man's face or rip his scalp off. At the instant that this realization came it was followed by another, like photographs superimposed: you haven't time to hit the brain. The rifle was still swinging and now covered the animal's shoulder. To continue the swing long enough to bring it to bear sufficiently accurately to hit something six inches in diameter and moving rapidly, was no longer possible at that distance, so I pressed the trigger. The .220 grain bullet did not even slow him up.

Kipling and others say that a charging sloth bear will stop short, rise on its hind feet and advance to attack. This one did nothing of the kind; he came in low, fastened his teeth in my left thigh, put the claws of his right paw in the calf of the same leg and threw his weight into the tackle.

The .30-06 was now useless and could be discarded. As I went backward against the embankment under the impetus of the shock his left paw rose above me. Instinctively, as in wrestling, I moved to release the rifle and throw myself closer to the animal in order to lessen the force of the blow and take it across the shoulder muscles where there was more chance of its being absorbed.

Whether or not I should ever have survived that blow is an academic question; it never fell. I discovered later that the bullet had done its work effectively. Entering at the shoulder, the soft-nosed lubaloy had mushroomed on impact with thick muscle, plowed forward and smashed the bear's shoulder. The paw had been raised only by shifting his body. When the brain had sent out an impulse to bring the paw down there had been no response. Hard hit, the bear retired to his corner behind the willow. He took the next bullet through the chest with a roar and came on again, but his heart was no longer in it; a bullet through the neck ended the affair. As he subsided on the spot where we had fought, the jungle grew still.

Gradually the men came back. Baidu first, then the others, approaching from afar and touching the bear with the end of their bows, moving closer as the tension broke, then grinning with delight and relief.

I waited for Father Julius, knowing something of the apprehension with which a man approaches the scene of a struggle about which he knows nothing except what his ears tell him. The concern left his face as he drew near, and his eyes began to twinkle. The men spoke in Sadri. "They say," said Father Julius, "that they cannot understand the Father. The blood is running down his leg and he is laughing."

ALFRED J. JOLSON S.J.

# With a Smile

**H**OW DOES THE EAST differ from the West? This question is one which all of the Baghdad Jesuits ask themselves many times before coming to the Middle East and often while actually here. It's a problem for many others who only know the East through radio, the movies and the printed word. To me more and more the answer seems to be summed up in the word *friendliness*. So many things about the Iraqi people point to this virtue.

It is a common thing to see a young man help the aged and sick on the public buses. An old man or woman carrying a heavy basket of vegetables from the bazaar is aided. Room is made quickly for the passenger and his burden and this is done willingly. A friendly gesture is almost always accompanied by friendly words and smiles. Unknown people address each other as *ammi*—my uncle, *ummi*—my mother or *ibni*—my son! It is the customary way of addressing people met in circumstances like this.

Here people are interested in each other and ready to associate themselves in the troubles and misfortunes of others. A humorous example of this interest in and sympathy for others occurred on a bus when a passenger disputed the necessity of paying for his small boy. He pointed to the very large basket at his feet and said, "Is that paying? My boy weighs less than that." All good naturedly joined in the discussion and argued with the conductor. It was all done with

smiles, laughs and fully enjoyed by all even if the young lad did finally have to pay his fare.

One of the most common exercises of kindness is the assisting of the blind. Policemen often stop all traffic on Rashid Street (Baghdad's main street) to bring a blind or crippled person across in safety. It is again the spontaneous charity so characteristic of the Iraqi.

The most impressive acts of friendliness however are found to be those of the traditional greetings. When an Iraqi meets a friend there is no mere hello and goodbye. As he approaches he will call out "Peace upon you!" To this his friend answers "And peace upon you." Then follows the handshake which is nothing like the perfunctory Western handshake. The Iraqi really shakes your hand and often holds it tightly for one or two minutes or longer. All the while he asks for your health, your family and calls God's blessing and protection upon you. Is it all tradition only? No, it is the real expression of the innate friendliness of the Iraqi. Often you would think that people would tire of the same repetitious greetings, but they do not. They always greet you with the same kind words and warm smile. It matters not where you are or what you are doing. When friends meet doorways are blocked, traffic stalled, but no one seems to mind or get excited.

It is this mellow combination of courtesy, friendliness and graciousness which makes it so pleasant to work with and for the Iraqi people. There is sincere good-will and love of God in the Iraqi heart which must flow over into his dealings with his fellows. An Iraqi never dreams of not greeting his neighbor or passing him by in the street. To do such a thing would be an act of unkindness and something repulsive to the Iraqi heart and character. The West makes life action, but the East prefers to make life mean more than action. Perhaps action suffers, but the general geniality and gracious flow of life is something worthwhile and lasting—something one will always remember of the East and the Iraqi.



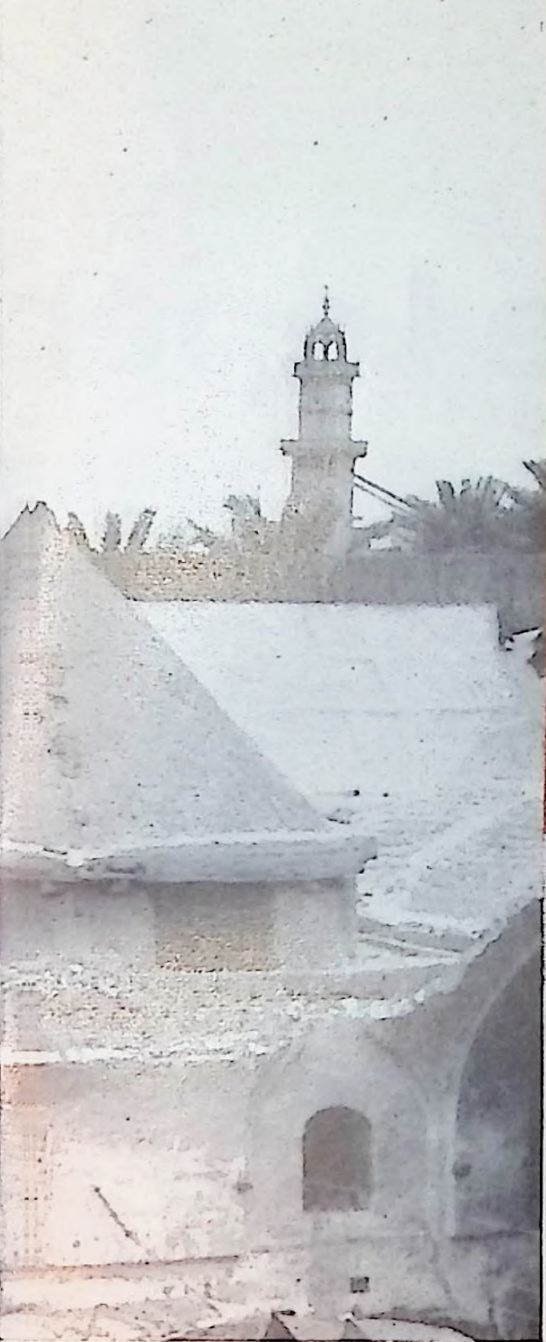
“I WISH I KNEW a Mohammedan,” said the Ancient Missionary, “and I wish I had been to Africa.”

Nobody said anything. If there were knit brows at some of the desks in the office, they were politely knit. In due time, the oracle would clarify his utterance.

And so he did this time. The old man's apparently quixotic preoccupation with Mohammedans and Africa was nothing more than a reflection of his faithful study, month after month, of the Holy Father's Mission Intention. During March, our prayers are asked “For African Missions within the Confines of Islam.” The Ancient Missionary, whose long apostolate had been centered in a

mission half a world away from Africa, clearly planned to pray hard during March for this beleaguered frontier of the missions.

As always, he set us thinking. When one dreams of Africa, the usual picture does not include many sons of the Prophet. Yet, Mohammedanism is a terrifyingly strong religious force there. In North Africa, Islam is absolute master, a solid wall along the Mediterranean. From the north and the east the peaks of minarets spring up, ever deeper and deeper into the heart of black Africa. To list the missions “within the confines of Islam” would make a litany: French West Africa and French Equatorial Africa, Sierra Leone, the Gold Coast,



# Window on the Mission World

**The March Mission Intention involves the Ancient Missionary with Mohammedans and a wishful trip to Africa.**

Nigeria, the Sudan, Uganda, Tanganyika, Kenya.

The depth of Moslem penetration varies widely. In newly independent Sudan, for example, they form 72% of the population, whereas in the British Cameroons they are only 1%. But one over-all statistic is a gloomy one, particularly for those who may think that Africa is being fast won for Christ: of the 130 million negroes in Africa, some 22% are Mohammedan and only 10% Catholic.

Why has the African negro accepted Mohammedanism so readily? The main reason seems to be that it is offered to him when he needs it. The impact of the twentieth century on ancient Africa

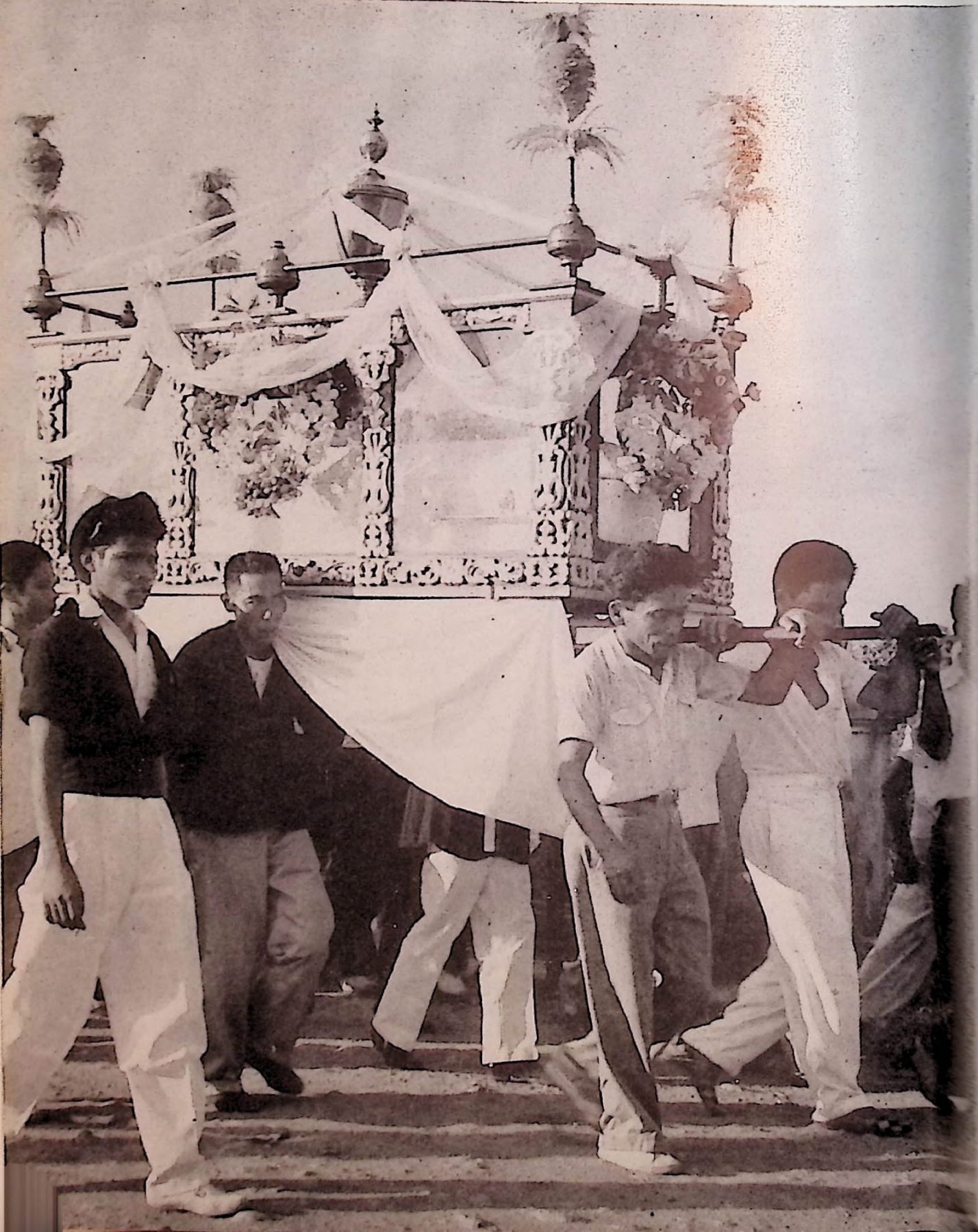
has destroyed the social and religious structure of tribal life. The old, narrow and purely local loyalties are gone. Bewildered, the half-modernized tribesman looks for new loyalties and new roots.

Islam is there, ready. It offers a complete and satisfying religious system, easy to learn and, quite unlike Christianity, not too demanding on the individual. It is transcendental, the religion of successful merchants, a tidy pattern for life in the new Africa.

Mohammedanism, then, is a serious obstacle to the growth of the Church in large parts of Africa. Humanly speaking, it is almost impossible to win for the Cross those who have once dedicated themselves to the crescent. Africa needs great graces and many, many more missionaries. During March, let us join the Ancient Missionary in specially fervent prayers for these intentions.

# The Leper

(Three Lions)



# Padre Goes Home

**T**HROUGH THE DIMLY-LIGHTED corridors of a hospital, an old, burly priest tottered, following with heavy footsteps, the faint tinkling of a bell. His familiar figure—white-haired, head bent, and shoulders drawn in protectively over the ciborium—had become a pre-dawn event in the lives of the patients. For fifty years, this tireless missionary was to start his long day, distributing to the sick and dying the consolations of the Blessed Sacrament.

If there is any title which Father Francisco Javier Rello earned during his fifty years as a missionary to the Philippine Islands, it is no doubt, "Father of the Sick." For twenty-three years, he climbed the unending stairways to the wards of the leper colony among the hills of Culion. For eight years more, he ministered to the Moros and inmates of the San Ramon Penal Colony in Zamboanga. And finally, when old age brought him to Manila, the nation's capital, he was again appointed chaplain of the Philippine General Hospital.

One of the qualities which eminently fitted Father Rello for this work was his knowledge of languages. Besides six major European languages which Father could speak fluently, he also knew all the important dialects of the Philippines, and even had smatterings of Chinese and Japanese. When, towards the end of his life, someone asked him how many languages he knew, he gave the incredible figure of twenty-two languages! He was learning how to speak Russian when death took him.

But the gift of tongues was only one of his talents for the ministry of the sick. His large heart, his genuine sympathy for the suffering, and his infinite patience, were bywords among his beloved patients. They knew that in Father Rello,

they had not only a father, but also an understanding friend and a dedicated pastor. Even children sensed this kindness, and it was not unusual to see him surrounded by leper children, all clamoring for attention, while he held in his arms the lucky one of the group.

Probably the greatest work of Father Rello, and one for which he will be best remembered is his chaplaincy at the leper sanitarium in Culion. Here, he spent twenty-three years of his life, and used all his talents to bring joy to the miserable patients confined on that lonely island. To him, no matter how disagreeable the odor of their sores, nor how repulsive their wrecked bodies, they were still his children, and in vain did the doctors plead with him to be more careful. He would simply say, "They are my children, and I must treat them as such. Don't worry about me. I should have contracted leprosy long ago, had I been susceptible to it."

His total disregard of the ordinary precautions of the hospital convinced the lepers that he was truly one of them. They warmed up to him easily and quickly. To him they took not only their personal problems, but also the problems of the whole colony.

After the war in 1947, Superiors called him up to Manila, in order to give him a little rest. But his constant request for work brought him once more the chaplaincy of a hospital, this time the Philippine General Hospital, the largest in Manila. Even his old age did not prevent him from tottering down the long corridors to the patients who called for him. In his room, he kept a little statue of the Baby Jesus, and when he received a call either during the day or the night, he would meekly get up and say, "I'm coming, Baby Jesus!" The call of the

patient was the call of the Divine Infant.

This devotion to the Child Jesus brought out a most attractive quality in Father Rello: simplicity. The patients and doctors knew that Father Rello was like their own father. They were all his children. His ready smile and his calm face made it easy for them to confide their troubles to him. He was ready to listen, no matter how small their problems, and when walking became an agony, he had himself wheeled to their rooms in order to attend to them.

A favorite pastime of his was talking to his birds. Wherever he was, in Culion, Zamboanga or Manila, he kept a few canaries and *mayas* in a cage in his garden. He would request his friends to send him these warblers, and would take care of them himself. He brought some sparrows to Culion, and years later, when he had a chance of visiting the Island, he wrote to a friend: "I would like to go back to Culion even for a few hours, to see the inmates and the sparrows which I brought in 1926. I am sure they have multiplied. I would like to see the fruit trees also, and the pineapples and the houses and the church we built for about two hundred thousand pesos on the hill of the Island." When someone asked him whether the birds understood him, he would say, "Surely, they have their own language and I learn many things from them!"

As in the active life, so in retirement, Father Rello continued to win the hearts of those who were close to him. His patience in old age, and his constant cheerfulness in suffering, were an inspiration to them. That was why, after a while, they brought him to the Jesuit Novitiate, so that the younger members of the Society might learn from him the shining example of simplicity and faith. Often the Novices who attended him asked him whether he needed anything, but he would simply reply, "I'm all right. Don't worry about me. All I want is your prayers!"

He always had a deep liking for St. John of the Cross, and in these last days, perhaps, there often welled up in his weary heart the burning verses of St. John:

Reveal Thyself, I cry,  
Yea, though the beauty of Thy  
presence kill,  
For sick with love am I,  
And naught can cure my ill  
Save only if of Thee I have my fill.

God granted his prayer, and on October 1, 1955, he passed to his reward. In his seventy-ninth year, after fifty years as a missionary in the Philippines, he went home to his reward in the company of Mary and the Child Jesus. The Filipino people, whom he loved, will certainly miss him.



Until his death Father Rello, a Spanish-born Jesuit, spent about fifty years caring for the sick in the Philippines, always a true priest of God.

# NOTES FROM *India*

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**T**HE MAN ON THE TRAIN. "You have no doubt read," says Father Carl Dincher of Jamshedpur, "about the many caste distinctions in India. They are real, but it is to the credit of the great leaders, especially Pandit Nehru and Acharaya Vino Bhave, that these caste distinctions are disappearing. A few months back I boarded a train in Bombay. One old man was seated completely alone, though the train was fast becoming crowded. A smile spread across his face when I sat next to him—he saw that he had a friend who didn't mind the fact that he was an outcaste. He did not say thanks . . . but at every station he would beg me to have a cup of tea, some hill berries or some sweets, though he was too poor to afford these."

**PICTURE OF CHRIST.** At Khrist Raja in Bihar, Father John Smith S.J. finds "there is not much time to gaze at the Himalayas. The eyes of one's body and mind must more often be kept scanning the forty to fifty energy-filled boys in the English, physics, and morals classes. Not long ago during a study period one small bright-eyed non-Christian boy came to my desk. Spying a picture holy-card, Bright Eyes snatched up the card in his hand and whispered (in Hindi), 'May I please have it?' I was only too glad to give it, especially upon his immediate correct identification of the Person in the picture. 'Jesus Christ,' he reverently answered, and strode away. Would that it were as easy to have such boys entertain as lively an enthusiasm for the person and cause of Christ as they do for a picture of Him!"

**THANKS.** Father Robert Wilkinson S.J. sends his thanks to JESUIT MISSIONS

readers from Patna City. "Thank you for the very generous returns that came from the ads in JESUIT MISSIONS. I was so glad that you earmarked the donation for the Sisters' Convent. When I handed over the check for Rs 1183/ to Sister Leonie she almost fainted. The other donation for medicine was also most welcome to the Sisters. One dollar gets you almost five rupees here on the Ganges and a rupee does the work here that a dollar would do at home so nearly five hundred rupees buys a good deal."

**PIETY AND MUD.** Sometime ago Father Joseph Mann S.J. received a letter at Shahabad from a high school girl. At the top of the letter she had printed, "All for Jesus through Mary with a smile." The heading had new meaning for him as shortly afterwards he struggled home during the rainy season from a village five miles off the paved road. The wet clay soon clogged the wheels of his bicycle so badly that it was useless. "With a smile," he writes, "I picked up the muddy bicycle, loaded with my Mass kit, my bedding and medicine box, grunted, and then breathing hard began to bare-foot my way through the mud. In one spot knee deep water was standing like a pond across the road. There were ditches on both sides, so taking a deep breath and shifting the cycle to press on another spot of my right shoulder, I stepped into the water, took a few steps and . . . slipped. The Mass kit and the bedding and I got soaked. The medicine alone was saved from a muddy bath; and I was 13 miles from home!"

"I'm still wondering if that good girl and her Holy Rosary Sodality companions knew the meaning of 'All for Jesus through Mary with a smile.'"

# Children's Eyes



**W**E PUT THE  
altar or a  
beautiful  
and her Son than  
A child is a wo  
and wisdom, of re  
and contemplation

Whether in Japan or in Jamaica children need to know of Christ. An adult who really knows Christ becomes like a child. But a child is not fully a child, and does not know the true meaning of joy, unless it knows about its Mother and her Divine Son.



# n Christ

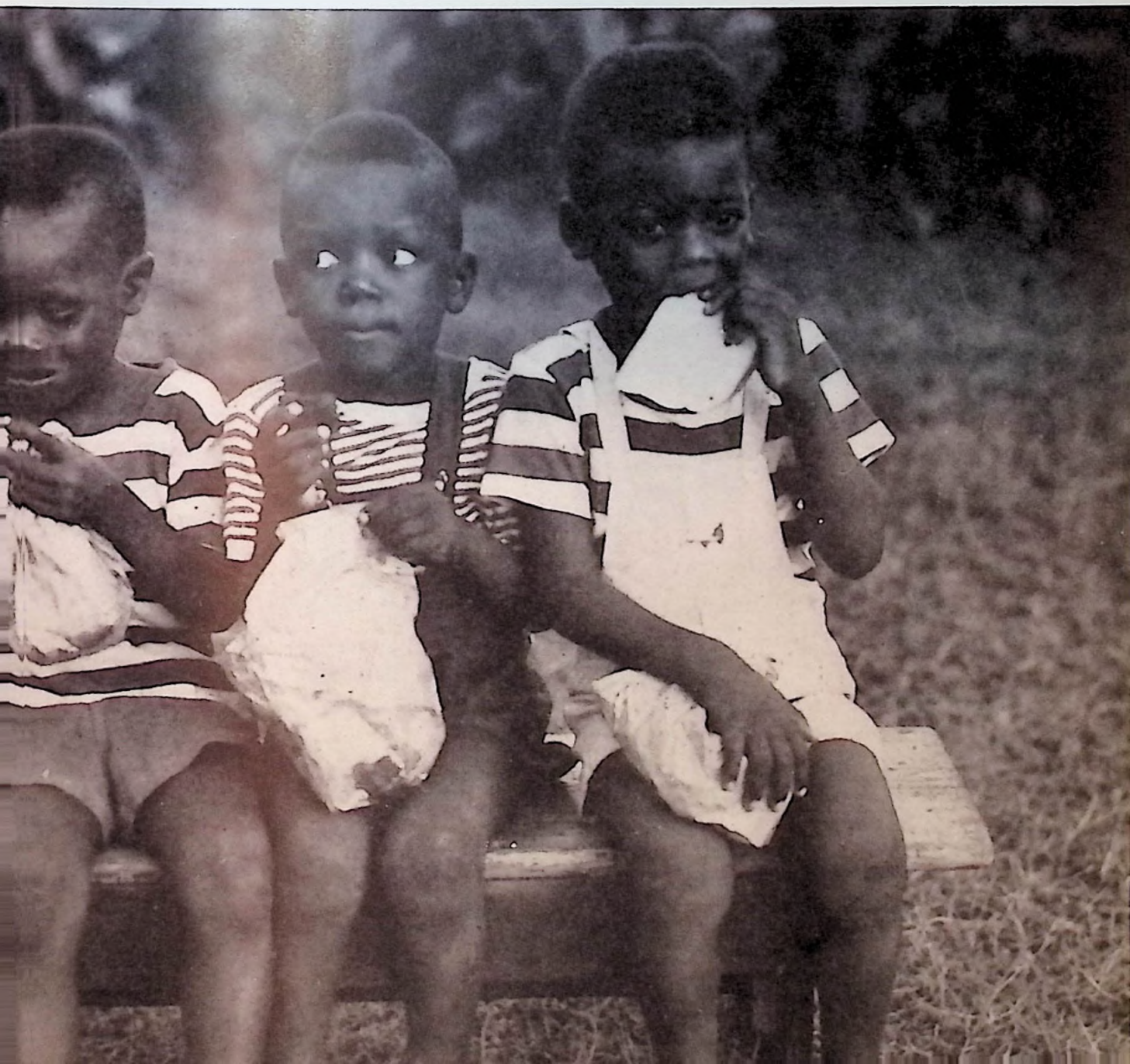
THOMAS J. M. BURKE S.J.

BEST FLOWERS before the  
of Mary. But what more  
can we bring to Mary  
children of the world.

ill compound of simplicity  
and questions, of appetite  
ess energy and boundless

wonder, part humorist, part tyrant, petulant and  
loving, indifferent and yet highly sensitive to the  
world. The small hands of a child are equally  
adapted to quietly gripping the hand of a father  
or tugging impatiently at a mother's skirt.

At home in a new world, and sometimes a very  
sad world, the child will ask questions profound



# Children's Eyes on Christ



Through His missionaries Christ knocks at the door of children.

(U. S. Navy Photo)

Indian children, wiser than their ancestors, have found the lovely Mother of God.





Only through knowing other Christs can a child come to appreciate the love of God who made him, died for him, has built heaven for him.

enough to baffle an adult and then not wait for an answer; or will spend minutes in prayer earnestly giving God directions about just what is needed and how He should go about His work.

The seemingly unthinking mind of a child will sometimes surprise us with a bit of wisdom which it has cherished since some parent or nun spoke to it. A

small boy we know used to retort to all admonitions to be sensible that Sister Rosalie had told him that he would not get the use of reason until he was seven.

Missionaries speak to the child of Mary because she best can teach them of Christ—who once climbed upon her lap and kissed upon her lips the mystic rose.

# Xavier among the Eskimos

“WRITE YOUR INTENTIONS on a piece of paper and drop them in that box over there,” I told my Eskimo congregation in announcing the Novena of Grace to St. Francis Xavier. Later I read some of them.

*Dear Francis Xavier. Please pray for my father good traps some place and my Uncle smart man and die good.*

Sure enough, it is nearing muskrat time, I mused. And as each cycle in turn, salmon time, mink time, seal time monopolizes Eskimo thought, now the lure of the muskrat grips the day. I could imagine the boy dreaming of a time when he will pull his kayak on a sled to running waters or open ponds. In the meantime on his dad rests the hope of salvaging family fortunes out of the red.

*Dear St. Francis Xavier; Please pray to God that the weather to be good this month.*

Here the weather is everything. It calls the signals for full or empty stomachs, credit or debit, shivers or warmth. It means nets convulsing with thrashing salmon, or hanging inert. It invites the seal hunter out on the Bering Sea or with stormy voice commands: “Stay home!” More than what a newspaper might say, the Eskimos are interested in what the morning wind, clouds and sea have to tell them.

*Dear Francis Xavier help my brother to stop drinking and teach him to love his family, and also teach him to love God.*

The old problem, and one that St. Francis himself had to wrestle with.

He was even empowered by Portuguese officials to throw the imbibers into jail. Sourdough made with yeast and flour and sugar turns peaceful Eskimos into pugilists, or helplessly silly.

*Dear Francis Xavier. Please ask Blessed Mother to give peace to the world and convert Russia. Also help me to love God more and more each day.*

Across the Bering Sea, the Russian bear breathes down our necks. Good to feel that devout Eskimo mothers, their prayers carrying farther than Radio Moscow, line the coast. I marvel at these poor people who have every reason to request food, clothing, money, yet pray for others. Would I be as generous were I in their position? I think not.

*Dear Francis Xavier please let me be a good hunter. This will be the first time I hunt in the summertime.*

A teenager, his school days over, can't wait for hunting to begin. I can see him eagerly consulting his buddies. He is one of them—a school boy no more. A man! He relishes thought of weeks out on the tundra, on his own, away from the narrow confines of the village. He hopes he will bag a hundred “rats.”

*Dear St. Francis Xavier pray for my family and that I may get well, if it is God's will.*

Ill? Is it the flu? or tuberculosis? or a bad heart perhaps? Aches, weaknesses and X-rays betray the fact that we are not yet in the Promised Land. I wish St. Francis could walk through the village and cure as he did the pearl divers of the Fishery coast.

*Dear Francis Xavier. Bless my boy who is away from us.*

The dollar economy has invaded Eskimoland. Gone the bows and arrows, seal oil lamps and most of the sod igloos. When the canneries were running full blast, along with construction work, money rolled in. The last years have been lean ones. Not only no jobs, but no salmon either. The fur catch cannot meet expenses. No wonder the young men feel the lure of distant places, like Red Devil mine, or work in Bethel.

*Dear St. Francis. Give me the grace of wisdom, light and love to serve God better. Help me to decide what God wants me to do.*

The goal for many girls is a job in Bethel or Fairbanks, and marrying someone who will have lots of money and not too many seals to clean. However, there are girls who want to be nurses, and others who haven't made up their mind

what to do. Dear St. Francis, give them the light . . .

*Dear St. Francis make my father to be a Catholic.*

There are a handful of mixed marriages in town. And a everywhere, there is the boy or girl who goes to Mass with only one parent. The Communion rail forever finds a father or mother absent. There is a partial void in the child's heart, a submerged unhappiness because the security, sympathy and encouragement that should bloom from a family Faith is blighted. The love that would go out to the non-Catholic is partially deflected by sub-conscious fear that difference in belief implies antagonism. A child tries to give voice to the wordless sorrow: "make my father a Catholic."

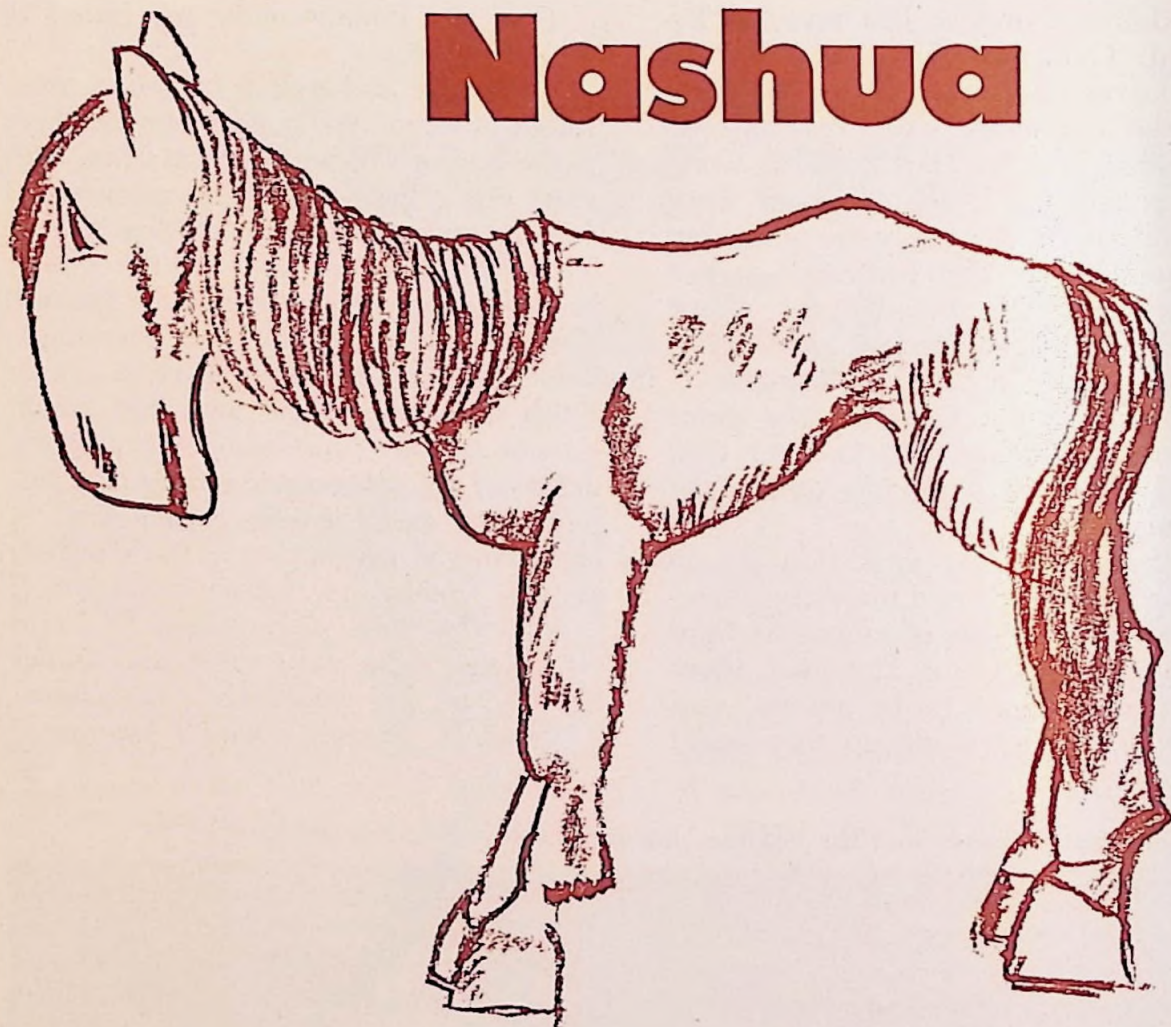
After this litany of problems, St. Francis Xavier sighs with relief and smiles broadly at one youngster's ingenuous: "Dear St. Francis Xavier I love you."

Though St. Francis never met the Eskimos, his intercession is strong for them.



**This, obviously, is not**

# Nashua



**But then, neither does it cost \$1,240,000. On the other hand, Fr. Bernard O'Leary of the Jamshedpur Mission doesn't want Nashua. All he needs is a horse—a little better than the picture, it's true, but nothing fancy—just a horse to carry him to the distant parts of his mission where there are no roads.**

**Unfortunately, a horse costs money. Fr. O'Leary has no money. (What missionary ever does?) So he asks for help. A horse costs about \$200.00.**

**Could you send \$5.00 toward his need?**

**Fr. O'Leary will bless you. We will bless you. God will bless you. Send contribution to:**

## **JESUIT MISSIONS**

**45 East 78 Street, New York 21, N. Y.**

# SPOTLIGHT



Father Richard Neu S.J.  
of Jamshedpur Mission.

Father Richard Neu is one of the 65 Maryland Province Jesuits attached to the Jamshedpur Mission in India. Growing up in Arlington, Virginia, under the shadow of the Unknown Soldier, we wonder if he ever makes any rueful comparisons in his station at Chakradharpur in the very western end of the mission. When he first arrived there he had to step into the shoes of the late Father Leo Dejardin, a grand old missionary whom all the people loved. He also had to step into a house where one door can't be opened and one door can't be closed. Those annoyances have become minor since the last rains, however, for now the whole house is settling and the walls cracking badly. But he still thinks a school is more important than the roof which soon will be no longer over his head. For the munificent sum of \$30 he managed to start an outdoor school for the Catholic children but once the rains begin absenteeism naturally hits high levels. To us here at JM it seems characteristic of this missionary that he thinks of his people before himself. Say a prayer for him.

Incidentally, Father John Blandin is the new Superior of the Jamshedpur Mission. Pray for him, too.

# Corners on

British Information Service



# the Caribbean

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

**B**EHIND US LAY the twin harbors of Port Antonio, one of Jamaica's loveliest scenes. Ahead of us the narrow road hairpinned up the steep mountain sides. With the horn blasting and the tires screeching, Father Will Dwyer, pastor of Port Antonio, spun the small Citroen around the blind curves, completely unperturbed by the pointed remarks of myself and Father Denis Tobin, Superior of the Jamaican Mission.

The latter, once pastor of the same Port Antonio, had traveled this road often in the past but, as he carefully pointed out, never in this unintelligent fashion. I felt constrained to add that I had never traveled any road in this fashion. The thoroughly unmoved Father Dwyer responded with what he alleged was a Jamaican proverb. "Two jackass can't bray one time." We pondered that. Some day I intend to look it up and see if it is a Jamaican proverb.

One terrifically long hour later the car slid to a stop. "It's easier to walk the rest of the way," explained Father Dwyer cheerily. Father Tobin and I looked at one another but left the obvious unsaid. We got out, gathered our things, and started up the rocky road. Twenty minutes later we were in Avocat.

Avocat is one of those corners which the tourist never sees. A few houses cling precariously to the side of the mountain with the small wooden church, school and priest's house forming a cluster of their own. At first glance one wonders why this particular location was chosen. To all appearances the number of inhabitants must be extremely small. But that is one of the many mysteries the rich Jamaican vegetation cloaks. Hidden behind that lush green

curtain are many homes whose presence you would never suspect until you actually stumbled upon them or, at night, you caught the tiny gleam of a coconut oil lamp through the foliage. What was my surprise to find well over two hundred people waiting for us at the church!

For Avocat is one of those corners of God's Kingdom that have been carved out laboriously over the years. The district is solidly Catholic, but that did not happen overnight. It took years of patient building, of weary mile-after-mile plodding over rough mountain trails by a score of missionaries. They planted well, nurtured it carefully, and today the Faith blooms in Avocat. Oh, the church is old and rickety, and like the school, far too small. There's no running water in the priest's house and only a small kerosene lamp for light. We stopped there briefly after the services in the church.

"But what can you do up here at night?" I asked wonderingly.

Father Tobin pointed out over the valley. "There are a million fireflies out there at night. You can sit here and count them or you can go to bed."

Father Dwyer volunteered the information that he spent the time writing letters. "It's about the only thing you can do by the light of that lamp," he explained. "If I was able to get up here more often during the month I could write more letters and I'd probably have more friends."

"Not if you drove them up here," said someone darkly.

"There's a Jamaican proverb," Father Dwyer began unabashedly but Father Tobin and I hurriedly made our exit. As we started back to Port Antonio my

last impression of Avocat was of a group of merry Jamaicans gathered around a harmonica player whose calypso music brightened the growing dusk.

There are other corners of Jamaica which lie far off the tourist track but are a revelation to the visitor. Tucked away in the green hills or nestling quietly on the more open slopes, they are the almost nameless, unknown places where unheralded priests and nuns work out their lives for the sake of Christ. You won't find Above Rocks on an ordinary map of the island but far up a twisting, gravelled road you come upon the bustling center which the irrepressible Father Edmund Cheney has literally hacked out of the wilderness. Here, with the help of the Blue Nuns, he has established schools where boys and girls can become skilled craftsmen in half a dozen trades. It is a center humming with activity, built to a definite pattern that answers to both the material and the spiritual reaching out of Father Cheney's people.

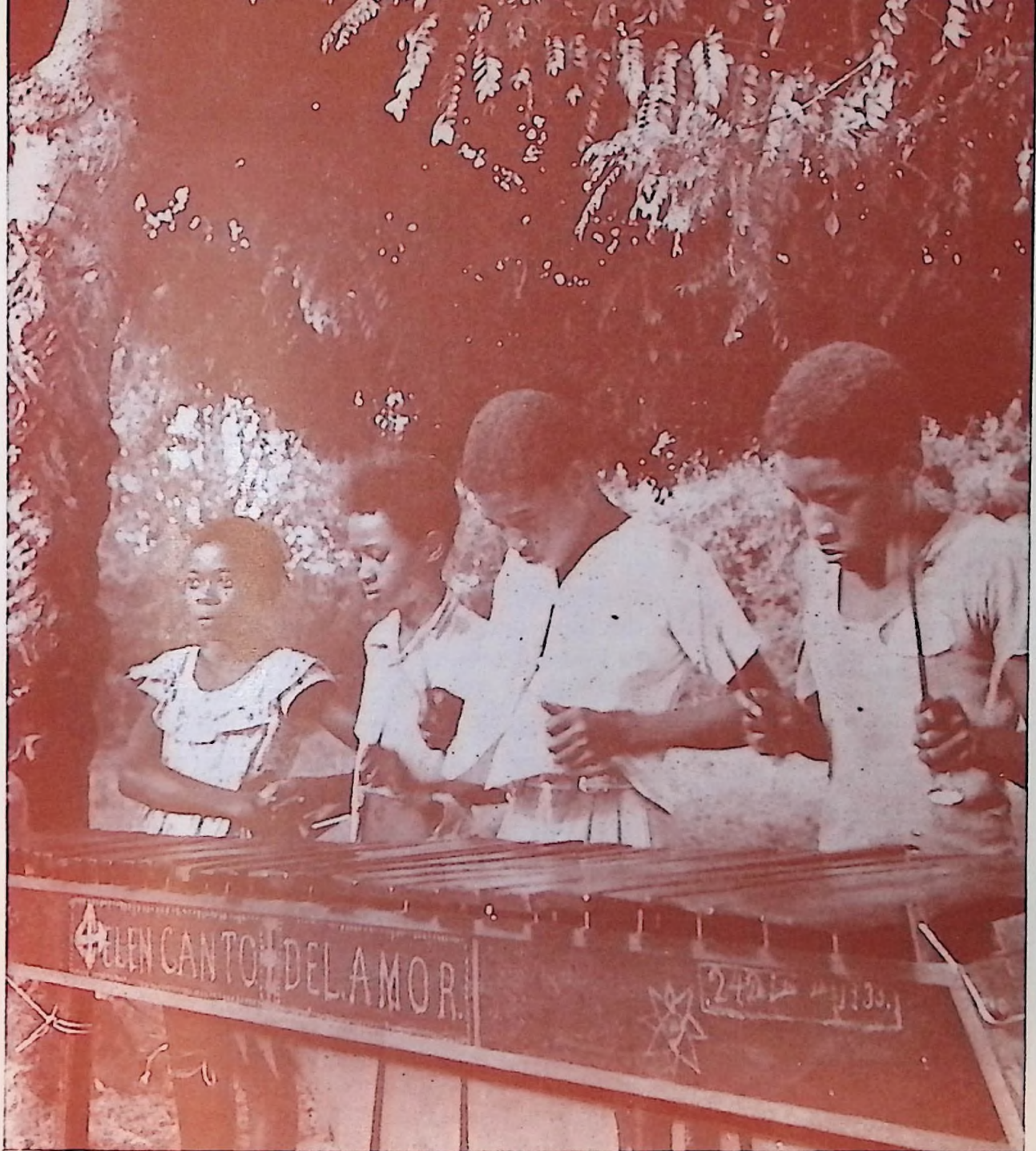
West of the Cockpit Country and the forbidding territory of the Maroons, descendants of runaway slaves whose rebellion won for them privileges and privacy, lies Seaford Town, Lamb's River P.O. As Father Francis Kempel, the pastor, observes, "There isn't any sea nor ford nor town nor lamb nor river here." But there are other things, and for over a quarter of a century this veteran missionary has quietly labored to build this corner of Christ's Kingdom solidly and well. His church is set apart on an eminence overlooking the rolling valley and behind it on the terraced hillside are grouped the school, convent, rectory and other buildings. Father Kempel will be seventy years old this year but he gives no indication of slowing down. He still is head of the chicken co-operative farmers in the district and represents them in distant Kingston. His work in this field alone has been outstanding, but that is only one achievement in his long and shining record.

There are other corners where the work of God goes quietly, doggedly on. There are places back in the hills like

Brown's Town and Bamboo where Fathers Charlie Judah and Harry Ball lead almost hidden but busy lives. On the hot flat coastland in the southwest part of the island lies Savanna-la-mar where Father Randy Knight in typical selfless fashion has concentrated his efforts on his school and convent. His church is merely a remodeled house and his rectory sadly needs repairs, something of which he is constantly reminded as the sugar trucks from the largest cane factory in the British Empire rumble by his door, day and night. One single palm tree towers over his tiny church and to me it somehow seemed to symbolize every one of these missionaries who stand in lonely guard over their flocks, far from the popular paths. For one thing, it is not an ordinary coconut tree; it is a royal palm—and it well symbolizes the solitary grandeur of these soldiers of Christ the King . . .

Six hundred miles to the west of Jamaica the colony of British Honduras dreams in the tropical sun. As we approached Belize by air we could discern the coral reefs and cays which stretch in an almost unbroken line along the coast and shelter the mainland from the rough seas. But there is no protection against the hurricanes which have made this "the mission of heartaches." In a cemetery on the outskirts of Belize lie the eleven Jesuits who lost their lives one havoc-ridden day in 1931. All over the colony there are reminders of other storms and their heartbreak.

I stood on the battered porch of the rectory in Corozal while Father Henry Sutti grimly pointed out the destruction of the hurricane Janet two months before. Only five buildings in a town with a population of 2,500 had been left standing. The roof and walls of the church are now completely demolished, and in the late afternoon sun its tile floor gleamed dully. The school and convent were gone and Father Sutti had used everything at hand in a desperate effort to restore some normalcy to school life. A tent served for some classes; another class huddled in the sacristy which had been hastily roofed in makeshift fashion;



Playing the marimba is serious business in British Honduras.

British Information Service

others were scattered in temporary buildings, patched together with whatever materials could be salvaged.

"Oh yes, we'll build again," Father Sutti said. "But you can see what it will mean in the way of money. Yet what you see here is only part of the damage. And with the coconut trees gone, and other stuff, it will be a long time before this district gets back on its feet. Well," and he smiled wearily, "it won't be the first time we've had to start all over again on this mission."

His first act after the night of horror, to get the school running again at all costs, is typical of the missionaries in

British Honduras. They can be rightly proud of their achievements in the field of education. They have over ten thousand children in their 76 primary schools alone, and these schools are so strategically located that every Catholic child has the opportunity to attend one.

In a later article we will treat this mission field more adequately for space has caught up with us. But my visit to Jamaica and British Honduras was most enlightening to me and has deepened immeasurably my admiration for the men laboring there. They are doing a grand job, often in the face of tremendous obstacles. Remember them in your prayers.

# The Business of MISSIONS

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## JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

### Alaska

Rev. Edmund A. Anable S.J.  
1103—16th Ave.  
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3400 West Michigan St.  
Milwaukee 8, Wisc.

### Philippines, Caroline and Marshall Islands

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

Dear Friend:

The following information regarding deductible contributions to charity according to Federal Income Tax has proven a surprise and, obviously, a great disappointment to a few people. Contributions sent directly to a missionary in a foreign country are not deductible. For example, \$1.00 or \$100.00 sent to any Jesuit missionary in Japan, India, etc. cannot be claimed on your income tax.

Now this situation can be solved by sending your contributions through JESUIT MISSIONS, INC. for a particular missionary. The office of JESUIT MISSIONS is recognized by the Federal Government as a charitable organization. Thus, donations to us can be used as a part or the whole of the "thirty percent" of your gross income allowable to charitable organizations. It is preferable that your check be made payable to JESUIT MISSIONS, INC. rather than to an individual missionary. Be assured that your entire gift will be forwarded with care on our part.

At this season of the year I will recommend your intentions to St. Matthew. He was a tax collector and then an apostle. He will be interested in helping you to adjust your accounts for God and country.

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

# News from Missionaries

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**A** BISHOP REPLACES THE GOOD THIEF. His Lordship Bishop McEleney S.J. writes from Jamaica, B.W.I.: "By special indult of the Holy See I celebrated on the second Sunday of October in the Kingston Prison the special Mass of St. Dismas which replaced the regular Sunday Mass. The prisoners had a very robust and passable choir. The master of ceremonies and the servers, in their very good Latin, could, except for their garb, have graced St. Patrick's altar in New York. But, I am now anxiously looking for a painting of St. Dismas because I discovered that the prisoners had hung above the altar in place of St. Dismas' portrait (which they could not obtain) your humble servant's picture, which they had cut from a newspaper."

**AMONG THE INDIANS.** From Porcupine, S.D., writes Father Leonard Fencel S.J.: "The floods—and we had four that did more or less damage—caused no end of extra work; but God has blessed our efforts. As evidence I might mention that the Sisters canned 2,300 quarts of various things that will keep the wolf away from the door this winter. Besides this, they filled the freezer again early in the season."

"The children at the mission create a problem in bad weather. When it is muddy and sloppy underfoot, they have no place to play except their classroom. There was an old frame church for sale nearby, which might have served for a playroom; we could get it for \$300; but the house-mover wanted four times that much to move it. So we figured we could build one cheaper out of concrete blocks, with Indian help. The blocks we haul ourselves right from the plant where they are made in Rapid City; and the sand and gravel we pick up from a pit out in the hills. So that will take up our

spare time and spare cash next spring and summer."

**MEIMOKU IN JAPAN.** The practice called *meimoku* is a constant source of amazement to Father Thomas Hand each time he enters a Japanese High School class. "The boys all line up outside of the building before each class, march into the classroom, sit down and put their hands palms down on the desk before them, close their eyes, and sit that way in absolute silence until the teacher gives the signal. Then they jump up, answer the teacher's bow and 'Good morning' with a bow and a 'Good morning, Sir,' and the class begins. At the end of class there is the same sitting with eyes closed and hands on the desk (i.e. *meimoku*) followed by another bow and a 'Goodbye, Sir'."

**PAGANS BUILD CHAPEL.** In between starting a new mission and building a church at Bukidnon in the Philippines, Father James Cawley S.J. found time to visit Puntian, a barrio far out in the mountains. "All the people there," he writes, "are pagans who have been urging me to visit them. When I arrived, messengers were rushed out to all the farms nearby to tell all the people to come in. I went to the school and taught the children. They were all very friendly and learned the hymns and the Sign of the Cross very fast and they were starting to learn the Our Father and the Hail Mary. The next morning all the pagans attended Mass. They told me afterwards that if I promised to visit them at least once a month, they would build a chapel immediately. I told them that I could not promise that but I would visit them once in a while. They are going to build the chapel anyway . . . So far I have been unable even to get a catechist to go work among them."

# ON A CROSS IN CHINA

**W**E ALL KNOW SOMETHING about the ordeals of famous people imprisoned by Communists. But what of the small, ordinary people, the ones like ourselves? What do they feel? Do they have the courage to stand up and be counted for Christ in the face of torture? If they fail, what are their feelings?

The following letter written by one of these ordinary people can give all of us here in the States some idea of the price many, no bigger and no stronger than we, are being asked to pay for their devotion to Mary and her Son.

The letter comes from a college girl in Red China, and was written this past year. An active member of the Legion of Mary, she was thrown in prison by the Communists to be "brain-washed."

In prison, she was frequently visited by members of her family—all pagans—who begged her to give up her faith so that she might be released.

She did finally give in. The letter was written to a friend outside of China, a few months after her release. The following is a faithful translation of the letter, from which, however, the proper names of places and persons are omitted.

“. . . My ambition had been to follow Christ along the path of virtue, with my soul consecrated to Him, and I had hoped for the grace of martyrdom. The trial came from Christ Himself, for He wants the soul as pure as a lily, unspotted by any worldliness. I entered the lists, full of pride in my own strength

and in great excitement. Thank God, He wanted His child to be tried in the furnace, for during my 124 days in prison, how many contradictory feelings swept over my soul. I felt strong, I did not want to yield to the enemy—on the whole, I felt at ease. But how could those devils give up their prey? Day and night, by means of gentle persuasion, or threats, or sheer force, they attacked me. Finally, I did fail! Though I was Mary's child, yet I did not really know Mary—perhaps this is the weak point of all of us. I gave way because of my mother's tears. I had no sooner weakened than all supernatural help seemed to have left me. I dared not pray to God, nor call on Mary. I wanted to die.

"My soul sold and all hope lost, I was released. But, God, what was I to do? A heavy cord of evil, held by the devil himself, seemed to be dragging me down. What was to be my future? What my hope? Where were my ideals? Everything seemed finished. But God's loving mercy and Mary's love were about me and did not leave me in my distress.

"When my friends (Catholic Youths mostly members of the Legion of Mary) saw me, they held out kind hands towards me, saying: 'Come, lost sister, come!' I could not but be touched by this appeal. I had failed, not because I was out of my mind, but because my will had been weak. God now used my friends to remind me of Him.

With them, I gradually became stronger; His voice seemed constantly to whis-

per in my ear: 'My child, where are you? Don't you hear Me calling you?' Still another voice kept ringing in my ear: 'My child, your Mother will not turn you away. Come back! I love you even more dearly than before!' Slowly, light began to come back into my soul. As my mother at this time was taken seriously ill, I was allowed to go home from college.

"When I had been home for about two weeks, I found the means to evade the supervision of the police, always on the lookout for me, and to go to confession. Do you know how the representative of the Good Shepherd helped me? One stormy night, I slipped out from my home and was brought along by schoolmates, who had made all the arrangements for me. I saw a man in a raincoat, waiting for the lost sheep. When he saw me he was very happy. We walked together to my 'Father's House,' where I was warmly welcomed. I received the sacrament of penance, and after saying my penance, I returned to the flock. A few days later, I was sent back to school, and, for a time, was questioned twice a week—after committing sin, we must do penance. God, who is always merciful, gave me the oppor-

tunity to show my new attitude. Now, the Communists' threats have ceased to terrify me; I have often thought they would send me to another place, but God knew that I needed the presence of my friends to heal my wounds and regain strength. I was told I would not be allowed to go home any more, but it was only a blind. I escaped and have been living quietly at home.

"During these days, my poor soul has been growing stronger. Before all this happened, I had been praised and admired by many friends, and had been popular. But in the eight months since I have left school, I have been very much alone, forgotten by the people. At first, this was hard, and sometimes I wept. But I kept on, trusting in Mary, and gradually I began to understand the great vanity of the world and all it stands for, and have now got rid of all doleful thoughts. The past, I have left in God's hands; the future is not yet here; I must make the best of the present moment . . .

"P.S.—My residence card is still with the police. If one day somebody tells you about my 'accident,' please believe that this time your friend will do what will please Our Lady best."



From letters we have gleaned the following items:



# Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

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**In Singapore,** at the hostel for university students, Father Kearney asks for donations to pay for religious records. Father Kearney knows that the records would have a worthwhile value in religious instruction and asks for your help to purchase them. Please consider whether you can aid the Chinese missions with a gift of \$1.00 for the Singapore hostel.

**Artificial Flowers** which are not needed at home could be sent to Father James Hurley who wants the flowers for his Indian children at the mission. Address: Rev. James P. Hurley S.J.  
St. Andrew's Mission  
Route 1, Box 55  
Pendleton, Oregon

**We Know a Happy Man.** It is Father Francis Hogan of Progresso, Honduras, who has just completed a high school for the children of his mission.

Father Hogan has one more request for his school. He would like to put a crucifix in every one of the rooms, which would make a total of 15 crucifixes for the entire school. Would you help?

15 crucifixes—\$5.00 each.

**Some Corn,** of the hybrid type, is needed in India. Father Ludwig is working hard at his farming project and wonders if he can introduce American corn in India. He is anxious, therefore, to have a few sample packets of hybrid corn with which he might experiment. If any of our readers can send him one or several sample packets he will be grateful. He needs them sometime around the end of April so he can begin planting.

Rev. Robert Ludwig S.J.  
St. Francis Xavier Mission  
Rampur, India.

Another need of Father Ludwig is a supply of Atabrine. The nun who runs his clinic has just been taken to the hospital with a very serious case of malaria. Father is completely out of Atabrine and needs this medicine to help the people.

Gift for medicine—\$1.00

**A Jesuit Breviary**—four volumes—costs \$40.00. Would you like to give one to a missionary priest? Your name inside the cover will remind him to pray for you daily as he prays for and with the whole Church.

Breviary—1 volume — \$10.00  
4 volumes — \$40.00

**Father John Morrison** of Chakai in Patna is not only missionary to the Santals in this isolated area, but also has to do double duty as their doctor. He runs a dispensary to which many of his people come, and he also takes medicine to them when they are sick.

His present difficulty now is that he is almost out of medicine, and needs money to replenish his supply.

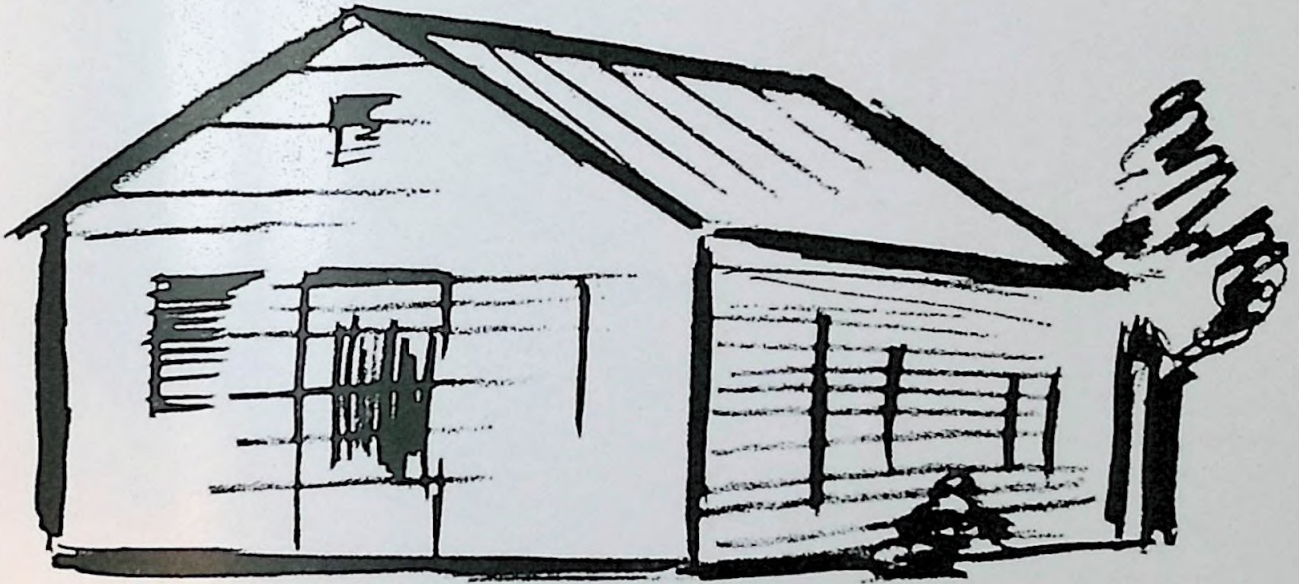
Money for medicine—any amount your charity suggests.

**Catechisms Needed** by Father Michael Adam of Sheikhpura, India. He is opening a diocesan catechetical school where those who teach catechism in the Patna area can come for refresher courses.

He is in need of modern books on the teaching of catechism, and would appreciate a contribution to pay for them.

Catechisms — .25 each

# WALLS AND A CEILING



**J**UST walls and a ceiling--nothing else.  
**NOTHING** else.

That's what Fr. Francis Jackmauh found when he started the new mission in the Grand Cayman Islands a little while ago.

Needed: bed, table, chairs, pots, pans, everything.

Would you, in your charity, help Father Jackmauh get started? Send \$5.00--or \$10--or \$50--or whatever, to

## JESUIT MISSIONS

45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

# This is a Nice Kid... • SUPPOSE HE WERE YOURS ...



... Well, he and others like him live in Dhatkidih, a teeming little workers' area in Jamshedpur, India. He and others like him gather every morning in the little chapel of St. Anthony, spread gunny sacks on the floor, and wait for school to begin. The chapel is made of mud bricks. It has one door and no windows.

Father Charles Durt wants to build a proper school where these fine children can learn to read, write and love God. \$1,500 will do it.

Won't you help?

Send \$5.00 or whatever you can to

## **JESUIT MISSIONS**

**45 East 78th Street,  
New York 21, N. Y.**