

# Jesuit Missions



OCTOBER, 1956

# The House



Saint Michael Seminarians at Lord Nelson plaque in Port Royal.

# beyond Infinity

NINE MILES NORTH of Kingston, the capital city of Jamaica, we jolted around a corner on the steep winding road. At the entrance to a driveway a sign startlingly proclaimed "Infinity." As we continued past the strangely named estate I remarked to Father Robert Burke, "I didn't know you lived *that* far out of town."

"Actually," he replied, "we live beyond 'Infinity' but we also border it. The next driveway is ours. However, if that sign has occasioned any ha-penny wisecracks in your alleged mind may I remind you that infinity embraces not only heaven but hell, too?"

For over twenty years now he has been putting me on the defensive. (I think he must still harbor that unworthy suspicion that I was the one who soaped the stage back in novitiate days just before he made his grand entrance as King Someone-or-other.) So, as a tactful guest, I quietly swallowed down the brilliant remarks that could be made about a man who lives with one foot in infinity.

The driveway ended abruptly at a garden wall and so did our ride, although there was one long doubtful moment when I feared it was going to be a dead heat. I was suddenly reminded of the time he backed over the mountain side in Vermont but I felt it wouldn't help to mention it now. The headlights were

switched off and the Jamaican darkness smothered us.

Father Burke produced a flashlight and the phantoms sped back into the bushes. We headed up a flagstone path in single file; the beam of light first, Father Burke second and then myself, trying to peer around him and see what the flashlight was disclosing. The path came to an end and as we crossed a stretch of lawn the outlines of one of Jamaica's "great houses" stood clearly out against the star-splashed tropical sky. "Well now," I asked admiringly, "what fitting name have you given to your new abode?"

"It's called . . ." he suddenly stopped and I could sense he was looking intently at me in the darkness. "Listen," he went on slowly and very deliberately. "This house was built before the streets of New York had lights on them. It was named before the American Revolution even began. Horatio Nelson stayed here often when he was stationed in Jamaica. I mention these tidbits of history just in case the New York soot has crept into your soul as well as your ears and you might be tempted to think in terms of New York. The very fitting name, bestowed way back in the middle of the Eighteenth Century, is Bellevue."

Silence fell, deepened, snowballed. I thought of a dozen things to say, all of them inappropriate. The one sound I



# The House *beyond Infinity*

couldn't restrain was also definitely out of place. I tried to turn it into a cough but it still came out as a chuckle.

"Go ahead and laugh," came the voice from the darkness. "I live in Bellevue and next door to Infinity and all the Fathers who come up here make the most of the names. And none of their remarks are original or even worthy of repeating. They see the breadfruit trees and I become Captain Bligh Burke. They know Nelson stayed here and they remember the Port Royal fort so my front porch becomes 'Burke's quarterdeck.' It should be obvious, even to you, what they call my Parson Brown oranges. 'Coconut Castle', 'Ackee Acres', 'Pimento Park', 'Nutmeg Knoll'—that last is Father Quinlan's and I bet he can't even spell it!"

"They're all just jealous," I tried to soothe him. "Everyone of them, too, would probably love to retire to a plantation and watch the mangoes ripen."

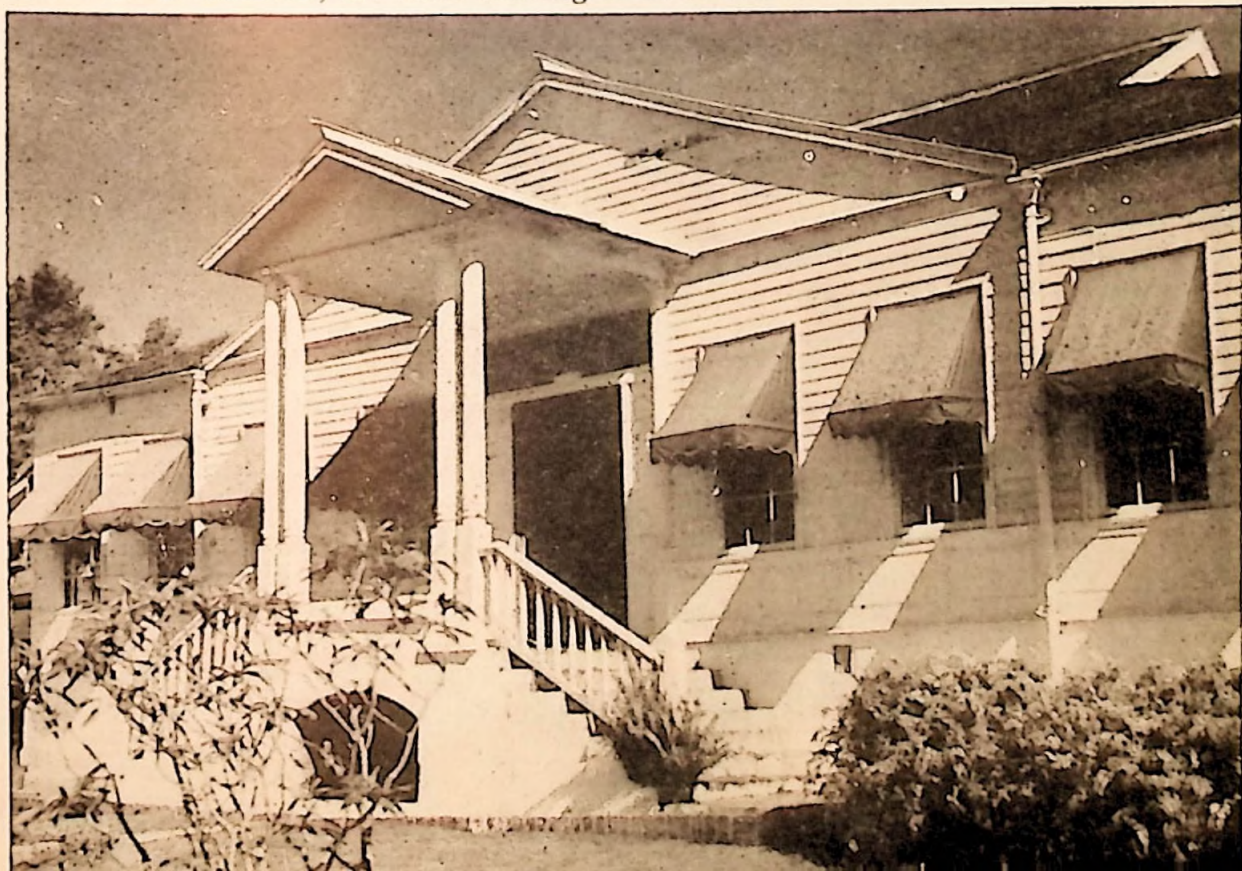
"Retire!" The word exploded off the limestone hills and boomed back to the Palisadoes. "Why, you—you—" He

breathed deeply, then spoke very carefully, "In the morning we will attempt an experiment which has not been successful in the twenty-two years I have known you. We will try to give you an idea, a clear idea, a right idea, of our locality and, especially, of our activity." He opened the door and stepped aside. "Welcome to St. Michael's Seminary!"

Daylight opened up a charming vista. Standing on the porch of this old Georgian house, I could look down from the 1300-foot elevation across the green plains of Liguanea which ring Kingston and beyond to the harbor with its protecting arm of the Palisadoes stretching out to Port Royal. The Blue Mountain range provides the back-drop for what must be one of the most magnificent views in all Jamaica.

Father Burke had given me a yellowed newspaper clipping, written over a century ago in 1839, by a visitor to this very house. Part of the description is as true today as it was then. "Before me is a narrow terrace with a few flower

South view of Bellevue, the main building of St. Michael's Seminary.





Father Robert Burke S.J., Rector, and one of Jamaica's clergy-to-be.

beds glowing with all the gorgeous hues of the tropics; at each angle a square column with an urn, and a dwarf colonnade connecting them, below which the ground falls almost perpendicularly for several hundred feet and then slopes away into grassy sweeps till it reaches the vast plain at the foot of this chain of hills . . ." As I was reading this Father Burke came out on the porch.

"Things haven't changed much, have they?" I observed.

"Just what do you mean?" he asked suspiciously. Before I could reply he went on ominously, "You don't see any sofa couches around, do you?"

I looked at the clipping again. It was quite clear to what he was referring. "I sit in one of those long luxurious galleries formed of windows and venetian jalousies, and furnished with only one or two lazy chairs and 8 or 10 sofa couches, in which the energies of 9/10ths of the Europeans who come to this country are evaporated . . ."

"You've been sniffing too much of that allspice around here," I answered.

When Bishop McEleney purchased this land and moved the seminary from what our friend of 1839 had characterized as "that sink of dirt, dust and dolourousness, the city of Kingston," he had only been able to scrape together enough money for about 90 acres of the original 1200, although the entire estate was being offered at a bargain price.

But that is one of the occupational hazards of a missionary. He can be a man of vision, yet the hard realities of circumstances, the pitiful lack of material resources, can drain the life from that vision until it becomes only an empty dream. Sometimes he may gamble in a desperate attempt to turn at least part of that vision into reality. Businessmen might shake their heads at the folly; those who had not caught the grand sweep of the whole vision might carp at the partial achievement; but men who look beyond their own lifetimes, beyond horizons their own eyes will never see, cannot be evaluated in a scale which tries to balance human reasoning against the work of God. And a house beyond "Infinity" testifies to that.

Quiet, competent men walk the pimento groves of Bellevue as they prepare to become priests of God. From the windows of their study hall and classroom, once the luxurious gallery of the "sofa couches," they can look out at the very heart of Jamaica, at the field that awaits their coming, as diocesan priests, for the harvest. It is a scene that is meant for men of vision, for those who will one day cradle Infinite Beauty in their anointed hands. Here, in this historic house, the future of the Church in the Caribbean is being shaped, solidly and well. The most important work in all Jamaica goes on in the house beyond "Infinity."

# The Huks on Retreat

**T**ODAY THERE IS a news report in the Manila papers that 5 Huk Commanders were killed in the Candaba swamps in the province of Pampanga, Philippines. In Barrio Paralaya along these same Candaba swamps I gave a 6-day mission, or parish retreat, only two weeks ago.

Most of these farm folks of Paralaya were once Huks or at least, Huk sympathizers. They were under the Huk regime all during the Japanese occupation until 1948. All during that long period they regularly listened to formal Communist lectures and propaganda. For example, they were told: "No one can prove the existence of God; therefore, God does not exist. No one can prove the existence of the soul; therefore, there is no soul. There is no soul; therefore, there is no such thing as guilt. There is no such thing as sin. Therefore, why confession? Besides, why confess to a priest? He is also a man like you—subject to sin. Confession a vehicle of God's mercy? How can one believe in God's mercy when he is a daily witness to injustices left unpunished? Baptism, Confirmation, Mass, blessings, etc., are priest-invented instruments to collect money."

All such lies and many more were preached to these unschooled Paralaya people in most concrete and convincing style—in popular Pampango and Tagalog dialects. All during the Huk regime no one was able to clear their doubts and solve their difficulties. One of them told

me: "During those times we had nothing to do with the priest." Nay, they were given explicit instructions to boycott their priest. Marriages and burials then were performed with military Huk "rites."

This was the background of the people who made the Spiritual Exercises in Barrio Paralaya.

Occasion of the mission? The visit and stay of the much-venerated statue of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios in Barrio Paralaya chapel. Mr. Angelo Galang (brother of the present Philippine Immigration Commissioner), and a resident of Barrio Paralaya, made the arrangements for this mission. He figured that since hundreds of people would venerate the image of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios during its stay in their barrio, a mission would be most timely and profitable. And true enough, during those days people from Paralaya and the neighboring barrios flocked daily to the barrio chapel—many staying there all day until the evening procession. During those days also the holy rosary was continuously recited by family groups (each group reciting the fifteen mysteries) and each mystery was followed by a hymn. All this could be heard kilometers away from the barrio chapel via a public address system 24 hours a day for 6 days.

There were two talks a day during the mission—one after the Mass in the morning and the other in the evening before the procession. Daily at Mass there was an average attendance of about 300—

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## The Huks on Retreat

mostly women and children. The menfolk had to work on their farms. At the evening exercise there were many more men than women. For the much bigger crowd that could not get into the packed chapel, there were two loudspeakers installed outside the chapel.

Although there were only two talks daily, I was kept busy most of the day and evening—with individual and family consultations, baptisms, “special” confessions, marriage convalidations, house-to-house visits, etc. On the last night the consultations ended at midnight.

Concerning those house-to-house visits, the presence of the priest in the people’s homes brought about this reaction, namely, they were brought face to face with the question of religion; they were made conscious of their loving God—something that most of them had unconsciously neglected. For most of those wandering and lost sheep (the Communist indoctrination and regimentation was chiefly responsible for such a state of things) it was only through such visits that Christ and His Church could have been brought to them. It was only in their homes that this Christ-contact was possible. Sample remarks heard from the people visited: “Father, I used to believe what my Catholic parents taught me”; “Father, I don’t go to church, but I am more Christian than many who often go to church and receive Communion”; “I have a serious doubt, Father; I’m glad you came. Maybe you can help me.”

Some tangible fruits of this mission: Adult baptisms, return to the Sacraments of Penance and Holy Eucharist, Convalidation of Marriages, interest in more study of their Faith and practices. Among those whose marriages were convalidated were two ex-Huk Commanders and a *Teniente del Barrio*. The return of these influential men in Paralaya made it easy for the others to make their own decision. The children of one of these ex-Huk Commanders were among those who were baptized—the oldest child being 18 years old.

On the last day of the mission the parish priest of Candaba and myself heard confessions all afternoon and again in the evening after services. On the general Communion day all the able-bodied people of Paralaya (except those who had to stay home and guard their houses) walked in procession to accompany the statue of Nuestra Señora de los Remedios from Barrio Paralaya to the town of Arayat—a distance of 12 kilometers. Some 3,000 Paralaya folks—men, women and children—joined that long procession, taking along their food with them. The people of Arayat met them at the Candaba-Arayat boundary.

Yes, the Spiritual Exercises have universal appeal—even to ex-Huks.



(Right) All over the islands are remembrances of the late war, such as the helmet sported by this Filipino Igorot.



(Below) A general store provides market and meeting place in a village of the Philippines.  
(Official U. S. Navy photo)



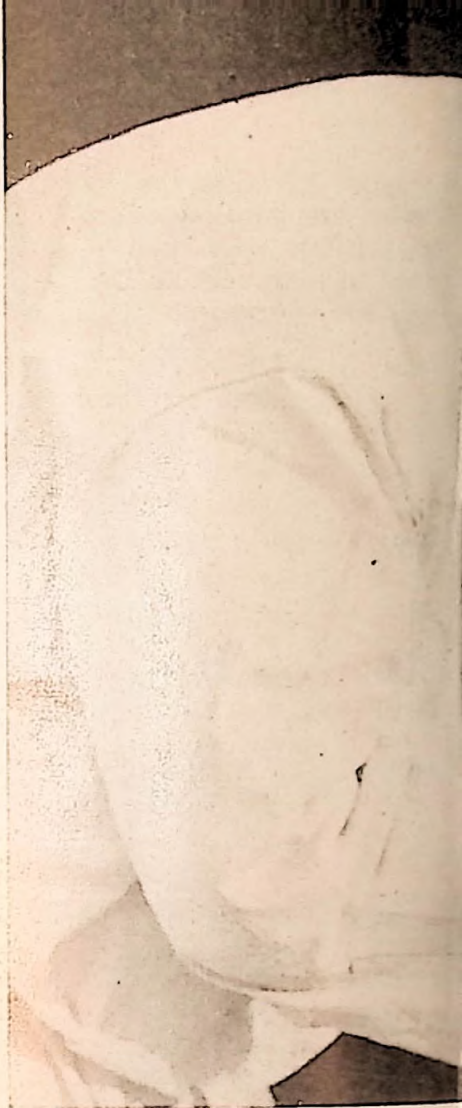
Father Pollard is not a specialist but does his best for every affliction which is brought to him.

### NICHOLAS J. POLLARD S.J.

**O**LD RADHA KRISHNA died and they took him down and threw him in the Ganges. They did not bury him as they had done for most of the people of his village, nor did they ceremoniously cremate him, as they had done for his brother and the other leading men. They merely tossed him in the Ganges. For old Radha Krishna was a leper.

For him this was the last indignity in a long series. Fortunately the disease had not taken hold of him until after his children were married off, otherwise he would have had great difficulty in finding partners for them. His natural qualities of head and heart were such that he would have been one of the leaders of his village. But now in all the village councils he had to sit silently apart, and when any visitors came he was to keep out of sight. These humiliations were much harder to bear than the physical tortures in his fingers and toes and other parts of his body.

Father Goveas in Jehanabad treats eyes.



# HOPE

Some time later his eldest son, Gopal, came to me and showed me some lesions on his thighs and arms. There could be no doubt that he was going the way of his father. I had just secured a supply of sulphone, the new drug for the treatment of this disease, and I took Gopal on as my first patient. I explained to him that the drug acts slowly, but if he would be patient and take the medicine regularly there was every hope for a complete cure. Gopal proved to be a model patient. Month after month he came for his medicine, and gradually improvement began to show. Now after more than a year of treatment, there have been no fresh manifestations and the old spots are disappearing. But his moral and spiritual rehabilitation is even more apparent



## *for the Hopeless*

than his physical cure. He now has a new hope and courage, and perhaps he will assume the leading position in his village that his old father might have.

Soon other patients began drifting in and now we have quite a list of them. Not all of them have been as faithful as Gopal and when some of them see no apparent results after the first few months they stop coming. So one of our hardest tasks is to keep up their hope. Of course where the disease has caused physical damage to nerves and tissues this harm cannot be undone, but the disease will be arrested. And where it is in an early stage the cure will be complete.

In many respects the leper is the most appealing of patients, precisely because he is so helpless. The long series of re-

buffs and humiliations that he has undergone have made him as timid as a rabbit, but it has also drained out almost the last drop of his hope and will to live so that he just drags out a listless existence. But the new medicine does give him solid reason for hope, and where he is faithful to treatment his hopes are realized.

We were surprised to see how many lepers there are within walking distance of our mission, and now we wish to expand this work to reach them all. It is a work in which our Lord himself was particularly interested and so is especially fitting for us as missionaries.

Pray that we may continue to bring hope to the hopeless. For this is one of the best ways to show to the poor and the sick the sweet charity of Christ.



(Left) George Ehrhart of the Iraq Refining Co. is assisted by Father LaBran at the crowning of the statue of Our Lady.

Sodalists of Baghdad College carry Our Lady's float in the procession to the church on the college campus during the first Petroleum Sunday in Iraq.



# Petroleum Sunday *in Iraq*

LEO J. SHEA S.J.

**W**HEN GEORGE EHRHART of Elizabeth, New Jersey, arrived in Baghdad one of his first questions concerned "Petroleum Sunday." We had to confess that we had never heard of it. But never again will we have to make that admission. Thanks to George, all Iraq knows now what "Petroleum Sunday" is.

It all began in 1941 in New York when Bill Donohue, a truck driver for Socony Vacuum, conceived the idea and got a handful of men to join him at Mass and Communion on the fourth Sunday of April. There would be no dues nor meetings nor any permanent form of organization; this day would simply promote

the idea of attending church and praying for divine guidance and help "so that oil, the life-blood of a successful nation, might be used to further God's plan for man's happiness here and hereafter." Bill placed the idea under the special protection of Our Blessed Lady and both Bill and George do not hesitate to credit her entirely for the fact that the movement grew beyond all expectations.

The way "Petroleum Sunday" took hold here in the midst of some of the world's richest oilfields gave almost tangible evidence of her special intercession. Plans at first were simple and unassuming; a low Mass in the evening would be celebrated at the College, with Catholic



## Petroleum Sunday *in Iraq*

men from the three oil companies going to confession and receiving Holy Communion, and Father Hussey preaching. A social gathering would follow in the garden of the College.

Contact men were posted in each company and notices delivered by every conceivable route to each likely prospect. The appropriateness of the idea spread with increasing speed. The Apostolic Delegate gave his hearty blessing, and was happy to be invited to say the Mass. Solemn Benediction was added to the program. Father La Bran, aided by his loyal, blue-sashed Alumni Sodalists, arranged a procession around a flower-decked float of Our Lady.

Then Our Lady sent to Baghdad another of her ardent apostles in the Middle East, Bishop Theophane Stella, O.C.D., recently appointed Vicar Apostolic of Kuwait, who on hearing of the movement eagerly sought out George for details on how it might be extended to include the neighboring country under his jurisdiction. Newspapers willingly publicized the coming historic meeting, and interest was evoked in even remote corners of Iraq. Non-Catholics too were invited to attend. Directors of the different oil companies agreed to come in person or to send representatives.

When the event actually took place in the fresh, clear atmosphere of an ideal spring evening, everything conspired to give the whole performance a note of elated success. Father Hussey chose for the text of his eloquent sermon a verse from Psalm 135, "Give thanks to the Lord of lords, His mercy is eternal; eternal His mercy Who does great deeds as no one else can." The packed church, with a goodly sprinkling of non-Catholics, roused the all-Jesuit choir to new peaks of devotional singing.

After refreshments in the garden for all and sundry, George faced the "mike" on the flood-lit stage amid the graceful date-palms, with a batch of telegrams and letters full of congratulations from "Petroleum Sunday" managers in various

quarters of the States. By that time there was not a single one in attendance that did not feel George had "done it again." "Petroleum Sunday" had come to Iraq and come to stay.

Far from sitting back contentedly after scoring such a spiritual hit, George looks on it as only a prologue of great things to come. Bishop Stella of Kuwait had paralleled the local affair with one on an equally grand scale in his territory, and so too at even shorter notice had Father Mulligan, the Vincentian chaplain to the Anglo-Iranian Oil Company in Abadan, Iran. Contacts for next year have already been made with centers in northern Iraq, Saudi Arabia, Bahrein and India.

How fittingly Catholic it all seems. In this very region 2,500 years ago Ananias, Misael and Azarias called on all creation to bless the Lord as they walked unharmed among the flames of Nebuchadnezer's Babylonian furnace. Now it looks as though Our Lady's "petroleum apostle" from New Jersey will not stop until he has the workers of the petroleum industry from the East, West, North and South calling on this eons-old creature, so basic to our modern way of life, to praise and thank the Creator with the hymn: "Bless the Lord, O all ye oil-fields of the world!"

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# Puzzle on Palau

EDWIN G. McMANUS S.J.

I AM SETTING DOWN the facts just as they happened. On Tuesday, April 10, 1956 at approximately 5:30 p.m., the TB patients in the Koror Hospital, Palau, Caroline Islands, were saying the rosary. The girl who had the rosary held the crucifix of her beads in her left palm, and fingered the beads with her right hand. Twice she noticed something whitish on the corpus, and rubbed it off on her dress; when she noticed it for the third time, she looked carefully and saw a substance oozing out of the cross. The substance came from the region of the head, the hands and the feet.

Most of the substance came from the feet, where it piled up vertically to a height of approximately one and one half inch, before falling over on the palm of the girl's hand. Then more came out, and again piled up vertically, although this time to a height of about an inch, as the substance was not so thick. This process continued for almost two hours, then stopped for about an hour and started again. It continued this way for almost twenty-four hours, although the cross had been placed in a box and put in a cabinet. It is known that the process must have continued as more of the substance was found when the box was subsequently opened.

Several hundred people saw this phenomenon, i.e., the substance emanating from the feet of the cross. On the following day a few people saw the substance coming from the chest of the corpus, but only a few testified to this.

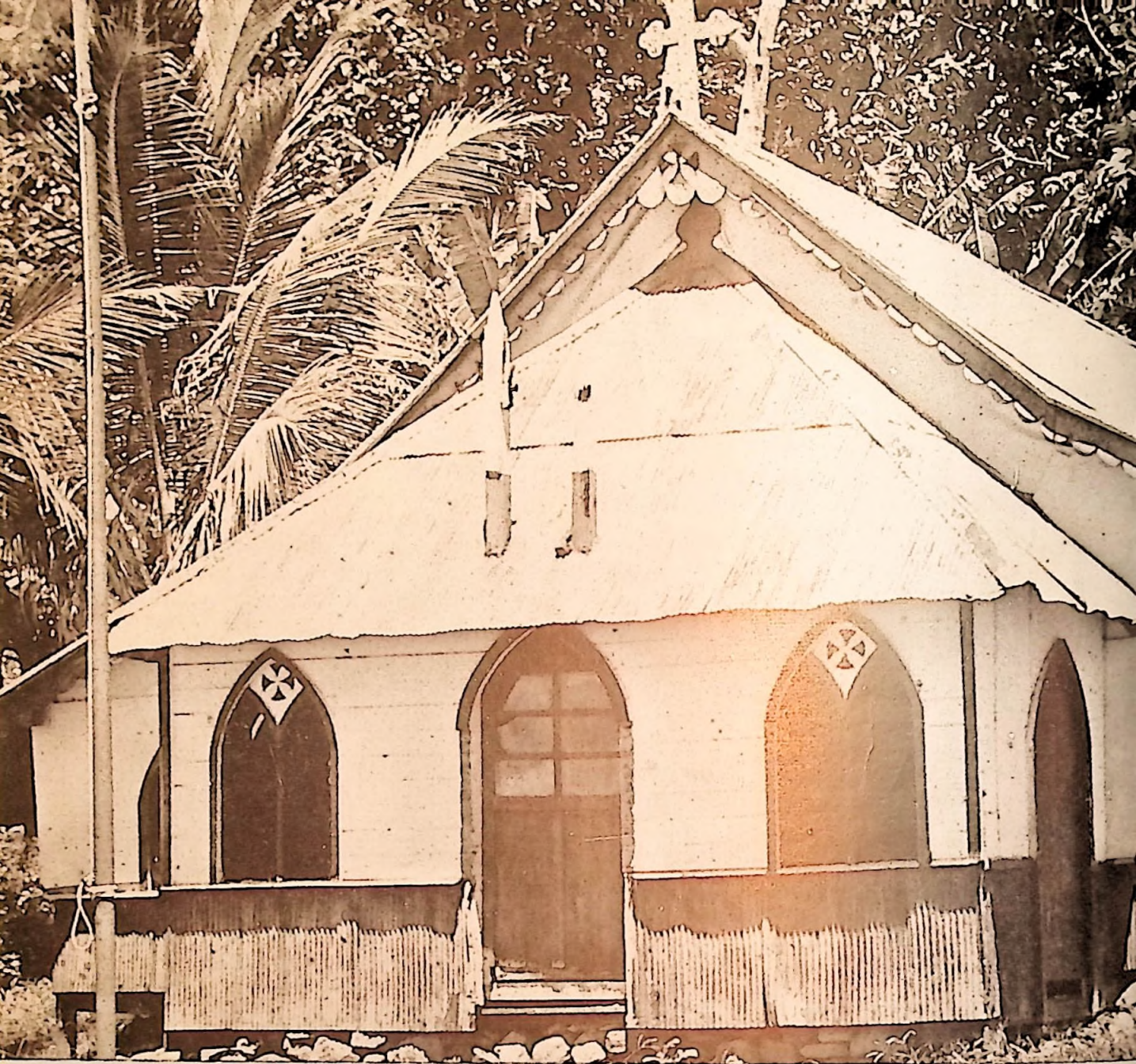
The substance, to sight, appeared somewhat like candle grease; the fact

that it stood up vertically may have caused this comparison to be made, as many compared it to a small candle. To the touch, the substance resembled ashes, and rubbed away when touched. To the taste, some thought it bread (thinking of the unleavened bread of the Host, perhaps?).

On Wednesday, Dr. William Conover, M.D. and myself took the crucifix apart, but found nothing that could explain the phenomenon, except that the glue used within the crucifix seems to be of the same color as the substance that oozed out, although the glue was very hard.

The cross seems to consist of a silver alloy, inlaid on both sides with black bakelite; the corpus apparently is of sheet tin (zinc alloy?) stamped out to form the figure. The corpus is affixed by three nails which penetrate from front to back of the cross. The whole cross was cleaned, and put back together (the bakelite had been broken where the nail for the feet had penetrated). Since then nothing further has developed.

A possible explanation is that some process caused the dried glue to liquefy and forced it out through the holes of the three nails. This would not explain how the substance came from the chest, but the testimony for this is not too reliable. What process could soften the glue, and make it ooze out? There was no special climatological condition noticed; the substance oozed out when in the girl's palm, and also when the cross was lying in a box. The oozing took place at various times during the day and night. So we have a puzzle on Palau.



IT IS NOT OFTEN that the Ancient Missionary talks about his own experiences on the missions. In that, we are sure, he is unusual; most missionaries, especially old ones, need little urging along those lines. Which is just as well, of course, since the tales they have to tell, large or small, dull or gripping, are at the core of history, and much more important than stories of battle.

The Ancient Missionary didn't have a great deal to say, actually. "Did I ever tell you that I used to cover six mission stations?" was the way it began.

He hadn't told us. "Well," he said, "I learn every day. I used to think that my mission was underprivileged, undernourished, so to speak, since only one of my mission stations got Mass every Sunday,

while the rest had to take turns. Imagine," he shouted, "trying to feed your soul on one Mass a month, or one Mass in six weeks!"

"Yet my people weren't so badly off," said the old man meditatively. "I have just read that half the people on the missions have to live without regular Sunday Mass. And," he emphasized his words carefully, "as far as we can foresee, most of them will never be able to get to weekly Mass."

And then he was gone, without further explanation; but he left us with a good deal to reflect upon. It is true that certain isolated peoples cannot ever hope to have the blessing of regular Sunday Mass, but the size of the problem was new to us.



# Window on the Mission World

Many mission chapels like this one have “empty altars” because no missionary priest is available to offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass

Imagine! More than half the people of the mission world unable to get to even one Mass a week. Whatever may be the final answer to the difficulty, one thing is very clear: more priests and more altars will bring the Mass to people who cannot have it today in 1956.

Our present Holy Father must have had these empty altars in mind when, in his missionary encyclical *Evangelii Praecones*, he urged the fostering of missionary vocations. “If they help even one candidate for the priesthood, they will fully share in all the future Masses and in all the fruits of sanctity and apostolic works that will be his,” said His Holiness.

It should be especially consoling to think that we can share in the “future Masses” to be said on altars that would

never have been dignified by the Holy Sacrifice but for our sacrifices. Each new priest ordained for the missions can mean that somewhere a congregation will not be underprivileged or undernourished, to use the Ancient Missionary’s own expressive terminology.

It is a sign of the increasing maturity of the Church in the United States that a vocation to the missionary priesthood is no longer considered exceptional. We have a long way to go before we can match the record of Ireland, where every village has a priest-son offering Mass on a distant mission altar, but we have made a beginning. If we were as generous with our sons as we are with our goods, the missions would have many more American priests to fill empty altars.

Empty altars! That is the frightening thought the Ancient Missionary left with us. In the Providence of God, it is our duty and our privilege to fill some of those altars.



A group of pilgrims attend services at chapel which marks place of the martyrdom.

**I**N SOUTHERN JAPAN, not far from Yamaguchi where St. Francis Xavier built the first church and beyond the surrounding hills which the saint described, lies the town of Tsuwano. Much of the quiet beauty of the place is drawn from the green mountains which cradle it protectingly from the traveled roads. Above the town towers the imposing Aono-Yama, "majestic and fatherly," shaped like its more holy brother, Mount Tabor in Galilee, I have renamed it Ten no onchichi, "Heavenly Father."

Tsuwano is a place to delight the Japanese love of pilgrimages. In the country areas in October and November you will see the pilgrim caravans; the straw sandals, the trousers with crossed

bandages, the rainhats—all part of the customary garb to be worn on pilgrimages to the mountain shrines. Tsuwano has had a famous Inari shrine for the last forty years and most of the income of the merchants is derived from this source.

But Tsuwano's history is black when it comes to Christianity and its people have been persecutors of the faith for generations. Back in 1868 about 150 Christians were deported here from Ura-kami and imprisoned in the section called "Otometoge." When they were released five years later 36 had already undergone martyrdom. There were some striking incidents of heroism in their time.

Moriyama Yujiro had been beaten and tortured for a week already. Now he was

# The Persecutors *and the Pilgrims*



forced to sit naked on the bamboo *engawa* of his prison in November weather. He had had no food and as they again came to pour water over his shaking body he was on the point of yielding. Then suddenly on a roof across the way he spotted a mother sparrow feeding and sheltering one of her little ones. The thought burst on him, "Much more than this mother sparrow loves her little ones, God in heaven, for Whom I am suffering here, loves me!" The light of faith was so strong in him that he did not waver again during the next eight days of torture. He confessed before his death, "After I realized that, they could have tortured me forever, I think, and I would not have cared."

To the 32-year-old John Baptist Yasutaro a vision of Our Lady was granted on several occasions after he had been thrust like a dog into a box of three cubit-feet in size and exposed to the January snows. He died there, as he confided to another martyr, "with Christ on the cross."

It is not for me to say that the sins of the fathers are visited on succeeding generations. But I do know the history of Tsuwano and I know its people—and I have never known the grace of God to be so rejected any other place in Japan. The Jesuits have labored here since 1922 although the mission was actually founded by the well known Father Aime Villion over 60 years ago.

Father Vecqueray S.J. succeeded Father Villion but could not make a dent in the steely attitude of the people. Tsuwano takes pride in being a stronghold of the old Japanese spirit; Shintoism is strong here; in fact, out of Tsuwano came the Shinto religious leaders in the time of the Meji restoration. During World War II Father Vecqueray had to face this spirit at its very worst and Tsu-

wano was probably the most awkward place in all Chugoku for a foreigner in those days.

I came to Tsuwano in 1946 and ran into the same stone wall which my predecessors had faced. For six years, those most promising years immediately after the armistice when the Japanese way of thinking was undergoing a change, I tried to break through to the souls of these proud people. But I had no success. It was not until 1953 that the first five Tsuwanoese, literally a handful, were baptized. *These were the first baptisms in over thirty years.*

I had found out early in my tenure that I would not get very far with the people by using the ordinary means of the apostolate. Some years before the good Sisters of the Aishikai had started a kindergarten here; a beautiful church had been erected on the best spot in town—and the only harvest from these ventures had been greater hostility. But at one time the Mother of God had appeared here and yet no monument remembered that occasion. The very name of Otome-toge means “The Pass of the Virgin” and long ago Father Villion, who loved the martyrs with a most tender affection, had set up a stone on the hillside with the simple but beautiful in-

Japan's early Christians added friar's cowl to goddess of mercy.



scription in Japanese, “Light of the Faith.” It was time that people remembered the real glory of Tsuwano.

In July 1948 the Otome-toge chapel was completed. I had a feeling that Our Lady had chosen Otome-toge as Her special home, that it should be a place to venerate Her and Her Martyrs. And so, with the consent of my superiors, in 1951 the Pilgrim Shrine of Our Lady was consecrated and on that day nearly 300 made the pilgrimage. And each year since, on the Feast of Our Lady of Otome-toge, a special Pilgrimage is conducted.

Every day now visitors come from near and far—Christians and heathens. And nearly all, as they leave, tell me of their new-found joy, their newly-strengthened faith.

Here at Otome-toge we can not speak of miracles for there have been no cures that we know of nor other material favors either. But we can tell of very special gifts, of the grace of faith that many who have visited here have received.

As you read this you may be thousands of miles from here. But come with me on an imaginary pilgrimage to this little shrine. As we approach the chapel, we see its stately tower stretching skyward, silhouetted against the lofty mountains. It is a beautiful sight—faith-inspiring.

We enter the chapel and immediately a feeling of peace, of awe, comes over us, for it is truly *otome-rashii*—virgin-like, in its natural beauty, its simplicity. It has not the touch of a modern artist. There is nothing to distract our spiritual thoughts. We enjoy a complete feeling of Faith, of love and of charity. We are alone with God and Our Lady, in Her chapel on the “Pass of the Virgin.”

While we are in the chapel, please say with me the short prayer of Otome-toge: *“Itsukushimi no onhaha yo, warera wo shite sono toki soni ba no tsutome wo hatashi nagara, Tenshu no koto wo kangaesashime tamae. Amen.”* . . . “Good Mother, bless us, that in doing every moment thoroughly that which we have to do, we think always of Our Lord, that we make use of our faculties and, by Your grace, think more of God.”

# 25 Years in Mindanao



Father Reith S.J. of Mindanao.

FOR THE LAST QUARTER of a century Father Joseph Reith S.J. of Baltimore has labored along the northern coast of Mindanao in the Philippines. This October he celebrates his Silver Jubilee as a missionary here. In honor of the occasion Bishop Leonard Brellinger S.J., expelled from China by the Communists, will sing the first Pontifical Mass ever held in the Bukidnon. Both Christians and Moros will pay tribute to this priest who has served them so devotedly.

Father Reith was not exactly a young man when he came to the Philippines. He had been Business Manager of JESUIT MISSIONS before he exchanged his desk in New York for a horse in Cagayan. But even today he still has the enthusiasm of the young, the vision of the Kingdom of God which must be built no matter what the cost. To him a tiny part of that Kingdom has been entrusted, and all his strength and life itself will be poured out in the safeguarding of that trust.

With his own hands (for there were no other resources) he built his church, his school and dispensary. Through them he reached out to the people around him, to the Christians who knew so little about their faith, to the suspicious Moros with their age-long hostility towards the Christians. He strengthened the one and softened the other and both looked upon this zealous, tireless priest as a man whose heart was open to the world.

Then the Japanese came and the midnight sky over Dansalan's center was cut

with flames. By the light of two candles the man of God hurriedly donned his vestments and said the last Mass in the church which had meant so much to him and his people. Then he walked out into internment, and the things into which he had put fifteen years of sweat and toil, his church, rectory, dispensary, went crashing down into ruins.

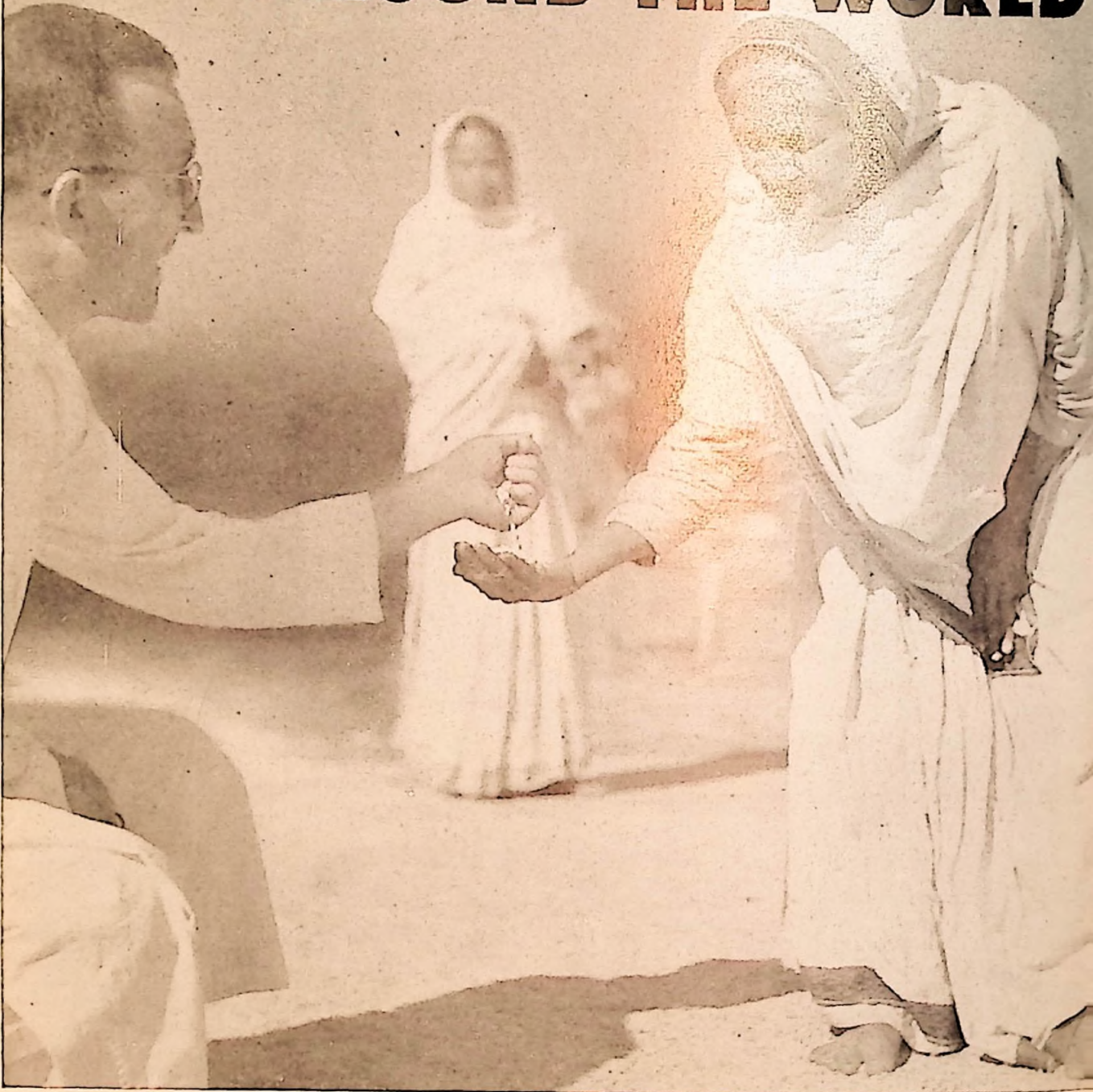
Internment in Mindanao and then at the Los Baños camp. Finally, one cool February morning, the paratroopers and freedom came. With fire sweeping through the barracks toward the chapel Father Reith consumed the Sacred Hosts in the ciborium, hastily packed the best of the vestments, grabbed his kit of tools and set out for the beach and liberty.

He could have come back to the States to recuperate and then return but a mission in the mountain was in ashes and there was no shepherd for a frightened flock. Joe Reith turned north, back to the Bukidnon, to the begging he hated and the work he loved. He has been there ever since.

The last word from him was typical. "I must erect three additional chapels, at Dalwangan, Potpot and Sumpong. I don't want mere shacks—I want these to be worthy chapels." Worthy of the Eucharistic Lord, worthy of that corner of His Kingdom in the Mindanao mountains where Father Joseph Reith has labored unceasingly for a quarter of a century.

To a grand missionary, "Ad multos annos!"

# HANDS AROUND THE WORLD



During the month of October the Holy Father asks us to remember the bond which exists between the missionaries in the field and the faithful at home who generously support them



A young Sioux wonders what this gift is.



Father Schmidt of India halts for lesson.

**T**HE PREACHER WAS unusually eloquent. His subject was the missions, and he was all fire as he described "the holy army of missionaries" struggling without sufficient arms and ammunition.

"It is an agonizing spectacle," he said, and then, in a burst of eloquence straight from his priestly heart, went on: "If there is a single soul lost because of our tardiness and our lack of generosity, if there is still a single missionary who must stop because he lacks the resources that we might have refused him, it is a great responsibility of which we have too rarely thought during the course of our life."

The preacher was the Pope of the Missions, Pope Pius XI, and although his homily is more than thirty years old, its message perdures. That holy army of missionaries is still struggling without sufficient arms or munitions, and the spectacle, for anyone who loves the Church, is still agonizing.

Every missionary society can fill in the details of the picture. There is so much to be done and so little to do it with! Ramshackle huts to house the Blessed Sacrament and shelter the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass; schools without

desks or blackboards; the endless line of sick and poor who must be cared for, but who cannot be cared for . . .

There is, then, an urgency to the intention of this month for the missions: "That the generosity of the faithful provide for the present needs of the missions." October is a month of special significance from the missionary point of view. It is a time when the Church asks us to reflect upon our duty to the works of the missions, and then to act.

For us Americans, living in an era of unprecedented material prosperity, the demands of charity to the missions are especially imperious. God has given us much and spared us much. The very instinct of Catholicism whispers loudly that we must give in return.

But more than charity, particularly if we think of it in terms of a "handout," is involved. As Pope Pius XII said in his encyclical on the Mystical Body, not only priests and bishops, ". . . but all the other members of the Mystical Body of Jesus Christ have the duty of working with energy and diligence to the edification and growth of this Body."

The "growth" of the Mystical Body of Christ is preeminently the work of the missions, for it is precisely the aim of

# HANDS around the world

missionary endeavor to establish the Church, which is the Mystical Body, in places where it does not yet exist.

As members of the Mystical Body of Christ by reason of sacramental Baptism, Catholics—all of them and not merely the “professional” missionaries—should consider cooperation with the missions as part of ordinary, full Catholic life. The Church must grow. As living members of the Church we must, each according to his capacity, help her to grow.

A deep and intelligent interest in the missions is, therefore, a sign that one has begun to be truly Catholic. The far horizon, which takes in the very ends of the earth towards which the Church universal must groan in her striving, is the only truly Catholic horizon. As members of one living organism, the Mystical Body of Christ, none of us, bishops, priests or layfolk, can ever be parochial.

Love for the Church as well as gratitude for the Faith will prompt Catholics to answer the appeal of this month's mission intention of the Apostleship of Prayer. If we are to be true children of the Holy Father, who speaks for Christ, the Head of the Mystical Body, we will

fulfil our obligations towards the missions first of all by membership in the Pontifical Aid Associations such as the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. In addition, since these international societies can scarcely be expected to bear the burden of mission support for the whole Church, Catholics should be generous in almsgiving to the missionary societies sent by the Holy Father to do the direct work of implanting the Church in lands where it has no permanent roots.

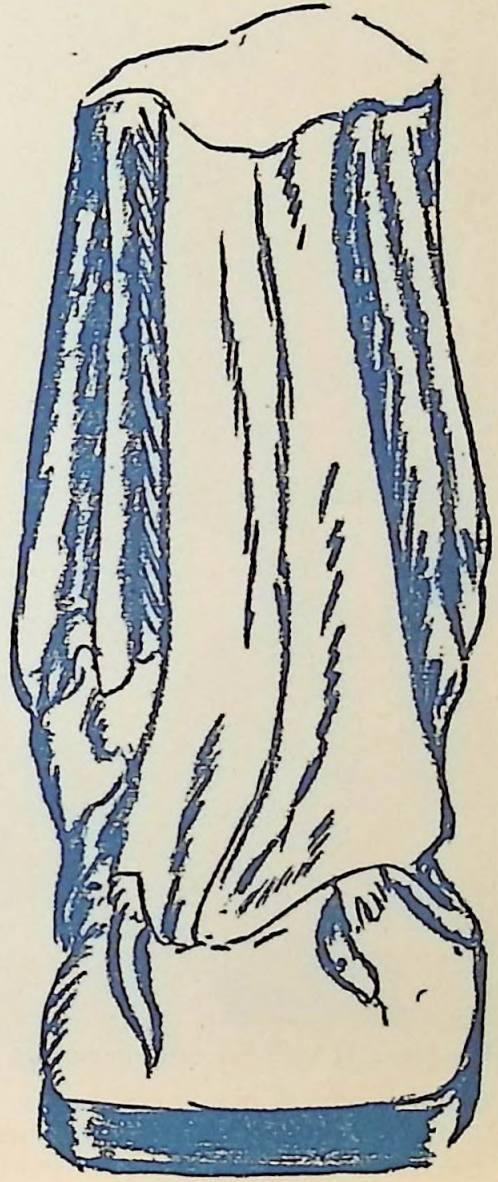
“If there is a single soul lost because of our tardiness and our lack of generosity, if there is a single missionary who must stop because he lacks the resources that we might have refused him, it is a great responsibility . . .”

It is, indeed. And an agonizing spectacle, as Pope Pius XI said so eloquently. By God's merciful Providence, we in the United States can meet our responsibility. If we are generous this year, fewer missionaries will be forced to stop or curtail work they have begun for the spread of the Kingdom. Our hands at home will be joined with the hands of missionaries abroad in a union of hands around the world.

A helping hand in Formosa. Father Edmund Fitzgerald scans catechism paper.



*Smashed  
by a  
Wayward  
Wind*



Last year a hurricane, that most wayward of all winds, smashed through Corozal in British Honduras and wrecked the Church of St. Francis Xavier. Father Henry Sutti, the Pastor, has managed to repair the building, but nothing could be done about the shattered statues. So he asks for help to replace

St. Joseph.....\$150.00

Saint Francis Xavier....\$150.00

Our Lady of Fatima....\$150.00

*Won't you help Father Sutti get his Statues? Please?*

Send \$5.00 -- or 10, or whatever you can --  
to Fr. Henry Sutti, care of

**JESUIT** *Missions*

45 EAST 78TH STREET, NEW YORK 21, N. Y.



Father James O'Neill S.J. who pioneered the Honduras mission.

**I**T IS TEN YEARS since one of the Missouri Province's most capable pastors appeared in El Progreso, Honduras, to take over the Church of Our Lady of Mercies. Father James O'Neill—who knew the crowds, the devotion, the enthusiasm, the endless confessions, the countless Communions, the missions, the lecture series and crowded noonday Masses of Lent in the St. Francis Xavier Church in St. Louis—came to El Progreso in Central America to live in a lean-tosacristy and say Mass for one or two devoted women on a Sunday morning in this Catholic country.

How long had it been since a Jesuit had set foot in Honduras to work for the Kingdom? How long had it been since children, dressed in white, had made their first Holy Communion? How many knew anything in a practical way about God's commandments? The prostrate Church—that is what greeted the eye of

Father O'Neill. The despoiled Daughter of Jerusalem, the Spouse of Christ reduced to rags and penury—and ridicule.

Ten years later the Church is still ignored, besieged and persecuted in the thousand little ways of indifference, but there are goodly crowds of people within the walls on Sunday for three Masses. People who passed her by are once more hearing the message of the love of God and fellowmen, and once more seeing with the eye of faith the Sacrifice continued of the Son of Man for us all. And where once there was a make-shift class or two to prepare a handful of children for Holy Communion, today there is a Catholic grade and high school and tomorrow—the hope of tomorrow!—God willing and the Virgin interceding—there will be a Catholic leadership. Certainly the fact that in the El Progreso Church a grand total of more than 800 children have made their first Holy Communion

# *Now we have begun*

on the last two feasts of Our Lady's Assumption is a sign of better times to come. Indifference would seem to be giving ground when one compares Father O'Neill's three or four pious souls with Father Hogan's eight hours in the confessional preparing for First Friday.

It is interesting to contemplate the many changes that have taken place. For so long a time the lonely priest was destined to "hold the fort," doing what he could to bring Christ's doctrine and His sacraments to 120,000 Catholics under impossible conditions of communication. The mule, canoe, and two feet—these were all he had to bring him from village to village. Don't be deceived when you hear how the Church has up to now "neglected the poor" of Latin America. She had all she could do to do what she did. And there will be a reward awaiting the poor priests of those hard years who never could have known much natural consolation in their work.

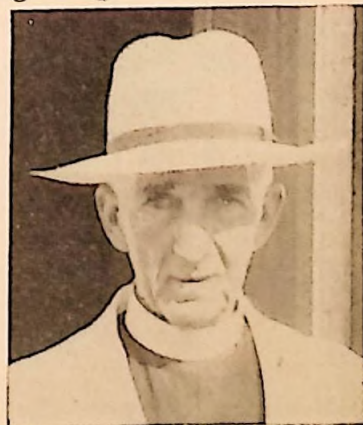
And now? This will be no Pollyannish tract depicting a brave new world. We talk in terms of beachheads. There is still hostility to be found, the ocean of indifference still beats in vain against the walls of the Church—indifference to marriage, to Sunday Mass, to Communion, and confession. But beachheads have been established. There are, for example, the schools in Olanchito, in Minas de Oro, in El Progreso and the new College recently started by Father Joseph Wade in Yoro. There is the Coffee Co-operative directed by Father Frank Ratermann in Yoro and the Shoe-makers' Cooperative in Minas de Oro directed by Father Newell. There is hope for the future.

The great blessing of this our tenth anniversary is the coming of Sisters to

the mission. The Notre Dame Sisters from the St. Louis Province have arrived in El Progreso to establish a new community of four. The Sisters of the Sacred Heart and the Poor Clares from Puebla, Mexico, are arriving at Olanchito to begin catechetical work in Father William Moore's parish. Father O'Neill saw the need of Sisters in the mission work but his dream was not fulfilled until the tenth anniversary.

After ten years we can say more than "now we have begun." Thanks to the generosity of our American Catholics we can point to sturdy school buildings and jeeps to get around to visit neglected souls at Guaymita and Morazán, Subirana and Santa Marta, Corraera and San Dimas, and hundreds of other villages anxious for the priest to visit them. We pray that there will be more priests to visit these places more frequently. But Father O'Neill, whose heart is still on the Yoro Mission, and Father Al Smith, who is buried at the town of Yoro, can take confidence in the sensibly apparent providence of God that will bring Christ's Church to her day of glory in this long-suffering north coast of Honduras.

Father George Prendergast has done great work in forming co-operatives.



# The Business of MISSIONS

## JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

### Alaska

Rev. Edmund A. Anable S.J.  
1103—16th Ave.,  
Seattle 22, Wash.

### British Honduras, Yoro and U. S. Indians

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

### Ceylon and Home Missions

Rev. James C. Babb S.J.  
701 Pere Marquette Bldg.  
New Orleans 12, La.

### China (Nanking, Shanghai and Yangchow)

Rev. William J. Klement S.J.  
284 Stanyan Street  
San Francisco 18, Cal.

### China (Suchow)

Rev. Louis Bouchard S.J.  
762 Sherbrooke St., West  
Montreal 2, Canada

### India (Patna) and U. S. Indians

Rev. R. A. Rosenfelder S.J.  
1114 South May St.,  
Chicago 7, Ill.

### India (Darjeeling) and Canadian Indians

Rev. Kevin Scott S.J.  
403 Wellington St., West,  
Toronto 2-B, Ont., Canada

### India (Jamshedpur) and Home Missions

Rev. William J. Driscoll S.J.  
700 N. Calvert St.,  
Baltimore 2, Md.

### Iraq and Jamaica

Rev. F. W. Anderson S.J.  
1106 Boylston St.  
Boston 15, Mass.

### Korea and U. S. Indians

Rev. Charles F. Mullen S.J.  
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 third Sunday of October is Mission Sunday. Sincerely, we at JESUIT MISSIONS trust that you will support by prayer and membership the Society for the Propagation of the Faith. As an additional act of zeal you may be interested in assisting either a particular missionary or a particular territory. If so, then one or two of the following suggestions may prove helpful.

You can adopt a Jesuit missionary as a Partner-in-Prayer. From our office you will receive a card bearing his name as a memo to pray for the conversion and perfection of souls entrusted to his priestly care.

As an act of sympathy you can arrange to have a stole, an altar missal or a set of vestments given in memory of the deceased. A letter will be sent to the relatives mentioning your gift of eternal consequences donated to the missions in preference to flowers. If desired, a monthly memorandum will be sent requesting a sacrifice for the missions.

The last Sunday of October is the feast of Christ the King. His Kingdom in your own heart will be fortified by grace because of your effective zeal in bringing His Kingdom to the hearts of many.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

(REV.) COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

# AFIELD

## with American Jesuits

### KUNJEEI KUNJEEI

All you have to do is stand out in front of a village church in Ceylon and shout 'Kunjee, Kunjee' and you'll have all the kids in the village and most of the adults there in two minutes with a dish, a banana plant leaf, or a piece of newspaper and the hungriest eyes you've ever seen.



'Kunjee' means a free sweet rice meal. Somebody for something is fulfilling a vow—to give alms.

One Sunday Father Francis X. Mayer S.J. had just finished Mass at Amirthagali. The servers came in great glee to announce that there was a steaming pot of 'Kunjee' to be blessed. It happened in this case to be the fulfillment of a Hindu woman's vow, but the Catholic Swamy had to do the blessing. He did. But then, too, he must get the first helping. The Swamies generally don't carry plates around in their pockets; so what to do? Before the problem could get really serious, as such problems sometimes do, an altar boy with just the right type of initiative came tugging at Father's cas-

## SPOTLIGHT



Father Harry Delaney S.J. of the British Honduras Mission has done considerable roaming during his sixteen years as a missionary. He was a bush missionary in this Central American country for three years before returning to Pueblo, Colorado, and a four-year stretch among the Mexicans of the Salt Creek mission there. Now he is listed as residing in Orange Walk in British Honduras where there is a saying "All roads lead to Orange Walk." But that also means that all roads lead away from there and that is Father Delaney's usual direction for he is still roaming.

Guinea Grass, Revenge, Chan Pine Ridge—these are some of the out stations where you can find this genial, considerate missionary from Beloit, Wisconsin. And each place is the brighter for the presence of this gay roamer for Christ. Say a prayer for him.

sock with the first share of the newly blessed 'Kunjee' heaped high in the Lavabo bowl.

**TIGRIS BLOOD BANKS**

A missionary doesn't have to be on his feet all the time to do good, as the following extract from the scintillating pages of "Al Baghdadi," the quarterly report on the activities of the Jesuits in Baghdad, proves.



In the hospitals of Baghdad, Father Merrick is a familiar figure and one of his recent visits led to a situation that has widened the scope of apostolic activity for all of us. The Irish matron at one of the large government hospitals mentioned to Father Merrick that there was great difficulty in obtaining blood donations for needy patients. Like anything novel, the idea is slow of acceptance and the general low level of health among the mass of the population is another factor. So Father Merrick had only to mention the problem at home and our blood was forthwith available to the hospital authorities.

Forty-five healthy men may help to save a goodly number of Iraqi lives and who can tell the ultimate effects of a little Jesuit blood in the ailing bodies of God's poor? One of the first beneficiaries was a young mother who had undergone a Caesarian operation and whose condition was very grave. But after receiving successive transfusions from Fathers Gerry, Marrow and Connell, she rallied and was well on the mend as one might expect of one with a rich mixture of Polish, Arab and Irish blood newly coursing through her veins. For the discriminating, we can also offer a wider selection of extracts in varied proportions of English, French, German, Italian, Maltese, Russian (in somewhat limited quantity) and Scotch. We are still speaking of blood, in case your attention has been momentarily diverted.



**FATHER FLIES A WHITE FLAG**

From Alaska Father John Fox S.J. reports on some of the problems which come in the warm weather.

"Fishing is in full swing, and from all reports, the folks are doing well. The weather has been ideal. About half of the families moved out to fish camps up or down the river. That is a new development here in answer to the urging of the government teacher who does not want the fish racks, and fish aroma around the village. But it creates a little problem for my summer classes in catechism; but we are carrying on with a half attendance.

"Another little effect for me is the fact that I find it hard to get fresh fish, as none are brought to the village except by request of some one. I have no refrigerator and so can not use more than a very small piece at a time, lest it spoil. So to get around the difficulty of going out to scout for a piece of fish every day for dinner, I run up a white flag on my engine house. When anyone sees it he knows that I'm hungry. And eventually someone will be around with a piece of salmon. I got the bright idea from a story I once read somewhere of a cloistered community who used to hang from the statue of Saint Joseph a piece of coal, or some article of food they were short on. And so, the people, by watching the statue, could tell what was needed. A less troublesome but more expensive solution would be a small refrigerator, so that I could get a small supply and keep it on tap."

**FARM STREET IN CEYLON**

The famous Jesuit Parish in London has the name, but Bishop Glennie's home in Batticaloa has an undisputed claim to all the sound effects. The Bishop's yard is surrounded by a seven foot wall, which provides reasonable protection against stray cattle, goats, chickens,

and other farmyard creatures. But everyone seems to like to live near the Bishop, so the neighbors have pushed up as close as possible, and sometimes use the Bishop's wall as the fourth side of their cowshed. The neighbor right under the Bishop's bedroom has invested in four cows, one of which seems born to bellow, especially at night. Bishop Glennie has acquired such an aversion for cows that he now drinks his tea without a single drop of milk.

#### BACK ON THE FARM



In the Patna Mission in India Father Frank Wieman S.J. is in charge of the farm at Chuhari which is the main support of his orphanage.

"I've often wondered if one of my early motives in becoming a priest was to get away from the farm. (I grew up on a truck garden, just outside of Louisville). If that is true the Lord is surely getting back at me for having such slender motives, by giving me these 100 acres to look after. But really running a farm is more than going back to something I left sixteen years ago; it's learning something entirely new, new crops, new seasons, new methods, using bullocks instead of mules, etc., etc. Last Sunday I spent some idle moments comparing my early dreams of missionary life with the reality. This was provoked by having to go out to the barnyard just after I had finished my two Masses in order to saw off the upper part of a bullock's horn in order to find out what was wrong inside and give it the proper treatment.

"Treating a sick bullock may not seem the best use that could come out of a Jesuit education, but if the bullock gets well he can plow fields, and rice can grow, and orphans can keep on eating, and grow into good Catholic men and women, and maybe priests and Sisters. This year from Chuhari we have one boy going to the pre-Novitiate, one or-

phan girl in the Novitiate, and two village girls in the Novitiate. Just now I'm working on the idea for starting first year high school for girls here. It would be less expensive than sending them away and by saving village girls from city influence would probably develop better mothers and more Sisters."

#### MOUNTAIN TEST



Bishop John McEleney S.J. of Jamaica recently made 732 hairpin turns enroute from Kingston to Strawberry Hill, 2,800 feet above sea level. There he chanced upon a memorial of the missionary past.

"A 'Mulry Club' badge worn by one of the communicants on Sunday caught my attention. The wearer of the badge said that he himself had actually never met Father Mulry but he is heir to the tradition of these mountain men who so revere the memory of that missionary extraordinary, Father Patrick Mulry S.J., who labored here more than half a century gone.

"There is a story often retold of a sick call Father Mulry made after midnight into these heights before cars ever climbed them. It seems a dispute arose in the early midnight between the Catholic Mulry group and another about the true religion. To settle the argument a test was made. The two groups were to send in to their respective Ministers a sick call to see who would answer the long mountainous message first. After midnight, to the cheers of many witnesses, Father Mulry trudged to the door of a lamp-lit hut—only to discover that there was no sick call at all but just this impromptu test of Father Mulry's zeal and of the divinity of the Church. No records survive as to what Father Mulry's remarks were on that occasion.

"It wasn't just a sick call Father Mulry answered that night. It was a call to the Faith and it is still heard."

ANTHONY P. ROBERTS S.J.

# HARVEST TIME IN INDIA

**O**CTOBER IS A BEAUTIFUL time of year in every land. In Western countries it is the season of colors, when all nature, Cinderella-wise, attires herself in daring and brilliant livery for a short while before the clock of the seasons strikes the midnight hour and barren winter returns.

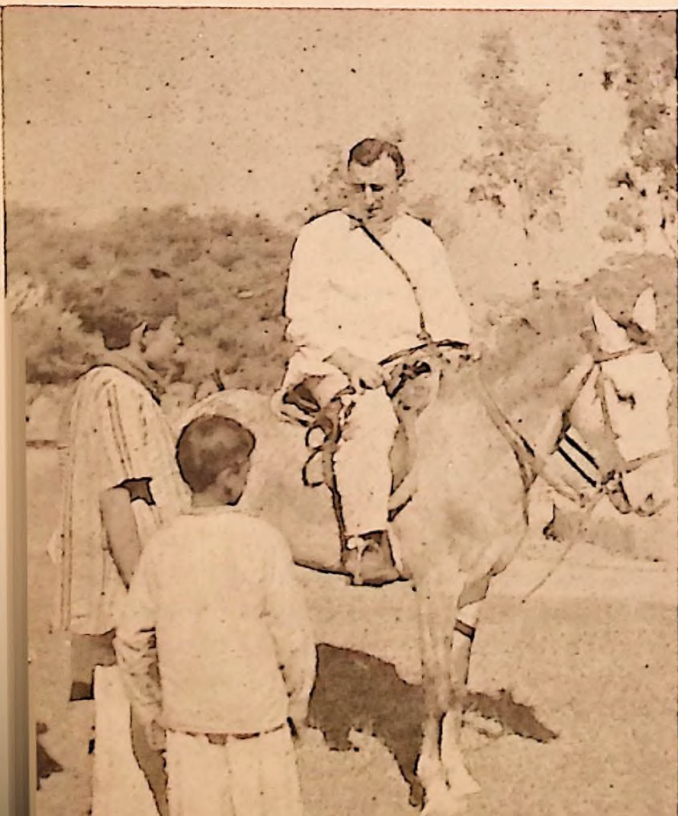
Autumn's beauty in the Orient is of another kind; the freshness of rejuvenated life that always follows upon long rain. The sky rolls up its drab grey monsoon clouds of the past four months, allowing the long hidden sun once again to hold unimpeded sway. But nowhere does Fall arrive with such grandeur as in the Himalayas; far as eye can see, across the valleys and distant peaks, every crev-

ice, every rushing watercourse, every little settlement clinging to the steep mountain sides, is sharply etched by the newly rinsed sun and as I write these words, I can glimpse far off, nameless peaks emerging from the clouds.

However, the beauty of this time of year is not merely external, because like all visible creation it has a symbolism for those who would seek it. Autumn's charm is the pleasure of fulfillment. It is the time of completion—the time of the harvest moon, and newly gleaned fields and well provisioned barns. The year's work is over. There now comes the satisfaction of taking stock, of leisurely planning for the next year; the time for setting aside the seed for the following Spring. And here at our Himalayan Theologate of St. Mary's, October achieves an even deeper spiritual meaning, because annually it is during this month that the "Fourth-year Fathers" depart. Day by day, in twos or threes they board the sturdy mountain buses that snarl down the sharp road to the plains. At Siliguri Junction trains carry them to their various missions where they will start their life's work of giving what they have so abundantly received.

For the past four years they have all gathered divine fruits from the storehouse of Holy Church. Whatever of Wisdom and Truth and Light that is in the world has been handed over to them by that most provident Mother. This is their time of harvest, and as they pack their belongings, they look both ways; with a sense of fulfillment to the past, and with hope to the future. And so they set off.

Fr. Ludwig of Patna off for out-missions.





The Darjeeling train with the Kinchenjunga range providing a majestic back-drop.

Take a map of India—find Kurseong, if it's there—and if not, Darjeeling, 20 miles away—on the northeast corner, and follow their passage as they vein out over the country with the carefully hoarded seeds of Truth gathered so patiently over so many years. The green South shall see some of them, as shall the dry, unyielding North. Some shall cast their seed in the clattering, crowded cities; others shall sow in isolated settlements and tiny, lonely villages. Others again will make their way up and down these very Himalayas—not on headline peaks celebrated by mountaineers, because no starved human souls huddle on those icy pinnacles, for these Fathers are not sportsmen, but workers, with an urgent task, and so little time. All of them with their precious seed—"and the seed is the Word of God." What came to them so easily at the baptismal font in infancy must here be laboriously sown—at what price of fatigue, sickness and disappointment!

They are of all nationalities: children of India going forth to succour their an-

cient and well loved Mother; volunteers from abroad; far from families and homeland—but brave men all, and dedicated to only one desire, the one end of all their dreams, the unique object of all their love—Jesus Christ, King. So different in origin, so diverse in temperament, but so united in Christ—going forth in harvest time. Joined each one with the whole Catholic people all over the world—those people—yourselves—whose prayers and penances in a century of luxury and unbelief and hate stand out as an island in a darkening and destroying sea.

October is the harvest time—but the agelong cycle moves on. The work of planting and labor will begin again on millions of farms—and the work of these men in sowing the good tidings mirrors that natural cycle until that unknown day when the Divine Husbandman shall gather the final harvest into His everlasting barns and both he who has sown and he who reaped shall together rejoice for all eternity. May the harvest be bountiful.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



## Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

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**A Nun Can Manage** to look neat and clean even when her mission station has no bathroom. Father Moore, at Chakni, India, admires the Sisters for their feminine ingenuity in the face of constant inconvenience, which they accept with a cheerfulness that approaches real heroism. Father would like to install a bathroom for the Sisters. Would you be able to spare a dollar or two to help Father Moore help the Sisters?

**Twice a Church Was Started** at Subirana in Yoro. On the second attempt lack of funds and a washout on the lumber road halted the building project. That was two years ago. If Father Brennan could collect \$500.00 he would be able to finish the walls and roof during the next dry season, starting in January. Unless the building is roofed soon there will be great deterioration and loss, maybe even collapse of the walls.

Please help Father Brennan finish the church. Gifts of \$1.00, \$2.00 or \$5.00 will soon provide the needed amount if many cooperate.

**You Realize** that a missionary has to be a bargain hunter because of his constant financial embarrassment. Here's a bargain you might like to hear about.

We can send forty-five copies of the Image Books, the paper-bound Catholic Classics, to any Jesuit missionary anywhere in the world for only \$25.00. The list value of these books—and this wouldn't include postage—is \$35.85.

We know many Jesuit mission libraries could use them. Any gift, large or small—55 cents for one—will help us get the books to the missions. Please help.

**A Rat Can't Read** but it likes to devour documents. Father Claude Daly of Sorikalmunai, Sammanthurai, Ceylon, can't keep any parish records because the rats, white ants, cockroaches and other creatures simply love the white paper they are written on. For \$25.00 Father Daly can get a cabinet which will keep these creatures out. Father would appreciate it if you could give a dollar to help protect the parish records.

**After Four Years of Faithful Service** in the mission of Olanchito, Honduras, the jeep is badly in need of repairs. The parishioners are donating the labor, but Father Joseph Hebert needs money for tires and parts. It would cost too much to get a new jeep but repairs can make this one last several years longer. Again we ask, do you have a gift of a dollar or two for missionary transportation?

**In Your Reading of Jesuit Missions** you were probably impressed by the account, on page 19, of Father Reith, who is celebrating his 25th anniversary as a missionary in Mindanao. Father Reith's energy has not waned after these long years of work. He has ambitious plans for the future which could be fulfilled with your help. Father Reith says there are at least three chapels needed in his territory. Would you like to help make Father Reith's anniversary especially happy by sending \$1.00, \$2.00 or \$5.00?

**St. Jude Is the Name of a Chapel** in Jamaica. Sad to say the building is actually a cow shed. Father Kilcoyne would like to honor St. Jude by improving this chapel. A gift of \$1.00 would help a lot.



## A ROOF like this

The Notre Dame Sisters are coming from St. Louis to El Progreso in Honduras to help Fr. Francis Hogan in the work of saving souls. They have no place to stay, and cannot build a convent without help.

*Won't you lend a hand?*

Send \$5.00, \$10.00, anything you can to help put a roof over the Sisters' heads.

Your contribution will be received with gratitude and prayers at

**JESUIT MISSIONS**

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

SUNDAY, OCTOBER 21

IS

MISSION  
SUNDAY

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