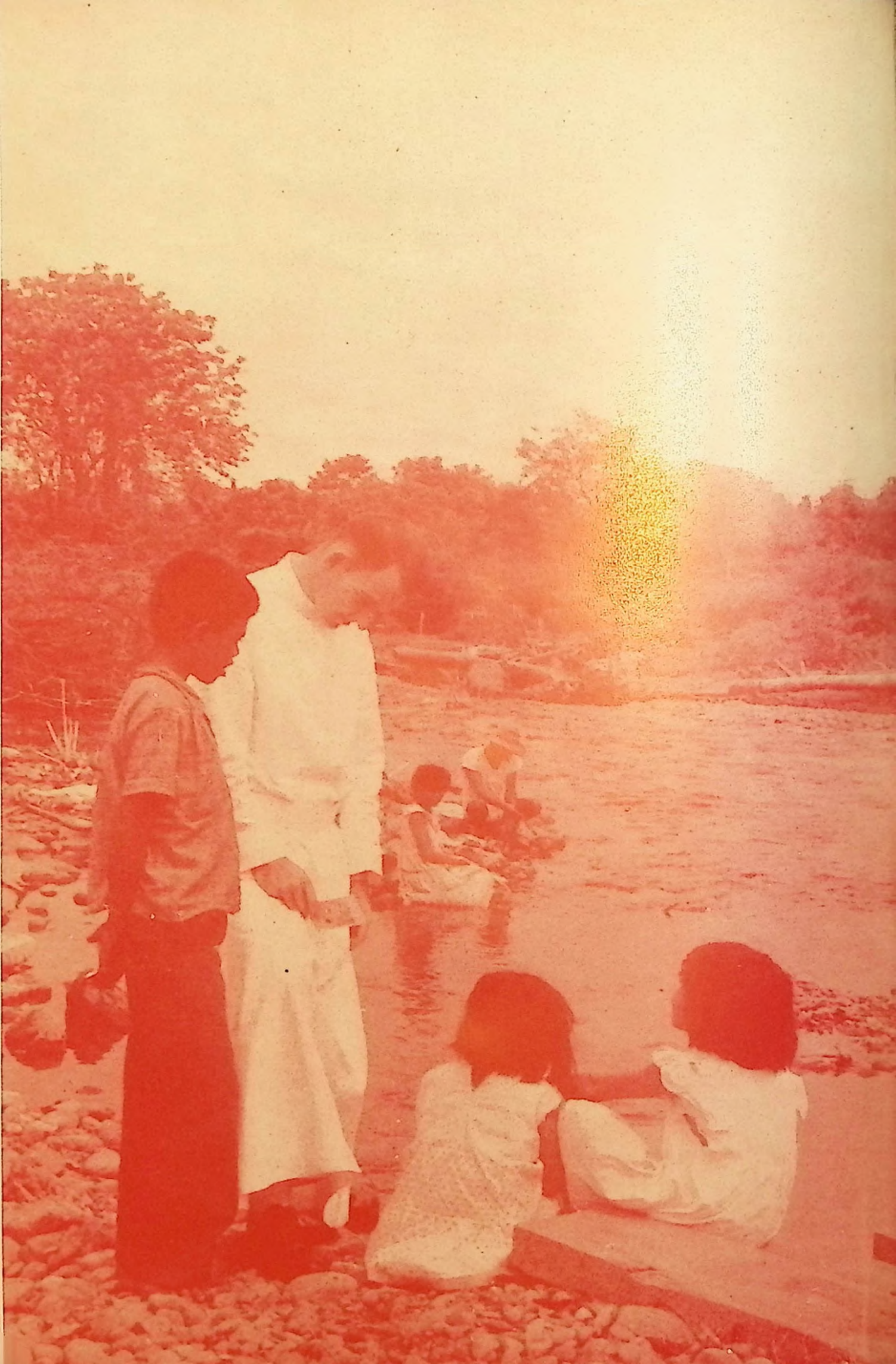


# Jesuit Missions



DECEMBER, 1956



Pre-dawn jeep trip to barrio  
was Jesuit Scholastic's last reported

# ADVENTURE IN FAITH

THOMAS J. WALSH S.J.

**T**HE SUN WAS JUST UP as we picked our way through the labyrinth of side streets that make up the town of Balingasag. About nine-tenths of them are blocked by drainage ditches so that you could spend the better part of the morning just getting the jeep out of town if you didn't know which streets to choose. Behind us we left St. Rita's, a big red-brick church whose greatest need at the moment is to be torn down and rebuilt again, but that, like so many other things here on the coast of Mindanao, is a question of money that cannot be found. Soon we were clear of the houses and bouncing along what passes in these parts for a road.

It is strange the way that one man's routine can become another's adventure. These pre-dawn excursions are routine for Father Lagutin, who was our guide that morning, and for many another priest along the coast. They have, in fact, been the routine for hundreds of priests in the Philippines since the days of the Spanish rule. We were going to a barrio to hear confessions and say Mass, perhaps to baptize and marry and anoint, nothing could be more fundamental to the missionary. But for the two Jesuit scholastics who were going to hear their first barrio Mass it was an adventure, not so much literally as metaphorically, an adventure in faith.

The people of San Isidro, where we were going that morning, cannot easily get to St. Rita's; the people in Calauag, a mountain barrio where we were to go the following morning, cannot pos-

The author, Brooklyn-born Thomas J. Walsh S.J., who is shown talking to one of the youngsters he met on his trip, completed his own "adventure in faith" on the afternoon of September 9, 1956 when he died at the age of 22—after five years as a Jesuit—at Cebu City in the Philippines.

FRONT COVER. Carrying bricks makes sleeping pills quite superfluous as this young man would quickly testify.

sibly get there and so God goes out to them. It was the Gospel story all over again, Christ going to the ones who could not come to Him, but oh, the difference to have lived it! These were the thoughts I was thinking before we turned off the road and started through a trackless waste of sand and stone. Now it was a bit harder to think, you just held on as we dodged the bigger boulders and rode right over the smaller ones. Once in a while we came to a small river and plowed right through. The first two times I was foolish enough to look for a bridge but now I suspected that Father was the only one who ever brought a jeep back here. It wasn't long before my suspicion was confirmed. When the path became visible again we pulled up behind two women, obviously making for the same destination as we. Without even turning around to question who might be riding the bouncing jeep they said, "Good morning, Father," and I decided that Father's arrival was synonymous with the sound of a jeep.

We could hear the barrio chapel a long time before we could see it. The sound of the bell carries not too melodiously, but very effectively for the distance of a kilometer. I remembered Texeira's description of St. Francis Xavier in Goa going "up and down the streets and squares with a bell in his hand, crying to the children and others to come to instruction." Here, four hundred years later, the bell was still doing duty as the tool of the missionary. And the bell-ringer was at the door of the chapel waiting for us. She too was part of our adventure in faith. Not an extraordinary woman, just like the rest you see washing at the stream in the morning and weeding the corn fields in the evening but she was up and out at dawn to spend an hour and half pull-

ing on a bell to announce God's arrival. Not a very heroic thing but like everything else that met our eyes that morning it was transformed in a prism where the shades of faith, hope and charity stood out distinctly. The chapel was very small and I knelt up front on the left hand side while the people began to arrive slowly. After about a half an hour the right side was crowded with people and the left side left vacant for me. Quite sure that no one intended to disturb me I went outside to make room for others. There I stood in the shade of a banana tree and greeted those arriving in practically the only Visayan words I knew and they returned the greeting in practically the only English words they knew and we all felt very proud of our linguistic attainment.

It began to seem that any plans Father had for giving us a show of the fidelity of San Isidro were not going to pan out. After an hour's wait the crowd was still small. But I suppose that the instinct for time is strong where people don't have clocks for just as Father finished the last of the confessions and went to the altar to vest, the chapel began, imperceptibly enough, to fill itself until there was only room for the children to stand or kneel, huddled together in the back of that small, small place.

The Mass was the most pleasant surprise of the morning, for before we knew it Father was not reciting but intoning the *Gloria in excelsis Deo*. This was the supreme stroke of missionary genius. The singers at San Isidro will never constitute a rivalry to the liturgical hegemony of the Solesmes monks but it was loud and it was Latin and it came from the lips of a people who yield nothing to the Solesmes monks in their esteem of music as an instrument for glorifying God. This was another contribution to our experi-

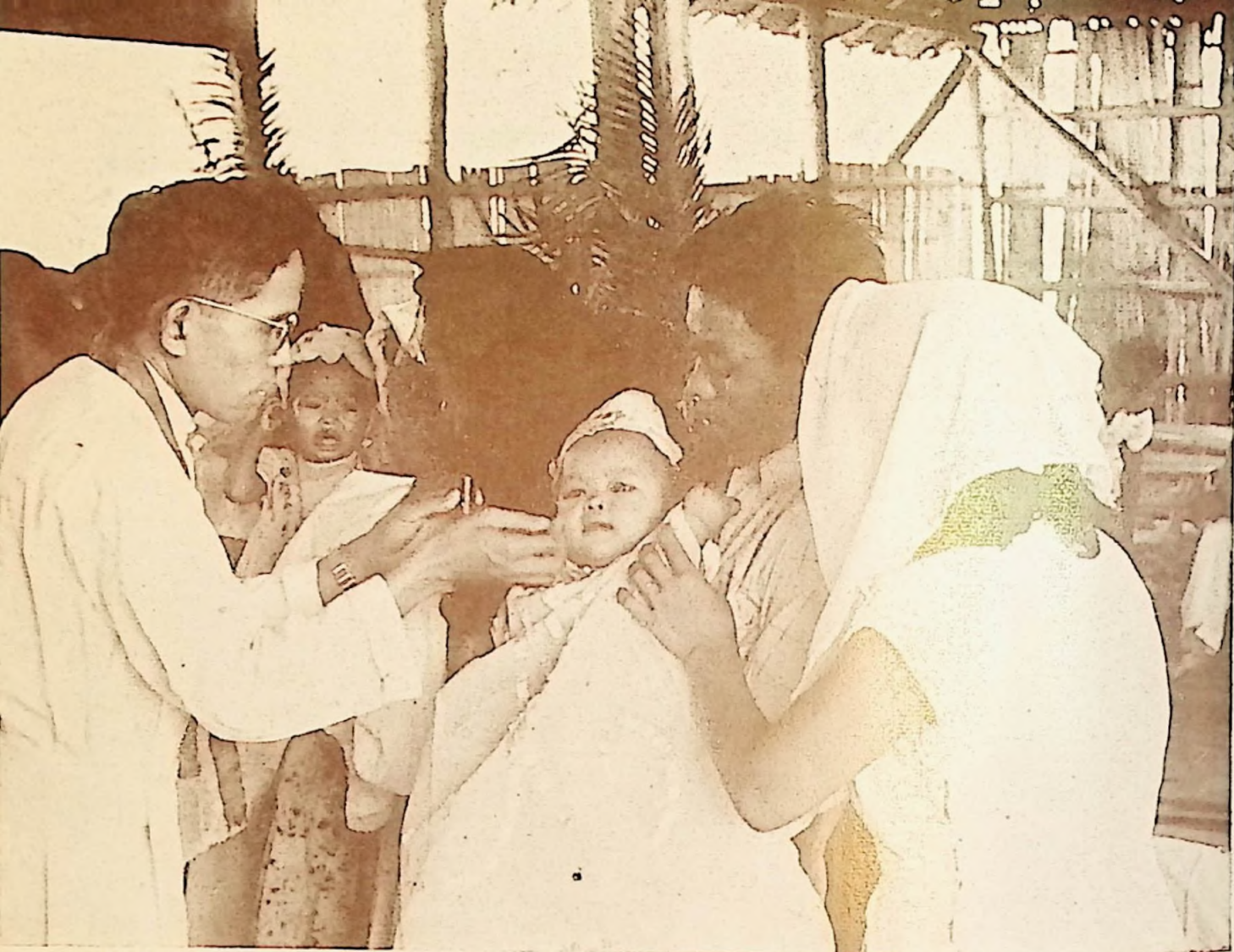
ence of the meaning of faith, that these people who have the Mass so seldom should be so close to its reality. Each year Father holds a three-day meeting of the *cantores* of all the barrios. In these three days they learn one Mass which they will sing when Father comes to their barrio.

A few hours later, back in St. Rita's, we watched Father Ahern and Father

Lagutin do the routine parish work until two in the afternoon when the wheels started moving toward another "barrio Mass." The trip to San Isidro was a good beginner's lesson but not the whole story by a long shot. It is characteristic of Our Lord that He did not draw lines. He was far from the kind of person who will "go just so far and no farther." That is the spirit that the missionary must per-

Lack of bridges and roads means nothing to Father Lagutin who imitates the Good Shepherd.





Father Lagutin pours the saving waters of Baptism over one of his young parishioners.

petuate, or at least the priests at Balingasag think so. In the concrete it means bringing the "barrio Mass" as far as they can and Calauag is just about that far. It means an unpleasant over-night spent in the barrio school, setting out at two one afternoon and not getting back to St. Rita's till noon of the following day. It means a long ride in the jeep and when the jeep can go no farther the rest of the trip will have to be made on horseback. Calauag only sees the priest once a year, at "fiesta time," so it means many confessions and baptisms and marriages and a procession to boot but the principle is the same—since these people cannot get to the priest, the priest will go to them. In other words, Christ will go to them.

This is the "barrio Mass" as we saw it for the first time in 1956. Not a new idea but a very good one, and inspiring. There are thirty or more barrios connected to St. Rita's and as many thousand souls who have to be cared for by two priests. The story is pretty much the same all over the Philippines. The answer to the shortage of hands to bring in the harvest is the "barrio Mass." But it is not just the work of the priest, it implies the loving aid of a great many people in thirty villages who get up early to bang together two pieces of resonant iron which they call a bell for lack of a better name. And through it all there breathes the spirit of God, feeding the flames of a faith that will not be stifled by a few inconveniences.

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Oldest Japanese Jesuit sees six new Jesuits,  
four of them Japanese, ordained in Tokyo

# *Nippon's '56 Highlights*



FATHER PAUL TSUCHIHASHI S.J. is a man of many distinctions. He has been a Jesuit for sixty-eight of his ninety years. When he entered the Society, there were no Jesuits in Japan, so he journeyed to Shanghai to become the first Japanese Jesuit of modern times. Astronomer, mathematician, linguist, he was one of the founders of Sophia University. To a great priest, JM's felicitations!

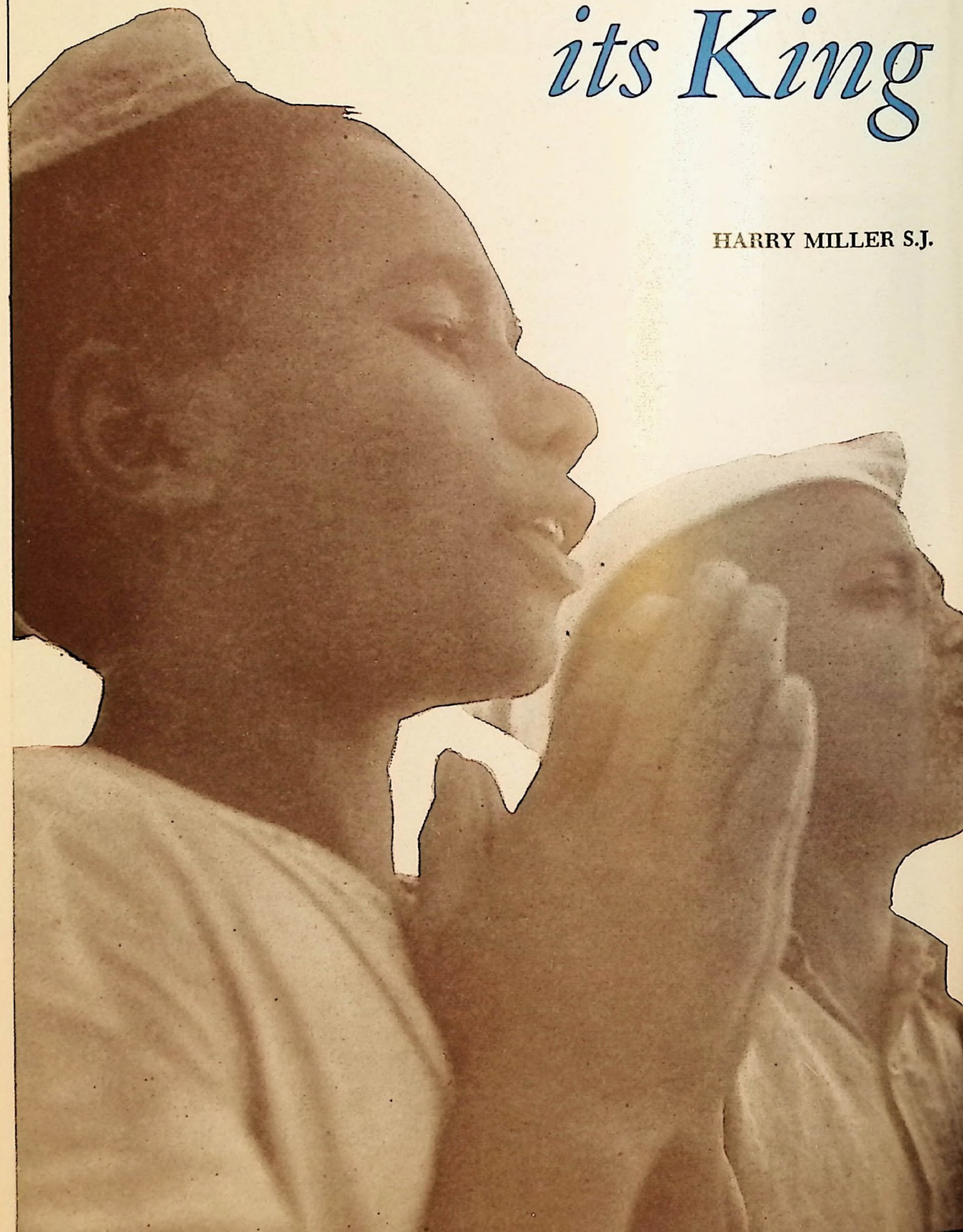


THESE SIX JESUITS, ordained priests in Tokyo last summer, are the latest links in a long chain. The very first Japanese priest was a Jesuit whose grandfather had been baptized by Xavier. Four of the new priests are Japanese, the first to enter the Society after World War II.

Only one of the four is a born Catholic; of the nine children in his family, seven are in religious life. From Blessed Sebastian Kimura, the first Jesuit, to Father Tsuchihashi, was a long step. May this ordination class be the first in an unbroken chain, to God's glory in Japan.

*Madura Hails  
its King*

HARRY MILLER S.J.



A tiny Catholic village's devotion to Christ in South India shows a visiting language-studying missionary what is possible when the Church is thoroughly established among the people

FROM THE POINT of view of full-throated volume, I believe even the original heavenly chorus that set the hillsides of Bethlehem ringing, would have to step down to second place after the midnight-Mass welcome the Infant King finds in Michaelpatnam, in the Madura Province of South India. And I doubt that even the fairy-light angel tongues would be a match to the rippling rapidity with which the Tamil carols stream from a thousand-plus Tamil tongues in greeting to the Little Lord on His coming.

In Michaelpatnam just for the month of December, I had found much more than I came looking for. It was the pursuit of Tamil that brought me so out of the way to Michaelpatnam, and, once there, I knew that I had tracked it to its natural habitat. A long enough stay in such a setting would put my language problems to bed for keeps, it seemed to me. The village is way off the beaten track, for only a bullock cart or an occa-

sional government jeep can work its way in to Michaelpatnam. A railroad passes some miles to the south but is separated by a bridgeless river.

I found, however, that this was the sort of place to make a missionary heave a sigh of satisfaction—"here, at least, Christianity has found a real home!" Or, if he comes visiting, as I, from another mission, one far less impressively grounded, there is bound to be a tinge of the green-eyed monster—"If we had just one parish like this down there, what we couldn't do!" For Michaelpatnam is in Tamil Nad, South India, and my mission is in Tamil East Ceylon.

That Christianity is so well founded in this part of India can be attributed to four centuries of missionary activity, largely Jesuit. Xavier himself, the prototype of all Jesuit missionaries, left contagiously blazing footprints in this very soil. And India's proto-martyr-saint, St. John de Britto, leading a Jesuit mission band, scattered those flames and then fed them with his blood. But it is always a missionary's aim to work himself out of a job and that by so grounding the Church in a land that the sons of the soil swell the missionary ranks, crowding out the outsider. The job in South India is far from finished but a number of parishes like Michaelpatnam, with people who have been Catholic for generations, pastors who are Indians, and a steady stream of vocations to convent and priesthood, point to the end of the need for the foreign missionary and shift

the attention to seminaries and the vast, almost incalculable, needs of north Indian Catholicism, and on a smaller scale East Ceylon Catholicism.

But in Michaelpatnam, Christianity is at home. Other places might torture the ear with a diet of badly-rendered Western hymns, translated, it is true, into the local lingo, but smacking of the missionaries' fatherland. But here, with both words and music by their own composers, local vocalists can let out all the stops in oriental enthusiasm. In fact, far from pleading with the congregation to join in the singing, the parish priest is hard pressed to keep it down to a mild uproar, and this is true even at weekday Masses. The daily Mass is attended enthusiastically by almost the whole village, and there are several long rails of daily communicants.

When a big feast comes around, and that is often for them, the villagers really ring up the decibels. And as if that were not enough, there is a more remote group of villagers who by profession beat tom-toms. For feast days they carry their drums (might I say 'lug their traps?') all the way to church with them, and reinforce the calling strength of the bells with a soul-rattling rumble. Telling about all this noisy enthusiasm, it takes on an air of comedy. But in the midst of it, nothing seems more natural or appropriate. And at the Elevation, both on Christmas and on the feast of the Circumcision, when at that most awesome moment the tom-toms burst into thunder, it sends a thrill of joy down one's spine, that Our Lord should have this show of genuine enthusiasm to make up for the spurning He met on His first coming, and still meets elsewhere. After all, who is to say which is more appropriate and appreciated by Him, the silver trumpets of St. Peter's, the awesome silence of great cathedrals, or the tom-toms of Michaelpatnam?

A wealth of local Christian customs, fitted into India, has grown around the celebration of Church feasts. On New Year's Day each village of the parish comes to pay its respects and offer a gift to the parish priest. First there is

the beating of tom-toms as they come towards the house. The priests are seated on the porch waiting. The leader of the village group first garlands each of the priests and kneels and presents him with a lime—a sign of respect and greeting. Then some gifts of fruit, sugar, bread and a little money are laid on the table. There is applause and a greeting in chorus. Lastly some musical item, according to the talents of the group, is presented. Usually there are several rollicking Tamil tunes by different groups, and by the tom-tom beaters a sort of drum dance. Then at sunset the main village, Michaelpatnam itself with its more than 1,200 inhabitants (all Catholic) gathers in the little garden in front of the rectory. A thunderous greeting sets the teeth to rattling; then comes the garlanding and gifts, and all sit on the ground for the performance. First there is a Tamil duet in two high soprano boys' voices. When they finish the two of them come and kneel in front of each priest for a blessing, a sign of the cross on their foreheads. Then one of the men gives a formal greeting, in a little speech heavy with alliteration, and comes for his blessing. More music is followed by a little New Year's advice from the pastor. This time he is exhorting people to resignation and fortitude for the coming year. Such advice is timely this year, since a pre-Christmas cyclone knocked down or badly damaged all their mud-walled homes and destroyed most of the crops, rice, sugar cane, betel.

After the priest's short talk, the whole village kneels for a blessing from the priests and then return to their homes for the evening family rosary, a custom well established in every home since Father Peyton's crusade in India.

I know most of the boys in the Madura Province quite well, from walking, talking, studying and playing with them. I know, too, how many of those boys have intentions of going on to the priesthood and knowing the character of the boys and their background, home, village, and church, I feel sure that the Church in this part of India is secure in the hands of such.



Photo United Nations.

# The Pope's Mission Intention

The mission intention of the Apostleship of Prayer recommended by the Holy Father for this month, prayer for Catholic schools in Africa, makes us aware of the importance of Catholic

schools in the present flourishing state of the Church and in the hopes for its future growth in so many parts of that continent.

“Go, teach all nations,” was the command of Our Lord to His Apostles. In the 1,900 years since this command was given, His Church has been steadfast in its obedience to this mandate of its Founder. As they reached out to bring the peoples of the world into the embrace of Christ’s Mystical Body, Catholic missionaries have been teachers. Schools of doctrine would come first, to instruct potential converts in the truths of the Faith. But always and everywhere, as soon as possible, schools are established for training in letters, arts and sciences. This is a constant theme in the history of the Church and its missions.

With a total Catholic population of some 17 million—about half the number Catholics as are in the United States—African Catholics can boast of having a bit more than half as many pupils in Catholic schools as we have. It would be hard to match anywhere the record of French West Africa where about ninety per cent of the children attend Catholic elementary schools.

It must be admitted that the vast majority of children under Catholic instruction in Africa are in schools on the elementary-school level. So, an important object of our prayers for this mission intention is for the increase of pupils and schools of higher education in Africa. There must be the desire to continue education through what we call high school, college and university. There must also be the means in the hands of the Church in Africa to supply these schools. For such Catholic schools are not too numerous and the need for them increases. Two universities have been founded, Pope Pius XII University at Roma in Basutoland, directed by Canadian Oblates of Mary Immaculate and the Lovanium, near Leopoldville, Belgian Congo, conducted by Belgian Jesuits. But they are only two in all of

Africa and both are small in enrollment at present.

As the tribes of Africa grow in their consciousness of nationhood and their desire for freedom from their colonial rulers, there must be leaders to guide them in their first days of independence. They will need leaders who know what is good in their own long history that should not be too carelessly cast aside and what there is in the alien civilization that must not be too lightly spurned. This the Catholic Church, as the historic

“mother of nations,” can teach them. If the rulers of the new African nations have learned from Catholic schools and teachers how to conserve the old and adopt the new, their peoples will have less to fear from Communism and secularism. Communist agents would have them reject everything brought in by white men as harmful to their African way of life. The secularist spirit would make them forget their

ancient and strong convictions that religion is an important part of their heritage.

A source of concern for the future hopes of Catholic education in Africa is the declared intention of the governments now ruling there to withdraw their financial support from these schools. We sincerely regret this action because in many parts of Africa mission schools are the only schools. If support is taken away, the economic conditions of the people would hinder the erection of an independent Catholic school system.

It cannot be true, as the Belgian Colonial Minister said in 1954, “the day of the missions is over.” Rather, we can say with a missionary of long experience in Africa, “the pioneer days are over; now we must consolidate and advance.”

Our Holy Father recommended Africa, and the Catholic missions there, three times this year in the intentions of our Apostleship of Prayer. He thinks them that important and, he knows that we will respond generously. Let us pray this month for Africa and its Catholic schools.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.

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Merry  
CHRISTMAS!  
THE  
EDITORS AND STAFF  
of  
JESUIT MISSIONS

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# Waste-basket Burglars



# Waste-basket Burglars

ROBERT J. RONALD S.J.

"HEY, MR. STAMP, how's business?"  
"Pretty good, Willie. Come in and give us a hand."

A blackrobe takes his place at the long sorting table piled with browns and purples and reds. Soon more postage stamps are flying through the air, each into its proper box and conversation builds up to a muffled roar in the little office. This is the stamp bureau where some of the items in your collection might have originated. Here Jesuit scholastics process the thousands of stamps sent in by benefactors. Two of them do nothing but acknowledge the donors and wrap packages of sorted material for mailing to dealers. It is because these two sometimes run out of work that this article was written.

The sorting is never dull. "Hey, Mr. Stamp! I've found a valuable one."

Mr. Stamp is usually indifferent with the skepticism of many false alarms. But not always. "Great, Dick, it's worth \$2.50. I'll bet the person who sent that in didn't know he was donating so much."

"Yeah," retorts a voice in the corner, "and I'll bet the man who sent us these didn't know he was giving so little." Into the waste-basket falls a torn stamp. "If only people realized that even a tiny corner off a stamp ruins it. Why must our customers be so particular anyway?"

"They have to resell the stamps and can use only undamaged ones. They have a lot of buyers, too. Just in the last six months I've put into my files about twenty letters from dealers who want to purchase from us. Every one of them was turned down, because not enough people are sending us stamps."

"What's wrong? Not sufficient foreign and expensive ones?"

"That's partly it. But do you see those U.S. over there? The regular issue stamps above 3¢, the airmail and special

delivery? It's common bulk, but what we need as much as anything. And yet it goes by the barreland into people's waste-paper baskets and incinerators. If only they knew how much they could be doing for the missions."

Then finally "Whrr," the bell rings. The scholastics troop out leaving Mr. Stamp to collect what was sorted. First the U.S. Commemoratives have to be stowed away in that brown bin beneath the desk. He weighs it hopefully—a twenty pound order has to be filled and more customers are waiting. Each pound can bring up to \$4.75. The lucrative U.S.



precancels are put away. Then there by the green cabinet sit the foreign stamps; the better ones can bring \$12.50 and up per pound. British colonies and Latin America are especially in demand.

"Well . . . , Mr. Stamp," as a cheery face pops in the door, "why the long face, too much work?"

"No, Father, I'm just having a hard time keeping up with our commitments. It hurts me to think of all the money that could be going to the missions."

"Well, take it easy. The people will come through, if you let them know your need."

The two leave the stamp bureau together. The door snaps closed and a lone fly that had been loitering above the table swoops down and lights quite unperturbedly on old Ben Franklin's philatelic nose as he nestles close to the

orange and brown butterfly of a Swiss stamp. Another sorting day has ended and Mr. Stamp has gone back to studying his philosophy.

I am Mr. Stamp—got the name by my constant puttering in the bureau—and I am proud of it. The other six directors, too, and our helpers reap tremendous satisfaction from our work, since every ounce of stamps puts more shingles on a missionary school or gas in a motorcycle that speeds its priest into the back country. But we cannot do it alone. We need a constant supply of donations.

**For ways of helping,  
See next page—**

Sorting stamps receives new meaning when they serve to support the missions.





Stamps can give a youngster knowledge not only of **geography** but of the Kingdom of God.

Here is what you can do:

1. Clip stamps from all your mail—at least the commemoratives and stamps above 3¢—and all foreign, of course.
2. Get your neighbor and your boss to do the same. Start your club, your office, school or parish collecting for us.
3. Search out collections that no one looks at any more.

4. Look in your attic. Those old papers **might** contain valuable stamps. Don't tear stamps off of envelopes that antedate 1925, but send them entire.

5. Let stamps accumulate and then send them to the bureau listed below that is nearest to you. Last year we made collectively over \$11,000. Your saving stamps can save souls.

**Stamps Collected  
for Missions at:**

Mission Stamp Exchange  
Woodstock, Maryland

Mission Stamp Bureau  
Weston College  
Weston 93, Massachusetts

Ceylon Mission Stamp Bureau  
Assumption Hall  
Spring Hill, Alabama

Patna Mission Stamp Mart  
West Baden College  
West Baden Springs, Indiana

Lusaka Mission Service  
4105 Avers Avenue  
Chicago 18, Illinois

Mission Stamp Bureau  
3700 West Pine Blvd.  
St. Louis 8, Missouri

Mission Stamp Bureau  
Mount St. Michael's  
Spokane 28, Washington

# Indian Rope Trick

JOSEPH G. MANN S.J.

**D**ID YOU EVER SEE the Indian rope trick done without a rope? Well, I use a black stone in place of the customary strands of hemp but I still succeed in roping in an interested audience.

I came into a remote village (there was not even a cart track leading to it) in the Shahabad District of India. I had never said Mass there but I knew there was a sprinkling of Catholics living in the cluster of huts. Then, before I had time to loosen my tucked-up cassock, I heard someone crying pitifully.

A half hour before a young orphan girl had been stung by a scorpion and now she was shaking in pain and fright. Someone pierced with a needle the spot where she had been stung and a drop of poisoned blood oozed forth. I took from my pocket the porous black stone which I always carry with me and placed it on the open wound. Within a minute that black stone was adhering so tightly that ordinary force could not remove it.

Within minutes the little girl had quieted down but she had received a good dose of scorpion poison and it took a good five hours for the black stone to soak it all out of her system.

Afterwards I removed the stone and put it into warm water for a half hour, following that with another bath in milk so that all the poison would be drained out. Then we were ready for the next case of black stone magic, as the people call it.

There isn't any magic to it, but I have often used it successfully on snake bites and scorpion stings. It's always a thing that draws a crowd and when they have seen one of their own cured by it they are in a good mood for sermon or instruction. On this particular instance, I spoke for two hours, and also after Mass the following morning. Young and old, men and women, they surrounded me and asked to have their sins forgiven. They could not understand why it could not happen then and there. But that means long hours of instruction; it means I must hire a catechist to spend months with them. For spiritual teaching does not stick like my porous black stone.



# *He Comes Unto His Own*

KURT BECKER S.J.



The Infant is greeted with awe in Alaska . . .



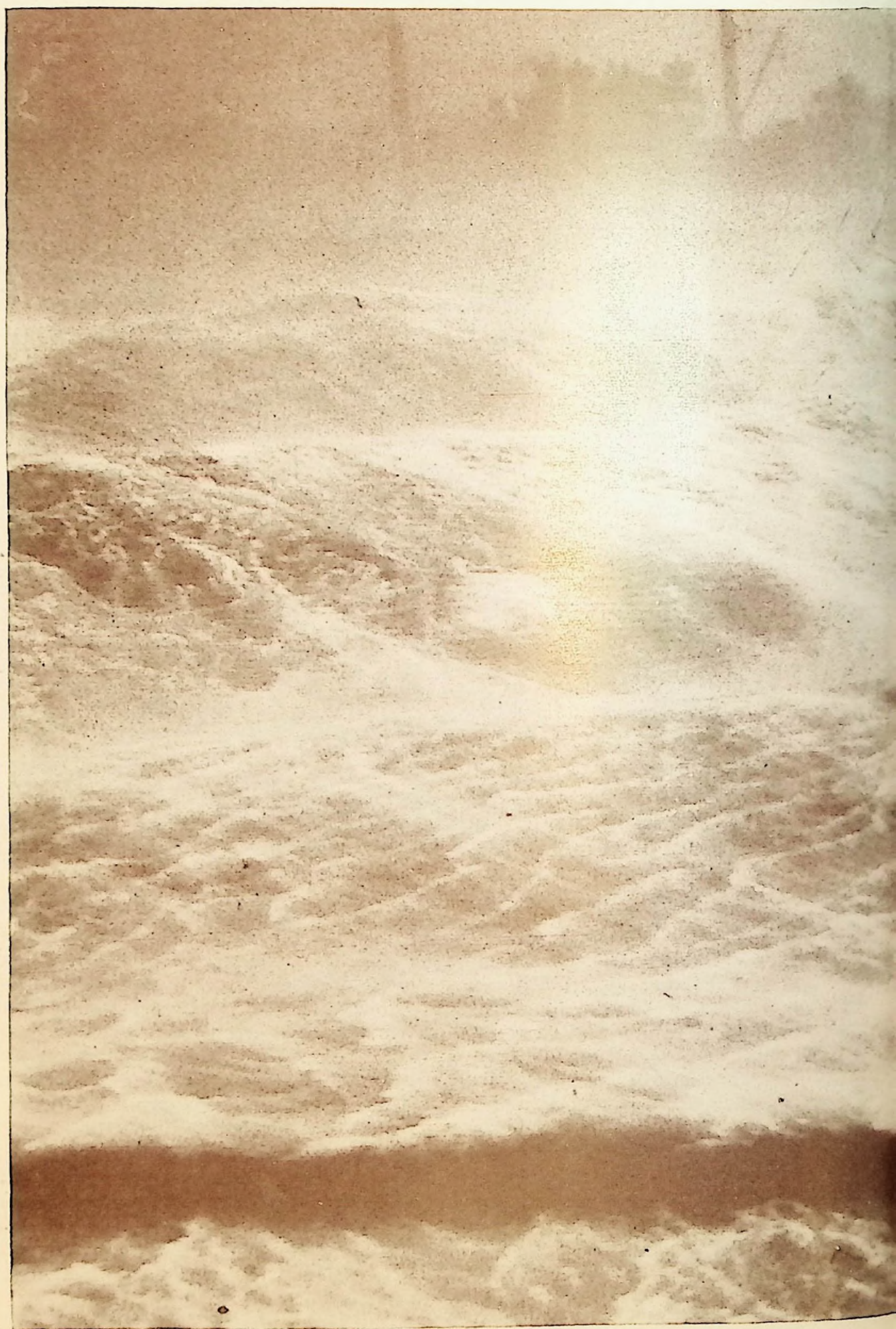


... and with ardent and reverent affection by a Chinese child in Formosa.

ONE OF THE CHIEF WONDERS of the many-splendored thing which is the Catholic Church is the manner in which the riches of the Christian treasury are held out in open and generous hands: the lavish gifts of love extended freely to all who come. Never is this bounty more in evidence than during the enchanted and enchanting season of Christmas. It is then that wherever on earth Catholics are found hearts take a sudden leap, and the sparkle that usually lights up only the eyes of the very young strikes an answering gleam in every eye. Men and women, whatever their age, whatever their background, wherever

they happen to be, suddenly take on an expression of eager expectancy, and all at once the world becomes a magic place, a sort of fairy-tale land, where everybody is very young, and everybody is looking forward with eagerness and laughter to something astonishing just about to happen.

And the wonderful thing is that something astonishing *does* happen. All of a sudden, the Christ Child has come: the heavens seem just to have burst open; angels sing *Glorias* just out of earshot, and laughter floods the earth. The Lord comes unto His own. It's a wonder. It's a miracle. It's Christmas.



When the wind starts to rise  
in the middle of the night

# I Remember Charlotte

GERARD E. BRAUN S.J.



IT WAS MIDNIGHT of August twenty-ninth in Tuguegarao in the Philippines. Heavy racing clouds had obscured the sun all day and it was definitely known that a typhoon "Charlotte" was on the move. Typhoons are however no novelty to the people of the Cagayan valley. This capital of the Cagayan Province is in the typhoon belt and it is a rare year that one or more storms does not bring destruction to the area.

On the southern edge of the city the Ateneo de Tuguegarao stands exposed near the banks of the Pinacanauan River. Beyond the river the treeless sweep of the valley stretches for miles and only three or four old acacia trees, weather twisted and discouraged, give any protection from the winds from the south.

This is tobacco country and fortunately the tobacco has been harvested and is in the *bodegas*. The flooded fields show a thin fresh green of newly planted rice and here and there are lush chartreuse carpets. These are the seed beds where the rice has been planted to sprout. From here it will be uprooted and planted, stalk by stalk, with back breaking patience in the watery fields.

At the Ateneo everyone was asleep except Father Pascua, the Rector, who was finishing his Breviary and was preparing to retire for the night.

There was a stiff wind buffeting the building but he was not alarmed. The typhoon was reported to be a few hundred miles to the east and this, he supposed, was just the usual wind to be expected on the periphery of one of these tropical storms. He took a look at the barometer before going to bed but it was not alarmingly low.

By half past twelve he was still not asleep and the rising wind convinced him that he should check on the security of the buildings. He went downstairs to check on the quarters of the resident students. Sixty boys in the dormitory and all fast asleep! He went around closing windows and bolting them. The sound of the wind was pitched higher and he realized that the storm was going to come closer than had been predicted. It was with difficulty that he was able to close the last of the windows.

He decided, reluctantly, to call the rest of the community to help in making things secure. The Fathers and Scholastics spread out through the buildings to do what they could at this late hour. Water was beginning to be forced through the walls by the pressure of the storm. The most critical areas were the library, the laboratories and the offices. One of the Fathers had his hand on a window to close it when the wind tore it from his hand. The hinges gave way and the whole sash went sailing off into the darkness. In the rumble of the storm he did not even hear it crash to the ground.

The wind was from the north and everyone, Fathers, Scholastics and students, scurried around moving things to the comparative safety of the south side. Water was running down from the ceilings in an increasing flow. Raincoats were thrown over books, trunks were opened and clothing was tumbled in to try to keep it dry. The galvanized iron roof drummed and complained. The building in the heavy gusts seemed to heave and sway like a ship at sea. The noise was awesome.

By now there was not a dry spot in the building. Mosquito nets, mattresses and bedding were soggy with the rain that penetrated every crevice in the siding and blew horizontally across the building. Branches and debris were hurled through the air and occasionally a window pane would shatter and the shards of glass would skim through the air, some of them imbedding themselves in the wood. Everyone huddled in the more protected corners, a wet blanket over their heads. The storm roared on.

Finally at about three o'clock there was a sudden lull. The transition from the clamor of the storm to this deathly quiet was almost frightening, but everyone thought it was over and began to talk happily and move around to survey the damage and see where they could find a comparatively dry place to sleep. Many had experienced a typhoon before but no one had ever been in the "eye" of such a storm.

In a few minutes the storm struck again with renewed violence, but this

time from the south where only a few battered acacias gave protection. Everything that had been put on that side of the building now had to be shifted to the other side; the northern side. The steady shriek of the wind almost drowned out any other noise and you could hardly hear the crash of branches against the building and the shrill squeal of nails being ripped out as sheet after sheet of galvanized iron was torn from the roof and sailed off into the night.

Everyone was cold and wet and tired. Father Rector sat on the floor with his head hanging in exhaustion and trembling with the cold. The noise was terrifying. But uppermost in his mind was the realization that there was nothing he could do about it but pray. The school was heavily in debt and where the money would come from for repairs he couldn't imagine. In two hours the worst of it was over and a grey dawn came to show the full extent of destruction.

Mass and breakfast cheered everyone up a bit and then we started out to find the missing pieces of our buildings. Twisted downspouts and gutters and bent sheets of corrugated roofing were hunted down in the surrounding area. Some sections of roofing had been torn off intact and,

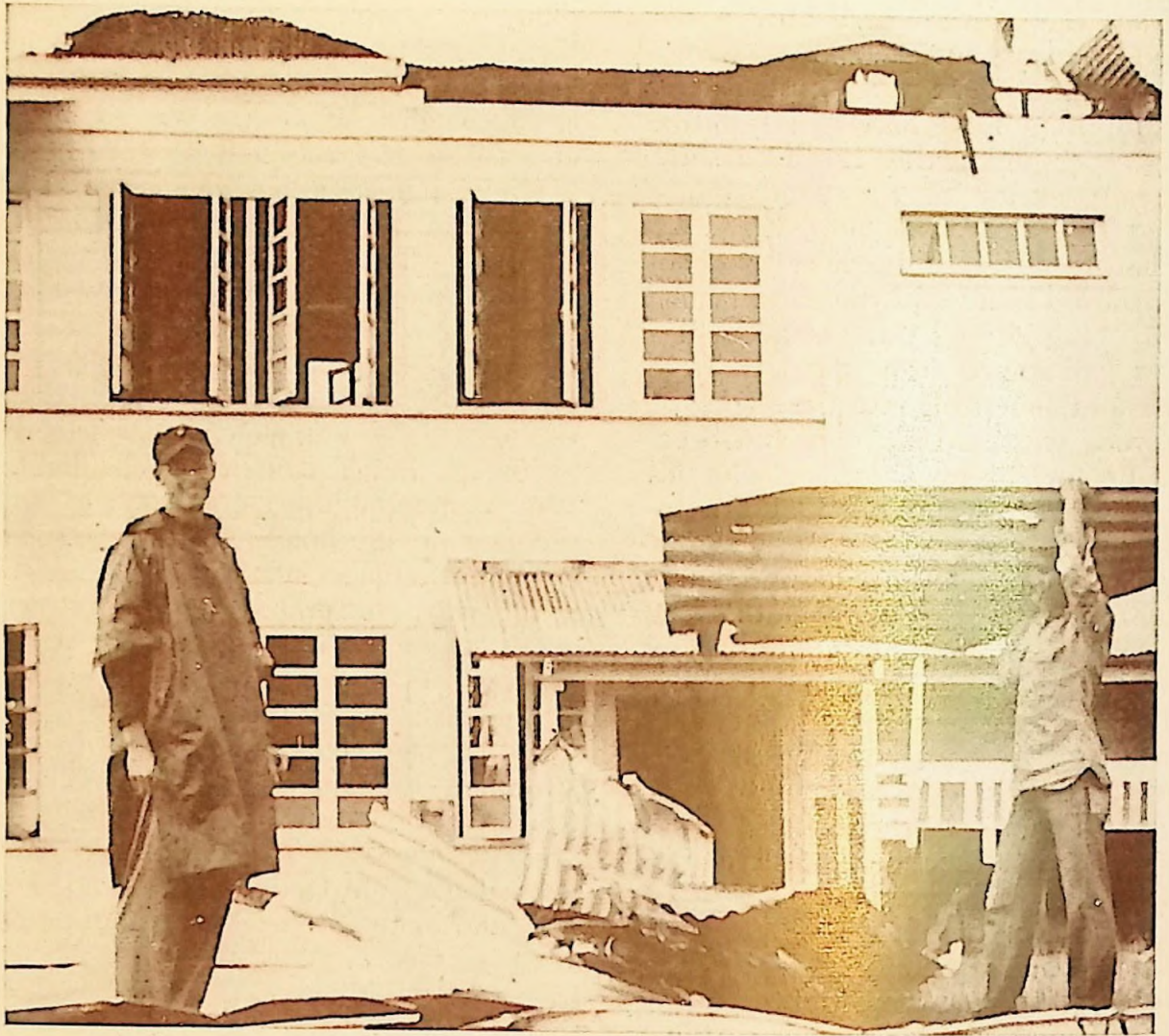
plunging down, had partially buried themselves in the ground. Branches littered the ground and we collected it all for the kitchen. If we had lost our shade, at least we had acquired firewood.

Our communications were completely cut off and the road to Manila, some four hundred kilometers away, was impassable. Bridges were down and sections of road washed out. It was from Manila that supplies would have to come for repair work. So the first thing to be done was to salvage our wreckage and to try to make things temporarily habitable. We hammered out our roofing and plugged up the holes. We bought some wood to replace some that had been torn away. Several two-by-fours and even some two-by-eights had been snapped off by the storm.

The airfield was flooded and so we were cut off even from the sky. In the afternoon the sun came out and our students pitched in to help. First the library. We took out the books and opened them up to dry in the sun. Bedding and clothes were strung from every available place. We swept the water from the buildings. We thanked God that it had not been worse. But we will remember "Charlotte" a long time.

"We heard a grinding, crunching sound; we gritted our teeth and prayed."





## *In Charlotte's Wake!*

AS YOU CAN SEE, Charlotte left ruin and destruction in her wake. The Ateneo in Tugueguerao in the Philippines suffered heavy damage. Extensive repairs will be needed. They will also be expensive. Could you find it in your heart to help the missionaries make needed repairs? Even a missionary needs a roof. Send \$5.00 or \$10.00, or whatever your generosity may prompt to

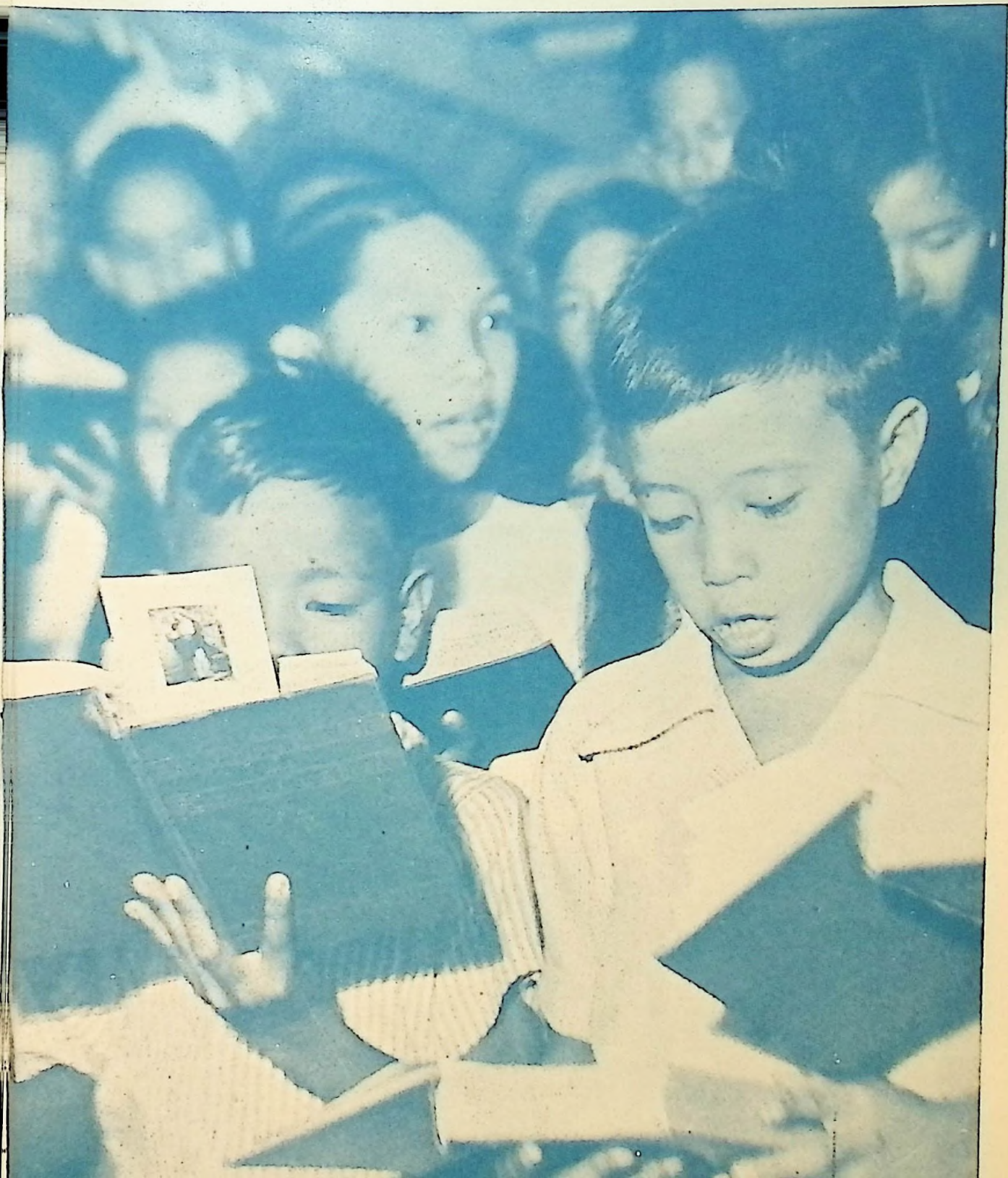
### JESUIT MISSIONS

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

*Pages from a*

# *Formosa Diary*

MONSIGNOR EUGENE E. FAHY S.J.



## FORMOSA DIARY

**S**ATURDAY: Today I went to the outskirts of Hsinchu to visit a widow with three growing children. She has no relatives and, until recently, no means of support. When a convert of Father Foley's in Taipei directed us to their humble hut a month ago, we immediately provided them with some clothes and quilts to replace their rags. The government granted them a monthly ration of rice, oil and fuel. Today I wanted to see what could be done about the education of the children. The mother welcomed Mr. Teng and myself with great politeness, expressing the unworthiness of her humble household. Invited to sit down, there was nothing in sight to sit on. A tiny bamboo stool appeared from a dingy room in the floorless hut. Dinner was being prepared: cabbage, cauliflower and, I presume, rice, though I didn't see any. She pressed upon us to join them when we had finished arranging for the schooling, but we were 'busy.' What would they have eaten? . . .

Wednesday: The workings of grace are wonderful. The little boy of one of our Catholic families just baptized last Assumption found a strange toy around his earthen house, a hand grenade left unnoticed from the days of the last war. He poked it in his little sister's mouth with great glee, then began to bang it on something more solid—and it exploded, tearing off part of his face and both hands. Father Dowd, making the rounds in the city hospital to arrange for visits for his sodalists, was aghast when led to his bedside. But the mother was radiant. "Think of how good God was, Shenfu. He protected both of my little daughters who were nearby and my son will live". . .

Grace of another variety. Accompanied by her aged mother and two brothers, Miss Maria Chen made the long journey by train from southern Taiwan to Hsinchu's Carmel, for her on a one way ticket. Entering the cloistered portals to become a Postulant from a Shanghai

family of 10 generations of Catholics, her mother expressed but one regret: "There should have been more from my family. I feel ashamed when I see nuns coming from families only recently converted". . .

Friday: I left in the early morning and drizzling rain to celebrate Mass at Chien Shih among the aborigines for their patronal feast. It's the first time I celebrated Mass in knee boots, but we tried to keep the feet feeling solemn. To the aborigines in their bare feet they no doubt looked it. Imagine, a year, less than a year ago, they knew nothing of God or His Church. Here they were with their serious tattooed faces and piercing eyes, squatting on their heels reverently attending the divine mystery of the Holy Mass, the younger ones chanting their prayers in Mandarin and singing hymns both in Latin and Mandarin. Poring over a map of his mountainous district after Mass, Father Jaeggy pointed out the different villages in which he has contacts and families taking instructions and singled out twelve centers in which he plans to establish posts. It really only leaves a handful of villages in the farther corners yet to be covered . . .

Monday: We are preparing a grand celebration in honor of the Holy Father. We are planning an outdoor Mass, weather permitting, procession through the city, and Benediction, the whole Mission participating to the number of two to four thousand, also depending on the weather. It will provide a little propaganda for the pagans, as well as be devotionally instructive for our neophytes and catechumens. Now that the preparations are in full swing, several have asked, "Where does the Pope live in Hsinchu?" When Father Palm explained to some of his elderly Taiwanese inquirers the significance of the coming event, one asked in an awed whisper, "You mean the one upstairs, is he the Pope?" The one upstairs was Fa-

ther Thornton! As I say, the celebration will be instructive, but it is mainly planned to bring the Church and its extent locally to the attention of those around us who as yet know it not, not at least sufficiently to inquire into its doctrine . . .

Sunday: The Mass, celebrated by Bishop Niu, was a spectacle. The staging set up by Brother Beneze and his carpenters, decorated in greens and the Papal Coat-of-Arms, made a beautiful setting for the altar. The pickup parked alongside provided the public address system. The Christians—about 4,000 strong—stood row on row across the parade ground, each group behind colorful banners, all praying and singing in unison. Bishop Niu preached a splendid sermon on the catholicity of the Church, one fold under one shepherd, of which the thousands before him representing so many nationalities were a living exemplification. Amongst the missionaries there were over a dozen nationalities; amongst the Christians and Catechumens, Chinese from every part of the mainland, Taiwanese of every linguistic group, including about a thousand aborigines.

At the end of the Mass the proces-

sion formed as one row after another followed into line behind a crossbearer and acolytes, a color guard carrying the National and Vatican flags, followed by the bands and the floats. Hsinchu has never seen anything like it. Huge paintings depicted the Holy Father blessing the world, and Christ bestowing the keys of authority upon St. Peter. Two large floats made living pictures, one a globe of the world with a youthful 'Pope' kneeling before a large crucifix and surrounded by children representing many nationalities and every race, another the barque of St. Peter with 12 little Apostles. Several statues of the Sacred Heart and of Our Lady were carried on biers by colorful guardians. The parade along the main streets of the city which were well lined with curious bystanders, took an hour and 35 minutes to pass any single point. Merchants along the way cooperated by hanging a string of fire-crackers in front of their shop to shoot off as we passed. Along the street where we have our Taiwanese Center and many friends, the whole street simply blew up and it sounded like the 3rd World War had begun! Now Hsinchu is aware of the Church!

Kids love a procession and also love to see what is going on behind the camera.



# 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 commercial Christmas season is in violent contrast to the spirit of the Church. Time-wise, the world traditionally begins its Christmas season the day after Thanksgiving and there is an evident emotional let-down the day after Christmas. During the same period the Church urges a spirit of prayer and sacrifice in preparation for the birthday of the Christ Child. Her season continues until the feast of the Purification.

The Advent season will inspire prayerful thoughts in your soul not merely for yourself but for our missionaries laboring for the birth of Christ in the souls of many. There will be the inevitable desire in your heart to do something for the Christ Child. Now here upon earth He is represented by His priests. This is particularly true of His missionary priests who live their days amid poverty and strangers seldom disposed to accept them and their teachings.

Though in this issue there are the names of many missionaries yet in our office we have hundreds more, and your Christmas gift will be accepted in the name of the Christ Child for them and for their work for Him.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

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

# A FIELD

## with American Jesuits

### SOME THOUGHTS ON RUNNING AWAY

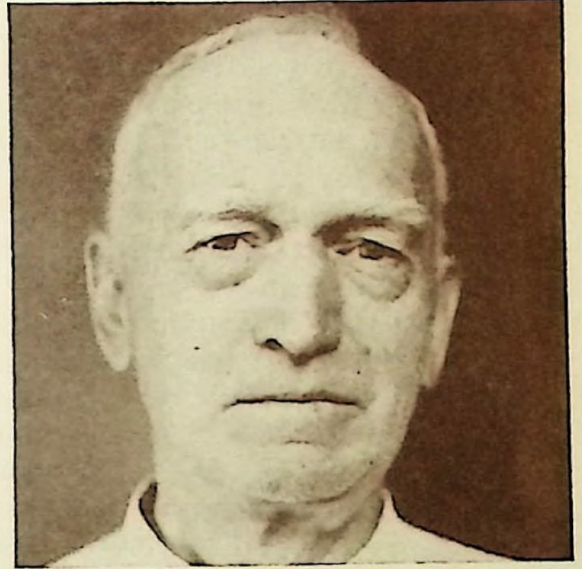


From Alaska Fr. John P. Fox S.J. writes: "Kids do funny things at times. For the parents, not so funny. Some years ago, a girl of about 12 was missing at Mountain Village. It was in summer; so the danger was not so great. Still the parents heartily regretted a scolding that apparently caused the flight. And they were more than glad to take back the prodigal, weeping and chewed up by mosquitoes, when she returned on her own power after about a day in the mountains behind the village.

"This time it was Francis Klukluck at Pilot Station. Unfortunately, his home is broken up; and Francis was staying with some distant relatives. Apparently he was lonesome, and once before, took French leave for a day. This time he was sent to the smoke house to get some fish. He did not return. Towards evening it was decided to look for him. After some hours they found him on top of a mountain, taking life easy.

"When the escapade takes place, as it does at times, in winter, the case is serious. And immediately every avail-

## SPOTLIGHT



Father Henry Coffey S.J. has been in the Philippine Islands for the last 35 years. This year he celebrated his Diamond Jubilee as a Jesuit in the important post which he has held for the last eighteen years, spiritual director to the young Jesuits in training.

With the exception of the years when he was Superior of the Philippine Mission, Father Coffey has spent most of his time as teacher and spiritual guide of the seminarians, Jesuit and diocesan. But it has not been an Ivory Tower existence by any means. One group which will ruefully testify to that is the non-Catholic street preachers whose Scriptural quotations and interpretations would be suddenly challenged and proven wrong, to the delight of the crowd, by the quiet scholar who had taught the classics, philosophy and theology as well as publishing a Hebrew grammar. *Ad multos annos!*

able man gets out to scour the surroundings. One night out would be too much for any child. And more than one could very easily freeze even a grown man into a solid block of ice.

"At times, the motive of a child's wandering away from home can be very innocent. When this missionary was about four years old, he got the idea that, by going to the top of a nearby hill, he could touch heaven, and (who knows?), maybe peep in. So he started out without further ado, across a grain field, to the top of the hill. The grain reached almost up to his neck; but he struggled through, leaving a trail of down-trodden wheat behind him. It was about a quarter of a mile to the top, and walking through the high wheat was hard work at that age. So he never got to peep into heaven. Instead, he got very tired, and finally laid down for a nap. The rest of the story is sort of hazy just now. But I guess he got a needed explanation of how one goes about reaching heaven. St. Paul peeped in; but that was rather exceptional for one still a denizen of this vale of tears."



#### THREE MOUNTAINS AWAY

Fr. Francis J. "Williams" McCauley, the acting pastor of Raj Anandpur in India reports:

"Yesterday we baptized 18 at Sidua (3 mountains from here) . . . one fellow turned back because his wife gave him galli at breakfast! I had Mass here at 6 a.m. then dashed over the hills with 25 school boys and headmaster Lane-Smith for an 8:45 a.m. Mass at Sidua followed by baptisms. During these Dick gave instruction in Hindi on the meaning of the various rites and prayers. Most of the people wanted their babies baptized but they themselves would follow later. They want to see what happens to the kids! . . . Kraits galore! Dick caught another in the boys' hostel the other night, plus two cobras earlier!"

#### CEYLON LETTER FROM FRANCIS BROU S.J.



"There is a story going round the country today that a member of the Ceylon Parliament very nearly set off a Parliamentary "free-for-all" by saying: "Mr. Speaker, half the members of this house are rogues and liars." The Speaker, midst thundering eruptions from all parties, factions, clerks, recorders and gallery, furiously banged his gavel and demanded that the member withdraw his statement. "All right, Mr. Speaker," the member replied, "I will withdraw that statement. Half the members are not rogues and liars."

"It was just an unimportant incident to brighten an otherwise dull session and made the the record a little easier to read. But three months ago there was no need to brighten the record. The bill then before the house was one that would replace English with Sinhalese as the State language. And after the long parade of words the bill was passed, making Sinhalese as the language of Ceylon and giving special consideration to Tamil in Tamil-speaking areas.

"I am not a prophet, and so will not attempt to predict what effects, good or bad, the bill will have in the country. But I know what effect it will have on foreign missionaries here. It means more time must be given to the study of languages. It means hours will be spent twisting one's tongue into horrible knots to achieve a correct pronunciation, and squinting one's eyes to read a language the letters of which all look alike.

"Already Marx and Engels are translated into Sinhalese and Tamil. Numerous Communist pamphlets printed in both languages are being circulated. The politicians canvass their votes through the medium of Sinhalese and Tamil. Even Nestles chocolates are advertised in the vernacular. And we too have begun our campaign to break through the language barrier. This year five American missionaries are spending a year in language

study, three in Tamil and two in Sinhalese. It is a big sacrifice to give up the services of five men from active ministry at the same time. It is an equally difficult sacrifice for the language student to spend his whole day thumbing through dictionaries, consulting grammars, and memorizing verbs. But we are preparing for the battle. We WILL bring Christ to the people—and in the vernacular, too! We ask that you pray for the success of our campaign.”



**DILEMMA**

In Jamaica Fr. Harry W. Ball S.J. witnessed a dilemma. His own description follows:

“In the ‘Tablet’ recently they have been having discussions with the Anglicans on the ‘Real Presence.’ It reminds me of a visit made to St. Helen’s at Linstead. The local Low Church Anglican parson brought a visiting parson from another part of the island and asked me to show him about the church, then newly finished. On entering, I genuflected, the local Welshman stood straight as a ramrod, and his visitor genuflected. They impaled themselves on the horns of the dilemma: either Christ is present and the local parson was refusing due homage, or Christ is not present and the visitor was idolatrous! How can they both belong to the same religion and differ on such an essential? Logic, thy name is not Anglicanism.”

**FATHER, MOTHER, BROTHER IN JAMSHEDPUR**



At Loyola School in Jamshedpur, a scholastic can usually find something to keep himself occupied as Lawrence Dietrich S.J. explains:

“Back to Loyola and to work, teaching Geometry, Trigonometry, Algebra, Civics and Religion to two years, plus running the “Sodality” and the “Knights of Loyola” keeps me pretty much on the go. Add to that duties of ‘Hostel Prefect’ and you’ll begin to see my ‘perpe-

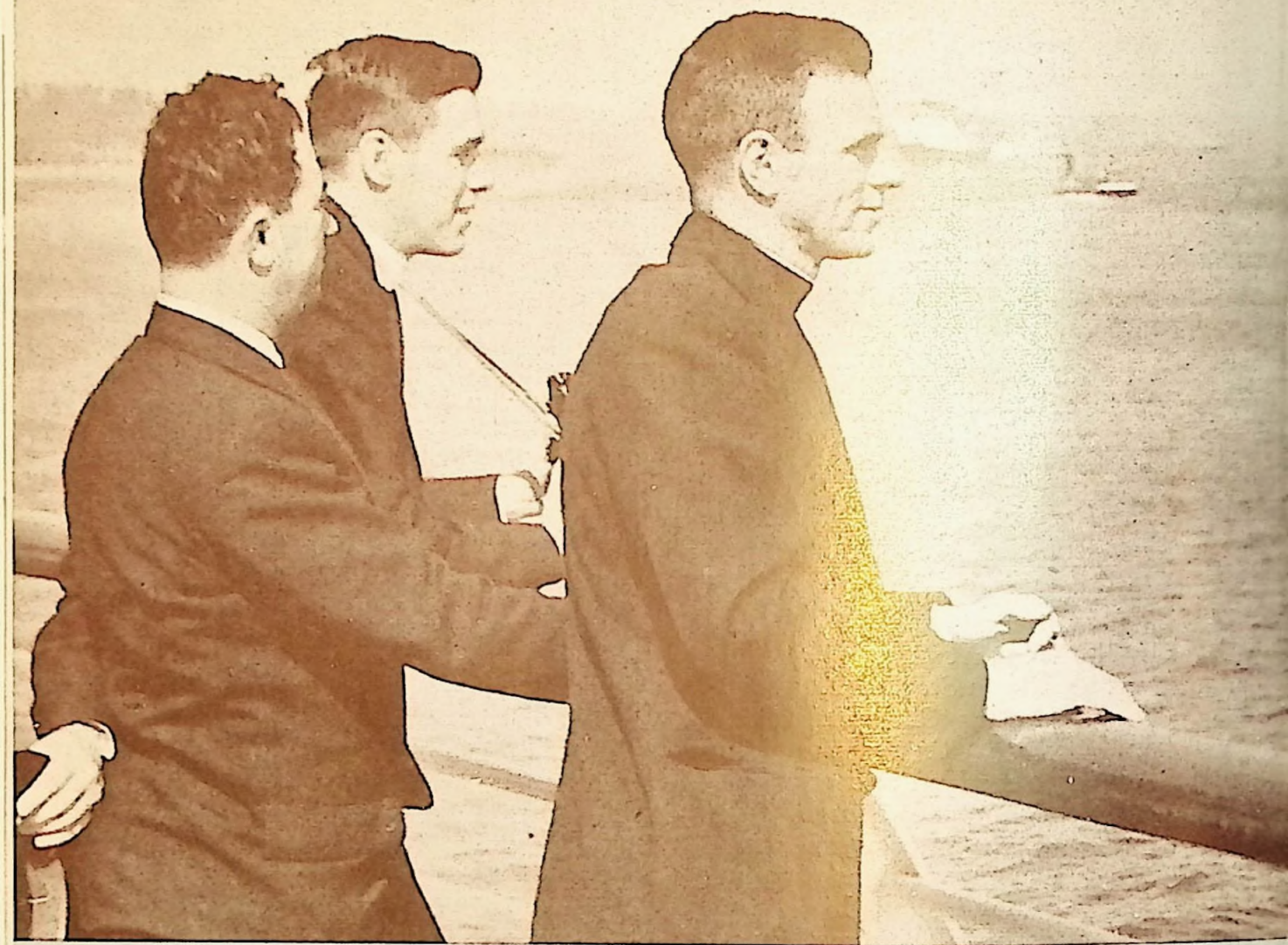
tual motion routine.’ Working with the boys, especially with the hostel boarders, is a great experience. We have youngsters from Kindergarten through High School, following the English Cambridge System, wonderful kids from every walk of life. Being Father, Mother and Brother to them in the hostel is the experience of a lifetime. Just to give you some idea of what they do with my leisure moments, here’s our daily schedule: I rise at 4:00 a.m., and, after Mass and an hour of mental prayer, wake the boys in the hostel at 5:45, do exercises with them for about five minutes, then to breakfast. School Assembly—7:20, class till 12:30. After lunch my boys take a nap, get up and shower at 2 p.m., study until 4, have tea and then play until 5:30. Another shower and study until 7:00 p.m., dinner at 7:30, the regular time here in India. At 8:00 they have library story-book reading or letter writing, 8:30 prayers and to bed. Once I have them tucked away it’s time to begin my preparations for the next day, to correct stacks of homework books or tests, or to plan a Sodality or Knight’s meeting, or a field day for the nearest holiday. Occasionally I get some sleep!”

**MUSIC FOR RELAXING IN THE CEMETERY**



We would be skeptical of the following item if it was not guaranteed by the episcopal authority of Bishop McEleney of Jamaica.

“We have acute problems at our cemetery,” he writes, “and I like to call in there on Saturday afternoons and talk to the men. They have just received a wage increase but asked me last Saturday for further consideration. They want my approval on obtaining a wire to the cemetery from Radio Jamaica for a program of Radio Rediffusion on our local net work. They contended that week ends especially in the cemetery were somewhat dull. Their petition was granted without demur.”



**E**LECTION DAY was just around the corner so we weren't surprised that the Ancient Missionary was thinking along those lines. "If all the missionaries overseas, who are United States citizens, applied for absentee ballots, which political party would gain the most?" he suddenly shot at us. It was the kind of question that was not calculated to help our task of the moment, the preparation of the matter for pages 30 and 31 of the December issue, so we evasively asked, "How many missionaries are citizens?"

"Over 5,100," he snapped. "As a matter of fact," and he glanced at the pamphlet he was reading, "there are exactly 5,126." He held up his source of information, the booklet published

by the Mission Secretariat in Washington on the U.S. Catholic overseas missionary personnel. "Of course that number represents only a mere 5% of the Church's total mission personnel."

"Are you trying to make some wild connection between political affiliations and the fact that our U.S. personnel are five-percenters?" we asked severely.

"Not at all. Such a thought would occur only to certain types of mind, and I use the term 'mind' loosely," retorted the Ancient Missionary airily. "But it is interesting to note the place of origin, the home base, of these men and women who have taken on the greatest job this earth of God's can offer." He was speaking softly now, and it wasn't 78th St. that stood in his eyes but the deep long-



# Window on the Mission World

## Are Missionaries Democrats or Republicans?

ing of a man who has given, and yearns to give the little left, to Christ.

He snapped back to the situation and his quick glance found us looking elsewhere. "Four archdioceses," he went on, "Boston, Brooklyn, New York and Philadelphia, supply practically one-third of all our missionaries. I don't intend to enter upon the challenging question of just how many people in foreign lands have learned the English language with a Boston or Brooklyn accent—oh, pardon me. That's a delicate subject with you, isn't it? But a political analyst could make a shrewd guess of the probable voting power of our missionaries when he sees that almost half of them, 48% to be exact, come from three states, New York, Massachusetts and Pennsylvania."

"I mention that angle merely because in these hectic days the emphasis is entirely on the voting potential. Of far greater importance is the realization which every Catholic should have of our spiritual potential on the mission fields. This is the first year our American missionaries have numbered over 5,000—but that is less than 3% of all our priests, sisters, brothers, etc. in the United States. We have a long way to go before we can match a country like Ireland which has one priest overseas for one at home."

"Oh, I know that we are only a young country—in fact, when I first went on the missions the United States was still under Propaganda Fide. That was less than fifty years ago. The Church here has come a long way in that time. But the figures show that the concentration has been at home. I keep dreaming of the day when the balance will swing the other way and America will field a mission force that will be one of the most powerful in history. Remember that, will you? And—" he got up slowly, "do a little praying while you're remembering!"

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



## Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

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**There is a Mission at Hsinchu**, in Formosa, directed by Father Patrick Shaules. With your help he has been able to construct an open-air pavilion which takes care of 110 catechumens. Children have a bamboo shed to themselves.

Father's present needs—and Father Brennan makes the same request—are for pictures of the Sacred Heart to hang on the bare walls of the parishioners' homes. These pictures would cost 25 cents. Rosaries are needed—at the same price.

If you would like to help, your gift to help purchase these religious articles can be sent to the JESUIT MISSIONS office at 45 E. 78th Street, New York 21, N.Y. This is an easy and practical way for our readers to spread devotion to the Sacred Heart and to the Blessed Mother.

**Father Keating Has a Gift from God** which cannot be bought at any price. Working with him is a lay apostle, a young man who has dedicated himself to mission work without salary on this Crow Indian reservation. The young man is a wonderful worker and is chafing at the bit to do even more if Father Keating only had the money to buy paint and lumber. Last Sunday's collection was \$1.38 and the monthly statement from the bank states: Balance—\$5.08.

Father Keating is rich in the gift of the lay apostle but awfully poor in dollars and cents. Could you add \$1.00 to Father Keating's bank account for next month? He has to pay for food and heat for two Sisters and for lunch for the little Indians. He could sure use \$1.00.

**Roller Trouble Has Come**, just as was expected by Brother Karpinski. Brother

has been manager of the Sanjivan Press for 7 years and has done wonderful work in supplying northern India with Catholic literature in Hindi and English.

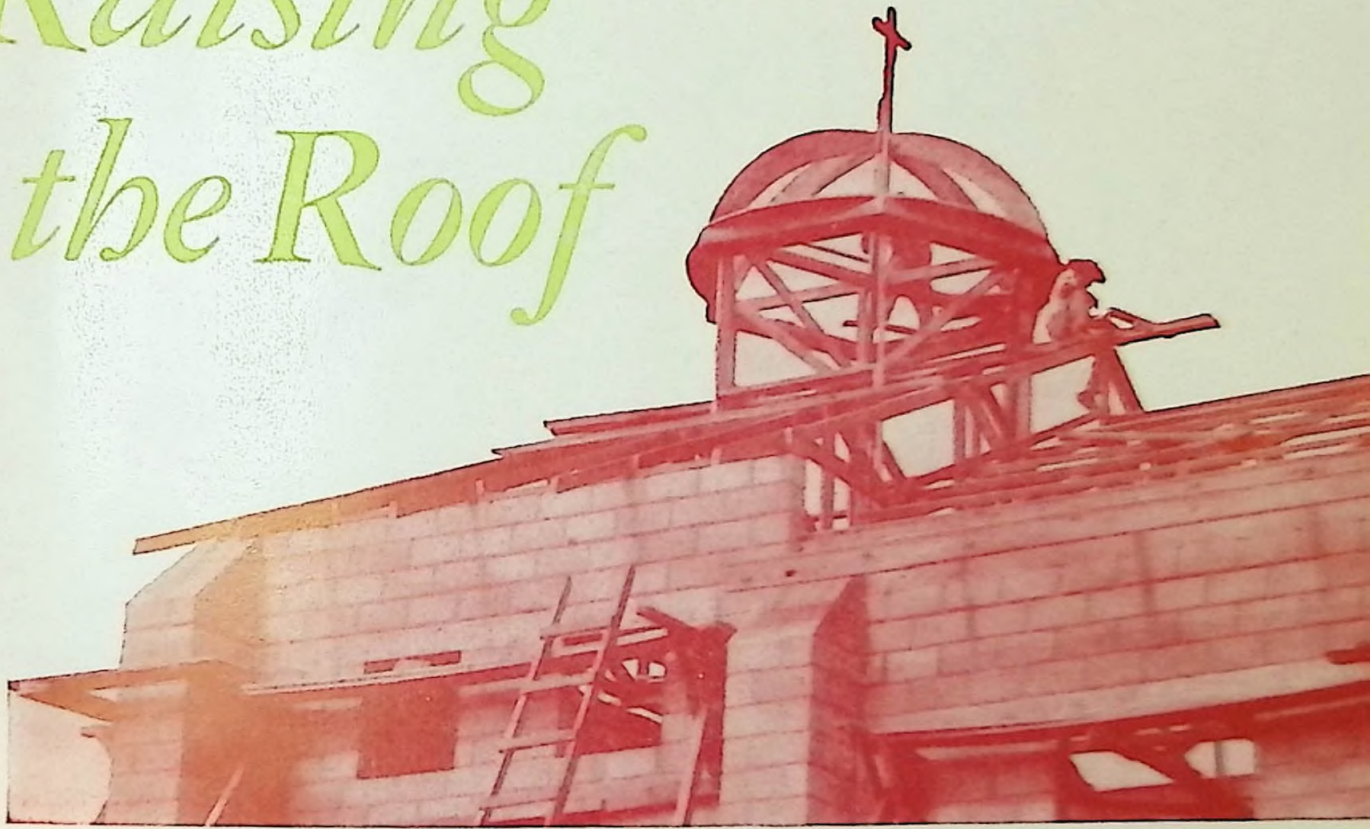
The rollers on the press, however, have worn so badly they must be replaced if the printing is to continue. It will cost \$200 for new rollers. Perhaps you would like to help this important apostolate with your gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00.

**It Sounds Like an Exaggeration** to say that some of our missionaries have the trick of being in two places at the same time. It can be done and it isn't a miracle either. With the help of Catholics especially trained for giving religious instruction a missionary can double or treble his contacts and increase his conversions.

These instructors, or catechists, should work full time to be really effective. Since they have to eat and support a family they must get a salary from their missionary director. Hence, we have the plea from Father Joseph Mann of Piru, India, (see his story in this issue) for help for his lay apostles who can live on \$11.00 a month. When the cost is broken down it would be about 39 cents a day—\$2.75 a week—\$11.00 a month. Would you pay for one day, one week, or a month, please?

**A Hospital Bill** worries Father Rodriguez of Poona, India. He says: "Last Tuesday one of the Catholic girls was rushed to the hospital for an emergency operation. She is recovering but wonders about the future since she supports her semi-invalid father and can't pay her \$100 debt." Would you help this girl?

# Raising the Roof



**I**F YOU LOOK closely at the illustration you will see two young men raising the roof of a church. The church is in El Negrito, Yoro, and Father John Murphy is responsible for the work. But he needs more help. The church needs an inner ceiling, beneath the roof. It needs windows. It needs doors and benches and an altar rail and linens and vestments. Would you help Father Murphy finish the church and make it a fit dwelling place for Our Lord? Send \$5, or \$10, or whatever you can. Your contribution will be received with joy and prayerful gratitude at

*Jesuit Missions*

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# IN HIS MOTHER'S PLACE



*The Infant Christ* needed swaddling clothes at Bethlehem and Mary, His Mother, supplied them. Christ's priests in the missions need vestments for Mass. Will you take the place of His Mother? The climate, especially in tropical countries, is very hard on cloth, and keeping the vestments fitting and decent is a problem for the missionary. He must see to it that every one of his chapels is equipped with vestments in the five liturgical colors. They need not be elaborate ones, but light and suitable for his circumstances. Can you help clothe Mary's missionary? We can purchase the vestments at \$25 a set.

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If you would like to give a set in memory of a departed relative or friend, or for some other intention, send us a donation and we will see that the needy missionaries are supplied. Christ's name belongs on your Christmas list.

**JESUIT MISSIONS**  
45 E. 78th Street, New York 21

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