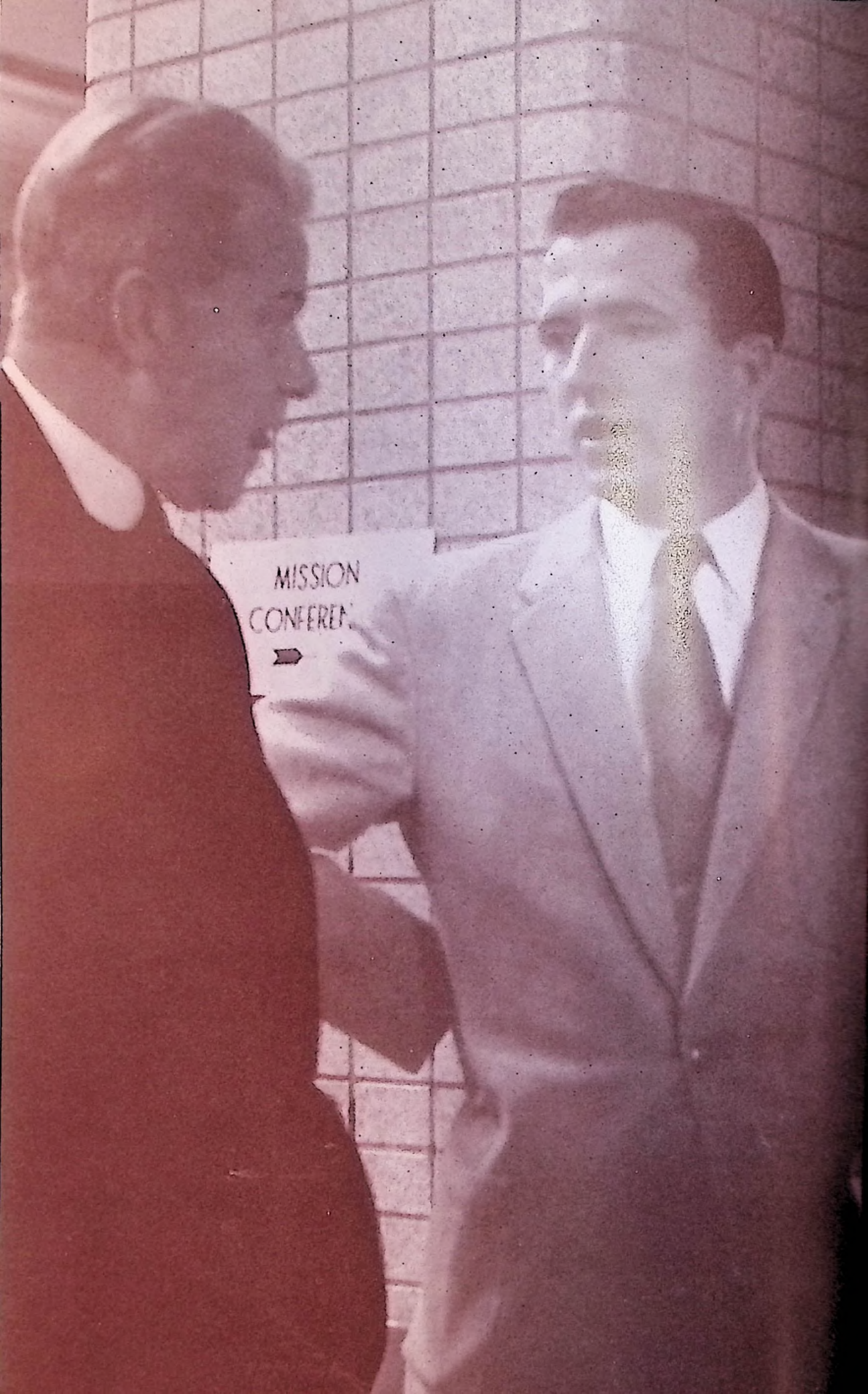
Jesuit Missions

New Shepherd for the Islands

APRIL, 1957


MISSION

A new and important factor in the work of the missions is the active part being played by the laity.

This is YOUR *hour*

EDWARD L. MURPHY S.J.

THIS IS YOUR HOUR on the missions, you of the Catholic laity. Too long have our people considered the business of the missions as the concern solely of priests and nuns. Now, as the understanding of the lay apostolate grows deeper, as the part of every Catholic in mission work becomes clearer, men and women are leaving their homelands and actively participating in mission work in Africa, Asia, South America and other fields. This hour has been a long time coming, but that is understandable.

A century ago people thought it very strange to be sending nuns to the foreign missions. It just had not been done before. The missions were no place for a woman. Yet in our times there are more missionary sisters than missionary priests and brothers.

Some people always seem to suspect the value of what they think is new or out of the ordinary. But after a century no one can doubt the marvelous contribution made by the sisters to the spread of the

(Left) At the Mission Specialists Meeting at Fordham (see page 17) Father Murphy chats with Gerald Mische, former missionary in Yucatan and leader in lay missionary work for men.

COVER. The camera catches the genial kindliness of the newly appointed Vicar Apostolic of the Caroline and Marshall Islands, the Most Reverend Bishop Vincent Kennally. (Cf. p. 20)

faith. After all, what would priests and brothers be doing trying to run hospitals, orphanages, dispensaries, girls schools, social works? Then again, why should not the women in mission lands have the example of religious vocations for women by the presence of sisters? We would not be doing our job, if we were not fostering vocations for the full, future life of these growing Churches. Now we have sisters by the thousands who are Africans and Asians.

Strong emphasis is now placed on the lay apostolate. The laity are volunteering for the missions. But again some look on this development with suspicion. It is all right for the laity to do apostolic work in this country. But what would they be doing on the missions? That is a vocation for priests and religious. A century ago these people would have said the same thing about missionary sisters. They would have been just as surprised at the idea of missionary sisters as they are now at the idea of lay missionaries. They think the missionary work of the Church is still the responsibility only of priests and religious. The laity should pray for the missions and give material aid—nothing more.

We need to do some straight thinking on this subject. The Pope in 1946 remarked to the Cardinals: "The faithful are stationed in the front ranks of the life of the Church . . . they must have a clear consciousness, not only of belonging to the Church, but of being the Church." Rather strong words and it is good that the Pope spoke them, not some one else. I doubt if any one would restrict the Pope's words to mean the front ranks only at home.

All of us must grow up with the Church. The Holy Spirit always prepares the Church for the needs of mankind in every age. The obvious preparation for our times is the growth of the sense of apostolate among the laity, encouraged by the Holy See. This should not be questioned or restricted. Rather it should be welcomed and guided because it promises so much for the spread of the faith. It would be arbitrary to say that the laity should collaborate with the hierarchy in spreading the faith at home, but not with missionary bishops in spreading the faith in mission lands. The Pope has never said that. Actually he has encouraged the idea of lay mission helpers time and again.

The way in which the Church does her missionary work is not always and in all details the same. Missionary work now includes many more activities than it did four centuries ago. Missionaries are expected to do many more things; education, press, health programs, agricultural development, community planning, medicine, economic improvement. The missionary is much more than the teacher of Catechism and the dispenser of the Sacraments. In a true and vast sense the missionary is the builder of the infant Church. And we know that a strong Church means much more than sermons, catechism classes and the Sacraments. It is the center of our lives.

Many of the works done by missionary priest and religious could be done by lay missionaries. For example, a group of young Belgian workers went out to Africa to build a seminary and they remained to build a school. Numbers of doctors, nurses, teachers, social workers

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In Brazil a girl member of a Grail Medical-Social team interviews a family. (Photo: The Grail)

and skilled workers have been going to the missions from Europe for years. There are some American lay missionaries. But many more could be used. This is a wonderful hour for the spread of the faith in many parts of the world. It is the hour, too, for the lay missionary—it is *your* hour.

(For further information on this work contact: **Mission Secretariat**
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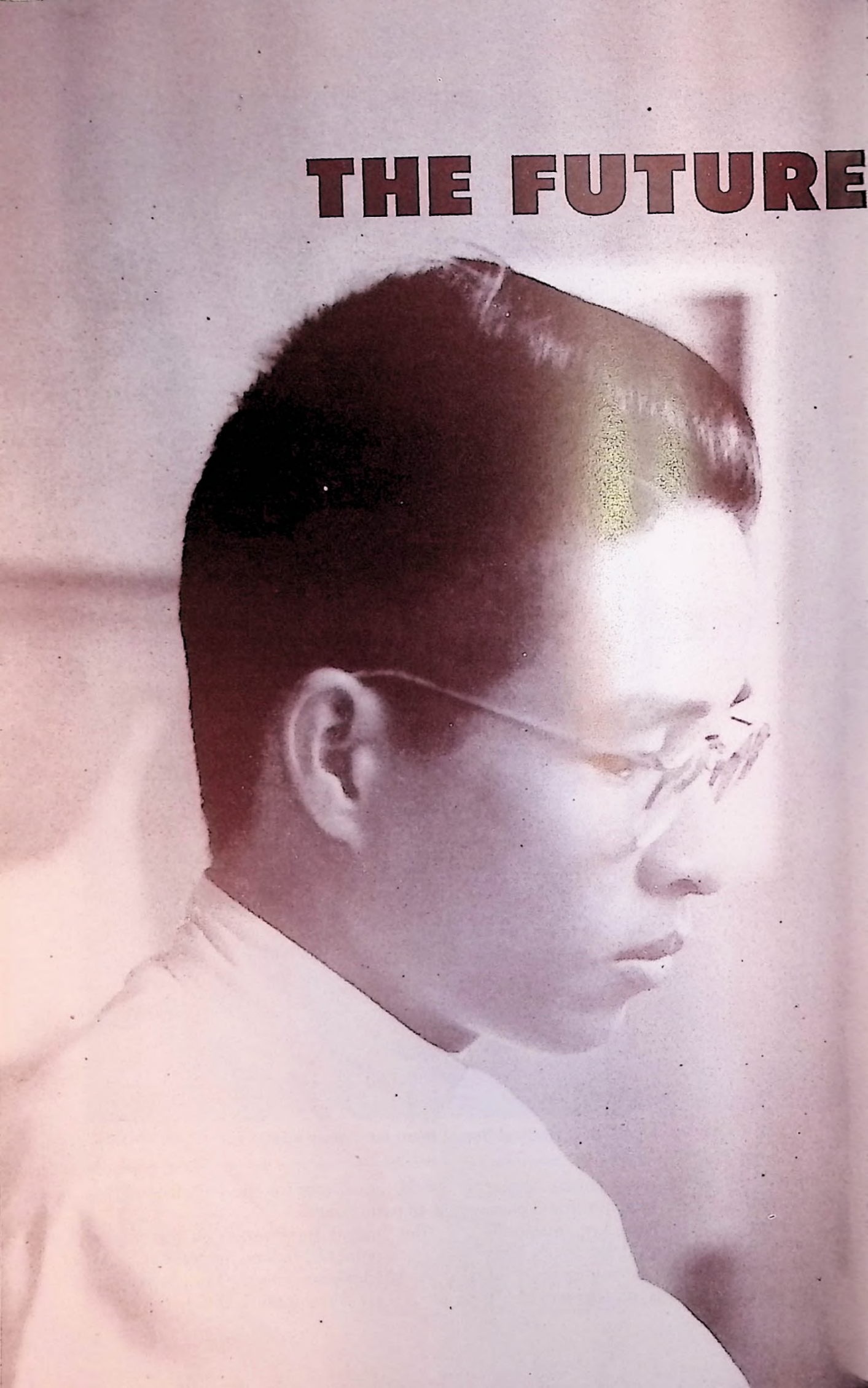
THE FUTURE

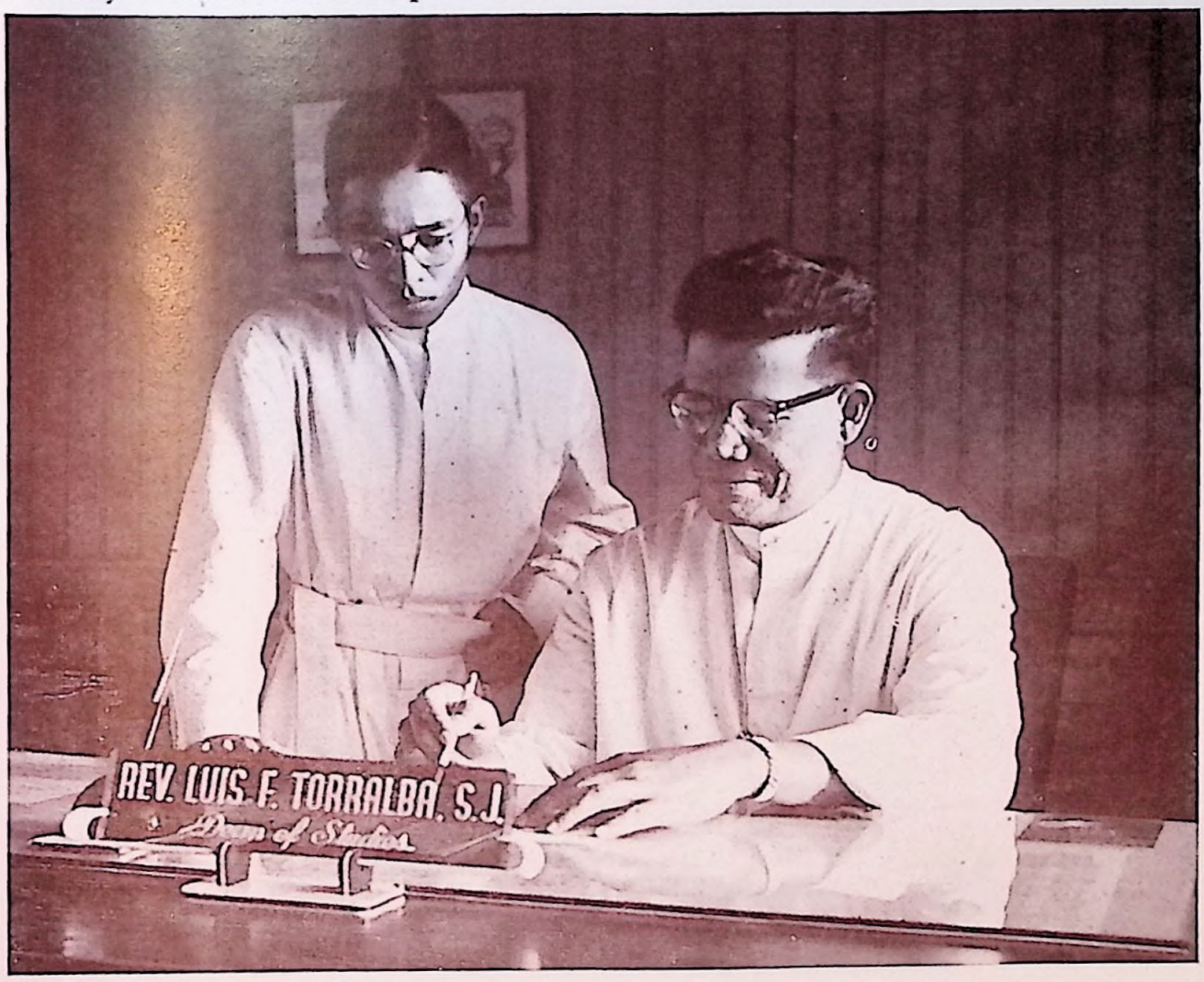


IS HIS

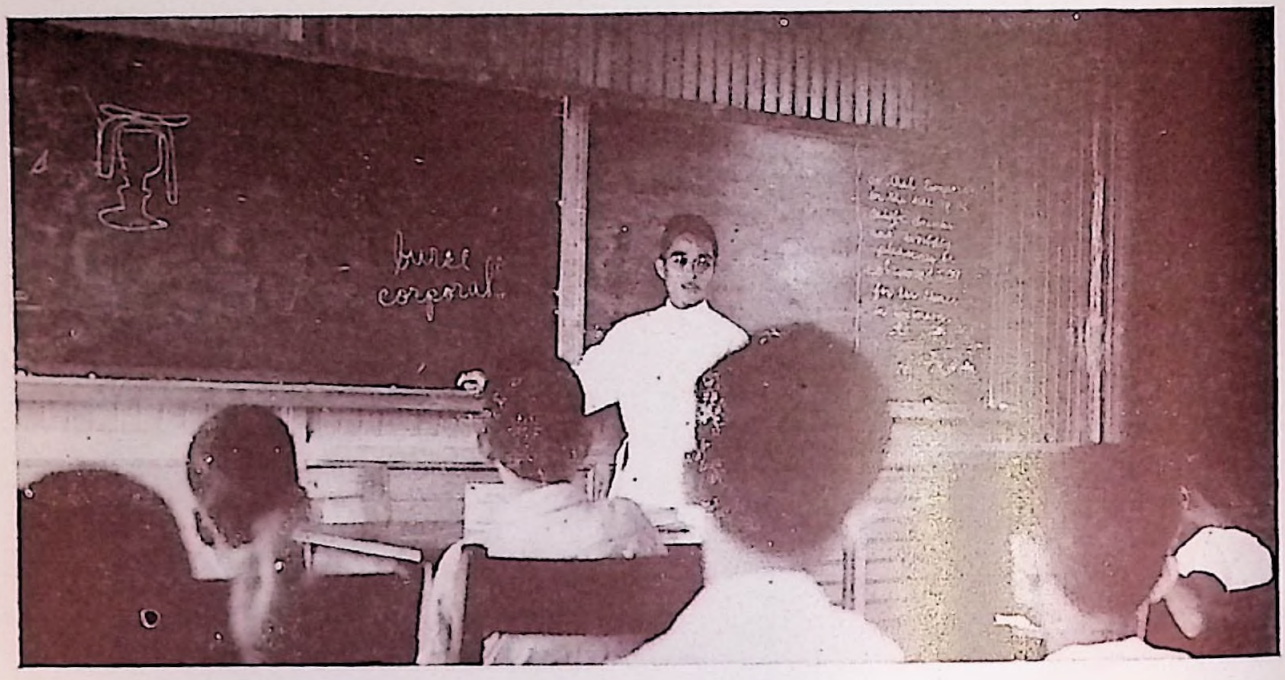
His name is Simeon Reyes and he is a Filipino Jesuit teaching at the Ateneo de Zamboanga on Mindanao, the hen-shaped island whose beak is Zamboanga, stretching out towards the kernels of the Sulu archipelago. Simeon Reyes is twenty-seven years old today, as this is written, and he symbolizes the Philippines of the present and the future.

The Filipino Jesuits now outnumber the Americans in the islands and the day may not be far off when the latter will move to another field and leave the Church in the Philippines to the care of its own nuns and priests. That is why Simeon Reyes and his fellow Filipino teachers are so important. Into their hands the youth of a young nation will be entrusted and the future of the Philippines depends upon those who are being trained today. It is a sacred trust and, under God, Simeon Reyes and his brethren will fulfill it.

Simeon Reyes S.J. listens attentively to Father Aloysius Torralba, Dean of the Ateneo de Zamboanga. The Society of Jesus conducts seven Ateneos in the Philippines with an enrollment of almost eleven thousand students so it is easy to understand the importance of the task entrusted to them.



This is the second year in the classroom for the teacher. Beside his regular teaching schedule he is also Moderator of Our Lady's Sodality and in charge of the altar boys. With over a thousand boys in the Ateneo de Zamboanga there isn't likely to be many a quiet moment.



Sports mean more relaxed moments and this is the time when a young teacher can draw closer to his charges. It has been said that most of the vocations to the Jesuits are first attracted by the contacts with the teachers who are closest to the students in age and in their activity.

The American and Filipino Jesuits have always worked well together and they have known how to laugh together, too. Building the Kingdom of Christ is the happiest task on this earth as well as the most rewarding.

The students of Holy Cross Mission in Alaska fly 540 miles to their new Copper Valley school

Operation Confusion

HERDING CHILDREN onto a school bus can be a poignant reminder of St. Augustine's famous dictum that peace is the "tranquillity of order." A school plane only enhances and glamorizes confusion. The presence of two Jesuits and two sisters on the trip hardly offsets the excitement and disorder of 26 boys and girls with all their personal belongings.

This happy confusion occurred recently in Alaska when the pupils of Holy Cross Mission flew 540 miles to their new school at Copper Valley. The old boarding school and orphanage at Holy Cross yields to the bright new one which the begging of Father Buchanan and the construction skill of Father Spils have made possible. Half of the pupils and staff had already left for the new school to be greeted by the Boston accents of the five volunteer teachers who have been preparing for them. The airlift made easy the transfer of the remainder in half a day.

President Nelson David and Vice-president R. W. Starkey of Alaska Airlines donated their planes and services for the unusual flight. They were glad, they said, to help the orphan students and the new school, and to give the pupils the extra thrill of going to school by plane. Mr. David wanted to fly a big DC-4 right to Holy Cross but it is impossible to land a plane of that size there. Instead they flew four Stinson AT-19's—rugged bush planes—into Holy Cross, ferried the pupils to Aniak, and then loaded them aboard the DC-4.

A lead plane with Fr. John Buchanan and three reporters set out for Holy Cross on Saturday to get background pictures and organize the move to Copper Valley School. Bad weather forced the flight down at McGrath for the night. The next morning they tried to cross the mountains between Holy Cross and McGrath but used up all their fuel without making it and had to return to McGrath. After refueling they tried a new approach and finally made it at about 11:30 in the morning with the four Alaska Airlines planes.

In the 30-below-zero weather Bishop Gleeson, Brother Hess and Father Buchanan could easily have been mistaken for construction supervisors as they helped hoist the pupils and their heavy luggage aboard the planes. The round trip to Aniak took about forty minutes. By 2:45 all had left Holy Cross including the two Jesuits, Bro. John Hess and Mr. Thomas Gallagher, and the two Sisters of St. Ann, Sisters M. Edward and M. Alice. By seven in the evening all were safely stored at Copper Valley ready for Monday morning classes the next day.

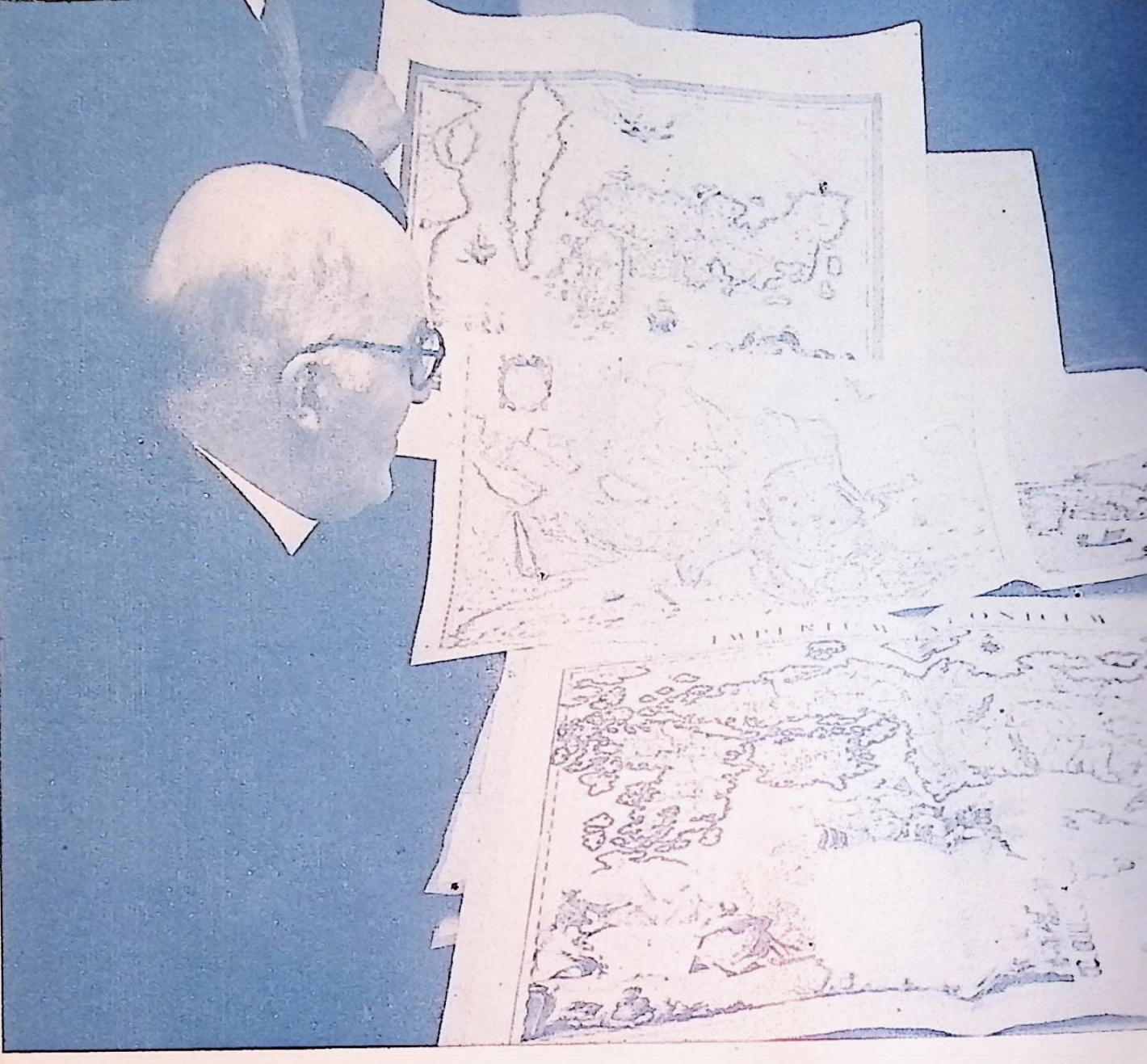
Three sisters, two Brothers and veteran Father Fox S.J. remain behind at Holy Cross Mission. The seventy-year old orphanage and boarding school is gone but they still have about 250 people under their care in the village. The school facilities will now be used for the village youngsters. Loads of surplus articles have been peddled at give-away prices: good mattresses at $2.25 apiece, second hand lumber at 5¢ a board, clothes, shoes, books, dishes, sewing machines, washstands, blankets, skates and skies for about what transportation

Even the novelty of going to school by plane is insufficient to keep everyone awake.

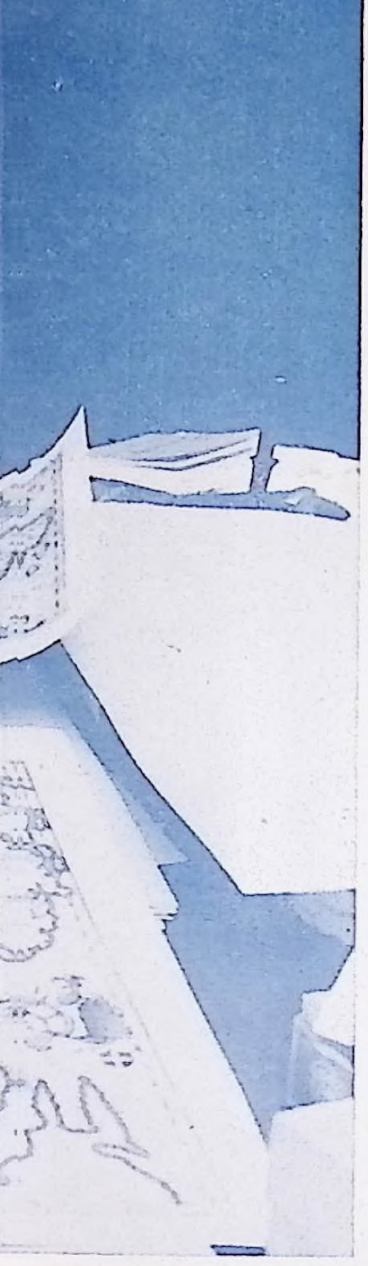
from the United States would cost. This has served to assuage the loneliness of the villagers at losing the boarders.

Father Fox reports that there is plenty of work to do at the old mission. Sr. M. Ida cooks, is village nurse, does the laundry and a host of additional odd jobs. Sr. Therese Bernadette keeps busy with the 6, 7 and 8th grades, writes the school reports, is official weather observer and still finds time to direct singing and do extra jobs around the house. The Superior, Sr. M. Pius, also teaches the children of the 3, 4 and 5th grades and is sacristan for the church and chapel. Bro. Aloysius Jakes S.J. keeps the convent furnace going, does carpentry, is the organist, helps with the altar boys, also bakes twice a month, freezes the loaves and then thaws them as needed. Bro. Francis Fox S.J. services the light plants and takes care of everything mechanical about the mission. Father Fox, in addition to his duties as Superior, spends an hour and a half daily in the classroom and tries to keep up his letter writing to friends who supply the bread and butter for the mission.

At the new Copper Valley School there is also great activity and still some confusion because construction of additional facilities is still going on. But the children who arrived in transports of joy are quite content.



NOTED IN Nippon



(Left, above) Father John Laures S.J., expert on Christian history in Japan, with rare and ancient maps of Land of Rising Sun.

(Right) Jesuits and students of Sophia University load relief rice from U.S. for farmers in Hokkaido whose crops failed.

(Left) Flower arrangement is important in Japanese culture so Jesuit missionaries study intricacies of complicated art.

The Blessed Mother brings light to those who trust in her

Darkness

JOSEPH D. WADE S.J.

Falls on Ladimiro

LADIMIRO WAS FORTY-FIVE years old when he married and his wife forty. Love had come late for Ladimiro, but no man was ever happier on the day of his marriage. Emelinda was not a beautiful woman, but she had an unusually fine character, and she had a sympathy and understanding of Ladimiro that made him feel someone very special in the Yoro district of Honduras.

In lovely Chamelecon, a small village, on the rocky Rio de Tonalingo, Ladimiro worked peacefully at his trade, sometimes making excursions into nearby villages to get better work. He was a fine carpenter, considering that he had had no formal training, and that he was from a small village.

With Emelinda at his side Ladimiro's character blossomed. He never worked harder in his life than during those months when he was preparing for the advent of their first child. The great day came. The midwife was called, and all possible in the little village was done to save Emelinda. At the agonizing end she took his hand and kissed it and said, "Ladimiro, no matter what happens, have confidence in La Virgen Santisima. She will not abandon you in the end." Then Emelinda was gone. And darkness fell on Ladimiro.

As the years passed little Emelda grew into a beautiful child, and gradually drove the darkness out of the soul of Ladimiro. All his life was wrapped up in that child, and she brought happiness to the heart of Ladimiro. He gloried in her beauty, and basked in the sunlight of her solicitous attention to him. Ladimiro was getting to be rather old now, but he was still very strong and active, and still the best carpenter in that whole region.

When Emelda was eighteen Ladimiro came home, one day, to find a note on the table: "Dear Father, pardon me for what I am doing. I tried to get him to marry me. He has promised to do so later. I cannot live without him. Father, pardon me. Emelda."

This time the grief of Ladimiro was even deeper than at the death of his beloved Emelinda. He walked around like a man out of his mind. Soon he began to drink. For days at a time he would go around wildly shouting that he was going to kill the man who carried away his daughter. Sober, he could not face his old friends. Finally, Ladimiro left the town.

That is when I came to know Ladimiro. He finally struggled into Yoro, where I was the pastor. I saw Ladimiro a day or so after he arrived, and liked his face the moment I saw it. We talked briefly. Soon the report was around that Ladimiro was a very good carpenter.

The turn of the year came and the time for renewing the roof of the church of Yoro was near. For several years I had had a young carpenter working for me, who knew very little more than what I had been able to teach him. Up to the arrival of Ladimiro, I had intended to use Ezequiel for the construction of the church roof. Now I began to consider Ladimiro for the direction of the work. Besides, I had always had trouble with Ezequiel, as he was inclined to get angry at a moment's notice. Finally, I called Ladimiro and asked him if he would take the job. He agreed.

The job was about half finished when I thought I noticed that lumber and other material was being stolen. At that time, Ezequiel came to me and told me that Ladimiro was stealing lumber. I

went to his house and found that it was true. With great regret I fired Ladimiro. The word got around town that he had stolen from the Church. This finished him as a carpenter. Nobody hired him.

Soon Ladimiro was going on periodic drunks again, shouting he was not a thief, and at times shouting about killing the man who stole his Emelda. Occasionally while drunk he would shout "La Virgen Santisima will not abandon you in the end." Months passed. He went about in dirty clothes, worn and torn, his beard grown long and his body dirty.

Finally, hunger and exposure did their work. Ladimiro lay dying. I was called to his bedside. I went to the door. A lady said, "Father, I will tell him that you are here." In a moment she returned, "Father, he says he will not see you. He asks you to go away and not to bother him again." The last darkness was closing in on Ladimiro.

I went away grieving for poor Ladimiro. After all I felt somewhat guilty. I had heard him speak of his daughter Emelda when he was drunk, and I had heard him say he was from Chamelecon, by the Rio de Tonalingo. I sent a telegram to Emelda, telling her that her father was dying and to come immediately.

Two days passed and I had a visitor. It was Ezequiel. "Father, I cannot stand this any longer. The old man is dying and without the sacraments. I did him a great wrong. He did not steal the material. I planted it in his yard."

Ezequiel had hardly left me when I had another visitor, a beautiful young woman, a stranger. She said, "Are you Padre Jose?" I said "Yes." She said, "Father, I am Emelda, the daughter of Ladimiro. I have separated from the man I went away with and have come back to take care of my father."

A few minutes later, I stood at the door of the house of Ladimiro. I told Ezequiel and Emelda to wait while I went in. It was clear that he was dying.

I moved quickly to his bed, "Ladimiro, you must let me speak to you. I know now that you did not steal that lumber. Ezequiel has confessed that he placed it in your yard. He wants to come in to see you." Poor Ladimiro put his hand on his heart and looked up to heaven. I took it as permission to call Ezequiel.

Ezequiel fell on his knees and took the old man's hand and begged, "Forgive me, Ladimiro."

The old man's eyes filled with tears, "Son, I knew that you did it, but you are young and have four young children. I could not expose you."

Emelda could stand it no longer. She was standing at the door. She ran to him and took him in her arms, weeping, "Father, forgive me, I have sinned grievously against you and God. But I left him and have returned to care for you. Receive me again."

Ladimiro lifted his wasted arms and put them around his Emelda. "I forgive, child."

After a few moments, he turned to me. "Father, I feel that I am going. I want to confess. I have sinned grievously. I was rejecting God on my death bed."

"Through the years I have remembered the words of Emelinda when she was dying, 'Ladimiro, no matter what happens have confidence in La Virgen Santisima. She will not abandon you in the end.' Now I see that it is true."

That night with Emelda, Ezequiel and the whole town close to him, Ladimiro looking up to heaven with a peaceful smile and pronouncing the names of Jesus and Mary, left us to see his beloved.

The darkness left Ladimiro forever, and eternal light shines on him.

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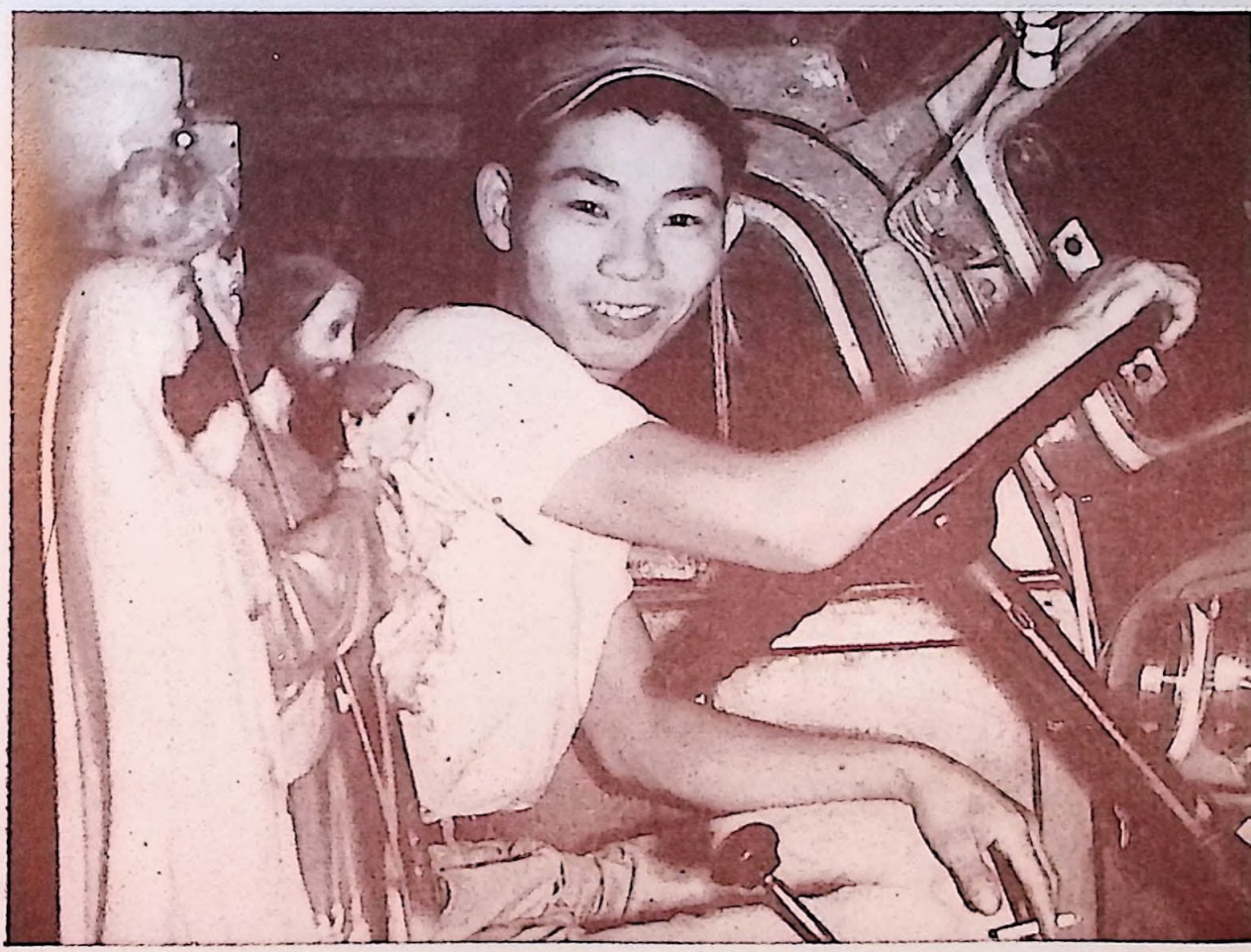
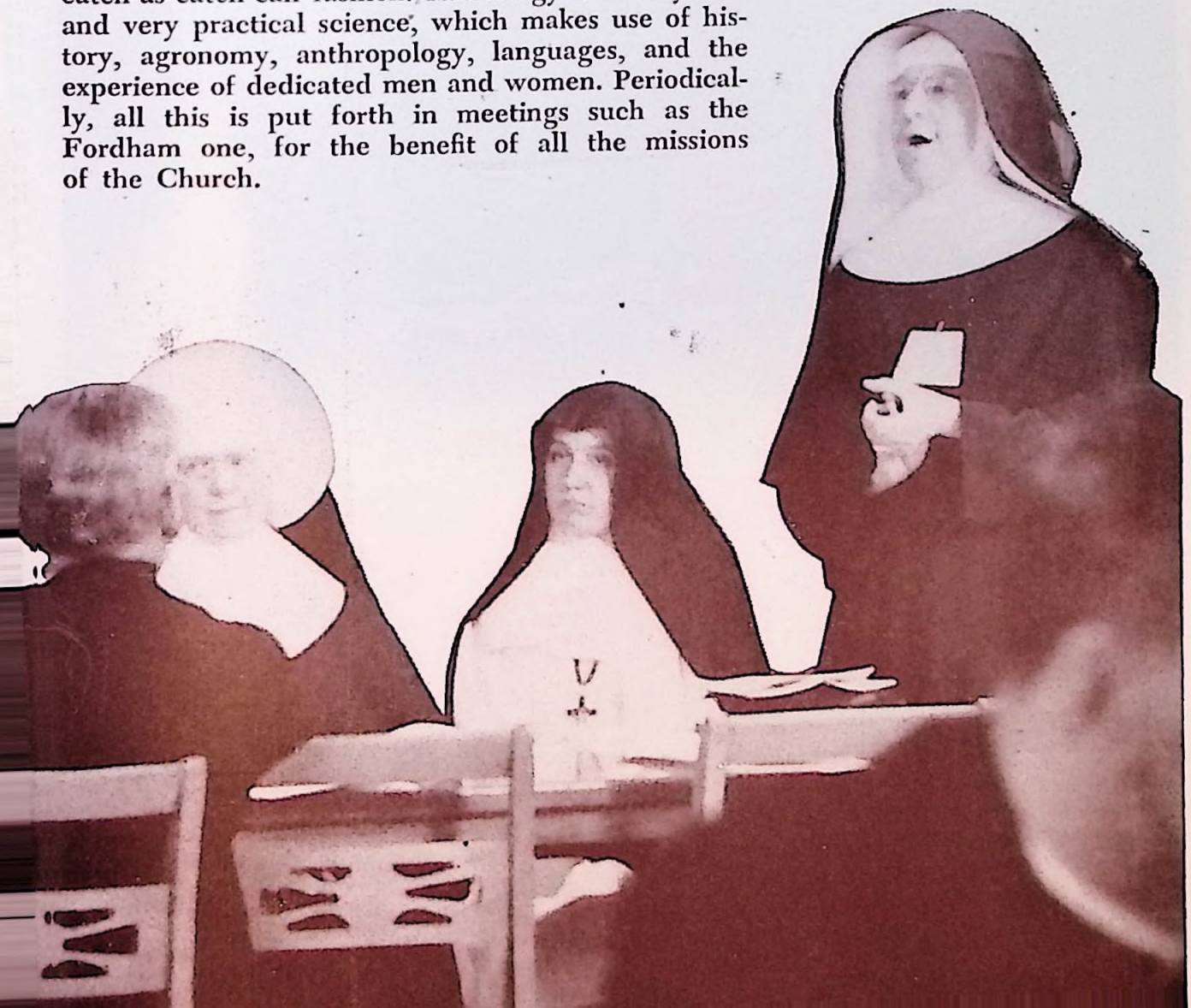
LESSON IN *Happiness*

"A man is known by the company he keeps" and the glum fellow on the left with his cheerless idols seems to prove the adage. But when you ride with the Holy Family, as the happy lad below, the smile is catching and the peace of Christ is carried afar.

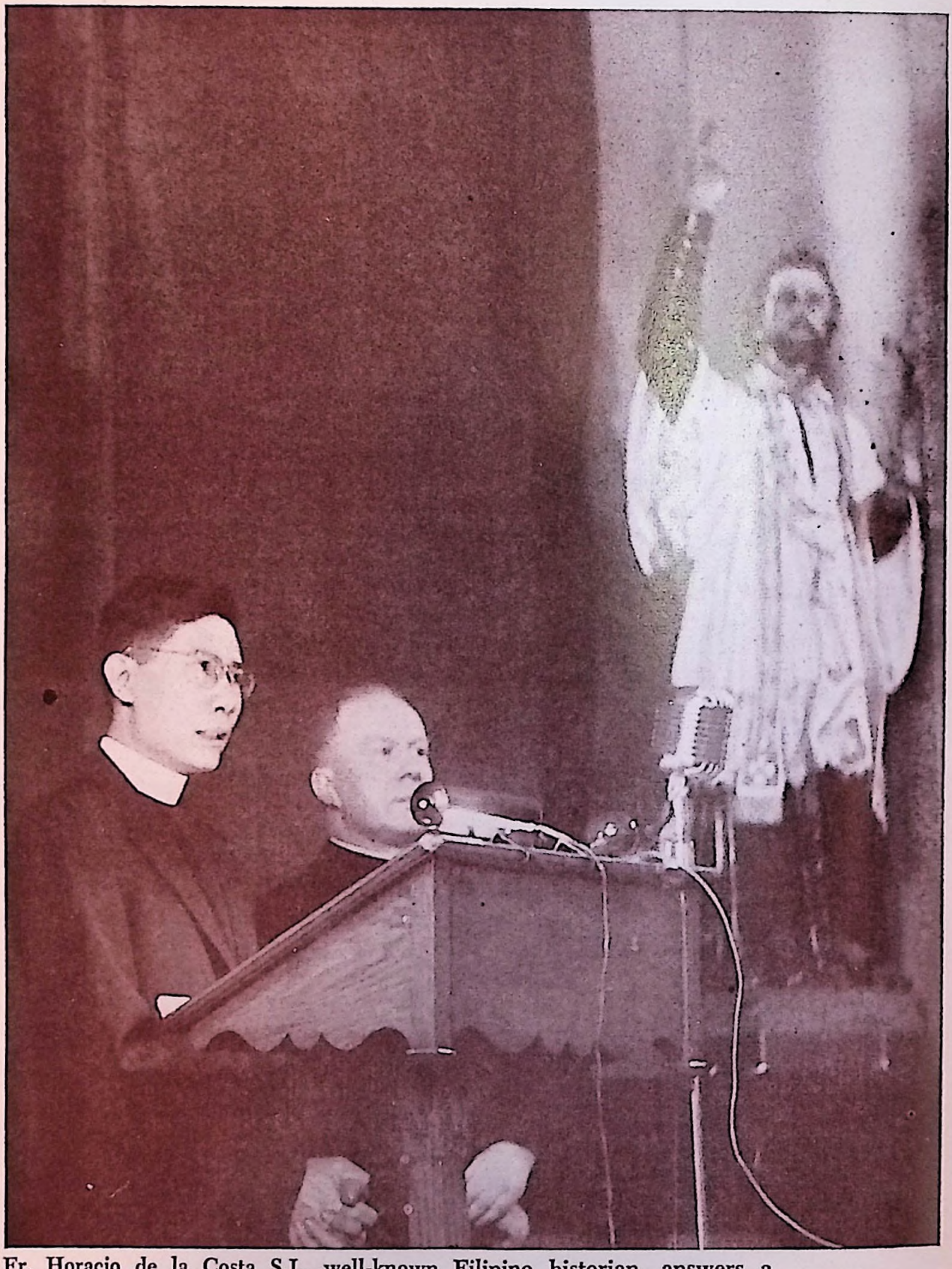


The Experts at FORDHAM

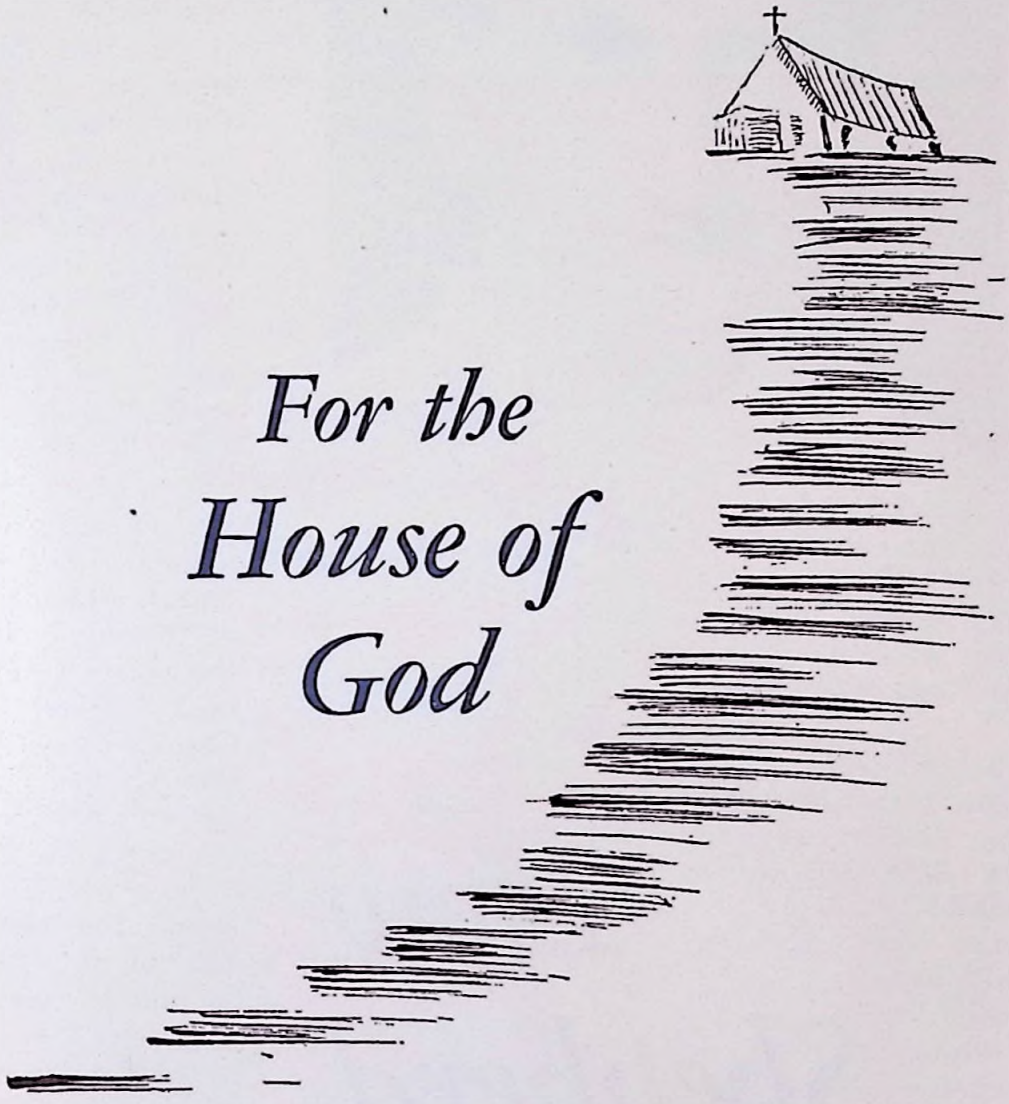
THE PICTURE at the left portrays the Most Reverend Laurean Rugambwa, Bishop of Rutabo, in Tanganyika, Africa, at the microphone. Listening to him is His Excellency, Bishop Wilhelm van Bekkum, S.V.D., of Indonesia. The occasion was a gathering of mission experts at Fordham. For the missions of the Church are not run in a haphazard, catch-as-catch-can fashion. Missiology is a very real and very practical science, which makes use of history, agronomy, anthropology, languages, and the experience of dedicated men and women. Periodically, all this is put forth in meetings such as the Fordham one, for the benefit of all the missions of the Church.



The Experts at FORDHAM



Fr. Horacio de la Costa S.J., well-known Filipino historian, answers a complicated question while Fr. Joseph McGlade, S.S.C., watches the audience to note the effect of his words.



For the House of God

Father Joseph Martin of Chuhari, Patna, India, is building a church. He needs:

Stations	$7.50	Altar rail	$200.00
Vestments (a set)	25.00	Statue of St. Joseph	150.00
Monstrance	150.00	Statue of St. Francis Xavier	150.00
Missal	25.00		
Censer	25.00		

Please help him: your contribution will be gladly received at

JESUIT MISSIONS
45 E. 78 St., New York 21, N. Y.

New Shepherd for the ISLANDS

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE S.J.

On March 25th in St. Patrick's Cathedral in New York the Most Reverend Vincent I. Kennally S.J. will be consecrated Titular Bishop of Sassura and Vicar Apostolic of the Caroline and Marshall Islands. The 62-year-old, Boston-born prelate succeeds the late Bishop Thomas Feeney S.J. as shepherd of the flock so widely scattered among the atolls of the South Pacific.

It is a far cry from Sassura to Micronesia. The history of the ancient episcopal see in North Africa, 150 miles from Carthage, is almost lost in the mists of time, even as the morning fog shrouding the marshes of Tunisia, the Chott el Djirid, which today mark the spot of that diocese of long ago. But the voices from this region which once vibrated through the entire Church can still be heard—Augustine, Cyprian, Tertullian. And that for which they lived and fought and died, the truth that is Christ, is now proclaimed a world away among the lonely atolls of the Pacific by the Bishop of that same Sassura in North Africa.

Bishop Kennally is no stranger to the Pacific. He has spent over a quarter of a century either in the Philippines or his present Vicariate. It has not been a quiet classroom existence, even though his baptism as a missionary was three years of teaching at the Ateneo de Manila. He completed his studies back in the States and we here at Jesuit Missions are proud of the fact that he was once an Associate Editor before returning again to the mission field.

In the rugged mountain country of Oriental Misamis he cut his missionary teeth. In a short time, by appointment of his Mission Superior, from his parish in Cagayan he was directing the other Jesuit missionaries laboring in that region of Mindanao. His was a gentle rule, characteristic of the quiet,

genial man whose deep understanding would always brighten the varied paths he followed during his missionary career. In a sense, he *was* a career man—in the service of Christ—and to his sensitive hands were entrusted positions of the highest importance.

When World War II came to the Pacific and the Japanese occupied the Philippines Bishop Kennally was then Master of Novices at Novaliches. At the actual time of the occupation however, in December of 1941, he was visiting the leper colony at Culion. In the warfare of today no one is likely to mark a leper colony as a strategic point for capture and it would be one of the best possible places to quietly sit out a war. But this was not the post to which he had been assigned so the slim, keen-eyed missionary went back through the Japanese lines to Manila and internment.

For three years he was a prisoner, part of the time at the infamous Santiago Prison and later at Santo Tomas. Then came the glorious day in February of 1945 when the American soldiers and Filipino guerrillas swept into the flaming city and he breathed the air of freedom once more.

Ordinarily a man who has been through such an experience will stop for more than a breath. But events were moving too fast at that time, especially in the Pacific, where so much of the world was in ashes and men already tired had to turn to the dreary task of rebuilding, of beginning again.

Part of this world lay to the east of the Philippines, the war-wrecked isles of the Carolines and Marshalls. In the course of the years German and Spanish Jesuits had labored here but only a handful had escaped the deliberate policy of extinction by the Japanese. Now these islands were to be placed under U.S. trust and the spiritual care confided to American Jesuits. Father Kennally was the man appointed as first Superior.

With characteristic energy he embarked on a survey of this new mission whose land area is only half the size of Rhode Island but is spread out over two million square miles of water. He found himself taking an inventory of ruins and faced with the task of assigning the few men he had to the most strategic posts. For six years he labored to rebuild the shattered mission until in 1952 he was recalled to the Philippines as the first Vice-Provincial.

Now he returns again, this time as Bishop, to the people who know and love him. Once more the wearying island-hopping begins, the long litany of atolls whose names are sacred in our history because American blood was shed there—Peliliеu, Yap, Kwajalein, Likiep, Imroj and a score of others. They are a part of our history; they are also part of a history that embraces Jerusalem, Antioch, Sassura and all the Kingdom of Christ.

There is a new shepherd in the islands and the people are glad. May shepherd and flock be rich with God's blessings!

A Thought for Lent

Every priest has tucked away in a corner of his heart a list of names—the names of those who were dear, of those who were kind, of those who remembered. Each morning as he offers the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass he opens that corner of his heart to God and at the Commemorations for the Living and for the Dead he whispers that litany of memories. It is the only way he has of paying back for the things that mattered the most to him across the years. But is there a better way—in life or in death—to be remembered? Can anything be treasured more than that daily blending of one's name with the prayers that ascend to the Throne of God?

Will you keep that thought in mind when you are making out your will? A prayer that goes before God each morning from the lips and heart of a missionary will be your priceless treasure in return.

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Africa's problems are not always of her own making but imposed from without.

Clouds

THE MWAMI (KING) OF URUNDI was forced to speak rather bluntly and he did. He said, "Since these schools exclude God, I don't want them."

The Mwami was not expressing the arbitrary whim of a despot. His Superior Council, representing the will of the people of Urundi, said exactly the same thing: "We don't want schools in which our children are not taught their obligations towards God."

The Belgian officials who had to listen to these words were not pleased. As representatives of a Socialist-Liberal Belgian government, their policy had to be one of anti-clerical enmity to Catholic schools. The Mwami and his Council could speak with force, since more than 57% of the Barundi, the inhabitants of Urundi, are Catholics.

This battle for the schools, which still goes on, is strongly recommended to our prayers this month. The Holy Father's missionary intention for the Apostleship of Prayer is "For the Catholic Schools in the Belgian Congo, Ruanda and Urundi."

Until 1954, when anti-Catholic forces took over the government of Belgium, the mission schools had prospered. In the long decades before, when Belgium was developing her colony in the Congo and administering Ruanda-Urundi, government cooperation with the work of the missionaries, especially in the schools, was taken for granted, even by anti-clerical officials at home. There was no one else to do the job in Africa.

The Belgian missionaries did it superbly well. By 1955, these three great mission areas had 16,716 mission schools with a student population of 1,437,285. More than 36% of the 12 million Congolese had embraced the Faith, and the percentages were even higher in Ruanda and Urundi. The immense job of evangelization and civilization, too expensive to be supported by missionary alms

alone, was assisted by formal government grants and other explicit or implicit commitments. The Church sank strong and deep roots. Belgium could be proud.

Belgium can no longer be proud. Her anti-Catholic government, in recent years, has undertaken a not-too-quiet policy of secularization. Most serious of

over the Congo

A battle for the hearts of youth is being fought in the Congo. Three Lions

all is the attack upon the schools. It is quite clear that an attempt is being made to impose upon the people, where possible, state schools with no religious affiliation. In January, 1955, the Mwami of Urundi, backed by the Council which represents his people, rejected the policy.

The issue has not been settled. It may well be that the long years of patient labor to build the Catholic schools in Belgium's African territories will have been wasted. Of all peoples, we American Catholics should understand the importance of Catholic schools. Let us pray fervently that our brethren in Africa are not despoiled of their schools.

Do You Remember?

"The Miracle of Margie Hu" in our April issue of last year? It was the story of the six year-old child who was terribly burned, so badly that the doctors said the case was hopeless. Father Edward Murphy S.J. baptized her and in the days of pain Margie kept calling on the Blessed Mother. Now she is recovered and her entire family have been baptized!

"Petroleum Sunday in Iraq" in the October issue? It concerned the movement started by George Ehrhart among the personnel of the oil companies to set aside one day in the year as a special day of prayer. The recent photo above shows the ardent Apostle of Our Lady being received by Father Hussey into Her Sodality in the Baghdad College chapel.

FRANCIS R. BROU S.J.

Outcry in Ceylon

THE PENAL CODE of Ceylon clearly states: "Whoever with deliberate and malicious intention of outraging the religious feelings of any class, by words, either spoken or written, or by visible representation, insults or attempts to insult the religion of that class, shall be punished with imprisonment or with fine or with both."

So even though the law is clear, recently a Buddhist Monk, with complete disregard for the religious feelings of Ceylon Catholics, wrote and published a pamphlet in which he ridiculed and mocked the virginity of the Most Pure Mother of God. Before the ink was dry, Catholic blood had reached its boiling point. Sodalities, Legions of Mary, Holy Name Societies, Catholic Action Groups, and even Urban Councils with non-Catholic members petitioned the government to ban the offensive book. But all to no avail. The Minister of Internal Affairs said that "in the interests of religious harmony" he would not prosecute. The booklet went into its third edition and its price went up.

But the Catholics were not yet beaten. They turned to the very victim of the pamphlet for help. Living Rosaries, Holy Hours, and Novenas of Reparation were held all over the island. One morning a small band of Catholic tea workers rose early, but did not go to work. Instead, they sacrificed 15 rupees each, a precious half of one week's wages and chartered a bus to Madhu, Ceylon's most famous shrine of Our Lady.

Here at Madhu, three hundred years before, the Catholics of Ceylon, fleeing from the persecution of the Dutch, had settled. Without a priest to instruct them, they had set up a statue of Mary and around that they had gathered and found strength. As time passed, reports of the miraculous statue at Madhu spread through the land. In this tiny hamlet the tea workers on their "emergency pilgrimage" knelt before the statue.

The ceremony was simple—Rosary, Holy Hour, and Benediction—but it was proof of their love and devotion. Our enemies, by a scurrilous pamphlet, had hoped to weaken and destroy the faith in Ceylon, but instead they had strengthened it. Ceylon's faithful had gone to Mary, and no one who has sought help from her has turned away unaided!

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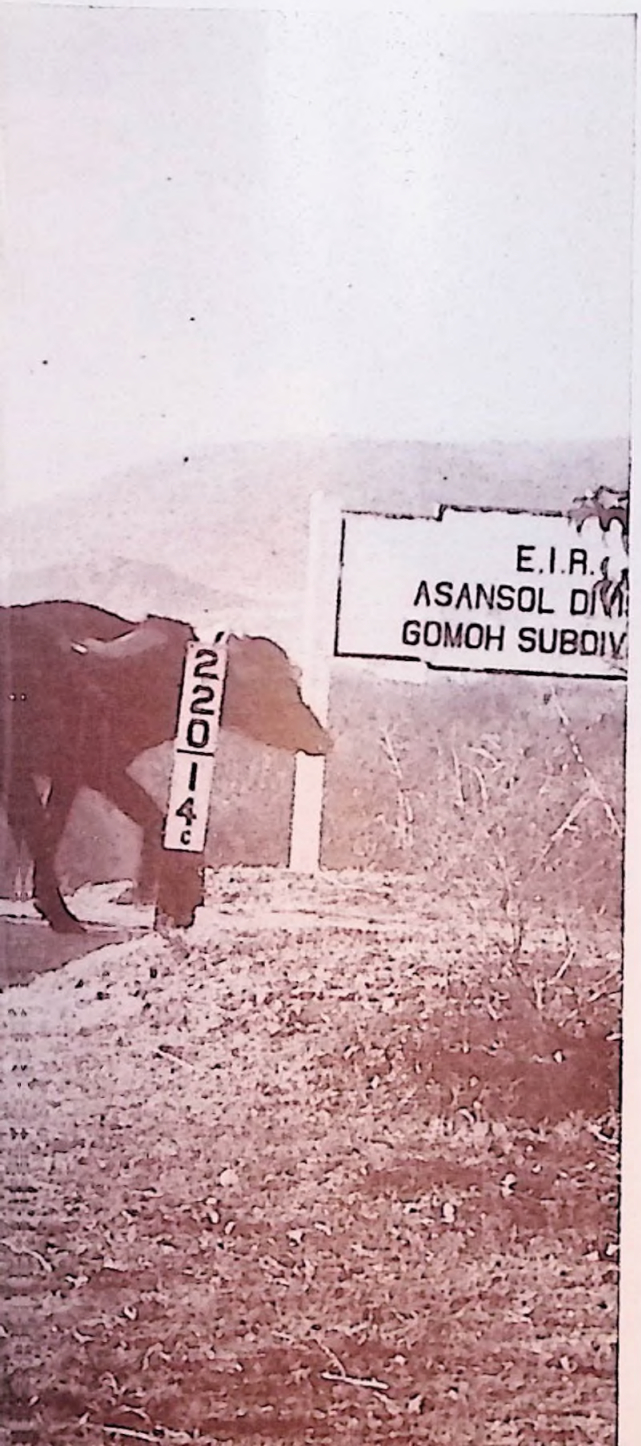
Suppose Washington, Jefferson, Hamilton and the other Founding Fathers of our nation, in addition to the problems of organizing and operating the United States under an untried Constitution, had been confronted with all the technological, economic and labor questions of the last four decades of the 20th century. Then add to this witches' brew the poisonous element of the highly skilful propaganda of Communism and you will get a faint idea of the troubles that face Nehru and the other leaders of the new India today.

So much of the economic and social gap between the past and the present in India is several centuries greater than that of 1785 to the present. The transition in vast areas is actually from an ancient feudalism into modern industrialism. It must be remembered, too, that this change has to take place in the thinking and acting of human beings. If it were just a question of mapping out the changes on blue-prints, in law books, in transport schemes, the task would be a gigantic one. But human ways and patterns are much more difficult to change in real life than to map out on the drawing board.

INDIA AT THE CROSSROADS

These reflections are occasioned by the arrival at our office of three separate items—a news story from Bihar narrating a little incident about the trip of the Russians, Bulganin and Khrushchev, through a tiny village; an announcement of the courses of the Xavier Labor Relations Institute, and an article on the new national social legislation in *Social Action,* the magazine published by the Indian Jesuits of Poona.

Taking these in inverse order we first see the law being pieced together like an ancient mosaic, a word dropped in here, a phrase there, a whole new section setting up a series of courts and judges to meet new cases and problems—all this has to be blended in with older feudal state and colonial law. Some of these laws will be in line with Christian thinking, some based on pure secularism. And the Indian citizen is going to have his life moulded by these laws.



The mimeographed sheets from Xavier Labor School map out courses in "Grievance Procedure," "Arbitration Methods," "Time Study," "Industrial Psychology" to name but a few. There is a short discussion on the Government Plan to train 500 Mines Welfare officers. Xavier and its faculty are prepared to train them, being situated as they are in the industrial heart of India, Jamshedpur. Men trained at this school will gradually assume positions of influence in the unions, and from their thinking will come the social legislation which will shape the lives of the people. Here, too, India is at a crossroads.

But India does have to contend with the subtle and clever propaganda of the smiling Bulganin and Khrushchev rocketing through the countryside. "In their country they have no high, no low, no rich, no poor. They are all the same, all equal!" says the intrigued peasant who has witnessed their recent welcome.

"Did you know that in Russia one can have no faith, one can profess no religion as we are freely allowed to do here in India?" asks the priest. "Those two friendly Sahibs, Bulganin and Khrushchev do not believe in God. They say religion is the opium of the people."

The peasant is impressed. He stoops down and picks up a clod of turf and shouts to the surrounding crowd, "I'll go to Sahib Bulganin and ask if he can make a blade of grass like this. When he succeeds in making it, then I'll tell him, 'Well, now I don't believe in God.'"

A potent argument this is, from the solid religious heart of India. But there are so few priests there to ask the right questions, to implant the right information. There are, sadly, so few proper direction posts at the crossroads of India. Let us remember India in our prayers.

ANTHONY S. WOODS S.J.

THE ANCIENT MISSIONARY, if the truth be told, is not much of a singer. We of the office know, because we have heard him. However, all that can be asked of a man is that he make the best of the pipes he is born with, and that the old man does well indeed. Just yesterday he burst into the office and simultaneously into song.

"Boston and Brooklyn, New York and Philadelphia," he sang. It didn't make much sense. We supposed, at first, that the tune was a hit from some forgotten musical comedy of many years ago.

"My own composition," said the Ancient Missionary. "I am celebrating symbols, not cities, and I sing to the future even more than to the glorious past."

In due time, as always, the Ancient Missionary explained everything. The litany of cities was a tribute, more or less in song, to the dioceses which lead the nation in vocations to the missions assigned by the Holy Father to the care of Americans. Of the more than 5,000 foreign missionaries from the United States almost one-third are from these ecclesiastical jurisdictions, where the Church is "old" and flourishing and where local vocations are numerous.

Dioceses where missionary vocations are few are nearly always dioceses where established parishes are relatively few. The interlocking life of the Church is such that apostolic activity at home has, from a missionary viewpoint, long-term repercussions abroad. Young people, the statistics indicate, turn to a missionary

Window on the Mission World

Every new parish we found in the U.S.A. means a better chance for new parishes in mission lands

vocation much more quickly if they grow up in a very Catholic milieu.

It would seem, then,—and the Ancient Missionary holds this—that one of the best ways to increase the number of American Catholic missionaries is to double our apostolic activities at home. Many of the dioceses in this country are desperately in need of priests and religious. Some of them, in fact, have fewer priests and smaller Catholic populations than many a foreign mission.

The answer is more vocations. Every new parish established in a priestless town here at home will mean, in God's exquisite Providence, another source of vocations for the work of the Church at home and in the missions. A strong Church in the U.S.A. will make it possible for us to double, triple and quadruple our roster of missionaries.

The whole point of the Ancient Missionary's song, we think, is the simple fact that the life of the Church is lived simultaneously on several levels. We do not concentrate first on the growth of the Church at home, and then, when we have run out of apostolic possibilities, turn to the field afar. Nor do we abandon our own country. It is clear that America is ready for mission work, since the Holy Father has called Americans to that task. At the same time, our growth in missionary strength will depend, almost infallibly, upon the extension of the Church at home.

"Boston and Brooklyn, New York and Philadelphia . . ." It was a beautiful song the Ancient Missionary sang. It will be more beautiful when it is much longer. All the words are there, but we have to do the writing.

From letters we have gleaned the following items:

Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

If You Read a Letter from Father Jim Poole in Alaska you would marvel at his unlimited energy and his love for his people and his work. In his "spare" time he's building a boat so he will be able to bring the Sacraments and the consolation of religion to his scattered Eskimos—if someone helps buy an outboard motor to power the boat.

Besides this request for an outboard motor, Father Poole has needs which are not ordinary.

"Anyone in the mood could send me some dried apples and prunes to any of my stations, Mountain Village, Pilot Station or Marshall; just my name and the town will do.

"Here, at Mountain Village, I could use old clothes of all types, especially children's and most especially babies clothing, scarfs, rope of all kinds, blankets, shoes in good shape, galoshes, boots, skates.

"For non-necessary items we could use some Western records, any speed, and candy and little prizes.

"I could also use candelabra for benediction for all three of my mission stations."

Outboard Motor $200.00
Candelabra ..... $ 25.00

Mailing address for clothes and other items:

Rev. James Poole, S.J.
St. Lawrence Mission
Mountain Village, Alaska.

Ordinarily We Think of India as a country with a tropical climate. There are times, during the rainy season, when shivering with cold is a national habit in India, only relieved if blankets are available. Would you help Father Adam supply blankets for poor school children at Sheikhpura, India?

Blanket ..... .50

There Has Been An Urgent Call from Father Joseph Zuercher of the Indian mission at St. Francis, South Dakota. Because of a reduction of Federal Aid to the Indian Missions Father Zuercher is quite concerned about the welfare of 400 Indian children who live at St. Francis. To raise money for the mission, there will be a carnival if Father receives prizes in the form of clothes, toys and jewelry. Would you help? Address is: Rev. J. P. Zuercher—St. Francis—St. Francis, S.D.

"Let Me Take Care of It, Father," you would say if you could be with Father McCormack in Belize and hear the requests for help from his poor parishioners. Old Matilda was dying with no one to help. Corner posts for rebuilding the shanty of Jane and Elena were needed after wind collapsed the board skeleton. Chico needed medical care to check his T.B.

These people were helped by Father McCormack last year. Just as deserving people will ask for his help this year. Father's fund for charity is not robust and we ask that you strengthen it with a gift of $1.00, if you would be so kind.

It Would Be Far More Efficient if a farm manager could be hired rather than have Father Wieman spend so much time on the farm work at the Chuhari Orphanage in India.

Father Wieman says he could hire a farm manager for $20 a month—if he had the money. Would you have a dollar to spare?

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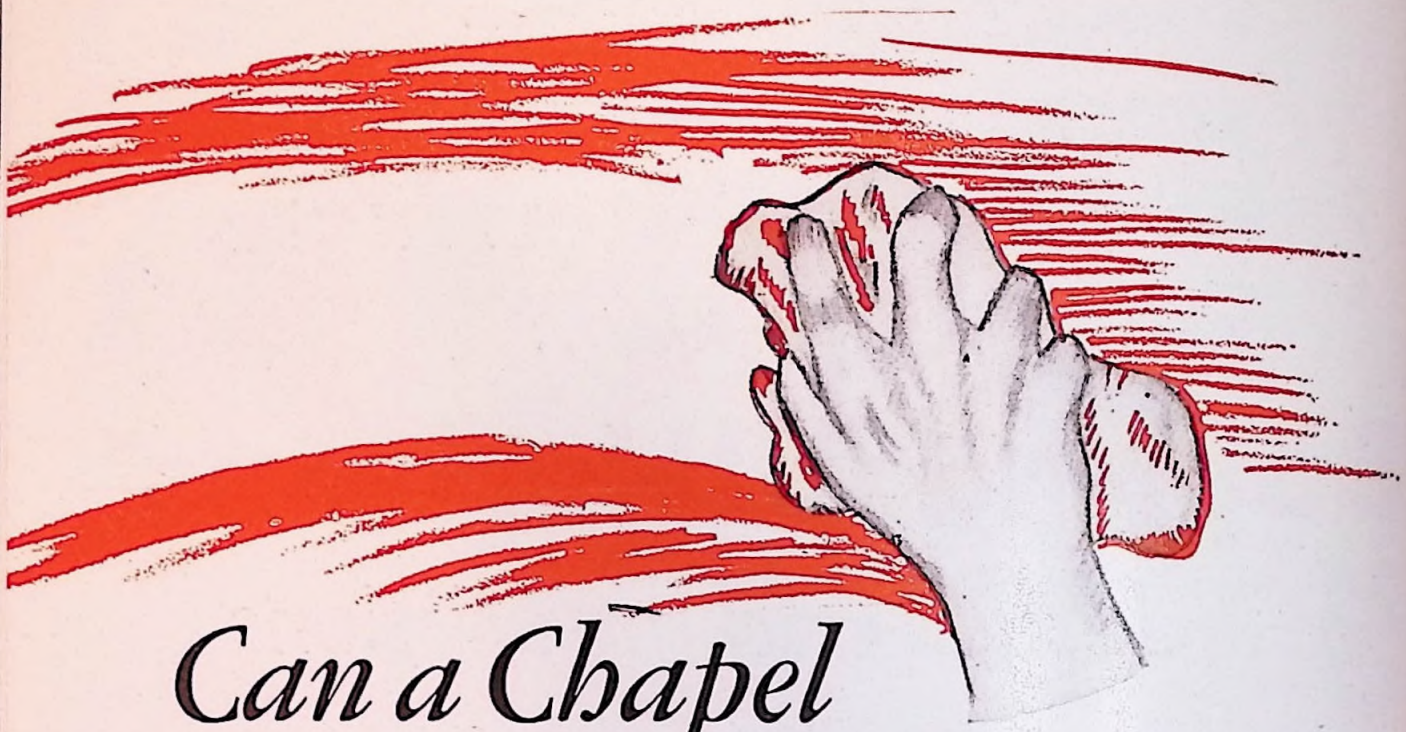

Can a Chapel be too clean?

YES . . . When there is *nothing* in it.
Father Gerard Braun, of Tuguegarao, in the Philippines, has a chapel—with nothing in it.
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Altar	$155.00
Tabernacle	150.00

Your contribution ($5.00, $100.00, whatever you can), will be received with joy, and prayerful gratitude, at:

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