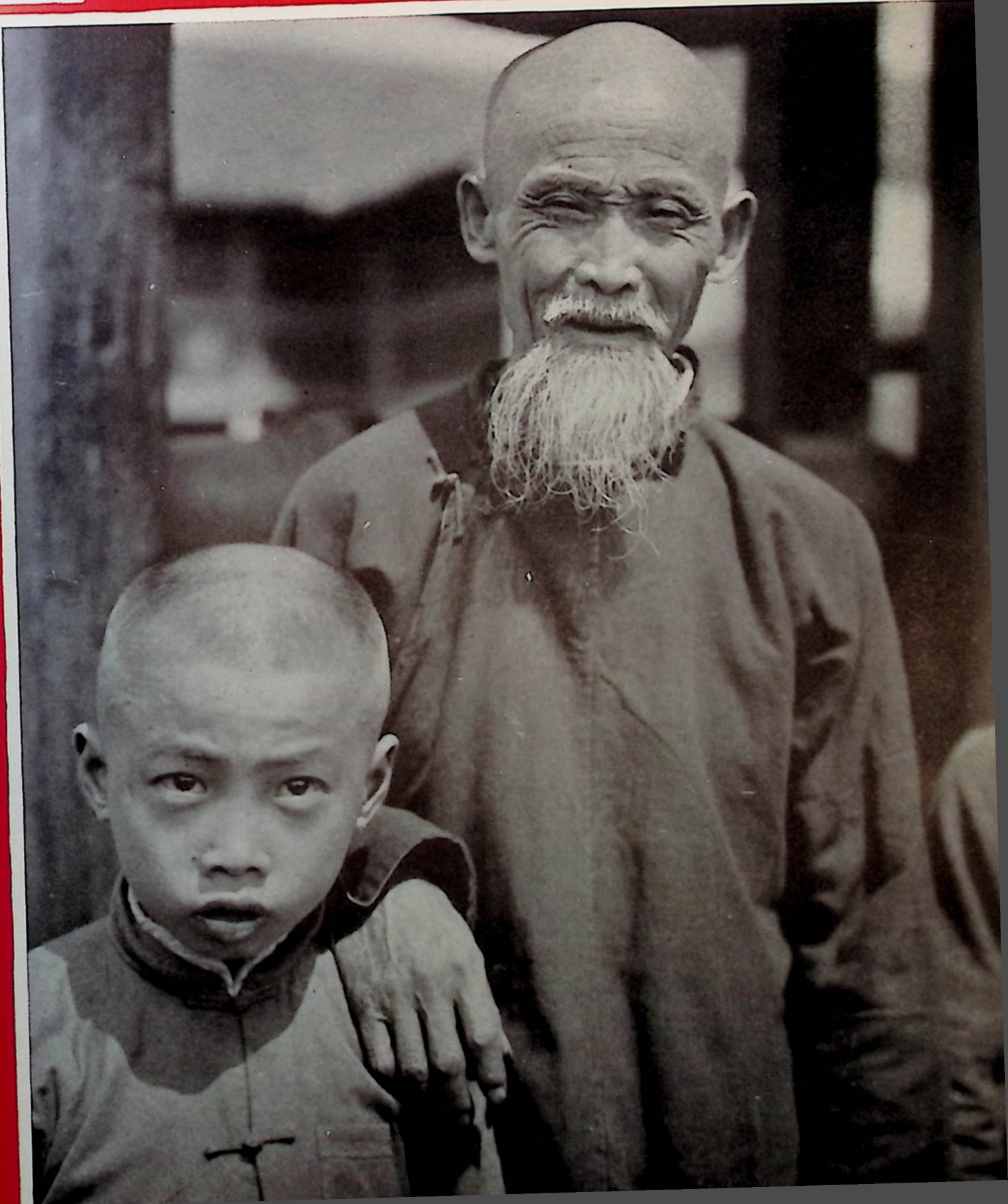


# *Jesuit & Missions*

**JUNE  
1941**

**Ten Cents**

**Vol. XV  
No. VI**



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# JESUIT MISSIONS

## A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

JUNE

1941

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS • ALASKA • BRITISH HONDURAS • AMERICAN INDIANS • JAMAICA • CHINA • BAGHDAD • INDIA

### CONTRIBUTORS

Justly famous are the four Scott Brothers of the Chicago Province, three of whom are working



Edward A. Scott, S.J.

on the Mission in Patna, India. FATHER EDWARD A. SCOTT, S.J., stationed at Godda with Father Ernst, S.J., sends us "*Some Day I'll Write a Book About Him.*"

Just to avoid confusion, J. MARTIN SCOTT, S.J. (*Sun Dance in Dakota*) belongs to the Missouri Province and is teaching at the Holy Rosary Indian Mission in South Dakota. FATHER PAUL C. O'CONNOR, S.J., wrote *Meeting on the Tundra* while waiting for a plane.

He was returning to his Mission at Akulurak, Alaska, after recovering from an operation. At present writing he has reached Fairbanks.

FATHER JOSEPH M. REYES, S.J., working out from Pagadian, Philippines, is a native Filipino. *They Built It* tells of his new church in Pagadian.

FATHER WILFRED LESAGE, S.J. (*Life with Adolph—It was not Dull*), is a member of the California Province, who is completing his theological course at Zi-ka-wei, China. He speaks Chinese fluently and helped the famous Father Jaquinot, S.J., to take care of his refugees during the war in Shanghai.

*Arabic As She is Spoke* is the dream of every pupil fulfilled. MR. GEORGE HOYT, S.J., who describes the teachers' predicament, is a professor at Baghdad College, Iraq.

FATHER JOSEPH M. LYNCH (*Every Catholic is a Missionary*) is the National Secretary of the Pontifical Work of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy. He is attached to the national office of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in New York City.

Beggars are welcome at St. Luke's Rectory, Mandeville, Jamaica, B.W.I., where FATHER FRANCIS G. DEEVY, S.J. (*Market Day Beggars*), is a sympathetic pastor.

FATHER BRUNO BITTER, S.J., is a hero of World War No. 1 and well known here in the States, gave us the story *His Strength Came from Lepers*, when he was recently passing through New York. He was hurrying back to Japan where he is Procurator for the Catholic University in Tokio.

MR. HERNANDO MACEDA, S.J., (*Jesuits in Jail*) identifies himself as a third year philosopher at the Jesuit Scholasticate, Baguio, Philippine Islands.



Wilfred J. LeSage, S.J.

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**COVER**—Symbolic of present-day China, cruelly gashed by the horrible fangs of war, this picture strikingly portrays the relationship between the two extremes of youth and old age. No longer do we see the Ch'ing Nien (youth) kowtowing with servile filial piety at the feet of his Lao Tzu Fu (old grandfather). On the contrary, Tzu Fu, having shaved off his queue of imperial days, leans upon his intelligent and resourceful grandson, and gleefully views the modernization of China. Ch'ing Nien, the bright and energetic lad pictured here, will grow up in new China, Catholic in his outlook, modern in his approach to problems of modern China, and steadied by splendid deferred values inherent in the mellowed civilization which is China's.

# EDITORIALS

## WE BEG FOR PAIN

**G**OOD news to all the sick and infirm will be the announcement that Pentecost Sunday, June 1st, has been set aside by the Church as Mission Sunday for the Sick. For on that day the Catholic world visits the bedside of the ill, not to console, but to be consoled, not to impart strength, but to be strengthened.

The most difficult thing about sickness is not its pain but its apparent futility. To the strong, all things are possible; but to those whom disease and infirmity have touched, what is there left but sterile patience, silence on the great problems of the world, and isolation from all its noblest work?

The world has no answer to this question, but the Church has. She invites the sick to participate in one of her noblest causes—the missions. Nor is the invitation given out of pity but out of the firm belief that those who suffer have something more important to contribute to the missions than those who are well. Begun in Rome, 1931, Mission Sunday for the Sick has spread throughout the entire world. And it is significant, too, that it is under the direction of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, an organization which has for its object the support of the missions.

The contribution the sick can make to the missions is the same as that made by Him Who in His victorious struggle for the salvation of souls, took upon Himself all the world's infirmities; He suffered physically and He endured mental pain. He told us by word and example that if we, as apostles, would realize the whole power of the Christian apostolate, we, too, must suffer.

So when we ask the sick to make their contribution to the missions, we do so with the realization that we are not asking for something that is good for the missions, but for something that is indispensable. We can send men and women into foreign lands to preach the Gospel, we can beg for money to support them; but unless the words and actions of these apostles are touched with the fire of divine grace, the result is nothing. Now the grace of God comes most potently from suffering. Our Lord has taught us that. So we beg for pain, even more urgently than we beg for money and vocations. We come to the sick, not to pity them, but as beggars who ask a gift from those who are rich in something we badly need.

We come also to those who although not ill, still endure daily the numerous minor infirmities that life

involves—worry, discomfort, ingratitude, discouragement. These may seem futile to you, but they are valuable to us. Offer them daily for our missionaries in union with the Sacred Heart.

## ARCHBISHOP SPELLMAN

**G**IVEN the opportunity and a legitimate reason for receiving for one's self the prayers, Masses and Holy Communions of a million people, we wonder how many Catholics would refuse this personal gift so that it might be applied to the cause of peace. That is what Archbishop Spellman of New York recently did on the occasion of his twenty-fifth anniversary as a priest.

"I am naturally grateful to those who would pray for me," he told the people of the Archdiocese, "but . . . I cannot isolate myself from the general intentions of the Church, the legitimate needs of our own dear country and the welfare of suffering human beings everywhere. Therefore, I ask that instead of praying for me, you pray with me, that you pray with the Holy Father that the peace of Christ may once more be established in the Kingdom of Christ."

This is great spiritual leadership which we hope will be followed by all Catholics. We are certain, at least, that God will bless the Archbishop's splendid apostolic generosity. May He give him many more years of fruitful service here in our midst.

## STAFF JUBILARIAN

**A**S we go to press the citizens of El Paso, Texas, are honoring Father Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., with a city-wide celebration on the occasion of his fiftieth anniversary as a Jesuit. The staff of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, and, we feel, all of our readers, have a part in the celebration. For Father Ryan was one of the first members of the staff of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, and he is the only member of the original band of Editors whose name still appears on our masthead as a Province cooperator.

At present, Father Ryan is Pastor of El Paso's St. Joseph's Church, and Superior of the city's corps of Jesuits. He was the first Dean of Loyola University of New Orleans, and both before and after he came to *JESUIT MISSIONS* in 1926, he was a zealous missionary in the Colored and White Missions of the Southland. He is still a zealous missionary and will be, we hope, for many years to come.

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## JESUIT MISSIONS

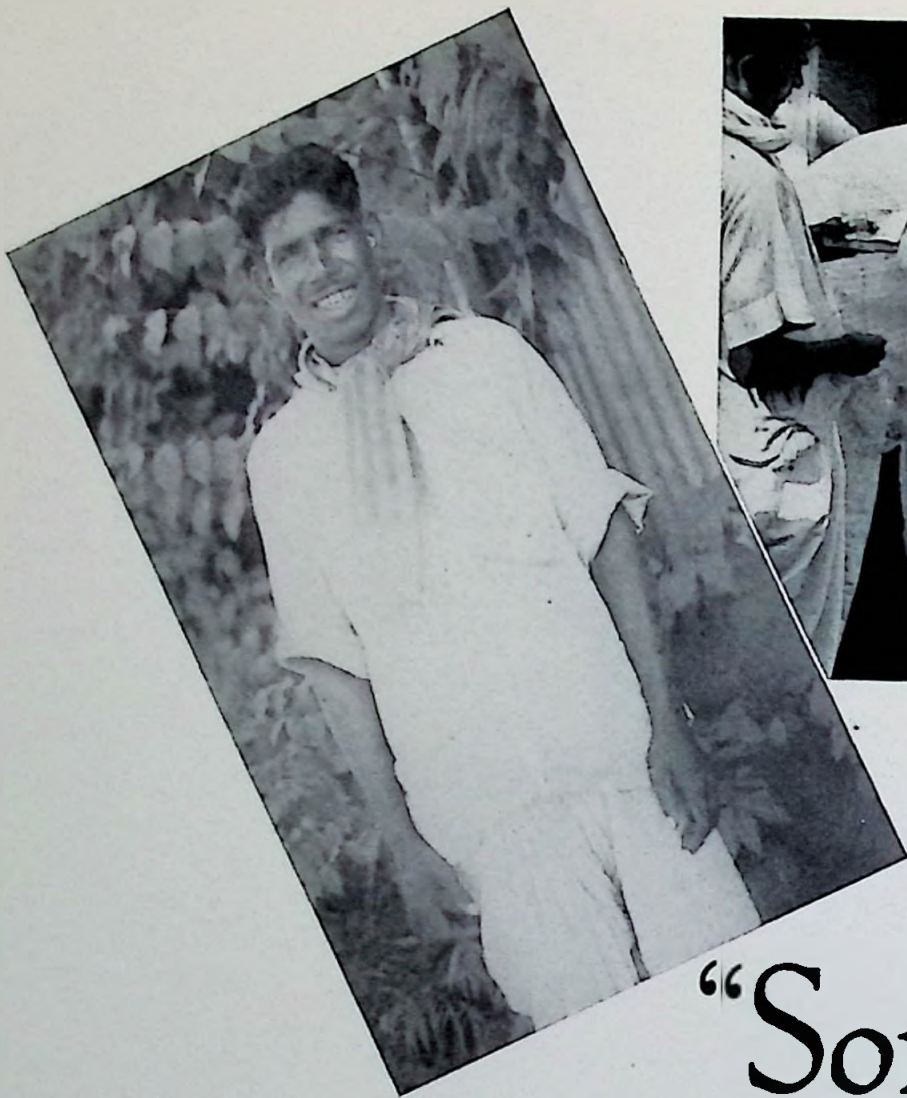
### A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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*Associate Editors:* JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.; JOHN J. O'FARRELL, S.J.; JOHN E. REARDON, S.J.; PIUS L. MOORE, S.J.; FRANCIS J. KANE, S.J.; PATRICK A. RYAN, S.J.; PAUL BRENNAN, S.J.; ERNEST LALANDE, S.J.

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Father Bertram Ernst, S.J., baptizes a Santal in a pagan village. A catechist assists. (Left) "One James Hansdak' by name." (Right) Father Edward Scott, S.J., of the Chicago Province, holds up The Light of the World to bless his little Santalese flock in Patna, India.

## "Some Day I'll Write

**I**N JESUIT MISSIONS not long ago, appeared a picture of a Santal catechist, one James Hansdak' by name. Father John A. Morrison, S.J., editor of "The Patna Mission Letter" has noted under the picture, "Some day I'll write a book about this man, the best catechist in the Patna Santal Mission." Pending the biography by Father Morrison, I would like to introduce James Hansdak' to our friends.

James, middle aged Santal, twelve years a convert from paganism, and father of two delightful little boys and two lovely little girls, would be the last person in the Parganas to claim the distinction of being *perfect*. When he says "*Inak' doste*," (*Mea culpa*) he really means it. Just because he is so human and yet so devout, he knows how to get around the snaggiest cases and to be patient with the most irritating perversity. For nearly six years now I have heard James catechize and I agree with Father Morrison that he is the best catechist we have among the Santals. He goes about it something in this wise.

Before we start on a tour, we kneel and pray to the Guardian Angels of the people we would visit

and to the Souls in Purgatory, relatives of prospective converts. James can tell you vividly just why we pray to the Guardian Angels and to the Holy Souls before setting out to catechize.

**A**RRIVED at a village, we seat ourselves on the rope bed, hospitably provided by an ancient custom of the Santals. "*Durup' ben!*" said most respectfully by the woman who provides the seat, is the equivalent of "Rest yo' hat!" among the courteous Colored folk of our Western continent. The Father seats himself, while a low stool is provided for James. Then the children and goats gather, to see the "pale face" while the village sages squat about, with the village belles peering from doorways. The woman who brought the *parkom* (bedstead) or some younger woman now places a bowl of water at Father's feet and bows low, touching the ground with the palms of her hands. She then salutes James according to their relative degree of age or importance.

Meanwhile, a leaf has appeared and a pinch of tobacco. These are skillfully rolled into a *chootie* (cigarette) and if Father does not offer a match, a live coal is brought out

by a neighbor youngster, the *chootie* is ignited, and without ever touching the lips of the smokers is passed first to James and then to the rest of the circle. Till now, not a word has been said, except perhaps a low murmured *Johar!* (greeting) or if Christians are present, "*Jesu Maran!*" (Praised be Jesus!)

**T**HEN James gets under way. "You are pagans?" "Yes" (grunts). "I, too, was a pagan many years. But now I am a Christian. Let me tell you why." Here he draws a picture of pagan *puja* (worship) so vivid and so ridiculous, too, that the men are grunting and the girls giggling. He does not have to exaggerate. It is all actual fact. The *Jan Gurus* (witch doctors) with their deceits and extravagant demands leave the patients poorer, yet no healthier. On pagan *porobs* (feast days) the women must work so hard to prepare the food and drink but may not partake of anything. This always wins the grunts of satisfaction from the fair sex.

Then comes an exposé of the Santals' fall into *Bonga* (spirit) worship from belief in the one, true God and the fabulous features of what the devil is supposed to be able



## a. Book About Him”

Meantime here's a short sketch of a really great lay-missionary, handsome James Hansdak', best catechist in the Patna Santal Mission.

Edward A. Scott, S.J.

to do in revenge if not served. A matter of fact scorn and contempt for the hypocrisy and degradation of it all is expressed in his every word, look and gesture. Even the pagans look disgusted. "Well, what can we do to get away from the devil? Is he not master of this world?" asks some more practical listener. Ah! here is James' chance. With simple earnest eloquence, there stream forth from his lips the goodness, power and mercy of God; man's fall and the Redeemer, while the little crucifix suspended about the catechist's neck is held up to their curious gaze.

WHEN the very exuberance of the beauties and truths of the Church might only daze his simple audience, James tactfully breaks into song. Those who had begun to tire and slip away, return and squat. To Santals, song is a second nature. To their own airs are set the same truths he has just been preaching.

He serves the same dish under a new dressing and they like it.

"Come again!" they say as we rise and move on, the children and goats following.

WE were returning from a sick call, James and I, and as we passed a neat *paaka* (brick and cement) grave, James remarked: "I would like to have a grave like that when I die." The remark was a bit astounding from the humble James, and I took occasion to twit him about it as we proceeded. "I suppose you want people to see your tomb and ask what great man is buried there?" "Well, yes," was the reply. "I would want people to come to pray at my grave and ask favors through my intercession, as they do of the Little Flower of Jesus."

I was more than interested, it was all said so simply and unassumingly. "Would you ask God to grant prayers for temporal things

and prayers of pagans?"

James answered eagerly: "Certainly, if the temporal things were good for the person's soul, and the pagans were good people."

THAT'S the scope of James' zeal. He has a sincere interest in the health and prosperity of his converts, and is seldom mistaken in the sincerity or lack of it in his pagan listeners. Fearless to expose error, he is most considerate of the erring. One of his favorite songs, tells the story of Christ and the Samaritan woman. James thirsts for souls. "*Amak' teten, Jisu, dak' tetan bankan, Samruni maeju jiwi bancao.*" (Your thirst, Jesus, was not for water but for the salvation of the Samaritan woman's soul.) So runs one line that James sings with much gusto.

Eight years ago I wrote an article for the "Patna Mission Letter." The title was "Tayomte" (Later On). I wrote that one of the most disheartening and unsatisfactory uses of this much used expression among the Santals was in answer to the question: "Why not become a Christian?" The inexperienced catechists may return like the Apostles from their first catechetical tour, all radiant. To them "*tayomte*"—means very soon. I have even been advised to consider all who so spoke as catechumens, then and there. But James knows his man. "Do you think we should baptize, so and so, James?" "No, Father," or "Yes, Father." I for one learned to rely on his judgment, not only in the final decision as to Baptism, but in such things as giving material help, medicines, and even when most opportune to visit prospects. You can see where I have my reasons for counting him a real catechist, a real lay helper.

CATECHISTS are like apostles and poets, born or called, not made. James can read and write and figure in a practical way. His vocal ability even among his own is not ranked high. He is not extraordinarily robust. But the secret of his success is the secret of sincerity and humility and prayer. With these he is bound to succeed. When I first took over Santal work and James, (Turn to page 167)



## Sun Dance in Dakota

J. Martin  
Scott, S. J.

**R**ISING in the stirrups Black Feather shook loose the reins as the joy of swiftness brushed his forehead. Racing like the wind over the sunbaked prairie Black Feather bent low over the saddle horn, his shirt rippling in the breeze. Foam, cold and sudden, hit his cheek. The great buckskin stretched his length along the ground like a shadow, the trail smoking behind him.

Only two days ago Black Feather had graduated from Holy Rosary Mission. His diploma, tied with blue ribbon, was resting snugly in a cigar box alongside a photo of his brother stationed at Fort Warren, Wyoming. The prized box, safely wedged high up where the smoke stained rafters of the plank ceiling made an angle with the pine wall of his cabin, was secure from the disturbing hands of his younger brothers and sisters.

**T**HAT diploma was the only tangible remembrance Black Feather had of his graduation, and so he had to make sure of its safety. Some of the boys had received new belts or shoes for graduation presents. He wanted a wide brimmed wool felt fiesta hat, black with a contrasting cream brim lacing, as

pictured in Wards Catalogue. But two dollars was more than his dad could spare, so he contented himself with class honors and the promise of a job on the Pine Ridge C. C. beginning Monday morning. The felt hat would come later.

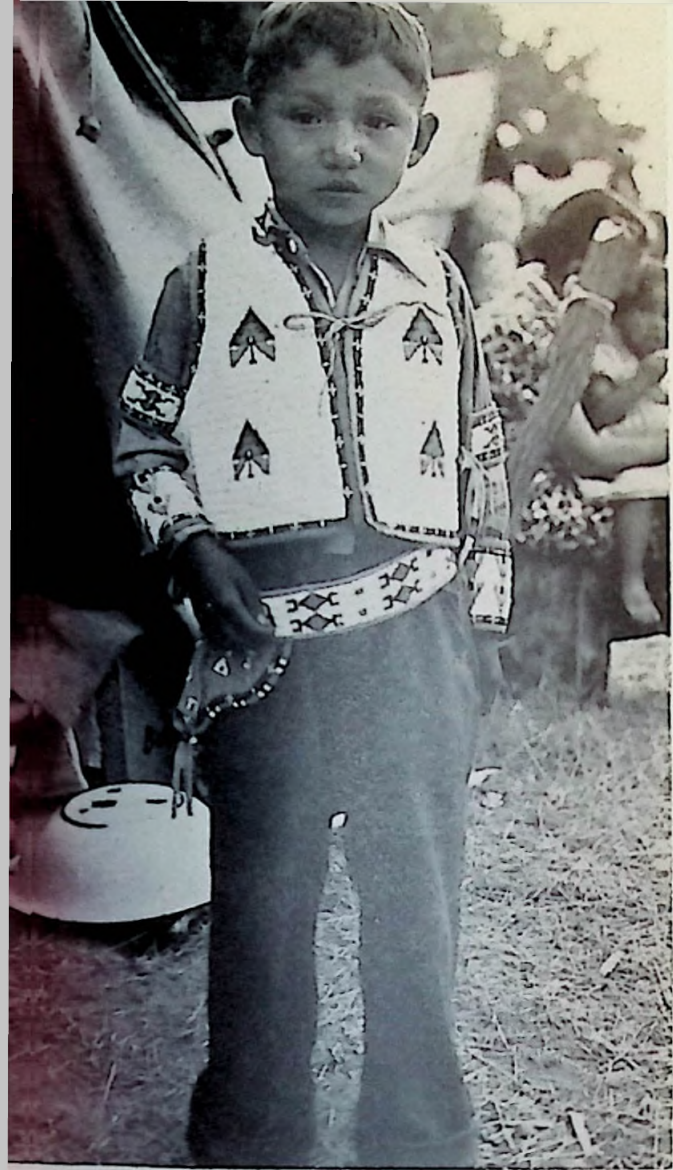
**A**T present, however, all thought of recent honors carried off in the glory of graduation were forgotten. Areas of circles, the swash-buckling adventures of Drake, and the curious maps of Africa, were things of the past. This was the range country, and now the time for action. Wind-leathered riders had stamped out the camp fires of the roundup, stacked branding irons, and were heading to the local rodeos where daring individuals in high heel boots would exercise their skill on frantic broncos and erratic fuzztails that promptly become alive and break in two. Calf-roping and steer-riding would be the top notch attractions for the younger set, while the old-timers gathered around the *wakan* to pound out the Sun Dance and recall the glory that was once the Seven Council Fires.

The sparkle of adventure danced in Black Feather's dark eyes. Straight ahead, shimmering in June

heat waves, rose the tents of Oglala. Black Feather reined in his mount to an easy trot. As the sweat streaked buckskin splattered through hock deep dust along the road criss-crossed by wide tracks of western gauge wagon tires, Black Feather let his eyes stray around the wide circle of tents sprung from the brow of the plain. Some outfits had rolled in from Red Shirt Table on the western rim of the Bad Lands, others had come from the twisting banks of the Cheyenne. One outfit, which Black Feather recognized as White Rabbit's, had bumped down from the craggy sides of Sheep Mountain. The wired spokes, weather split felloes, and thin tires were evidence of many seasons' travel over Reservation trails.

**I**N the center of the huge circle described by the white canvas tents was the Sun Dance amphitheatre, its bower of pine branches casting a ring of shade and shielding the spectators from the fierce heat of the Dakota sun.

On the far side of the circle Black Feather rode the buckskin between the guy ropes of two tents, slipped from the rigging, threw the reins over the horse's head and left him to graze on the buffalo grass



Young chap in beaded vest was regarding him with wondering eyes." (Left) Once again Sioux Indians dance to the Sun.

while he strode off to see the sights, still feeling the motion of the saddle.

As he passed White Rabbit's tent he looked in to see whether his friend was home, or, rather, he looked through, for all flaps were thrown back across the top to circulate the air. A patch of rug and a heavy blanket covered the bare earth. In one corner a light wooden box held the scanty provisions. In front of the tent a bed of cold grey ashes sunk in a rectangular hole under an iron grate showed that dinner had been cooked a long time ago. A sweat soaked saddle blanket was flung over the weather beaten side-boards of the wagon, but White Rabbit's sorrel was not in sight. No doubt he had been hobbled closer to the creek where the pasture was better.

AS Black Feather completed his investigation, he was surprised to find himself in turn the object of attention. A young chap in beaded vest was regarding him with wondering eyes. Black Feather threw a question in Lakota, "*Tekiya iyaya hwo?*"

In response the young Sioux

pointed north in the direction of the corrals and replied, "White Rabbit went to Red Elk's teepee."

The distance was too great to traverse on foot, so Black Feather continued on his way towards the Sun Dance amphitheatre. He had not gone far when a clean limbed bay distracted his mind from his forward motion. Walking with eyes right, he was in danger of stumbling into a tank of steaming water when a voice booming with friendliness broke short his weighty absorption: "How Kola."

THE compelling volume of the sound brought Black Feather to a sudden halt. He felt his right digits grasped in a welcome that squeezed his hand like a cider press. It was his old friend, Edgar Iron Shield. Cheerfulness peered from the seams of his wrinkled face and played in his smile. His left hand was gripped in careless strength around a stout cottonwood limb with which he stirred the mysterious contents simmering in a huge galvanized tank heated by a ring of pine branches heaped along the sides.

"I'll bet you have a buffalo from the Indian herd at Allen," ventured Black Feather, as an attempt to solve the mystery of the dark, steaming liquid.

"You're wrong this time," laughed Iron Shield, "this buffalo is from the Black Hills. The boys brought him in yesterday morning from Custer State Park just north of Hot Springs. He is meat for the dancers."

THE sight of the bubbles breaking at the surface and the tempting aroma were too much for Black Feather. He relapsed into his best Lakota oratory and prevailed. Iron Shield hacked off a rough hewn slab of buffalo and smiled as the cubic centimeters of dark meat disappeared beneath Black Feather's deadly attack.

The deep throb of the tom-tom vibrated over the plain. Black Feather thanked his friend for his first meal that day and turned to gravitate towards the center of attention. He was late.

Swung in a fifty foot circle around a tall cotton-wood stripped

of its branches, squaws decked in buckskin dresses and leggings formed a black-haired ring of harmony and rhythm as they chanted the plaintive songs of the Seven Council Fires and recalled the glories of the great Sioux nation that once roamed free as the wind from the Platte to the Yellowstone and from the Rockies to the Missouri.

The center of the ring was a cauldron of activity. Three braves rainbowed in eagle feathered war bonnets, and buckskin suits gleaming with bead work of dazzling brilliancy and design were leading the movements. Behind them stomped half naked dancers, their bronzed bodies daubed with streaks of vermilion and yellow that cut cross-wise into secants of white and black. Sweat glistened like diamond chips from their grease smeared faces and ran down knotted arms.

WITH the rising crescendo of rattles and the fierce throb of the tom-tom, moccasins beat the earth until the dust rose like powdered gold to haze the sun. Whirling, circling, leaping, weaving in the intricate toe-and-heel back-slip-step motion the painted Indians kept time with the rapid beat of the tom-tom and the rising pitch of the weird song that sent spine-tingling sensations freezing the onlookers like a breath out of the north. The strong, wild song bursting from the lips of faces browned by a thousand fierce suns banished time and space.

That song once echoed on the alkali banks of the Powder when Red Cloud, great Chief of the Oglala, led his charging squadrons of death against the grim troopers of Fetterman's ill fated Second Cavalry. The song that now rose from the dry Dakota prairie once ached from parched and burning throats when the Sun Dance was more than a dance and Rain In The Face hung suspended from the *wakan* for two long days under a boiling sun that sucked the moisture from his veins but drew no whimper from the lips. At last buffalo skulls were tied to his legs increasing the weight until the raw-hide thongs ripped through the tough flesh leaving scars for life.

Though Black Feather realized it not, the blue ribboned Mission diploma rest- (Turn to page 167)



*Eskimo boys bred to the tundra know every ridge and pocket of this ocean of snow. These are Father O'Connor's "boys."*

# Meeting on the Tundra

Paul C.  
O'Connor, S.J.

**T**HEY are just Eskimo boys, but how much they mean to me—and I find them everywhere.

It is early April. The days are longer and snow glasses are imperative. The snow is well packed. Travel to any point of the compass can be made with ease. I had already said Mass and was off before six o'clock. Two little moon faces have already been baptized before the heat of the sun began to slacken the pace of my dusky malemutes. I am now after a third Eskimo infant who lies in a lone igloo far off the beaten trail.

"Selassie" my leader did not like it at all when I "geed" him off the trail to find this solitary mound of snow which is somewhere North, North by East. For three hours I have carefully followed my compass without so much as seeing a snow-shoe rabbit. My eyes are tired from scanning the distant horizon for something else besides deceptive nigger-heads. The vast expanse of the tundra is a good deal like the desert and after a while one begins to imagine things. My leader senses my indecision and lack of objective and wanders on and on listlessly.

**S**UDDENLY the whole string of dogs stretches out like magic. Every head and tail is erect. The leader increases his pace. I look around and see two moving lines far out on the tundra. What appeared so small at first before long grew into rangy dogs of two trappers, old school boys. I recognized them at once. We stopped our teams and prepared a light lunch. My feeling of depression had vanished. Here were a couple of hunters who knew every inch of the tundra. I was happy also to realize that these boys would stay with me until I practically dismissed them.

The boys had their primer stove going in no time. Snow was thrown into a tea kettle. How exhilarating

is a boiling cup of tea after six or seven hours on the trail. But the tea was not half so stimulating as the thought that I would not now camp out on the tundra during the night. Night under the Northern lights is never a pleasant prospect up here on the Bering Sea Coast. It is bad enough with a roof over your head.

After our own refreshment and an hour's rest for the dogs, we dash off at a gallop. Dogs like company, as do lost missionaries. The fatigue and the chagrin of the morning give way to a lively pace for the dogs and a merry conversation for the drivers. With the snow well packed we can drive three abreast with no inconvenience to anybody.

**J**UST before dusk we dip down into a small gully—how would I have ever found this tiny igloo hiding under the brow of the hill—literally lost in an ocean of snow! True, there was a pole at the highest point serving as a sign post, but what good was that in the gathering dusk of the evening.

The boys immediately wave me inside and attend to all the chores of unhitching the dogs. Later they would feed and water them. I have leisure to baptize a baby boy and, incidentally, thank my Guardian Angel for making me stumble on two such capable guides.

That night was a veritable reunion. A young Eskimo couple with their first baby, two hunters and a missionary crowded into a tiny structure of ten by twelve. Our supper consisted of boiled pike caught that day under the ice. Rosary, confessions and a little talk was followed by a friendly conversation that lasted well into the night. Outside the wind came hurtling down from the North and I was more than thankful for this humble refuge. The next day all made their Easter duty. We were off early with the wind (Turn to page 167)

# They Built It

Joseph M. Reyes, S.J.

PAGADIAN needed a new church. There was no doubt of it. I was new here, the first resident pastor ever to take this little town for his parish. But I realized the need as soon as I had landed on the shore and made my way to the falling-apart, old shed which the people pointed out to me as "the Church of Pagadian." It was almost as poor as Bethlehem.

For the floor was dirt, just the ground and nothing more. Likewise, there were no benches or pews of any description. The roof, made of nipa palm, was torn wide open in many places, thus letting through the heat of the sun and the drops of the rain on the people at Mass. The altar was of wood, respectable, accepted by Him Who is ever content with our best, but it was hardly worthy of our love and earnest desires. We could not let this be called our best; there had to be a new church! Up to now Pagadian had been just a "visita"; that is, a mission station which could be visited only a few times a year by a priest from the main parishes of Cotabato or Zamboanga. Now, however, when it was to be a parish in its own right, with Mass every Sunday and every day, it needed a dwelling more worthy of God.

BUT though the need was evident, just as evident was the difficulty of building it. A "drive for funds" I knew would net but little; the people have little to give. There was something, however, they could give, something they would be glad to give, and that was their labor. And right now, here in Pagadian on the southern shores of Mindanao in the Philippines, the Catholics are striving to build a better church to the Holy Child (*el Santo Nino*, they call Him), and they are actually building it *with their own hands*.

It is called the *Pahina* system, which means "free labor for building the church." The men divide themselves into six groups, one for each day of the week, under the leadership of some few called *vocales*. So every day we have one group working at the church under the direction of the general manager. It's like a relay race, and each day one group hands the task to the next to carry on in the course begun. Some days there are as many as thirty to forty men working.

First, they started to level the ground. With hand-plows and shovels and persistent effort that was completed. Then came one of the most difficult problems, the main wooden pillars for support. This was a double difficulty, for not only would we have to work to get them up in their places; we had to work first to get them at all. But through contributions of five and ten *centavos* we gathered enough cash to buy forty long beams or pillars. As you can glimpse in the picture, that log will make some fine sturdy wooden pillars. What a joy and relief it is to behold one standing firmly in its place, after long minutes of hoisting by ropes and pulleys and side supports!



Father Joseph M. Reyes, S.J., pastor of Pagadian, looks into the future as he pauses to rest upon this sturdy log which went into the structure of his church.

But what of the women; do the wives and mothers let the men do everything? They certainly do not. While the sons and husbands are working on the actual construction, they are at work preparing the ever necessary item of food. They gather together at some level spot on the grounds, set up the pots for rice and the grates for fish, get the fires sparkling and crackling beneath them, and then stand by and watch and talk and encourage and cheer on the particular building job of the day. The little children help, too, in their own way, gathering firewood, carrying water and messages, and even by their very presence in wide-eyed optimism.

COMES dinner time. The work ceases. Every one gathers around and the noonday meal is eaten to the hum of smiles and joking, or serious conversation on the work finished and to be finished, sometimes even to the tune of guitar and song from one or two at the side of the group. Then, repast and rest completed, the men return to their tasks, the women to theirs, and another day's work enters its afternoon stage. Then the sun goes down, darkness settles, and today's builders depart, but with the consoling thought that others will be in their places on the morrow to continue building *their church of Pagadian*.

Oh, we know it will not be a cathedral when we are finished. I am not at all sure where we will secure enough money for a cement floor. (Turn to page 167)



# Life With Adolph— It Was Not Dull

Wilfred J. Le Sage, S.J.

*Father LeSage, S.J.,  
astride Adolph, in  
one of his quiet  
moods.*

**A**DOLPH hardly needs a word of introduction and may best be classed among the most unforgettable creatures I have ever met. As donkeys go, Adolph is not what you would call handsome, but he is reliable, patient, at times dangerous but passable. He used to be the worry and often the help of the late Father Charles D. Simons, S.J., at Shuyang, China.

Once while Father Simons was in Shanghai, Adolph, among other things, was left to my care. As a matter of fact, he demanded very little attention being well satisfied with a change of grass periodically. This being my first experience of living alone in a mission, the nights seemed very quiet without the usual noise and hubbub of Shanghai. With no street cars, automobiles or radios—Shuyang is still and peaceful. During the hushed hours of tranquil slumber, who would dare to stir the whole neighborhood?

**M**Y donkey! At two o'clock one morning, Adolph began his serenade. A long series of hee-haws could be heard from one city wall to another. Furthermore, he got loose and went on a rampage around the mission compound. In the midst of this nocturnal revelry, I woke up. Oscar was barking. My dogie . . . and my donkey! The two of them were racing around the church and school. It was a clear moonlight night and Adolph was taking full advantage of it. He would speed up to a gallop on the straightaway, slow down for the turns, with Oscar sprinting right behind his heels. Then all the other donkeys and dogs in the vicinity, sympathetic with Adolph and Oscar, chimed in with their own hee-hawing and barking. Babies began to cry. This was a real touch of blitzkrieg and all because of one single jackass. From that night on, I could think of no more appropriate name than "Adolph." This is how he got his tag.

The following morning after Mass, our good-natured smiling "Major Domo" Mr. Kuo, came into my room holding in his hand some kind of a tangled and broken

harness. He began meekly by asking:

"Father, did you hear anything during the night?" I tried to look serious.

"Was there any shooting near the mission?" I quizzed in return.

The old man's face broke into a smile, and he continued:

"No, there was no shooting, but the donkey got loose after he had broken this thing," he said, holding up some kind of a contraption supposed to keep Adolph in tow.

"Mr. Kuo," I asked, "was anything else broken last night—doors, windows, the gate . . . ?"

"No, nothing else was broken," he assured me. "But we must get this thing fixed immediately."

"Don't you think, Mr. Kuo," I continued, "that it would be better to kill the donkey for causing so much trouble?"

**T**HE old man grinned and started to chuckle. And then I had to listen to a long list of Adolph's merits and virtues. How would the grain be ground without Adolph to turn the grindstone? How could the missionary make long distance sick calls in bad weather? And besides what would Father Simons say if he came back and saw the grave of Adolph? From this moment on we decided definitely against capital punishment and for the immediate purchase of a stronger harness. In the meantime, we kept Adolph pondering about his next meal.

The days passed by peacefully; we had no more night raids. Adolph had learned to keep his place. Then came the feast of the Assumption . . . the day of my first Chinese sermon. Would the people understand it? They should, it was simple enough. But right in the middle, what should happen? No, not thunder and lightning, but Adolph strolling up right beneath one of the windows braying out his untimely hee-haws! However, the audience retained its self composure, and, realizing that

such a thing could happen here, I went right on speaking as though Brother Ass had not interrupted.

**I**N the meantime, our little community at Shuyang had doubled with the coming of two future American missionaries from Peiping, Messrs. William Klement, S.J., and Morgan Curran, S.J. It was grand to have company once again and we spent many pleasant hours together, speaking with the Chinese seminarians and school boys. Mr. Klement was kept busy in sketching plans for the new church and keeping the boys interested in their Christian Doctrine. Mr. Curran who has just finished his first year of Chinese study had plenty of opportunity to put some of it in practice. Music like gold is where you find it and occasionally he did a little pioneering on our home-made organ.

When it came time to leave Shuyang, we had a good deal of baggage to carry. Of course, Adolph would be called to help out, along with two other less notorious donkeys. If possible we also planned on riding part of the way. We got a good early start and made our way slowly toward the city gate, waved a long farewell to Shuyang and headed through the corn fields.

Our first hazard proved far easier than we had expected—that of getting three donkeys on a ferry boat. Just one false kick would have been sufficient to tumble us all in the water. A Chinese ferry boat is merely a flat barge with no railings along the sides. What did Adolph think about it? He liked the ride so much that he refused to get off the boat. However, with a little coaxing, a good stiff pull on the chin, and the oar to prompt him from the rear, Adolph finally came down the gang plank as though every step were his last. From here on we rode along the dike of the river until we came to the worst hurdles of the entire trip.

**F**ORMERLY, the road had been fairly good, but during the war it had been purposely broken up in order to halt the advancing Japanese tanks. There were deep ditches along the road at ten or fifteen yard intervals, many of them impossible to jump over. Due to the heavy rains they were all filled with water. We could run and jump over some of the trenches but others had to be waded through or around. But the big problem was not in getting over them ourselves but in getting Adolph and his companions even to consider the matter. In this predicament, Adolph decided upon his "secret weapon" and refused to move in any direction. Pull him? He refused pulling. Push him? Yes, but watch those heels, they can do more than click! We were getting nowhere. Adolph would neither wade nor venture a jump. Then we tried to persuade his companions to set a good example. The smaller donkey waded through; the larger one jumped and did fairly well. Then Adolph decided that he could jump too. Nervously he jockeyed around for position, eyes opened wide, ears flopped up like a traffic sign, and then giving the all-clear signal with his tail, he took off beautifully from the front. But poor Adolph, his heels got stuck in the mud just at the wrong time, gravity pulled heavily and with a look of utter despair, he splashed into the water along with a part of our baggage.

**H**AD Adolph met his "Water-Lu"? The Chinese name for road is "Lu." There was no doubt at all in his mind: there was more water than road, most of the way. But that fatal jump had one good effect. Adolph would never jump again. Instead, he learned to humble himself and to do a lot of wading . . . and so did we.

What a tired but happy crowd that evening appeared at the gate of Kao-Liu! Father Ignatius Gatz, S.J., the missionary pastor there, couldn't believe his eyes. Yes, sure enough we were all there, including Father Simons who had left later than we did from Shuyang and met us just at the city gate of Kao-Liu. But Father had no



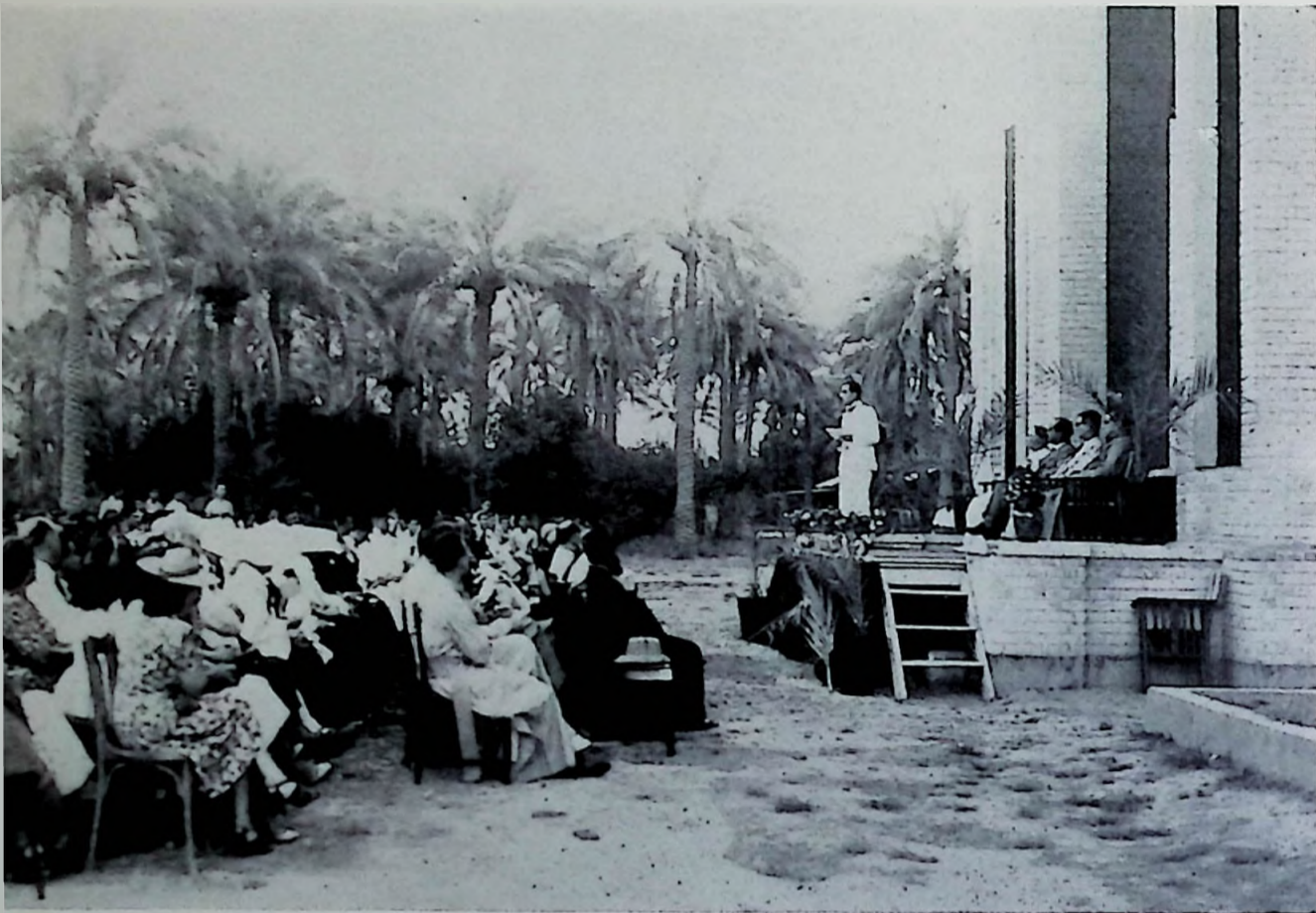
*The author seems to be deliberating the swap of Adolph for a bicycle while his brother Jesuit is sad about the whole affair.*

sooner arrived than he was summoned away immediately on a sick call and would not return until the next morning. As often before, Adolph was drafted into service; a trip that won another soul to Christ forever!

**W**ITH all his little peculiarities, Adolph saves a missionary's legs and has no small part in helping to spread the Kingdom of Christ in the hearts of the Chinese. Some day he will carry a missionary for the last time. Humble beast of burden who once carried the Master, now carries the Master's missionaries, thus fulfilling in God's Divine Providence, his role as helper to the missionary even though unwittingly. Adolph's greatest distinction is that for a long time he was the faithful servant of a famous missionary—Father Simons. And when his master laid down his life for his sheep he still continued to serve.

# Arabic As She Is Spoke

George F.  
Hoyt, S.J.



This young graduate of Baghdad College, Iraq, holds his audience regardless of whether he is addressing them in English or Arabic.

IF you peek through the bars of any one of the last four windows of the new combination faculty and dormitory building of Baghdad College, your curiosity would be rewarded with a strange sight indeed. You would see two or three Fathers sitting meekly at one of the boy's study forms, eyes focussed ahead with the exaggerated interest of all school boys. What are the good Jesuits up to now? What are these strange sounds in the air—throaty gurglings, rolls of the tongue and clicks of the teeth? The explanation is simple. These Fathers have turned back the years and become school boys again, Arabic school boys.

Like Hasan and Achmed and Omar, who go to the Government school every morning (except Friday), they must thumb their fourth grade elementary reader and try to answer the strange questions at the end of each lesson under the title, "For Conversation." Strange conversations. "Can you imitate the sound of a pigeon?" (By the way, our teacher is an expert at this and could easily fool any average intelligenced pigeon.) Or, "How does a good boy salute his teacher?"

WITH a little craning of the neck, you would also see at the front of the room our teacher or *muallim*. He is a young Baghdad Jew, slight of build, horn-spectacled, with an expression of long-suffering so common with teachers. He drawls out his English in a weary Oxford accent, most likely a by-product of the British Occupation. At times of extreme weariness, however, the Oxford slips down into the Bronx. On the side he also carries a complete equipment of American slang, gleaned from the cinema. Right now it is the Bronx that prevails for the Father next to me has made

the unpardonable error of mistaking a "qaf" for a "kaf." "As I have so often told you, Father," reproves William Aziz Abdul Loya, "we Arabs, etc., etc." This is a splendid opportunity for the rest of us school boys to scout ahead for the hated "kafs" and "qafs," which may fall to their lot.

William Aziz has never heard of the new-fangled educational theories of self expression but rules with the iron ferrule of the old-fashioned tyrants of the classroom. Mistakes in "homework" must be written out ten times. No whispering for the Fathers in class. No irrelevant questions. So our Arabic class goes day after day but this "tyranny" has the happy effect of giving us our "Arabic legs." They still totter and creep at a petty pace but in this we are like Father Feeney's

snails "Who do the holy will of God slowly."

"Why all this fuss about learning a new language?" someone may ask. "My cousin Betty or Jim So-and-So learned French or Italian by mail in six months." Betty or Jim, I'm sure, would find Arabic sterner stuff. First of all, Arabic is a Semitic language, much different from the Romance languages like French, Italian, Spanish. They resemble each other as much as the college boy smoking a Camel resembles the Arab sheikh "drinking smoke" from his *hookah*. When a diminutive Arab learns his ABCs, he learns twenty-eight of them and in addition he must learn three forms of each letter according to whether it comes at the beginning, middle or end of a word. So far, so good. Now let us try to pronounce these same letters.

TRY out for yourself the directions of an Arabic grammar for producing, let us say for example, a *hamza* or "glottal stop." "To produce a *hamza*, evoke a click by a quick compression of the upper part of the throat." The "Qaf" is simpler: "merely produces a "k" sound in the interior of the throat, like the cawing of a crow." An "ain" is a brief choking sound, a "ghain" is a gargling sound between a snarling pronunciation of "gh" and "r." Poor Betty and Jim will have some fun with these, I'm sure.

The two virtues of Arabic, with which we are constantly taunted, are its richness and the genius of its grammar. These virtues confront us like a combination Maginot-Siegfried line. In what language for example, will you find a thousand words for "sword" or "camel"? The richness of the language! Or in what other language will you find an (Turn to page 167)



*Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.*

### *Father John S. O'Connor, S.J.*

A few weeks ago a weary traveler arrived in New York all the way from Patna, India. Father John S. O'Connor, S.J., after twelve thousand miles of ocean travel was practically home again. Before he left New York for Chicago, we had him at the JESUIT MISSIONS office for a brief hour or so. Once in our office he couldn't get away without undergoing a regular "Information Please" at our hands. Summed up his words ran as follows:

#### *Missions Suffer*

"Times are very precarious for the missions. All the countries of Europe formerly so generous are now laid waste and desolate. They can no longer supply the missions either with men or money. Yet the work must go on. Naturally, financial conditions are acute but the prospect of numerous conversions was never brighter. It is disheartening for the missionary to see splendid opportunities slipping through his fingers for lack of material support.

#### *Armies March On*

"The armies of Europe roll on from nation to nation with endless supplies and resources to deal out death and destruction. The small army of Christ's foreign legions seeking only to bring peace and eternal life to nations is left without the means to carry on its work. Millions are thrown away for the sowing of greed and hate and revenge. Those who preach Christ's Gospel of hope and salvation have to grub along on little or nothing.

#### *What About Patna?*

"Patna is a land of poverty and

misery, of bitter cold and enervating heat, of strange extremes and contrasts. In Nepal you have a mountainous province with towering crags and wild valleys and dense tropical jungles. Bihar, the other province of Patna, is one great plain, a land of rice fields and thatched mud houses. The population numbers 27,000,000 souls. They belong to many castes and creeds, Hindus in turban and flowing robes, Moslems in red fez and pajamas; Pathans, Brahmans, Chammars, Doms, Santals, etc. The caste system offers the greatest difficulty to the missionary. This added to the difficulties of custom, language and climate, makes Patna a very difficult mission. It is a hard life, but a very happy life. Some of our men move from village to village addressing their parishioners in their native tongue and hearing no English spoken for weeks at a time.

#### *Forgotten Men*

"The missionaries don't mind the hardships. They take the heat, fever, bad food and water, the new customs, languages and castes cheerfully. Despite all these they are the happiest men in the world. What does get them down is to see golden opportunities fading because they have not the means to take advantage of them. They feel it very keenly when friends at home seem to forget them. Often they are alone but for their memories. So letters from home mean a great deal to them. You don't mind the other things if you know you are not forgotten. My new job is to help Father John A. Kilian, S.J., Procurator of the Patna Mission. I shall do my best to keep the missionary and his needs in the minds

and ears and hearts of the American people, upon whom the missionary depends entirely these days."

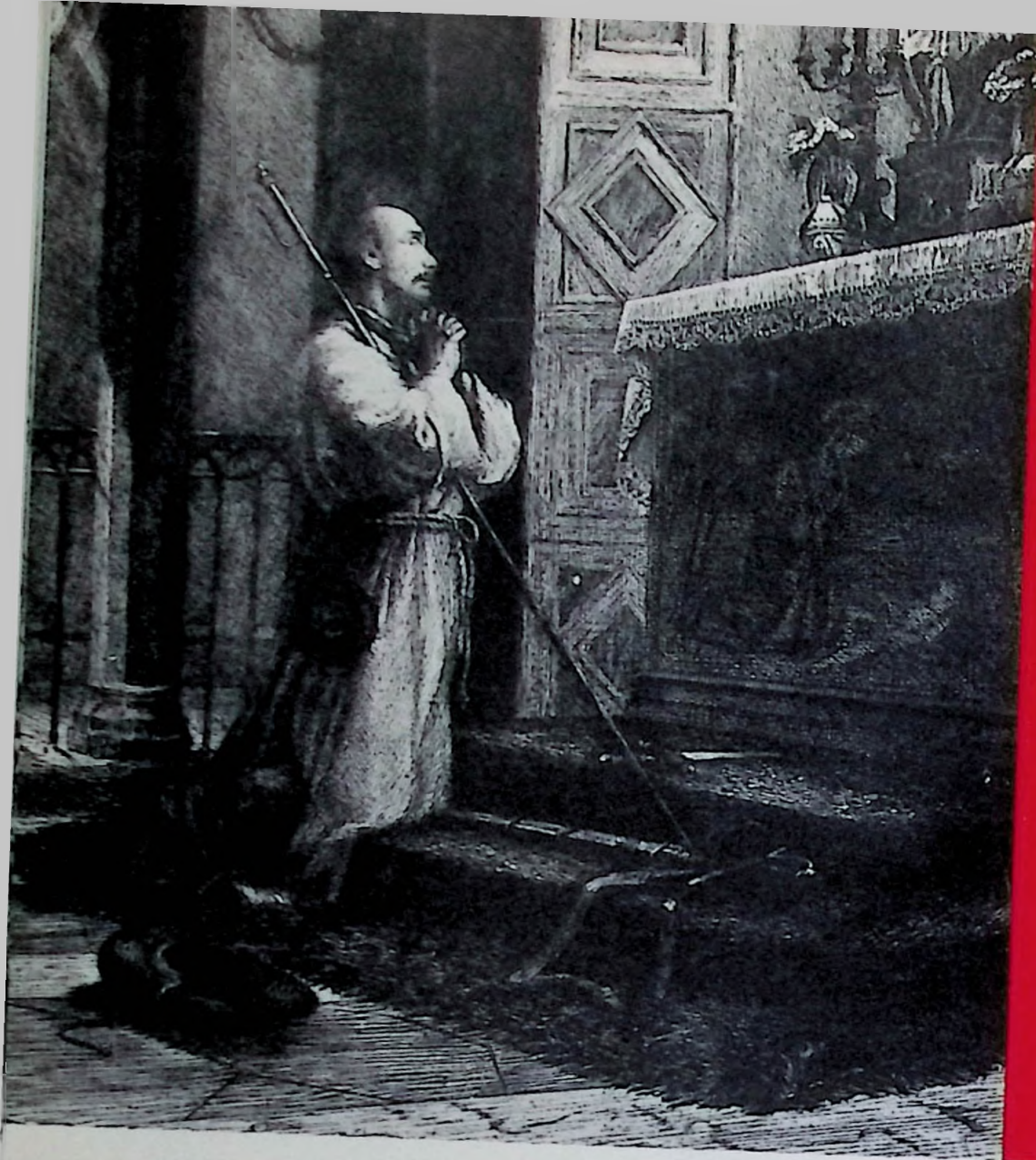
#### *Medical Mission Board*

Anytime we get tired of working for Jesuit Mission Press, Father Garesche, S. J., holds open a job for us as his assistant. We are a bit timid about accepting his offer just at present because we could not keep up with him in his great work. In proof of that statement here are a few details of the work done by the Catholic Medical Mission Board during the year just past. Supplies sent to the missions totaled 52,337 lbs. These supplies, if purchased by the missionaries themselves, would have cost \$100,000. On this list of supplies were surgical instruments, splints and crutches, miscellaneous hospital equipment, medicines, bandages and dressings.

This material was sent to missions all over the world, in the United States and the field afar; to Africa, Alaska, Panama, British West Indies, Ceylon, China, Japan, Iraq, Mexico, New Caledonia, New Guinea, Philippines, New Hebrides, Puerto Rico and Solomon Islands.

Letters from missionary bishops and superiors tell of an increased need of medical supplies caused by the war. Europe is cut off, therefore, they plead with those who can help them in the U. S. A special effort will be made during this year to increase the number of those who gather sample medicines from doctors' offices and make bandages and dressings for the Board. Those who are interested should write to Father Garesche, S.J., at the Catholic Medical Mission Board, Inc., 10 West 17th Street, New York, N. Y.

JOHN P. DEEVY, S.J.



# Every Cath

a

Joseph M

"Confirmation makes a soldier of every Christian . . ."

(Left) Ignatius of Loyola leaves his sword upon the altar at Montserrat and takes up new weapons.

(Right) The late Lo Pa Hong, famous lay missionary of China.

**T**O aid in carrying out the command of Christ, "preach the Gospel to every creature," the Christian has but one choice and that is to become an active apostle. When Our Blessed Lord sent forth the chosen Twelve on the highways of the world, He sent with them all who believed and would believe unto the end of time. Every baptized Christian is a missionary. He must spread abroad the good tidings. He has both the right and the obligation. If Christians of the first days had not understood this and earnestly cooperated in disseminating revealed truth, present day European and American civilization would not have been Christianized. History might well have taken another course.

**A**LTHOUGH every Catholic is a co-laborer with God in the work of establishing the reign of Christ upon earth, the work needs the guiding and controlling hand of the Church. It sometimes happens that an apostle is so well equipped, so aflame with heavenly zeal that he can of himself effect vast and far-reaching changes and renew in part the face of the earth.

Yet as in the time of St. Paul, the fact is that there is a proneness to error, a tendency to misinterpret the mind of Christ. Hence "the Church," writes Igino Giordani in *La Cité Chretienne* "formulates her laws under divine inspiration, defines her dogmas and confides her teaching mission only to the expertly trained, as civil society appoints mathematicians to explain mathematics and scientists to impart a knowledge of the sciences. In the teaching of religion, those best qualified are the clergy."

**T**HESE thoughts recall the historical fact that the penetration of the Gospel into the early pagan world was not effected solely by the ministry of the chosen Twelve. Other efficient laborers had an active part in its diffusion. Indeed, the early missionaries seem to be divided into two categories.

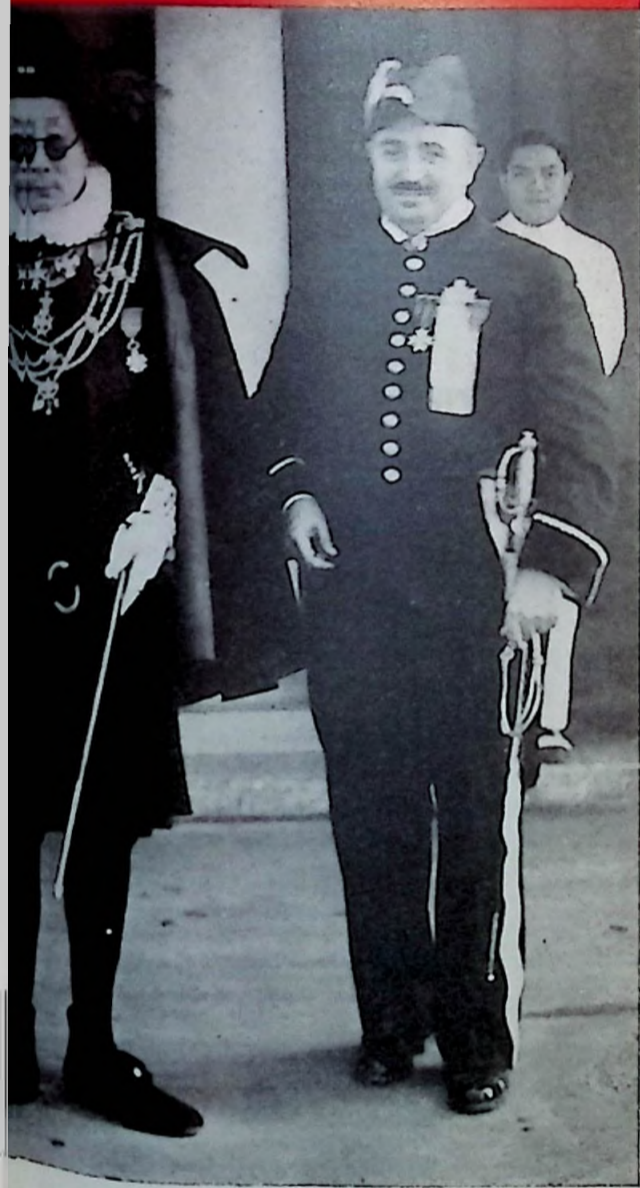
On the one hand, there were those who had been given a divine personal call and a direct mandate like St. Paul, who was miraculously converted on the Damascus road, or St. Barnabas, his associate, selected by direction of the Holy Spirit. On the other hand, there

were lay aides of these envoys, Stephanus, Sylvanus, Fortunatus, Achaius, Aquila and Priscilla. These men and women signally assisted the Apostles from the very beginning.

Many others, although anonymous and unknown by name to history can be cited as examples to Christians of our day reminding them of their duty of lay cooperation. They are included in the group of which St. Paul wrote thanking "those women who have labored with me in the Gospel." None were, of course, chosen by the Lord as were the Twelve, nor by their brethren nor consecrated by the imposition of hands. They did not belong to the clergy. By no special dispensation did they possess the power to give the Holy Ghost like the Apostles who set out to confer grace on the new converts to the Church.

**W**HO then were these lay missionaries? They were men and women whose names we do not know and whom zeal alone drew to the apostolate. Some were content to confine themselves to the

is  
missionary



grew wider. Thus they set themselves to conquer souls to Christ one by one. They were in a word, apostolic lay-folk partaking of the priesthood.

In the larger sense, all Christians including lay men, partake of the royal priesthood. The first Pope, St. Peter, so stated and the late Pope Pius XI, reiterated it. Confirmation makes a soldier of every Christian. And a soldier is not for parades but for combat. The apostolate is a combat. Rebellious human nature and the pride of human thinking involve warfare, constant, unremitting. When the rise of commerce turned men away from the supernatural, when everything seemed to bend under the yoke of gold, it was a layman who appeared and took up the weapons of the Faith—Francis, the son of a merchant of Assisi.

WHEN three centuries later, 1540, schism and the Crescent assailed the Church, and when in answer to the Pope's call for a military patterned order, it was a layman, the Spanish captain, Loyola, who sprang to the breach, formed his Company and made it a living rampart against the assaults of the enemies of religion: men of the type of De Mun in France, Daniel O'Connell in Ireland, Thomas More in England and more recently, Griffith Lerotholi, the native Basutoland chief and the Chinese Lo Pa Hong—lay missionaries all—they in truth not only professed but defended and spread the Faith in their day and age.

History attests that the Faith was also propagated from the dawn of the Christian era by the humble, "the little ones," the true believers, who adjudged it their moral duty to be matter-of-fact missionaries of the Gospel. In no wise was the apostolate then considered as the exclusive prerogative of the clergy. The function of these early lay Christians, we must emphasize, was not only to attract by their exemplary conduct, those outside the fold, but also to instruct the new converts, to lead at common prayer services, to care for the sanctuary and to perform the Works of Mercy, to contact souls.

Christianity was extended from town to town, starting from Jerusalem and the Levant. It was transmitted by travelers of every sort—sailors, merchants, soldiers, slaves; it was made known to the Jews of the dispersal, by those who went on pilgrimages to Jerusalem to visit the Church there, and who on their return home enlightened their countrymen. It was preached up and down the coastal towns by various traders who dwelt in them. And even slaves who served in the houses of the wealthy acquainted their brethren, perhaps also their masters, with the marvels and miracles which were the accompaniment of the preaching of the first Apostles.

POPE PIUS XI delighted to recall the help furnished St. Paul by his obscure co-laborers. On one occasion, addressing representatives of the Fourth International Congress of Catholic Youth, he told those young men how it was opportune to remind them that all their good actions sprung spontaneously from the grace of Baptism and the place held by each individual one of them in the Mystical Body of Christ. "Your ideal should not be confined," the Pope continued, "to individualized worship, or to the care of one's own sanctification only, but ought to go as far as that of Our Lord Himself, carrying out His Will that all men should be saved. That ideal should find lodgment and acceptance in the soul of every Christian so that each in his own sphere, and according to his abilities, would be a missionary."

NOT only the pastor in his pulpit must expound the doctrines of the Church, but likewise the doctor, the executive, the manual worker, each in his own particular field and vocation. Who knows but that the layman when properly organized and directed may yet come to write the most brilliant chapter in the annals of the Universal Church? The apostolate for many years now is passing through a crisis. Most Catholics undoubtedly live their faith in public and private. They evaluate its benefits beyond earthly (*Turn to page 167*)

Jews and bring them the message of salvation. Others more daring, went out to the pagans. We do not mean to say that they left home and loved ones for distant countries like the missionaries of our day. Nor do we represent them as preaching in the public places or in the synagogues. Rather do we see them addressing themselves to their friends and guests and working companions. In present day language, they operated as "cells." They exercised their activities within restricted centers that gradually



*If smiles and empty panniers tell a story, these Jamaican women enjoyed a profitable day at the market.*

# Market Day Beggars

Francis G. Deevy, S.J.

**S**ATURDAY is market day for all Jamaicans and it is the gala day of their week. They are off to the market early in the morning to buy and sell and to enjoy the conversations they so much love in the noisy crowded square. Before dawn, the people from the bush are trudging along towards the market center. Some have come a considerable distance and they may have started in the very smallest hours of the morning. Others with produce not so perishable may have come in the day before and slept the night in the market place.

All morning long I see the sturdy native women, with baskets poised gracefully on their heads, swaying along on noiseless bare feet, red with the earth of the country. Then, too, there is the swift graceful pattering of donkeys' hooves and the bleat of recalcitrant goats being dragged along to the butcher's block. Not that these last have any instinct of their fate, but rather that goats are always recalcitrant and must be dragged along.

**M**ARKET day seems to bring the beggars out in large numbers. Shortly after Mass they begin to arrive at my door. On the whole,

they are not a pleasant looking lot. Usually, they are dirty though some make an effort to be clean. There they are, the blind, the lame and the halt, perhaps not much different from their Judean brethren of two thousand years ago, whom Christ befriended. They all give me a cheery greeting and a great variety of titles. The few who are Catholic call me "Fadder." To the rest, I am Rector, Parson (which makes me squirm) Squire or Massa.

On this Saturday, it is raining. Believe it or not, it is a cold rain driven in sharp spits by a relentless South wind. It will be a poor market day, because the people will not come out. They dread the rain because a wetting brings fever. Yet, the beggars are out because they have to be.

**F**RANK is always the first beggar to arrive. He is blind but always cheerful and clean. By his begging he supports a wife and family. Gwendolyn, his oldest, a child of ten, always guides him. Today, I felt sorrier for the child than for her blind father. A thin dress gave no warmth to her thinner bones and she seemed to cringe before the driving rain. I could feel

it on my face. She would probably have to stay out in the rain all day without any comfort from the thin, wet dress.

My pet among the beggars is old Mr. Marshall. He is eighty-nine and has an interesting history, if I could get all of it. He is a Catholic and when I ask him how he is, he tells me that "Mas God don't ready yet." He is really a magnificent looking character, with a thin noble face, fringed with grey beard and topped by an ancient grey hat, its brim also fringed and adding to the character of the face.

**I**N the long past, Mr. Marshall had been a policeman and had been assigned to the exalted position of bodyguard to Governor Blake. When Governor Blake was transferred to China, his bodyguard had the choice of accompanying him or returning to the routine of an ordinary policeman. Neither appealed to him and asserting that independence which is so characteristic of the black Jamaican, he left the police force and went out to Costa Rica where he cleared jungle for banana cultivation under Minor C. Keith. If Mr. Marshall had remained with the police, he would today enjoy a pension. While he regrets the loss of the pension, he doesn't regret his decision.

There is still another beggar on the Saturday schedule who is worthy of note. He looks like Job at his sorriest. He is sheltered from the rain this morning by a rag bag which is called a crocus bag here. The crocus bag and the banana leaf are raincoat and umbrella to the Jamaican who has to be out in the rain. Besides his poverty, this Job-like friend has a chronic throat ailment which makes it difficult for him to talk. One day, he stood at my door step and with tears in his eyes, told me that his wife had just died. He had been unable to be with her in her last moments. It is sometimes hard to realize that these unfortunates may have families, that under their sordid poverty there may be strong feelings of affection and the keen sense of loss. Beggars have feelings, too, though sometimes, we more fortunate mortals forget or do not realize it. These feelings (Turn to page 168)

# For the Conversion of Shintoists

## The Mission Intention for June

**O**N the great feast of Shihohai which is celebrated on the first day of the year from three to five o'clock in the morning, the emperor of Japan turns to each of the four cardinal points of the compass, bows in veneration to the tomb of his ancestors and prays for a prosperous reign and a New Year free from all calamity.

The worship of one's ancestors is the chief devotion of the good Shintoist. His religion is the native cult of Japan. It sprang from the people and its beginnings are lost in mystery and legend. With a name which means "way of the gods" it has neither dogmas, moral code nor sacred books, but is a rather confused mixture of native worship and veneration of ancestors. In Shintoist mythology we first find mention of fire gods called Koto-Amatsu-Kami. They are the creators and movers of heaven and earth. After them come a long series of lesser gods of water, wind, trees, rivers, roads, thunder, rains, etc. Among them are Izanagi and Izanami, the special creators of Japan. From these two descended Ninigi-no-mikoto, great grandfather of Jemisu Teno, first emperor of Japan.

**T**HE emperor, supposed to be descended from a god, is, therefore, the high-priest and ambassador of divinity. He must celebrate the worship of his divine ancestors and offer to heaven as high-priest the prayers and sacrifices of his millions of subjects. That is the reason, too, why at first the only temple was the emperor's palace. The old ceremonies were chiefly ablutions and purifications.

With the advent of Buddhism in 552, the primitive form of the religion began to disappear. Finally, the *bonzes*, or priests of Buddha, triumphed completely and with the setting up of Rio-bu-Shinto, a system which made Shintoism and Buddhism one and the same religion, the old form died out. However, the works of Kamo Mabuchi produced the expected reaction in favor of the old national religion against Buddhism and Confucianism, both foreign importations, and since 1868 Shintoism has stood on its own feet as a cult in Japan, boasting about twenty-five million adherents.

**T**HE Holy See by a recent decree has removed what was probably a great obstacle to the conversion of Japan. For many Japanese Shintoistic honors paid to dead heroes and emperors of Japan are not religious practices but merely an expression of patriotism. Therefore, ruled ecclesiastical authorities, Japanese Catholics are free to take part in these civil ceremonies since they in no way imply a denial of the true faith.

St. Francis Xavier, the apostle of Japan, landed at Kagoshima on the feast of Our Lady's Assumption, August 15, 1549, to begin the immense task of bringing that great nation to the feet of Christ. In 1622, there were more than 500,000 Christians in Japan, the fruit of the labors of Xavier, his fellow Jesuits and missionaries of other Religious Orders who followed in

his footsteps. Then began the "great martyrdom," a persecution which for cruelty and refinement of torture can hardly be surpassed even by the recent slaughter of Catholics in Spain. The exact number of victims is known to God alone, but probably more than a quarter of a million Japanese shed their blood for Christ. More than twenty of them who were Jesuits, have been raised to the honors of the Altar.

By this terribly efficient persecution Japan was closed to Catholic priests for more than two hundred years and it seemed that the faith was dead and buried beyond resurrection.

**B**ECAUSE the seed of the Church had been sown so widely and deeply by the blood of so many martyrs God worked an astounding miracle to show His appreciation for the work of His apostle, St. Francis Xavier, the sufferings of the martyrs, and the intense love of the Japanese Christians for His Divine Son. In 1860, as a result of a treaty between France and Japan, Catholic missionaries, after an absence of more than two centuries, were again allowed to bring the Cross of Christ, the Mass and the sacraments to the people of Japan. You can well imagine the astonishment and delight of the French priests when at Nagasaki on March 17, 1865, fifteen Japanese timidly approached the Fathers and asked three questions: "Do you obey the Pope in Rome?" "Do you honor Mary, the Mother of God?" And finally, "Are you married?" When they found out that the missionaries preached devotion to Our Lady, obedience to the successor of Peter, and practiced celibacy, they wept with joy, saying that they, too, were Christians and that they knew that there were about fifty thousand more like themselves throughout Japan! Think of it; for more than two hundred years, fathers and mothers had baptized their children and taught them the true faith! Without priests, without the Mass, with the sacraments of Baptism and Matrimony alone, they had kept the lamp of the word burning in their hearts!

**T**ODAY there are about 115,000 Catholics in Japan and among the missionaries who labor there are forty Jesuits. These men are devoting their lives to the immense work for the success of which we are asked to pray during the Month of the Sacred Heart—the conversion of twenty-five million Shintoists!

When one considers that among the Japanese the individual is almost entirely suppressed he can realize the difficulty of converting them to the true Faith. Yet once converted they make splendid Christians. St. Francis Xavier spoke glowingly of them: "The Japanese Christians are my delight." Then there is the testimony of the Nagasakians who remained loyal without priest or altar for over two centuries! The Catholic Church today is taking steps to adapt herself as far as possible without compromise to the cultural expression of Japan. May She obtain a favorable hearing.

# A FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## IRAQ

### *The Tigris Rises*

Again we must thank Francis X. Cronin, S.J., for news from Baghdad College, Iraq:

"We have been having a bit of excitement over here. A pretty heavy rainfall in the north flooded the tributaries of the Tigris and all of Baghdad woke up a couple of days ago to see old man river reaching a new high. A couple of inches more and we would have been in for trouble. As a matter of fact, the river did overflow in a part of the Arab village of Sulaikh next door to us and ruined some of the mud houses.

### *One Big Lake*

"The Government ordered the bund to be broken some distance up the river so that the water might flow out into the desert and thus relieve pressure on the city bunds. That in turn meant that the Bedouins in the desert were chased into our section. Right now up at the end of our street, there is a small group of these unfortunates putting up the frames of their tents. I just came back from a walk up to the erstwhile waste-land. It's one big lake. And stranded out in the middle of the lake is the brick-kiln where we were to get the bricks for our wall!

"However, to prove that not even this event is an unmitigated evil, there is great glee and activity among the native women who are busy all along the banks gathering in the wood and twigs that have swirled along with the flood. It will be a welcome change from the staple fuel—patties of dried horse-dung. (That sounds suspiciously like a bad pun!)

"All the Fathers are still on their feet. Some are sporting colds, but nothing serious. The chill in the house will be fading soon. Has that myth of the 'sands of the desert growing cold' been exploded for this fel-

low! I owe Baghdad the experience of spending the hottest and coldest days of my life in her precincts. But it could be far worse, far worse."

## PATNA, INDIA



*At a railroad crossing near Chuhari, India, Hubert H. Schmidt, S.J., one of the many Chicago Province Jesuits of Patna, stops to let his bike cool off—and also to allow the train to go past.*

### *No Leopards But Some Converts*

"Last week I was touring part of my hill sector, drumming up trade for a little catechumenate that we are conducting here now," writes Father John A. Morrison, S.J., of Poreya Hat, Santal Parganas. "Said Mass every day in a different village and was able to cover a good deal of ground. Did my traveling on Oscar and carriers brought my Mass kit and other things slung from poles balanced on their shoulders. Not so long before I got to one village, they had killed a leopard that measured five and a half feet (tail excluded) but I didn't meet any such visitors. Have a fair number here now under instruction and at the end

of the week hope to have some Baptisms and fix up four or five irregular marriages. It is practically impossible to instruct people out in villages as they are so scattered and have so many interruptions, so we bring them in here and our catechists give them a solid week of catechism and bible history and at the end of that time they know something, about the Faith."

### *A Note on Thomas*

"Did I ever tell you about Thomas?" inquires Hubert F. Schmidt, S.J., in a letter from Catholic Orphanage, Chuhari, India. "Some three years ago he was picked up in the narrow streets of Bettiah by some members of an Indian organization which is the equivalent of our K.K.K. He was to be cared for by them and to be educated along K.K.K. lines. Then the little waif's eyes went bad. Such physical specimens don't fit in the scheme of mud-slinging outfits and so our little Hindu found himself once again adrift in overpopulated Bettiah. His wanderings finally ended at the door of our church in the Christian Tola of Bettiah. Father Kevin Angelo, S.J., the missionary in charge of the Bettiah Catholics, brought his half-starved find out to Chuhari. And here the kid has been ever since. Last April I assisted at his Baptism. He took the name of Thomas. His First Communion followed two months later. This happy event occurred in Patna while he was undergoing eye treatment. The thick glasses prescribed by the doctor to rectify his condition have almost made him stoop-shouldered. Since he is the only kid in the place with glasses, the rest of the gang have hung the Hindi equivalent of "Big Shot" on little Tom. He may never win a needle-threading contest, but he has something which the sharp-

est eyes in India may never find—the Faith.”

## BRITISH HONDURAS *Near Drowning at Arenal*

From El Cayo, Father John T. Newell, S.J., writes interestingly of some of his mission adventures:

“It was on a visit to the village of Arenal. To avoid a big hill at one point, I decided to take the alternate road along the river. This road is rocky with an abrupt limestone slope alongside and becomes covered when the river rises. I got along all right to a certain point but at that point the road was covered with water, though I could see where the road continued some feet farther on. I made a turn to go back, but the road proved too narrow. The horse suddenly started to slip and in a moment he had fallen backwards into the water. What a startling surprise for me! Two thoughts at once crossed my mind: the utter truth of Christ’s words that death comes as a thief in the night; and my unwillingness to die. For I felt certain I would die, and thought that I must make my act of resignation.

### *Abandon Horse!*

“I was still on the horse when we came up, but, as he started to swim up river, I saw that it was foolish to expect that he would carry me, considering that the water-filled saddle-bags were a tremendous weight already. Rather than stay with the horse in this condition, I made my decision and threw myself into the water. I never liked the water and could not be called a swimmer, though I have floundered around in the water on occasion. It was this little experience that saved me, for although I had to struggle with heavy clothes weighing me down, I tried to keep my head, went under several times, but was finally able to reach and clutch at a bush



*Father Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., Associate Editor of JESUIT MISSIONS, who, on May 18, was accorded civic honors by the citizens of El Paso, Texas, on the occasion of his Golden Jubilee as a Jesuit.*

growing at the water’s edge. I pulled myself up, stood there for a moment awed, but thankful, after my experience, and then climbed along the rocky slope to where I saw the horse with his forefeet out of the water but unable to get out any farther. I soon discovered the reason. The saddlebags and saddle which had been tied to a grazing rope fastened about his neck had slipped off into the water in his struggles and were acting as an anchor to keep him from landing. I hauled out these things and the animal came on land. He was used to being in the water, and probably noticed nothing very unusual about the experience. But if I had stayed with him, I would more than likely have drowned. We dried out in Arenal and went to Benque early next morning, so I could say Mass.

### *Turned Back at Frontier*

“Early last year the frontier of Guatemala was closed tight. But I figured I could get through as usual, since the Padres had permission to enter from the Central Government. On arriving at the frontier, I found the gate bar-

ricaded and a soldier on guard. He was a simple looking fellow and, while he did not want to let me pass, I told him that I always did, so he said I could take a chance. He took down the barbed wire, and I went through and went the short distance to the river. The *forestalo* living on this side of the river looked dubious when he saw me. But I went confidently to the river side and called across for a soldier to come and cross me. The attitude of the soldiers on the other side didn’t look promising and, when I saw the erect and uncompromising appearance of the Corporal as he came down to the dory to cross, the matter looked still worse. On arriving at his side, the Corporal didn’t answer my salutation, but gruffly demanded how I got through.

### *Anti-Clerical Corporal*

“In spite of my explanations and protestations, he gave me a curt order to precede him back to the frontier. There he left me without ceremony. Since then in several times to Benque, I have not yet been able to get across the line. Twice at Arenal, located close by, the sentinels refused permission to say Mass in our church there, since after the new surveying half of the church lies on the Spanish side. But the line at present is not kept strictly at this point, so that Mass can be said in the church again. Before the closing of the frontier, the *Commandante* had told me that it wouldn’t be necessary to remove the church to the English side since it was all right where it was. Well, here’s hoping!

### *Commandante*

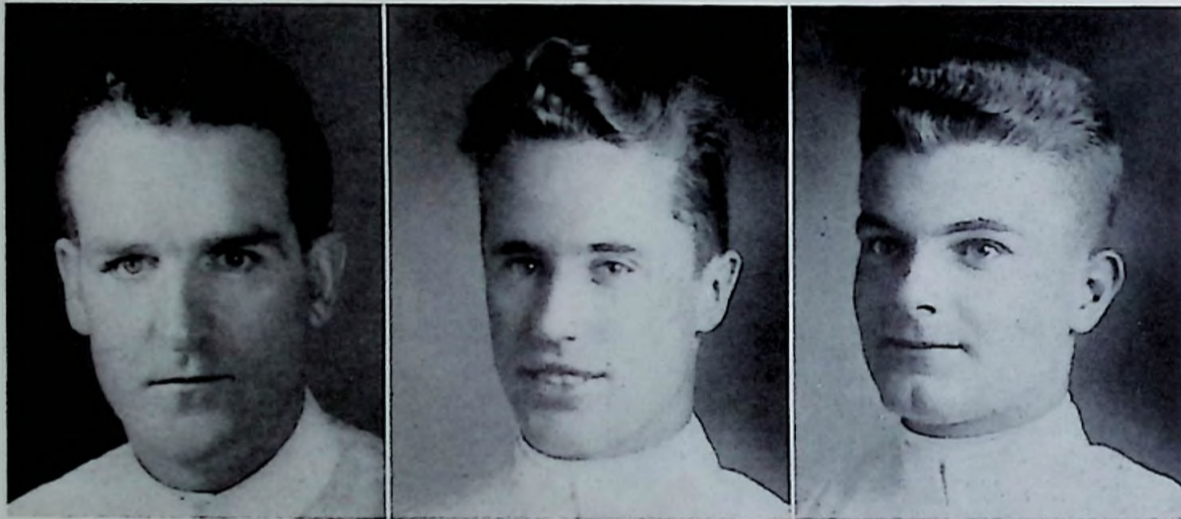
“On one visit I encouraged the *Commandante* to come to confession and Communion. No, he couldn’t. He had taken an oath which made it impossible. In a book of military lectures and instructions, he showed me this: ‘I take the oath not to practise

# BAGHDAD—BRITISH HONDURAS

any religion, Catholic, Jewish or Protestant since all religion is subversive to the government.' When I pressed him that such an oath was not binding, he could not see it, and felt himself obliged to it, no matter if it entailed dying without the priest.

## Rock Throwing At Duck Run

"For several months, rocks were mysteriously being thrown



Twelve Priests and Scholastics of the Maryland-New York Province will sail for the Philippines during June and August. In the first group leaving June 15, will be (left to right), Father Leo E. McGovern, S.J., Charles E. Wolf, S.J., and Charles W. Riley, S.J. Each summer fresh young bands of American Jesuits leave home to carry on Christ's work in foreign countries.

at night against the roof of the home of the owner of the large Duck Run Estate. The owner and other men stood armed in the yard while the throwing was going on, and fired shots occasionally, but the throwing continued without let-up. In fear the mother and children finally moved to Cayo to live. I passed two nights in the house alone on visits there, and had only two notable experiences. One was the noise of a single rock that struck the roof and rattled down. The other was a diabolic noise just outside my window. It sounded like the devil surely, with snorting and gnashing of teeth. A little unnerved, I took my flashlight, went out onto the veranda, and flashed it around. Right under my window I saw a cow crunching on a cob of dry corn!"

## JAMAICA, B.W.I.

### An Ax—Eb!

Father Daniel F. Dwyer, S.J., busy pastor of St. Anne's, Kingston, takes time out to dash off these humorous and encouraging lines:

"I seem to have discouraged beggars with my wood pile. I recall one in particular, wife and child starving. 'Work!' 'Sure, Fadder! An ax—eh!' A few more beads of sweat. 'All that

wood! Really, Fadder, I have to get back to the wife and kid! They need the six pence right away.' Slowly, the ax is dropped—my friend edges towards the gate. And all the while, Freda, my washerwoman is howling, 'What's the matter, Freda?' 'Him's a fake. Him's a regular on Spanish Town road.'

"All I want is another man and I can start getting some place. All you have to do here is to let down the net. We have the net. Who will let it down? Really converts are steadily trickling in."

### Progress in Linstead

Father James M. Harney, S.J., was confined to bed about the turn of the year with a bad case of bronchial catarrh. Now back on his feet again, he catches up

on the news of his mission at Linstead.

"Now a few words regarding my missions. Despite my enforced layoff the missions are making progress and are a consolation to me. Some of my neophytes, young men, have been walking seven miles in the early morning to attend the eight o'clock Mass at Linstead. My building program is going along satisfactorily. The new school at Donnington is nearing completion. The building itself is almost ready for the painters.

### St. Joseph's Workshop

"St. Joseph's Workshop is something new in my mission activities. I built it last summer in the hope that it would be a help in solving the financial side of some of my building problems. Time will tell but I personally think that it will save some hundreds of dollars. It is equipped with three woodworking machines. It is one of the best furnished shops outside of Kingston.

"After finishing the school at Donnington, I must repair the church; then build churches at Ewarton where I say Mass in an old garage, at Concord where I say Mass in a 'wattle and daub' hut, and at Guy's Hill where I say Mass in a shop."

## ALASKA

### Waiting for a Plane

"I am waiting here for a plane to take me to Akulurak," writes Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., from Nulato. "The mail plane broke a skee prop and had to go to Nome to be properly welded. It is en route now once again to Nulato. Father John Baud, S.J., is as busy as a bee. He is preparing his rather spacious quarters for the Sisters. The change will be made in a few weeks. He will then live in the old log cabin of the Sisters. A new house was to be built last year for the Sisters—but no mun!"

# JAMAICA—CHINA—CEYLON



Four Scholastics of the Maryland-New York Province who will sail for the Philippines, June 15. (Left to right) John P. Ruane, S.J., Francis C. Madigan, S.J., Leonard C. Hacker, S.J., and Edward B. McGinty, S.J.

"My return trip to Alaska cost about two hundred and fifty dollars. I have been a month in coming and am still about six hundred miles from Akulurak. I have used boat, train and plane, but kind of think that I shall have to walk yet!"

## Father Anable Promoted

How St. Michael's Mission gets its news is told by Father Martin Lonneux, S.J., in a recent letter:

"Last Sunday I was just eating my breakfast when the mail plane came from the Yukon. Behold, Father Edmund Anable, S.J., was on it, being on his way to Pilgrim Springs where he is going to replace Father Edward Cunningham, S.J., who died so suddenly.

"Father Anable was well, although he suffered much lately from a bad tooth. He remained in my house only fifteen minutes as the pilot had informed him his stop would be very short. As it turned out we had to wait fifteen minutes more in the post office and about that much near the plane. The pilot was in such a rush that he did not want to heat up the motor but tried to start on the battery. When his battery was nearly all exhausted, he had to cover his engine, take the oil out and warm it up.

"It was really bitterly cold and Father and I thought best to come back to the residence. When we were half way, the en-

gines started and Father rushed back to the plane.

"Father Paul C. O'Connor, S.J., is not yet back in Akulurak. Father George Endal, S.J., is in charge of Akulurak for the time being. Today I heard from the trader that Father O'Connor was in Fairbanks but would not come on the mail plane of tomorrow. This means that he will come back only in two weeks. I had hoped to meet him, but I will be gone by that time. He will pass over my head somewhere on the Yukon.

## Radio Rumors

"Now, do not take my word as a fact. I just told you what I heard. I myself do not pay much attention any more. Not long ago, a native who understands English very well told me that the Pope was dead. Of course, I did not believe him. What he had heard was about the anniversary Mass for the late Pope.

"Last year in January, word was sent me to Stebbins that the Father in Fairbanks was dead. It had just happened that a few days before, Bishop Crimont had written to me informing me that Father Aloysius Eline, S.J., had had a relapse and thought for a while that his end had come. I naturally believed the message forwarded about the Father in Fairbanks being dead. Father Eline was the only Father and with the news the Bishop had

told me, I took it as truth. As I have a great attachment for good Father Eline, I started at once the Requiem Masses and wrote a letter to the Bishop.

"Judge of my embarrassment when Father Eline himself thanked me for the Masses. What the party had heard on the radio was correct but in part only. They were talking about Father Monroe who had been in Fairbanks long ago. That is what you get in this country with those radios . . . more wrong news than correct news."

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

### Money Talks

The following letter points out the predicament of Father Jaime Vallés, S.J., in his new mission at Margosatubig, Zamboanga.

"Only by the grace of God will it be possible to revive the faith here in this new mission of Margosatubig. It has been left deserted since 1908. It is necessary to build a good, if small church. The church there at present is only nine by six and is hardly worthy of the name. The house in which we live is a small shed. There are very few Catholics among the 135,000 inhabitants in the region. As a result, we do not receive enough even for the necessities of life. They have not enough for themselves. How then can they give?"

"What pains me most is to behold my own helplessness in the face of Protestant propaganda.

# AMERICAN INDIANS—NEGRO MISSIONS

This region abandoned since 1903 has been left to the mercy of these established sects.

"They are Christian Advanced missionaries. They have appointed other native Sobanon pastors in other parts of this region. They won over the leaders and with them all their subjects because they have an automobile and money to pay their assistants. This is the same story all over Mindanao—a fine car and money draw the crowd to these American ministers."

## *He Measured Up*

Father John A. Pollock, S.J., is very much satisfied with his assistant at San Nicolas Church at Mambajao, Or. Misamis, P. I.:

"Father Arthur F. Shea, S.J., was assigned to assist in Mambajao and arrived December 12th. I put him to work and he has responded nobly.

"Selecting a corner of this mission that gave hopes of a good response, I went out the Sunday before Christmas Eve, whooped things up a bit, prepared the way, and then sent him out there Christmas Eve for confessions and midnight Mass. He had memorized a Visayan sermon, and knocked them off their pins with such fluent Visayan, and he has been here only twelve days! He heard plenty of Visayan confessions, had some two hundred Communions at his midnight Mass, the first ever held in that sector, more at the dawn Mass, and then hiked on to the end of the territory to my last chapel, on the slopes of the volcano for his third Mass. He is now a full-fledged missionary, eats, speaks, sleeps Visayan! If you have any more like that, send 'em along!"

## *Improvements*

Father J. E. Haggerty, S.J., Rector of the Ateneo de Cagayan, drops his work for the moment to tell his friends at home what is being accomplished by their assistance:

"You have always taken such an interest in our work here, that I am sure you will be glad to know that at last we have completed our building program. The Ateneo de Cagayan is greatly improved since you were here. But improving it has left me with a debt of more than sixty thousand pesos, on which I am paying a monthly interest of about three hundred pesos. We finished the last building—combination gymnasium-auditorium, in the middle of February; and although I had to borrow sixty thousand pesos from the bank we were so broke that we were two or three months behind in paying our bills."

## AMERICAN INDIANS

### *"Chicago Is Too Big"*

From Holy Rosary Mission, John Martin Scott, S.J., writes a note about the basketball team:

"The basketball team returned from Chicago last Tuesday after winning the Sportsmanship Trophy and having one of their members take all-American center. The tall buildings, the people, but especially the rush and roar of traffic awed the boys, many of whom had never seen a street car before. Their first rides in the elevators gave them never-to-be forgotten thrills. While going to the hotel and the gym some of the boys riding on the double-deck bus on the second deck ducked behind the glass windows on coming to a low bridge. The Sioux are glad to be once again on the Reservation. 'Chicago is too big.' 'I thought we would be hit by the cars.' 'There is no free space.' Such are their epitomes of the Windy City."

## CHINA

### *Busy Shanghai*

Business as usual, is the order of the day in Shanghai, according to a letter from Father John K. Lipman, S.J., of Christ the King Church:

"The last two months have been plenty busy for me, but this week saw a breathing spell begin when I finished the retreat for the high school girls at the Sacred Heart Convent. I've no more radio talks of my own for the rest of the year, though each Question Box means plenty for me. It's hard to realize that another year of the Catholic Hour talks is entering its last phase. Only six more, and we'll have another book ready to go to press, provided conditions out here don't explode with a bang.

"Our parish work is going along fine, with the crowds as big as ever. This year we are having Wednesday evening Rosary and Benediction during Lent, and Father Leo McGreal, S.J., started a Self-Denial Fund for Charity, setting aside all the money from the collections that is above our regular Sunday average. The crowds at the evening devotions are quite large, and I'm afraid the Mission will be jammed even worse than last year. Father Albert O'Hara, S.J., and Father John Magner, S.J., are giving it; the former will be down from Wuhu this week.

### *Trouble at Shuyang*

"Letters from Machang and Shuyang aren't so rosy; things, they say, couldn't be worse, and not the least of the troubles is the shortage of food. The floods last summer ruined the crops, and just recently the soldiers forced the Father at Shuyang to sell all the supplies that Father Charles Simons, S.J., so carefully laid in last fall. Father Mark Falvey, S.J., wrote this week and reports that things around Chutun are a bit less tense than they have been, but he doesn't say much about what is actually going on. No doubt he's aware that his letter might be opened and its contents fall into the wrong hands. The whole world is in an awful mess. Why complain about our little corner?"



# Jesuit Missions

Editorial & Business Offices  
257 FOURTH AVE.  
New York, N. Y.

Dear Reader and Subscriber:

This year, 1941, begins a new century in the history of the Society of Jesus. As we approach the month of June we can't but reflect how the Society has been privileged and favored by Almighty God. He has used its members, beginning with Blessed Claude de la Columbiere, to spread more widely devotion to the Sacred Heart of His Divine Son.

Our consciousness of God's goodness makes us wish the more to share our gifts with our loyal friends. Such friends have been the subscribers to and readers of JESUIT MISSIONS. You, as one of these, have supported generously our American Jesuit missionaries. If it had not been for the prayerful and financial help you have given, the missionaries never could have won so many souls to God. You can see then why we wish to share with you our gifts from God.

What time could be more opportune to prove our gratitude than the coming feast of the Sacred Heart? I am happy then to tell you that for you and your intentions, for your dear ones living and deceased, I am going to offer a Novena of Masses, beginning June 12th and ending on June 20th, the feast of the Sacred Heart. This will be a Novena of thanksgiving that God has given us a friend like you; a Novena of petition that He may continue to bless you abundantly.

Through JESUIT MISSIONS our friends have increased and multiplied, and we value each new subscriber as another valiant supporter of the American Jesuit missionaries. Would you find it possible to win for us one more such friend? If so, you could use the subscription form on the inside back cover of this issue.

Again, may the Sacred Heart bless you abundantly.

Gratefully in our Lord,

(Rev.) E. PAUL AMY, S.J.  
Business Editor

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Read JESUIT MISSIONS, *the illustrated mission magazine.*



*At the foot of Mount Fuji, Japan, Father Iwashita found the will of God in his regard when he took charge of the Kōyama Leper Asylum.*

# His Strength Came From Lepers

Bruno F.  
Bitter, S.J.

“**F**ATHER Iwashita is seriously ill . . . Father Iwashita is sinking fast . . . Father Iwashita can only last a few days longer . . . Father Iwashita is dying . . .” such were the reports that came in quick succession from the Kōyama Leper Asylum to Tokyo. Yet even so, when on the evening of St. Francis Xavier’s day, the news came that Father Iwashita had died, it fell like a pall on Catholic Tokyo, and soon on Catholic Japan.

Father Iwashita dead! And he the Japanese priest of all others on whom such hopes had been built, who was such a true priest, such a winning personality, such an embodiment of apostolic zeal coupled with outstanding literary gifts and administrative powers, who was adored by “his children” the lepers, whom he had of his own free choice asked to be allowed to live among and minister to for the last ten years of his life of fifty. And whilst he was bringing sunshine and warmth and comfort and joy into

the dreary, hopeless lives of the poor wretches that had been smitten by the hand of the Lord beyond all others, he was the life and soul of all Catholic activity among the Japanese intellectuals, students, university men, professors and men of letters. It does seem impossible.

**H**OW he did it, is his own secret, but certain it is that he, the son of a rich Osaka businessman, had been endowed by God with rare gifts of mind and heart, if not of body.

He was spare and lean to a degree, had even a limp, and had anything but a compelling exterior, except those deep, sympathetic eyes that revealed a thoroughly kind soul and yet sparkled with humor and wit and joyousness, assured and imperturbable.

These natural gifts were still heightened when, during his Middle school days at the “Morning Star” of the Marianist Brothers in Tokyo, he received the supernatural life of the soul through Baptism. A

brilliant university career at the Tokyo Imperial University concluded his education and left him at the top of the ladder for preferment in that world of scholars, the professorial staff of the highest seat of learning in the land—the ambition of every young Japanese of talent. Several years’ further studies at various European universities were by the desire and at the expense of the Educational Department of Government to complete his outfit for his lifework—but once more, as so often, men were but the tools in the hands of God, the means by which Providence achieved its ends.

**B**EFORE a year was out he made the great decision of his life. Abandoning the bright prospects before him with every assurance of brilliant success, he chose the life of the Catholic priest for the realization of his ideals and aspirations. There are indeed sure indications that already in his student days when he was the accepted leader among his fellows, the thought of the priesthood had haunted him, but what had been no more than a distant vision then, now became a compelling force, and Francis Xavier Iwashita proved worthy of his great patron Saint.

Without delay and with all the ardor of his soul, he gave himself to the theological studies preparatory to his ordination. Paris, London, Louvain, Innsbruck, were the scenes of his unremitting efforts which were crowned when late in 1925 the Cardinal of Venice laid his hands on him and sent him forth a priest of the Most High.

**A**S a priest, then, he returned to Japan in 1926, full of plans for the spread of the faith in the land of his birth. But, strange disposition of Providence, nothing at first seemed to come of these plans. Several literary enterprises proved abortive, the deeply cherished idea of an Oratory of St. Philip was never realized and people began to wonder and to ask: what is Father Iwashita doing?

But all the time something was being done to him by the Master Who said to His Apostles, “You have not cho- (Turn to page 168)

# Jesuits in Jail

Hernando Maceda, S.J.

“CLICK, click.” The jail door swung open. “You may get in now, Padres!” was the jailer’s inviting remark. Father Grant Quinn, S.J., and I obeyed. “Click, click!” and we were locked inside a large dark room, made lugubrious by thick walls and stout bars and by the hard, dejected faces of its inmates. There were about thirty of these outcasts to whom we had come to bring comfort from the Faith they little cared for.

“Now, boys: all who can understand English, please sit at this table beside me; all the rest, go to Father Maceda.” Thus began Father Quinn after the preliminary greetings. He then gave an English instruction on the end of man, Hell and Confession, to a dozen men while I spoke to the rest in Tagalog, a native dialect. In Tagalog—because I know no Ilocano, the dialect of this part of the Philippines, and, incidentally, because most of my hearers understood Tagalog.

The minutes sped by, and the eyes of these thirsting souls remained fixed on the Blackrobes in front of them, assuring them of hope in God’s mercy, of a worthwhileness in life. “Clap, clap. It’s time now, Padre.” That was the policeman, reminding us that the hour was past, and that supper for the boys was ready outside. We bid them farewell, and as the chronicler has it: “The boys looked on us gratefully, but longingly on the steaming hot meal of rice and fish which we met at the jail door.”

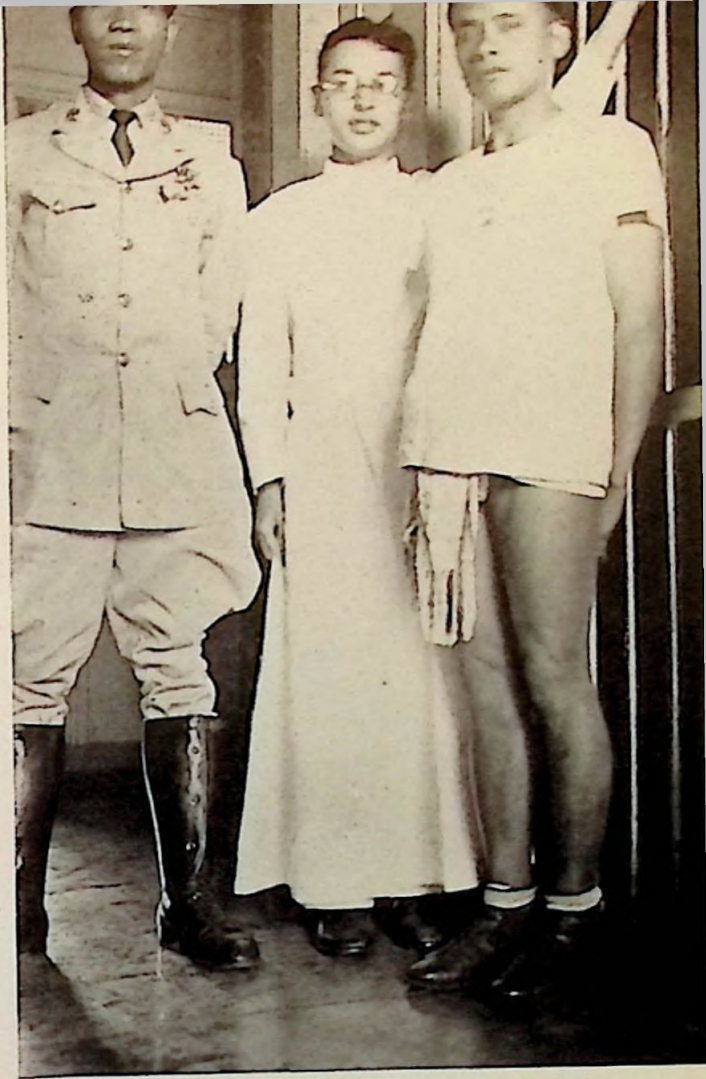
NOW let us introduce ourselves. Father Quinn and I were third-year philosophers at the Jesuit Scholasticate, Baguio, Philippines. Across the street, is the City Hall, in a cell of which our new friends live. Most of them find their way into that public hostel, for petty delinquencies, like theft, gambling, drunkenness and abide

there only for a week or two, seldom more than a month. A few others are locked in for more serious crimes, like homicide or robbery, and sojourn there till they hear their sentences at the trials, and this keeps them waiting in jail sometimes for six months. We visit our friends every Sunday afternoon at four and leave them at five to their supper.

Most of the captives are Filipinos and baptized Catholics from birth, but only half a dozen can make the sign of the cross; hardly any one remembers the Our Father or the Hail Mary.

CLASSES open with hymns in Tagalog. It won’t quite console a musician to hear our jailed choristers handle notes, but it does give great comfort to a missionary to see them refrain from their love songs, at least once in seven days, and chant out with enviable gusto praises to the Lady Queen of Heaven.

One Sunday we were greeted by a babel-community. A dozen Chinese had found their way in during the week. They could talk no English and very little Tagalog. I soon found out that they were pagans; and with a little more display of gestures than ordinary, attempted to draw a few Christian pictures in their minds. Next Sunday saw me better equipped. At the Scholasticate was the last philosopher who expected to be sent out for Catechism to a Filipino region—Father Alberto Chan of Canton, China. The Chinese prisoners were more at home with him, and one offered him a cigarette. He soon got entangled in a minor dispute about the correctness of his or their Chinese dialect, found out they were careless heathens who crossed over to the Philippines to make a fortune. The following Sunday they were gone; we hope to see on Judgment Day that a dozen more gentile hearts received the Gospel seed.



*Mr. Hernando Maceda, S.J., a friendly guard and an Igorot. This poor lad was just sentenced to term in jail.*

A sight to interest the guest is that of the prison walls, plastered with the “estampitas” or holy pictures that we give out. Each man has set up on the portion of wall adjoining his berth, a small private altar for his evening and morning devotions.

THE youngest members forcibly invited into this “public hostel” were six street urchins of twelve to fifteen years of age. It is a great pity that at an age when many other boys are still ignorant of crime, these neglected youngsters have already joined the society of criminals, and hourly breathe in the unclean air of a low moral atmosphere. They named the European dictators for me (a feat their older companions could not do) but, poor kids, they could not tell you who Jesus Christ was. They knew no prayers, though surely many a swear word. We did the little we could for them in a Sunday or two, and left their future to their Guardian Angels.

After two or three Sundays of instructions, the prisoners are usually ready for confession. We then inform the Belgian Sisters and a Belgian priest (*Turn to page 168*)



# NEW BOOKS



Four recent pamphlets by Martin J. Scott, S.J., *America Press, New York, N. Y., ten cents per copy.*

**Have You a God? What Is He Like?**

**Matthew, Mark, Luke, John—Were They Fooled? Did They Lie?**

**They Said He Blasphemed—He Said He Was the Son of God**

**Prove There's a Soul That Will Live Forever.**

Today more than ever, with the laity becoming gradually conscious of the part they must play in the spread of Christ's Kingdom, these pamphlets of Father Scott's are invaluable. So many around us are just drifting with the tide that we need an answer and the right answer "in a nut shell" if we are to interest and convert them. Father Scott, a master of controversy for some years now, addressing the "average man" in catechetical form brings forth cogently and logically proofs (1) for the existence of God and His attributes as a person (2) for the genuinity and authenticity of the four Gospels (3) that Jesus Christ was truly the Son of God, and finally (4) the proof that man has a soul which is spiritual and immortal. The medium of the pamphlet for these apologetical proofs was a happy selection since it allows the layman to absorb, a little at a time, the solid scholastic and apologetic arguments which make us ready to give an answer for the faith that is in us. Each pamphlet should be studied closely and absorbed slowly until the objective truth becomes personal conviction. Then you will be fully prepared for the apostolate. These pamphlets also make handy review briefs for the clergy who wish to brush up on their knowledge of Fundamental Proofs. They would do untold good if introduced into parish clubs and discussion groups.

**Characters of the Inquisition**  
**William Thomas Walsh**

To give an unprejudiced picture of the Inquisition, Mr. Walsh resorts to the original documents and proceeds to write in a very pleasant style a brief history, studying especially the main actors. The exaggerations and falsifications which had their origin chiefly in the work of Juan Antonio Llorente, written about 1820, and which were copied by Lea, Coulton and Merriman, are scientifically opposed by statistics and facts.

The original documents do show, it is true, that some inquisitors were cruel and unjust; that torture was used, though sparingly; and that death was the penalty for unrepented heresy. But statistics

prove that never more than eight, and generally only about one per cent of the accused ever suffered the extreme penalty. If even this should grate on our sensibilities, Mr. Walsh reminds us that death for kidnapping today is no more imperative for the preservation of human society than was death for heresy when the Church was the center of the interests of all Christians and was in peril.

The *characters* considered at length in this book are Moses, the prototype of the Medieval inquisitors, who protected God's revelation in the only way possible, by death for backsliders; Pope Gregory IX, who sent forth the first inquisitors to fight the heretics whose Manichean tendencies were threatening Christendom from within; Bernard Gui and Nicholas Eymeric, who were the first great inquisitors in France and Spain, and who both laid down ample directions for their successors. Mr. Walsh considers these rules in detail and stresses their prudence and concern for juridical procedure. Both Gui and Eymeric, as Gregory before them insisted that not punishment of heretics, but reconciliation was to be the constant aim. Then Mr. Walsh presents the heretofore infamous Tomas de Torquemada and proves that "to the Spanish Catholics, almost to a man, he was a gentle student who left the cloister to perform a disagreeable but necessary task in a spirit of justice tempered with mercy. . . ." And lastly we meet *El gran cardenal*, Francisco Ximenes, both a statesman and an inquisitor; in one role he saved Spain as a nation; in the other, Spain as a Catholic country.

This interesting and informative defence of the Inquisition closes with a condemnation of the priest Llorente whom Free-Masonry corrupted. The author's indignation at the mention of this traitor to the Church occasions an impassioned prayer. He asks that the whole world may realize the evil forces within it and may return to the only Truth, the Faith in God, as expressed by the Catholic Church alone.

*P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York, N. Y., \$3.00.*

**The Divine Crucible of Purgatory**  
**Mother St. Austin**

This posthumous work of a Helper of the Holy Souls is a treasure house of information about Purgatory and the souls who joyfully await there the consummate happiness of the beatific vision.

Since the classic treatise of St. Catherine of Genoa such a clear and exhaustive treatment of this consoling doctrine

of our faith has not come from the pen of anyone. The author first gives an account of the soul separated from the body and the effects of sin upon it. After treating the purgation of souls by the attributes of God, she shows us how the soul enters into the hiddenness, the immensity and the silence of God. Next we see the Holy Souls' relation to the divine operations, showing how God makes them like Himself. Lastly, we are told how we may help the Holy Souls.

Copious quotations from approved ecclesiastical writers and careful indexing make this book a valuable source of material for the priest who is preparing to preach on the doctrine.

*P. J. Kenedy and Sons, New York, N. Y., \$2.25.*

**The Beatitudes**

**Reverend F. X. Lasance**

These are "maxims of true wisdom, fundamentals of Christian morality and the way to real and everlasting happiness." First there is a consideration of the Beatitudes in general, then of the eight Beatitudes specifically.

The last part of the book considers the lives of Saints who practised the different Beatitudes in an eminent degree.

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**"SOME DAY I'LL WRITE  
A BOOK ABOUT HIM"**

(Continued from page 145)

he had not learned the little prayer, "Jesus meek and humble of heart, make my heart like Thine." I added it to the night prayers and it caught James' interest. I think it is his favorite prayer.

James is a handy man. That means a lot to the Father with whom he travels. He is handy with tools in an emergency, is a shrewd bargainer and an excellent cook. "Inak' gi" (enough) I think I hear James say.

It is an old advertisement in every mission magazine, that five dollars can support a catechist for a month. That's what James gets . . . but he's worth much more to me.

**SUN DANCE IN DAKOTA**

(Continued from page 147)

ing snugly in his father's cabin was tied by invisible, mysterious streamers of events to the sweat covered braves swaying before him. Thanks to the untiring efforts of the Blackrobe the faith of the Sioux in *Wakan Tanka*, the Great Spirit, was not crushed under the iron wheels of invading *Waischu* that cut the buffalo country in two and set metal-crazed pale faces surging through the saloon flanked streets of Custer and burrowing into the gold flecked gullies of Deadwood. Highway men who talked with the boom of a .44 and greedy traders pouring out fire water might cause the children of the prairie to question the God of the pale face and lose confidence in their own. But the heroic self-sacrificing example of the Mission Fathers, Brothers and Sisters taught them that the Great Spirit whose mighty hand tumbled the broken spires of the Black Hills and scooped out the weird chasms of the Bad Lands, was their loving Father.

The missionary Fathers, journeying the length and width of the five thousand square miles of the Reservation through the dust storms of August and the blizzards of January rescued the courage of the Sioux when the wagon guns of Wounded Knee blasted the nations' hope and the promises of *Wovoka*, the Messiah of Sitting Bull. When the prophecies of *Wanekia*, son of the Great Spirit, uttered in the wide valley of Nevada, proved empty as the summer sky and left the Sioux despondent and crestfallen, the *sina sapa* (Blackrobes) came to teach them of the true Messiah Who leads men to life.

Once more the Sioux could lift his head and walk erect, for he was a brother of Christ. Again he could dance and sing, but no longer would he have to scarify his body and subject himself to the long fast of the Sun Dance. This time it was a dance of joy, for *Wakan Tanka* was his Father.

**MEETING ON THE TUNDRA**

(Continued from page 148)

at our backs and surface snow blown so hard that it pushed us along. My boys led me to a staked trail and then with a

hearty wave of mittened hands, they moved off to visit their far-flung traps.

Do you wonder why I love them? It is natural. They love the wide open spaces, but also their missionary Father.

**THEY BUILT IT**

(Continued from page 149)

and for a roof of galvanized sheet iron instead of using again the old nipa palm, which is always a makeshift job. Even when the outside church itself is completely built, all the inside furnishings will still be necessary, the vestments, the altar supplies, the statues, the stations of the cross. But at least we will do our best, work to the limit of our ability and resources, and then leave the rest to Him. The work of our hands we leave in His hands. Will not He Who has built up the Church all over the world know how to help us to build a church in this corner of the world?

**ARABIC AS SHE IS SPOKE**

(Continued from page 152)

innocent-looking verb in the accusative case? That's the genius of the language! Few there are indeed that have broken through this Arabic lingual line of defence with much success. To speak the language with "haws and hems" is an heroic achievement but to speak like a true Arab seems to enter the field of the miraculous.

While crossing the Syrian Desert last Summer we did, however, meet one American who speaks better Arabic than the majority of Arabs themselves. This man, Mr. John Van Ess, went out into the desert and spent about six years with the Bedouin tribes. Later on he wrote a grammar of colloquial Arabic which is a standard work. He tells the story on himself that a missionary once congratulated him on this grammar, "not for what he put into it, but for what he left out." But Van Ess is not the only American Arab. Our own Father Richard McCarthy, S.J., whom we call the Dean of our Arabic Department, after only two years study has given flawless Arabic sermons and lectures.

**EVERY CATHOLIC IS  
A MISSIONARY**

(Continued from page 155)

prizing. Nevertheless, by a strange provincialism they keep it encased behind a double wall. They do not seem fully to realize that Christianity by its very nature and the will of its Divine Founder, is for all men, everywhere.

Faith with many instead of being expansive has become exclusive. One might almost say that it has lost one of its major qualities—charity. And it is precisely this lack of charity which has facilitated the development of agnosticism and secularism, and the other isms which in public life come into conflict with the Christian ideal. Moreover, might it not well be the absence of this charity, which has led to

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the rupture between the people and the Church—the paradox of so-called Christian nations today.

Faith is a fire. It grows in proportion as it is extended to and shared by others. To restrict it to oneself is to run the risk of extinguishing it, for it needs and can thrive only on the oxygen of charity.

All is not accomplished when one possesses the true faith. That moment begins the duty of giving it to others. Religion though born in conscience should not end there. On Our Lord's own insistence it must be externalized and spread abroad. To wall it up as in a jewel case, is to compress the immensity of God and love. From compression, there results a narrow man-made religion at variance with and jealous of the interests of one's neighbor. Christians cannot sequester their God. They cannot substitute "My Jesus" for "Our Jesus." Christianity would shrivel to death, and then torn piecemeal would be the brotherhood of man. Pushed to its logical conclusion, this action would give rise to a new paganism with each household having its own gods and envying those of any other.

It is undoubtedly necessary to save one's own life, but "whoever saves only his own life shall lose it." On the contrary, whoever gives himself more and more to God and the welfare of his brethren, will find it. One for all and all for one is a thoroughly Christian formula. The duty of the missionary apostolate is inscribed in the innermost soul of man—is of the essence of Christianity—the root of our Catholicity.

How can one become an apostle? By assisting in the measure of his means and influence to increase the number of adherents to the true faith. First, by the radiance of our moral life will Truth, particularly Catholic truth, be spread. Dogmas, precepts and sacraments are of the moral order though resting on the intellectual. As a famous French writer strikingly said: "One must live what he believes, or eventually he will believe what he lives." No one does greater harm to the cause of Christ than the vacillating, lukewarm Catholic. In like manner, nothing bears witness to our Faith's divinity like a genuinely Catholic life seen and felt in daily intercourse. Secondly, by prayer and participation in the mission program of the Church. Prayer is as necessary an element in the apostolate of souls, as air or water for the preservation of human life. Lastly, as children of light we should learn from people of this world how to organize our forces, and use the great discoveries of the present age to advertise and advance our faith.

This can easily be done if Catholics would familiarize themselves with the self-sacrificing lives of modern Apostles and the Mission Encyclicals of Benedict XV and Pius XI, "Maximum Illud" and "Rerum Ecclesiae"; if they would enroll as members of the Holy Father's own mission-aid organization—the Society for the Propagation of the Faith, and of the local mission or convert study clubs; if

singly or collectively they would agree to support a missionary for a specified period or sponsor the education of a native candidate for the Holy Priesthood in some mission land where American Jesuits are laboring. Thus would they awaken latent spiritual energies and develop a sense of responsibility which the world-extension of the Kingdom of God entails for every Catholic.

An imperative need of the day is a rebirth of the apostolic spirit inspired and strengthened by the instructive and inviting example of zealous souls of the past. Such a spirit would make laymen and women practical co-laborers with the missionaries in the spread of the Gospel throughout the unbelieving world.

### MARKET DAY BEGGARS

*(Continued from page 156)*

may bring them sharper sufferings than their poverty.

These beggars put me to shame with their courage. They stimulate me when things are discouraging. They face a life that I could not be strong enough to face. Yet, I, too, am a beggar but there is this difference. They beg for pennies. I beg for pounds. Their wants are satisfied with very little, mine demand so much. In my work I am a salesman for Christ, but they, too, are the ambassadors of Christ. And so they are welcome at my door, even though they may not be so pleasing to the eye. It is hard to talk to them sometimes. It is impossible to do something of permanent value for their needs but at least I will not turn them away from my door as long as there are pennies in the cigarette tin.

### HIS STRENGTH CAME FROM LEPERS

*(Continued from page 164)*

sen Me, but I have chosen you." So Father Iwashita surprised all but his closest intimates, when in 1930 he asked and obtained Archbishop Chambon's permission to take charge of the Kōyama Leper Asylum at the foot of Mount Fuji. Thus fell on him the mantle of that veteran, Father Drouart de Lezey, for many years past the soul, spiritually and materially, of that first institution erected in Japan for the benefit of lepers. What could, after that, be expected from Father Iwashita for the advance of the Catholic cause in Japan?

However, what looked like the end of all those high hopes that had been entertained with regard to him, in reality proved the beginning of a most fruitful apostolate, most of all among students and the educated classes generally.

Again, how he did it is his own secret, but in addition to his unreserved devotion to his charges at Kōyama, to the great improvements—out of his own pocket—in outfit and appointments of the Asylum, he found time to run up to Tokyo for a couple of days every week, to organize—and finance—a Catholic Students' Hostel, give lectures to study circles, besides regular courses at the Catholic Theological Seminary, preach

retreats, work on Catholic committees, and so forth and so on. And all the time his pen never became dry at home in Kōyama. He wrote and published a book on St. Augustine, translated Jacques Maritain's "Three Reformers" wrote a most comprehensive introduction to Professor Yoshimizu's translation of Karl Adam's "Christ and the Western Mind" besides innumerable articles both for Catholic and Protestant papers and magazines. His winning personality qualified him particularly for a fruitful treatment of the Catholic-Protestant problem, and he did much for a better understanding and paved the way for the home coming of not a few of our separated brethren.

For the third time: how did he do it? The key to the secret may well be found in his own words culled from a letter he wrote three years before his death to his old Spiritual Director of his "Morning Star" days: "Life among the lepers of Kōyama is indeed a great and undeserved grace. What is a puzzle to outsiders is evident to me: it is the prayers and the silent sacrifices of these poor outcasts that brings down God's grace on my apostolic labors in other fields, which labors I still consider the life-work assigned to me by Providence."

There is the man: Prayer and sacrifice the correlative, indeed, the indispensable prerequisite for a fruitful apostolate on barren ground.

And that is where Father Iwashita has a mission also to the friends of the Missions in the home countries. Prayer and sacrifice are within the reach and at the disposal of all, even though other ways of co-operating with the missionaries on the field may be temporarily precluded or altogether impracticable.

Let then the memory of Father Iwashita be an inspiration not only to all who came in personal contact with him and felt the fascination of his personality so full of the love of God and man, but also to others in whom these lines may have strengthened the conviction that it is indeed worthwhile, nay, that it is the crown of all missionary endeavor, to give to the missions many more such children of the soil and priests after the heart of God as was Father Iwashita.

### JESUITS IN JAIL

*(Continued from page 165)*

at the Cathedral and while these Sisters see the prisoners through the immediate preparation of examining their conscience, the Father starts to wash off guilt that has lived with souls for years, in one case for thirty years. Then early the next morning, they come again with the Blessed Sacrament. All in all, we instructed about one hundred and sixty prisoners in five months.

The convict behind the bars is a social leper. And yet, his is a human heart, whose cravings are infinite, unsatiable like ours, who longs to have a friend, someone to know and understand him, and—he finds none. Ours is a godly apostolate, for who is more unhappy than the man behind the bars?

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