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■ The desire to become a missionary in the most difficult mission in the world brought Jules M. Convert, S.J., from his home in France. He made his theological studies at Alma, California, where he was ordained. After a year spent in prayerful preparation at Port Townsend, Washington, he was assigned to the Holy Cross mission in Alaska. "Dogs in Alaska" gives an enthusiastic report of his first months on that mission.



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JESUIT RELATIONS was the name given to the correspondence of America's first Jesuit missionaries who 300 years ago discovered, explored and evangelized large sections of this country. The Jesuit Provinces which grew from these missionary beginnings today conduct a string of missions which encircles the world. The American Provinces have 619 men in the Philippines, Alaska, India, Iraq, British Honduras, Jamaica, China, Ceylon and among the Indians and Negroes. The Canadian Provinces have 112 men in China and among the Indians of Ontario. JESUIT MISSIONS is their magazine, now "The Modern Jesuit Relations."

COVER—This little Indian brave of the Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota, comes from a race of great fighters—the Sioux. "Good shots, good riders and the best fighters the sun ever shone on" was how an American general who fought against the Sioux described them. Today they are fighting not against but for Uncle Sam on the battlefronts of the world, where they are living up to the best traditions both as fighters and as Catholics.

EDITORIAL

ALASKA IS IMPORTANT

“ALASKA is the most important place in the world,” declared the late General William Mitchell of air-power fame, a number of years ago. About the same time Pope Pius XI remarked that Alaska was “the most difficult mission in the world.” These two statements were made independent of one another and have never, as far as we know, been placed in juxtaposition. But we think they should be. Recent events have, as a matter of fact, established a relationship between them and in so doing have highlighted the wisdom of the Church’s missionary solicitude towards this bleak Arctic territory.

General Mitchell’s vision of Alaska’s world importance was not based upon its undeveloped natural resources but on the unique position it occupies in the “world of air-craft.” Situated as it is on the top of the world, it is by trans-polar flying within striking distance of the great capitals of Europe, Asia and North America. You can’t detect this on a flat map, but if you look at a globe it is very evident. This is what that made Mitchell declare that “whoever holds Alaska holds the world.”

His pronouncement, however, was made before the days of geopolitics and long-range flying. Mitchell’s vision was not shared by many men. As a matter of fact, Americans generally did not fully see what Alaska meant to us until the Japanese moved into the Aleutians. It was then that we discovered Alaska. Large numbers of American troops and construction workers were rushed into the territory, a new highway was opened up through Canada, and numerous other projects were pushed to completion that are military secrets. All of these preparations, it is evident, have not been undertaken solely for the purpose of defense against the Japanese, to be abandoned after the danger is over. No, Alaska is no longer just a place to defend. It has become a place from which we can *dominate*. So henceforth, it appears, Alaska has come into its own as a position of great importance, either in peace or in war. Today its empty areas have become, almost overnight, thickly settled with troops. Tomorrow it will be citizen settlers who will come to take their places in the full development of this last frontier.

Archbishop Seghers and the earlier Jesuit missionaries who opened up Alaska as a missionary territory in the last century had no such vision of Alaska’s future importance. All they knew was that here was a vast territory where the gospel had not been preached, where the

Church of Christ had not been established. “You will be witnesses unto me . . . even to the uttermost parts of the earth,” said our Lord. So they became Christ’s witnesses on the rim of the world.

It was extremely difficult work not only for the pioneer missionaries but for those brave men and women who came to succeed them and to carry on their work throughout the years. They faced savage winters. They endured the loneliness of the lengthy Arctic nights. They felt the isolation from almost all the good things of civilized life. They stood up under the fatigue of hours and days of mushing over the frozen tundra. More trying to the soul than all these was, and still is, the ever pressing struggle to get supplies. Practically everything that the missionary needs to carry on his work—lumber, Mass supplies, medicine, even fuel, has to be shipped there from the States or other distant places in the territory. The cost of all these is tremendous. It has made Alaska the world’s most expensive mission.

THERE have been critics of this heavy expenditure of money and zeal in Alaska who have pointed out that it might have been spent to greater advantage in other parts of the world where people were more numerous and prospects greater. This criticism has come frequently also to the minds of the missionaries themselves and has added still another hardship to those that make Alaska difficult.

But neither this nor the numerous other difficulties have deterred them in their work for Christ. They have kept before them continually the value of a single human soul and the right that all nations have, whether large or small, to be made partakers of the Divine mysteries of the Redemption. Christ died for all men and the Church which he established, His Mystical Body, is destined to grow until it reaches the remotest parts of the earth. The Church must be established—that is the main thing. And the missionaries have established the Church in Alaska. This has been their greatest achievement. The discovery of gold in Alaska brought many people into the territory, most of whom, however, did not become permanent settlers. Far different, we think, will be the result of the present-day discovery of Alaska’s importance to the defense of America and to the post-war domination of commercial air-transport routes. The thousands of new settlers who may come into Alaska because of this will find Christ waiting for them there in His Church, erected by the sacrifices of the missionaries.

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A MAGAZINE OF APOSTOLIC ENDEAVOR

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Dogs as well as master enjoy a respite on the trail after crossing a river full of snow and ice jams.

Buster, a retired leader reduced to the ranks by the promotion of Tip.

DOGS IN ALASKA

They may be a nuisance on Park Avenue, but up in the Arctic they are the missionaries' loyal and indispensable helpers

Jules M. Convert, S.J.



IMPORTANT reinforcements arrived last summer on our Alaska Mission Front, and I had the joy of being among them. This was one of the largest groups to leave the States for the Land of the Midnight Sun. With Father John Fox, S.J. who was going back to his hermitage of Hooper Bay, on the desolate Bering Coast, were also an Ursuline Nun, a Scholastic, a Coadjutor Brother, and myself, just out of Tertianship, and eager to get to the work after all these long years of formation in our Scholasticates.

Hooper Bay is no longer the

hermitage it had been for years; both Mother Mary of the Blessed Sacrament and myself were assigned to this station. I think the former hermit was very glad to receive us.

Before starting actual missionary work, I have first to fill up a gap in my formation. No course was ever offered in our Scholasticates that would have taught me the two things without which I could not go very far in this part of the world, speaking the language of my new parishioners, and "mushing" a dog team!

Learning the Eskimo language is quite a job, since there is no gram-

mar or dictionary: the beginner must therefore wade through as he can with the help of a few notes left by those who undertook the same thing before him. After confessing that in five months I did not progress much further than a few elementary phrases of the type "How do you do?," I shall leave this austere subject and tell you of my first experience in traveling through our district behind a dog sled.

AS soon as I arrived, I was appointed "Team Master," and as such, entrusted with the care and training of our ten big dogs and



Father Llorente, S.J., wins the affection of his team of huskies with pieces of dried fish, dog biscuit of Alaska.



Eskimo children pelt the dogs with snowballs, pieces of wood or anything that comes to hand.

a promising litter of seven pups.

Each morning, I fill up a big cauldron with dry fish—one salmon for each dog, kitchen scrap and seal oil for a condiment; then I let the whole thing simmer at will on a big fire. By the end of the afternoon, everything is ready for dinner. You should hear the barking concerto that greets my appearance with the cauldron! I had found the way to the hearts of my pupils. I could now start taking them out for short runs around the village, with the help of some young native to teach me the tricks of the trade.

Father Superior finally graduated me, and last week he asked me how I would like to try a real trip. The gasoline supply for our little electric generator was running very low, but I could take our big sled to get a couple cases of gas from the corner grocery store. It just happens that on the flat expanse of the "tundra" the next corner is a little way out of Hooper Bay, in Chevak, thirty miles away! There we have a little chapel and a small congregation. I was to leave on Saturday morning so that I could say a Sunday Mass for our people there.

ON Friday evening, I prepared the sled for the expedition. In Alaska it is impossible to leave, even for a short week-end trip, with only a little bag; you have to take grub for yourself and your dogs, the fuel

to cook it, a complete change of clothes, a few extra gloves and boots, your sleeping-bag of bear skin or eider-down, your portable chapel, and a thousand other little articles for emergency repairs to sled or harnesses in case of mishap.

Saturday morning at dawn the sled was pulled out, and the dogs harnessed. I will take this occasion to present you the team of seven I selected for this trip. First, Tip, our "leader"; usually a timid little creature, is instantly transformed at the sight of the harness. As soon as he is tied up to the end of the long line that pulls the sled, he really becomes a leader.

THE role of lead dog is very important, because the driver must stay behind the sled to insure its balance, and occasionally give an additional push in a difficult passage. The only means at his disposal to direct the team is to shout "Gee" for a right turn, and "Hah" for a left. This naturally takes it for granted that your leader understands . . . and obeys such commands! Now, it frequently happens that in bad weather the driver himself does not know if he should go to Gee or to Hah! In such a pinch, the only thing to do is to rely on the instinct of the leader to take you home, . . . or to stop where you are and spend the night in the open until the storm is over. Tip is only a young dog, recently promoted to

the head of the line, but he has what it takes, though you cannot yet rely blindly on his sense of directions.

BEHIND the leader, the other dogs are hooked up two by two. They do the real work. Next to Tip, comes Frisky, an affectionate young female, all white, with a funny triangular black patch on her left eye. She knows very well that her main function here is to give us husky little pups to take the place of the old folks. She is willing enough to help with the sled for short runs; the way she pulls, however, it is easy enough to guess that she feels that sled work is a man's job! With Frisky, runs Spoon, all white also, a poor-looking dog, but the steadiest puller in the whole team. Then comes Buster, a retired leader, reduced to the rank and file by the promotion of Tip. Seven years of hard, faithful work have made him too slow to keep in the lead, but he still remains a valuable puller. We have occasional recourse to his unerring knowledge of the countryside. In the midst of the worst storm, he will take you straight home, or to the nearest inhabited place.

At his side is Mug, a year old. His gray fur, powerful jaws and newly developed taste for human blood reveal some wolf ancestry. Lately, Mug has become somewhat of a problem for us. He cannot see

children running around without getting wild, and almost impossible to control. In a few weeks, he took off the seat of the pants of a young boy (with a little piece of the contents!), put his teeth in the leg of another, and badly lacerated a little girl. We decided however to give him another lease on life, because he has perfectly good reasons not to like children. Eskimo kids are really mean and cruel to their dogs, throwing snow balls, pieces of wood or tin cans at them every time they have a chance.

SINCE Mug was a pup, he always faced the enemy, barking and jumping all over, pulling as far as his chain will allow him. The kids thought it was great fun; in fact, they soon forgot about the other dogs to concentrate their attacks on Mug . . . until one made the fatal mistake of approaching a little too close. After this first experience, Mug discovered the value of a set of good teeth. We still hope however we can train him. He is young and otherwise well disposed, but we remain a little afraid he might become real mean and dangerous when growing older; I keep a good eye on him, and on the kids when they are around, and administered already a couple of good spankings to some of his young tormentors.

To complete our team, we hitch directly in front of the sled two powerful brutes, just as peaceful and gentle as they are big and strong. One is Gin, and the other Mussolini. Like Benito, he is a glory of the past, though still in good shape, but his eight years will

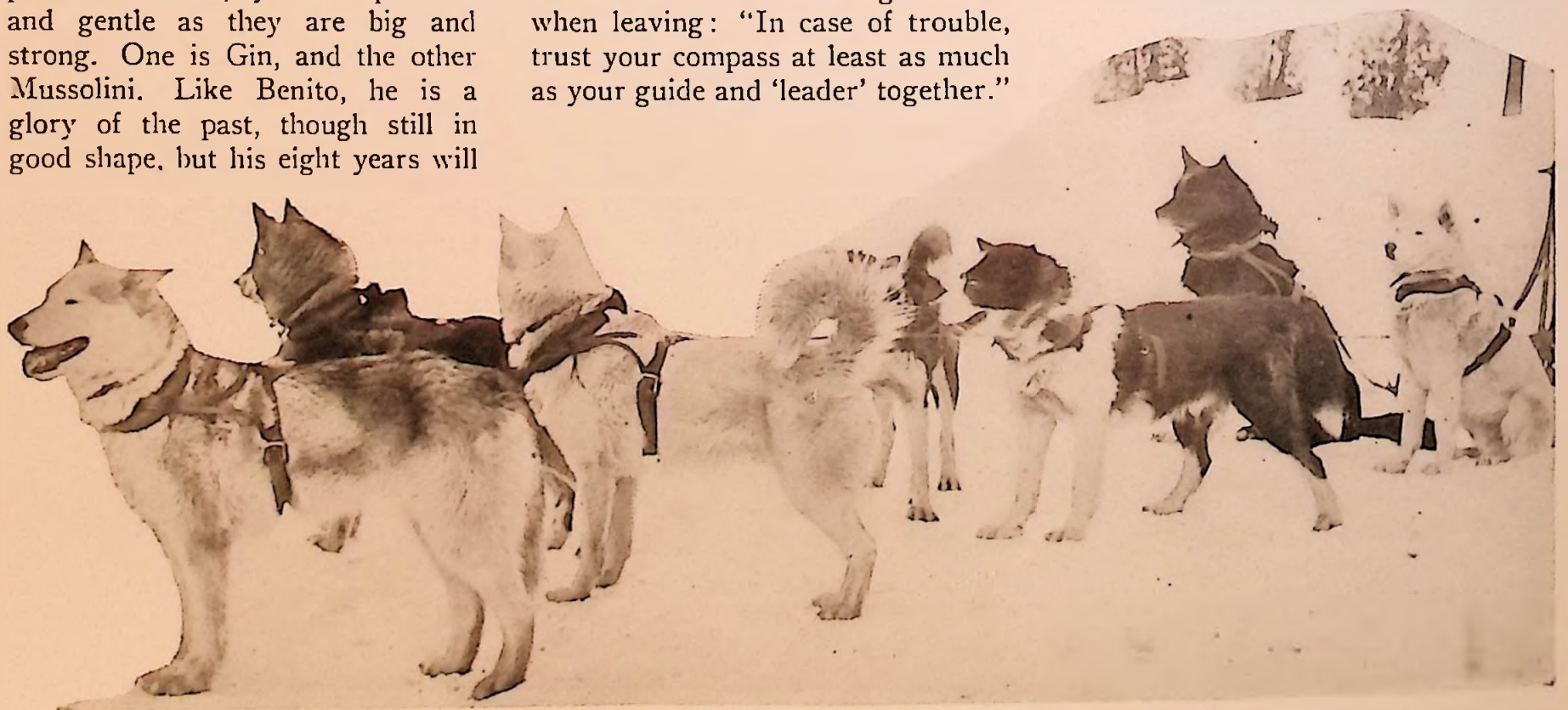
soon prompt us to dispatch him to his reward in the Happy Hunting Grounds. In spite of all our gratitude and attachment to our faithful four-footed friends, it is just impossible to keep feeding them once they cannot work any longer.

Now, back to our trip. At 9:45, the dogs are at their place along the line, barking and jumping, impatient to go. I untie the rope that holds the sled to a strong post, grab the handle-bar at the back of the sled and jump on the extension of the two runners, the "admiral's deck." We are away. My young guide is sitting on top of our luggage, and for ten minutes or so, the dogs keep racing full speed; their first ardor gone, they settle to an even and fast trot.

THE weather was not too cold—18 below—but the visibility rather poor; patches of low fog, and wind strong enough to raise occasional snow drifts. There were enough brighter intervals however to allow me to set my course toward a distant mountain; this is an important landmark when traveling in that direction, because at this time the ice is not yet safe enough to cross the Bay. Once the snow covers the thin ice as well as the more solid ground, there is just no way to tell on which you are actually traveling. When fog or snow drifts hid the mountain, I kept an eye on the compass, following the last piece of advice Father Fox had given me when leaving: "In case of trouble, trust your compass at least as much as your guide and 'leader' together."

After three hours of alternate riding on the sled and running behind to make the load lighter . . . and keep warm, we reached a lonely little igloo at the foot of the small hills (Peanut Village), another important landmark. We had covered a little more than half the way. Now sure of having avoided the Bay, we could turn due South-East and make a bee line to Chevak. After a ten minutes stop to chew a little piece of smoked fish and take a cup of hot coffee out of the precious Thermos bottle, we were off again. The tundra then became just as flat as a board, and it was soon possible to see on the horizon the tall wind mill tower of the Chevak store. It took us three more hours to reach it, after crossing a large river full of big ice jams caused by the tides. Such a crossing constitutes quite a sport. Forgetting the sled behind them, the dogs just jump from one ice block to the next . . . and it is the driver's business to see that everything follows! I sure wished I had the cat's ability of always falling back on its feet.

AT 4 P.M., the dogs were tied up and fed by the side of our Church. It is a small cabin with walls of corrugated iron and two small rooms, one on each side of the sanctuary. Always glad of the visit of the Missionary, the whole village gathered in the church while we unpacked the (Turn to page 195)



The Great Kuang Ch'i Behind Li Ma-Tou

John J. O'Farrell, S.J.

CHINESE characters, both the ideographs and human individuals, are always interesting. The characters in the title of this story are well known throughout the Orient and represent perhaps the greatest foreign missionary and the greatest native lay apostle China has ever had. Both complement one another; the great success of each one depends upon the other for an explanation.

Li Ma-tou is the full Chinese name of Father Matteo Ricci, S.J., who penetrated the mind and heart of the Chinese intellectuals of the early 17th century because he had profoundly studied their language and culture. The character, Li, represents Father Ricci's "Shing" or family name; Ma-tou, his "ming tzu" or given name and is supposed to sound something like the Latin name for Matthew.

Kuang Ch'i is the "ming tzu" of Dr. Paul Hsu, Prime Minister of China, illustrious lay apostle, convert of Fr. Ricci. Madame Chiang Kai-shek's maternal grandfather was the 16th lineal descendant of this Paul Hsu. When receiving an honorary degree from Loyola University, Los Angeles, a few months ago, Madame Chiang took great pleasure in referring to her distinguished ancestor.

THE Chinese character, Kuang, means "Light" or "to illumine," and Ch'i means "to explain." In view of Dr. Paul's life and his connection with Father Ricci and other Jesuit missionaries in China, which I hope to outline in this story, it would seem apt to me to say that Kuang represents that light with

which Paul Hsu illumined the innermost recesses of Chinese culture so that Ricci and others could fully understand and appreciate it, and Ch'i might stand for that constant and persevering effort he employed "to explain" the mysteries of Chinese psychology, so necessary for one to be an efficient and successful missionary.

To have even a vague appreciation of the interaction of Hsu and Ricci upon each other, and to understand the importance of the method of apostolate they used with such brilliant success, we should begin with Saint Francis Xavier.

AS the practical prototype of global-mindedness Xavier was always on the alert to plumb the depths of international psychology and to discover the wellspring of the culture that dominated the entire Far-East. Curiously enough the Japanese unconsciously provided him with the master key when they posed the only question he could not immediately answer: "If the Catholic religion is so unique, so necessary as you say and seem to prove, why then is it that the Chinese do not profess it or speak of it in their great literary works?" It was a challenge—the thing that Xavier lived on, a challenge that must be immediately accepted because God's Greater Glory was involved.

Everyone knows that Xavier died on Sancien island for an ideal. That ideal may be summarized to read as follows: Convert the intelligentsia of China; then the rest of the Far-Eastern problem will be reduced to routine, methodical procedure. That message of 1552 will be just as true



Receiving an honorary degree from Loyola University in Los Angeles, Madame Chiang recalled that her ancestor, Dr. Paul Hsu, former Prime Minister of China, was converted to the Faith by Father Matteo Ricci, S.J.

in 1952. Incidentally, Generalissimo Chiang, in his last Christmas Day speech, said: "No lasting peace is possible unless we base it upon the doctrines of Christ."

XAVIER died, but his message, like the evangelical grain of wheat, sprouted in the hearts of Ricci and his many famous co-missionaries. Though they mastered the Chinese language and acquired a deep appreciation of the wisdom and culture of Chinese civilization, their admitted success would not have been possible without the help of Madame Chiang's most illustrious ancestor, Hsu Kuang-ch'i. We need to know more about him.

Hsu Kuang-ch'i was born in Shanghai in (Turn to page 196)



Father Gabriel Druillettes, S.J., visits the Reverend John Eliot, Protestant missionary of Boston, Mass.

From a painting by F. C. Yohn

REUNION IN MAINE

Francis Sweeney, S.J.

IN the vaults of the Harvard College Library in Cambridge lies a book which is one of the most precious souvenirs of Jesuit missionary activity in the United States. Though the pages of the big volume are faded and brittle, still the script is nearly as legible as it was two hundred years ago. It is the Abnaki Dictionary compiled by Father Sebastian Rale, S.J., during the thirty-two years he spent as a missionary among the Abnaki Indians at Norridgewock in Maine.

Memories of Father Rale and his work are fresher this spring in the Pine Tree State, where the Jesuits are rounding out their first year as directors of Cheverus Classical High School in Portland. The activity of the Society of Jesus in Maine was resumed last year after a lapse of nearly a century, when the Most Reverend Joseph E. McCarthy, D.D.,

Bishop of Portland, entrusted the High School to the Fathers of the Society. The school had been operated by priests of the Diocese. During the past year 250 students were enrolled. Rev. W. Edmund Fitzgerald, S.J., is headmaster.

IF the Portland Jesuits could snatch a day or two from their teaching of Greek and geometry, and journey along the coast and up the great rivers of Maine, they would retrace the steps of many a brother in arms: Rale and Druillettes, Biard and du Thet, Bapst who was tarred and feathered, and Bishop Fenwick—Jesuits all, who played high roles in the pageant of Maine history. They might even encounter the reckless ghost of a great French noble lady, who never saw the New World, but who sent the Jesuits to Maine three hundred

and thirty years ago this spring.

Antoinette de Pons, Marquise de Guerchville, was a woman with a field-marshal's baton in her hand-bag. Henry IV had wooed her unsuccessfully, for about husbands as about everything else the Marquise had her own ideas. She was a woman of uncommon generosity and devotion, whose zeal expressed itself in imperial projects worthy of a conqueror.

JESUITS, then governed by Father Claudius Acquaviva, one of their greatest generals, were preaching the Gospel in Peru, Paraguay, India, Japan, China, Mexico and Ethiopia. The Marquis de Guerchville decided that they must be given an opportunity to evangelize the Indians of New France. She made her plans carefully, poring late in the candle light over the

maps spread on her escritoire. Other ladies of the Court were enlisted as allies, one of them no less a personage than Queen Marie de Medicis.

WHEN the Marquis approached the young King Louis XIII, perhaps His Majesty realized that the odds were against him. With a sigh of relief he granted her all the territory between the St. Lawrence River and Florida. At least on paper, the Marquise de Guerchville was lady paramount of most of the Atlantic seaboard of North America. In 1611 Fathers Biard and Massé were at Port Royal in Acadia, looking for a site for the Marquise's missionary settlement. A location at the confluence of the Penobscot and Kunduskeag Stream, the future site of Bangor, was selected.

Two years later, in May 1613, the ship Jonas, dispatched from France by the Marquise to found a settlement on her domain, came to anchor in a heavy fog off Mount Desert Island. When the fog broke away, the French were so delighted with the place that they decided to make their settlement on the Island. The Mission of St. Saviour was founded on the western side of the entrance to Somes Sound, on a lovely, fertile spot beside the quiet water. It was the first French Jesuit settlement in North America. With Father Peter Biard, the superior of the colony, were Father Enemond Massé and Jacques Quentin, Brother Gilbert du Thet, and two novices named Le Moine and Nevon.

HARDLY had the colony been planted when Captain Samuel Argall, Lord Admiral of Virginia, sailed into Somes Sound and fell upon the unsuspecting French. Argall's fourteen cannon blazed at the French ship. Only one gun replied from the Jonas. It was fired by Brother du Thet. A moment later the gallant Brother lay dying from a musket shot. The two novices also lost their lives. The rest of the company were scattered and the mission destroyed.

Thereafter the focus of Jesuit activity lay to the north. That is another, more glorious story, bright

with the names of eight martyr-saints. In one stirring sentence Bancroft summed up that epic march across the wilderness: "In Canada, not a cape was turned, nor a bay explored, nor a river entered, nor a settlement founded, but a Jesuit led the way."

THIRTY-THREE years after Argall's raid, in 1646, two Abnaki Sagamores journeyed from Maine to Quebec to ask for black-robos. Two weeks later Father Gabriel Druillettes, S.J., left Quebec with them. They travelled up the Chaudiere from the St. Lawrence, and down the Kennebec to the sea. It was the first time this route had been taken by a white man. In Maine, as well as in Canada, it was a Jesuit who led the way.

For eleven years Father Druillettes made frequent visits to Maine. He was a man of great energy and affability, equally at home in the smoky lodge of the Abnaki and at the fireside of his Pilgrim friends at the Augusta trading post. In ten years the entire Abnaki tribe was converted, the first Indian nation to be completely Christianized by the French Jesuits. He was sent as ambassador of the French to Boston and Connecticut, everywhere exercising his marvelous gift for making friends.

AFTER Father Druillette's recall to Quebec in 1657, little advance was made on the mission front in Maine, because of the increasing demands on the slender force of Jesuits in New France. But in 1694 there came to the Indian village of Norridgewock on the Kennebec one of America's most famous missionaries. Father Sebastian Rale, S.J., labored among the Abnaki for thirty years, until his tragic death in 1724.

They were years of terror and bloodshed. On American soil the wars of Europe were being fought with redoubled ferocity. More than that, the Abnaki were fighting for their own lands, for the English settlers were claiming the eastern bank of the Kennebec.

Father Rale advised moderation, and tempered the fierceness of his Indian parishioners. But down in



Most Rev. Joseph E. McCarthy, D.D., Bishop of Portland, invited the Jesuits back to Maine, the scene of their former splendid missionary triumphs.

Puritan Boston the irate gentlemen of the Great and General Court of Massachusetts were laying plans to capture the "incendiary friar," whom they blamed for inciting the Indians. Four attempts had been made to apprehend the Jesuit. On the fourth venture, his Abnaki Dictionary, rich with the labor of thirty years, had been carried off to Boston, eventually to find its way to Harvard. But Rale was still at large.

FINALLY in August, 1724, an expedition surprised Norridgewock and killed the Blackrobe beside the cross which he had set up in the midst of the village. Rale was dead, and the work of a lifetime lay in ashes about his scalped body. And yet his victory was never in doubt. Two hundred years after his death, most of Maine's thousand Indians are Catholics. And about that unmarked (*Turn to page 195*)

It was Assumption Day in Jerusalem

Clement J. Armitage, S.J.



Mary Queen of Heaven, as conceived by an artist of India in fine ivory.

IT was still dark when Father Joseph Merrick, S.J., and myself slipped quietly through the gate of the Pontifical Biblical Institute in Jerusalem. Directly overhead the winged horse of Pegasus spread across the sky, its square of stars with their ancient name a bright reminder of a civilization that was still young when Palestine was old.

We turned to the east and plunged down the rocky path that crosses the upper part of the Valley of Gehenna. Ahead of us, as we climbed the further slope, a dark mass, silent and ill-defined, loomed black against the eastern sky,—the city of whispers, of storm clouds, of death.

There is no city in the world that has the ring of finality about it as has Jerusalem. It is the city where things end, whether those things be journeys, or doubts, or life itself. Even in strong sunlight there is something dark and final about this ageless city, a sense of buried, forgotten things whose secrets the stones no longer will ever cry out. The massive walls seem destined to guard forever this tomb without a body, this city without a heart.

As we passed along outside the walls in that hour before the dawn, there came to us the feeling that, no matter where the Man of Sorrows



In the early morning the women of Jerusalem come to the Jaffa Gate to sell their fruits and vegetables. Through this same gate marched the Crusaders.

might have wandered always across His path there fell the shadow of this mountain city. There is a ring of reckless courage in that simple sentence of the Gospel, "And He set His face towards Jerusalem."

WE climbed the hill that leads to the Jaffa Gate, passing the Tower of Herod, the sole remaining building on which His eyes must have rested. On either side of the Gate stretched two rows of dark shadows, silent save for an occasional whisper or the dry clicking of a beaded dress.

These living statues were the

women of Jerusalem, who come here in the early hours of the day to secure vantage points for selling their fruits and vegetables. An hour or two after sunrise they will be gone, their wares disposed of to the merchants, to gather their next day's merchandise. But their ghostly figures at the entrance to the old walled city remind us of those splendid spirits of the sword and trumpet . . . "It is Richard, it is Raymond, it is Godfrey at the gate . . ."

NOW we are inside the walls—and one who knows Jerusalem realizes what that means. One is



Down the Via Dolorosa they went, past the Church of Veronica's Veil.

always conscious of being either inside or outside the walls. There is a sense of oppression, of tenseness, of something about to happen, all the time one is caught within those arms of stone. You can't shake off the feeling. Once you have passed the definite line of those encircling walls you tense to the atmosphere of this city of the sudden streets.

We are going down now, down into the blackness of vaulted bazaars and narrow alleys. Our footsteps resound hollowly on the square stones. Our flashlights, one to the left, one to the right, rake the darker mouths of arched doorways and barred casements. It is wise to walk a little distance apart. We walk rapidly, down through the strongly shuttered bazaars of the clothiers and the butchers, past the street that leads to the Holy Sepul-

chre, and by the evil-smelling shops of the fish peddlers.

AT the crossing of the Via Dolorosa and the street that runs on to the Damascus Gate a light flashes continually up and down the four ways. As we draw nearer the light is turned upon us until we are near enough to be identified. It is one of the night guards of Jerusalem. Like Isaias we might call out, "Watchman, what of the night?" and his answer might still be, even now, "The morning cometh, also the night: if you seek, seek: return, come." And because our approach has kept his back turned too long to the dark lanes behind him he wheels quickly and a finger of light again searches the shadows. The watchmen of Jerusalem do not sleep.

Down the Via Dolorosa we go.

past the Church of Veronica's Veil and the chapel of Simon the Cyrenian. Now we climb the last hill past the Lithostrotos, under the Ecce Homo arch to the summit where the Praetorium and the Castle of Antonia stood. Behind them the ghost of the Temple still fills the night. But we are still within the walls and our goal lies beyond them.

We hurry on, down to the Gate of St. Stephen or, as the Arabs call it, *Bab Siddi Miriam*, Gate of Our Lady Mary. Suddenly we slow down. There are lights flashing beneath the arch of the gateway and voices are angrily raised. As we cautiously draw near the words become distinguishable, but not repeatable. The unmistakable accent of distant Lancashire is tearing the veil of silence over the Holy City.

TWO English soldiers on patrol duty (2000 years—and Europe still stands watch at the gates of Jerusalem) have discovered that someone during the night has fastened the gate from the outside, by thrusting an iron bar down in its socket. For the moment we are anxious. Our time is short, too short to make the long trip up to the Damascus Gate and out that way.

Father Merrick is equal to the occasion. He disappears into the darkness, only to reappear a moment later with a thin band of iron hoop. While three of us tug at the heavy door, one of the soldiers manages to slip the hoop around the bolt and lift it out. The gate is open—and we were outside the walls.

Ahead of us rose the Mount of Olives and above it shone, white and clear, the morning star—Her star whose feast we were to celebrate this day. Gaily we walked the remaining distance, down the hill into the Valley of Jehosaphat, over the brook Cedron and to our goal—the place which centuries of tradition have held to be the Tomb of Our Blessed Mother.

IN the little grotto which marks the ancient entrance to the Garden of Gethsemane, Father Merrick brought down upon the altar the same Son Who once came for Her on the first (Turn to page 195)



GOLDEN JUBILEE OF BISHOP EMMET. On August the fourteenth the Most Reverend Thomas Addis Emmet, S.J., D.D., Bishop of Jamaica, will celebrate fifty years in the Society of Jesus; nine days later he will have reached his seventieth birthday. Bishop Emmet entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Frederick, Maryland, on August 14, 1893; was ordained priest at Woodstock College, Maryland, in 1909. Consecrated Bishop in 1930 he has spent eighteen years in Jamaica, British West Indies. His mission vicariate covers an area of 4,404 square miles and out of a total population of 1,152,528 numbers 65,000 Catholics.

JOSEPHITES CELEBRATE GOLDEN JUBILEE. This year the St. Joseph's Society of the Sacred Heart celebrates the completion of fifty years of unselfish labor for the conversion of the Negro race in the United States. Today the Society numbers 163 priests. Churches for Negroes under their care have increased from four to one hundred and one.

REPATRIATION PROGRESS REPORTED. Authoritative sources in Washington state that repatriation negotiations are moving rapidly and very satisfactorily. Similar information was given in a broadcast from Tokyo in which Mr. Hori, Foreign Office spokesman, said that negotiations with the United States and Britain for a second exchange of interned nationals were making "favorable progress" and that the Japanese Government expects an agreement will be reached in the not too distant future. Only 1,500 persons will be repatriated this time.

NEW AMERICAN BISHOP FOR NICARAGUA. The first American Capuchin to succeed to the Vicariate of Bluefield, Nicaragua, is the Very Rev. Matthew Aloysius Niedhammer, O.F.M. Cap., of New York City. The vicariate is in area the size of New York State and was taken over by the U. S. Capuchin Province of St. Joseph (New York) from Spanish members of the same religious order.

BISHOP YUPIN HONORED BY JESUITS. At its annual commencement held recently, Loyola University conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws on the Most Rev. Paul Yu-Pin, Bishop Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, China.

NORTHERN CHINA TO LOSE THE MASS? The complete cessation of the celebration of Mass in some sections of China is believed to be inevitable. It is reported that in Northern China it is impossible to send wine to some of the distant missions because of the difficulty of grape culture experienced by the Vincentian vineyard, which has been the sole source of Mass wine for these missions.

CAPTAIN THOMAS A. SHANAHAN, S.J., Assistant Chief of Chaplains in the Pacific area, spoke by short wave radio over the Catholic Hour recently. Father Shanahan was chaplain of a hospital ship which took American wounded to Australia in the early days of the war.

FATHER RELLO, S.J., IN HIS 22 YEARS as chaplain of the Culion leper colony in the Philippines, saw 13,000 lepers die. Father Rello is now chaplain of a penal colony in Zamboanga.

TOKYO SEMINARY RESTORED. The Foreign Missions of Paris reports that the Tokyo Seminary which was destroyed by fire three years ago has been partly restored and that classes are functioning normally. Two professors who had been under arrest, were set at liberty when charges against them were proved false.

SISTER 35 YEARS A PRINTER. Sister M. St. Remi of the White Sisters has worked in the Mission Press at the Motherhouse in Algiers for thirty-five years. At this press the Sisters regularly print the news of the various African Missions and sent it to the communities of White Sisters living in Africa, Europe and America. Incidentally, another record was made among the White Sisters by Sister M. Agathe who celebrated her 90th birthday last February 14th.

MISSIONARY TRAVELS 1,600 MILES FOR HELP. A letter from the Jesuit Archbishop of Calcutta, Ferdinand Perier, S.J., informs us that "we were visited by Father Stuart of St. Columban's Society. He resides at Sumprabum in unoccupied Burma. He was destitute and came to Calcutta to find clothes and other necessities." The capture of Myitkyina by the Japanese had cut off Father Stuart from his regular headquarters and made the 1,600 mile trip to Calcutta necessary.

ACQUIRES DEED MADE TO FRANCIS XAVIER. The Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Lyon, France, re-

cently acquired a rice paper scroll on which is recorded in ancient Chinese characters the deed made in 1552 ceding to St. Francis Xavier the land on which he built his first chapel in Japan.

ICELAND HAD BUT ONE ROMAN CATHOLIC for a period of twenty years. This was Gunnar Einarsson, father of the recently consecrated Bishop of that territory, Bishop Johannes Gunnarsson, S.M.M., D.D.

KING FEISAL II OF IRAQ. on his recent visit to Palestine, made a special trip to Bethlehem and while there paid homage to the manger of our Saviour—called by Moslems the "Prophet Jesus."

SOCIAL WORK. Jesuit missionaries conduct 133 medical dispensaries, 107 orphanages, 41 hospitals and 11 leper colonies.

A NORTH CAROLINA MISSIONARY. Rev. Ambrose Rohrbacher, writes that in his mission which embraces seven western counties of North Carolina, an area the size of Ireland, there are only 55 Catholics. China has seventeen times more Catholics than his Waynesville mission parish right here in the United States.



Bishop Thomas A. Emmett, S.J., of Jamaica, is celebrating this year his Golden Jubilee in the Society of Jesus. One of the highlights was a Pontifical Mass celebrated at St. Ignatius Loyola Church in New York on May thirtieth.

MISSION INTENTIONS

July: Leaders for Church and State

- Out of the six hundred college students at the Ateneo de Manila more than two hundred fought at Bataan. At least twenty-five of these youngsters were below the age of twenty: they had volunteered. The first Filipino flier to die in actual air combat with the Japanese airmen was Lieutenant Cesar Basa, an Ateneo alumnus. Mr. Leon Guerrero, a loyal Atenean, handled the government morale broadcasts in Manila until the very eve of the Japanese entrance into the city. Then leaving on the last motor boat that pulled out of Manila, he joined our forces in Bataan. A young Jesuit novice was singled out for his heroic defense of a most difficult position on that same Bataan peninsula. These are but a few instances of that loyalty to the State that is to be found wherever the Church has been given the opportunity to develop.
- For Catholicism, in the words of Father George Bull, S.J., is "a culture, not merely a creed; an attitude, a whole complex of things taken for granted, in every activity of life and not in the sphere of the strictly religious alone. . . . Catholics still believe that every sphere of human life is related essentially to every other." Here we have the reason why Catholics, both in peace and in war, have been outstanding for their loyalties. They have been trained to this.
- The July mission intention recommends to our prayers the training of loyal leaders both for the Church and the State. This training is to begin with the young—especially with those who give most promise for the future. Such training is one of the most important of the many contributions which the Catholic Church has to make to a post-war world in mission countries.

August: Families of Neophytes

- "The proper and immediate end of Christian education is to cooperate with Divine grace in forming the true and perfect Christian, that is, to form Christ Himself in those regenerated by Baptism." In stating the end proper to Christian education Pius XI brings out the necessity of forming, of developing, of perfecting that life which has been given by Baptism. When the missionary has made a conversion his task is not ended. The establishment of the Church is not attained merely by baptizing. There must be a development in the life of the baptized soul—a development into the fullness of Christ which is brought about by a true Christian education.
- The first and foremost dispenser of this true Christian education is the family. But here the families of newly converted pagans offer a missionary problem. The fact that the parents are neophytes mean that although they might have much good will and piety yet they themselves are still new-born babes in whom Christ has not been fully formed. This formation is a gradual process even under ideal circumstances. It is evident that the children are even more in need of help than their elders. The Church meets this problem, as she does all others, first of all with prayer, knowing that God's grace will make up for what is lacking in the natural order of things.



The golden age of youth, when all the world is fresh and new, lasts but a brief moment in India. Boys and girls alike are soon sent into the field to do hard work. Much they learn from Nature's changing moods.

The Strange Case of Hari Singh

Joseph P. Martin, S.J.

HARI NARAYAN SINGH had never set foot inside a school room though he was nearly ten years old. Still he was a bright lad, could ask innumerable questions and was interested in everything.

The mission near Hazaribagh, India, boasted of six cows—six bony, forlorn looking animals which convention forced us to call cows. It was Hari's duty to see that they grazed in the proper place. From eight o'clock in the morning until late afternoon Hari never left the compound, and kept his eagle eye on the sometimes forgetful cows. One inimitable cackle of Hari's high-pitched voice would check one of the hungry creatures as it was about to step into forbidden territory. They were obedient cows; Hari had them well in hand, and he knew it.

Hari was also interested in birds; there were two families of them in the massive old tree near the bungalow with whom he was on quite

intimate terms. He would shinny up the gnarled trunk like a flash, and climb to the highest branches to take a peep into the nests. He bubbled with excitement when he once found four tiny eggs in one of the nests; and later, when four little heads peeped up at him, he almost fell from the tree with delight. He even took to mothering them, and carried up a few crumbs of bread every day which he deposited gently in the nest.

HIS love for God's good gifts did not stop with birds. Trees, flowers, vegetables—he knew them all by name, and took special care of those within his domain. A good deal of the day he spent in the Fathers' gardens, watering and weeding and spraying them, so much so that some of us who were interested in gardening found little to do there. The year previous to our arrival he had so skillfully nurtured the papaya trees that the fruit was then much larger than any

we ever saw in the town's bazaar.

Soon after I reached Hazaribagh, I met Hari. He always beamed and salaamed most respectfully when he greeted us with his "Jesu ki barai." We were all fond of him; we couldn't help it. But it was only several months later that I was really able to speak with him, for he knew no English, and I was there to learn Hindi. When he heard I was from America his questions flowed like the Ganges in spate. How I wished that my answers could flow as swiftly. My Hindi vocabulary, so slowly developing, was more or less religious, so I used to swing the conversation into spiritual channels. Strangely enough, Hari showed just as much interest in Jesus and Mary as he did in airplanes, motor cars, and submarines.

THERE was no end to his questions. I discovered a chart of large holy pictures which really enchanted him. Nearly every day we



Some of Hari's friends came with him to see the Fathers and ask many questions about America.

It was Hari's duty to keep an eagle eye on the mission cows and prevent them from straying away.



sat in the shade of the tree paging along, I explaining the pictures and Hari putting a host of questions. On several occasions he invited his young friends to come and see, and it was at these gatherings that Hari displayed his remarkable memory. He would stand silently among the other lads while I explained the pictures, but he was very quick to check me up if I omitted something which I had previously told him.

FROM the day Hari heard of Baptism and its necessity to enter Heaven, there was no peace for either of us. He begged, and on one occasion even cried for the Sacrament, and seemed to be able to think and speak of nothing but Baptism. Each morning he came to work with the hope that this would be his great day; and each evening it was a very sad Hari who locked up the cows and plodded his weary way across the fields to his village. But he certainly bore up well under the test we were giving him.

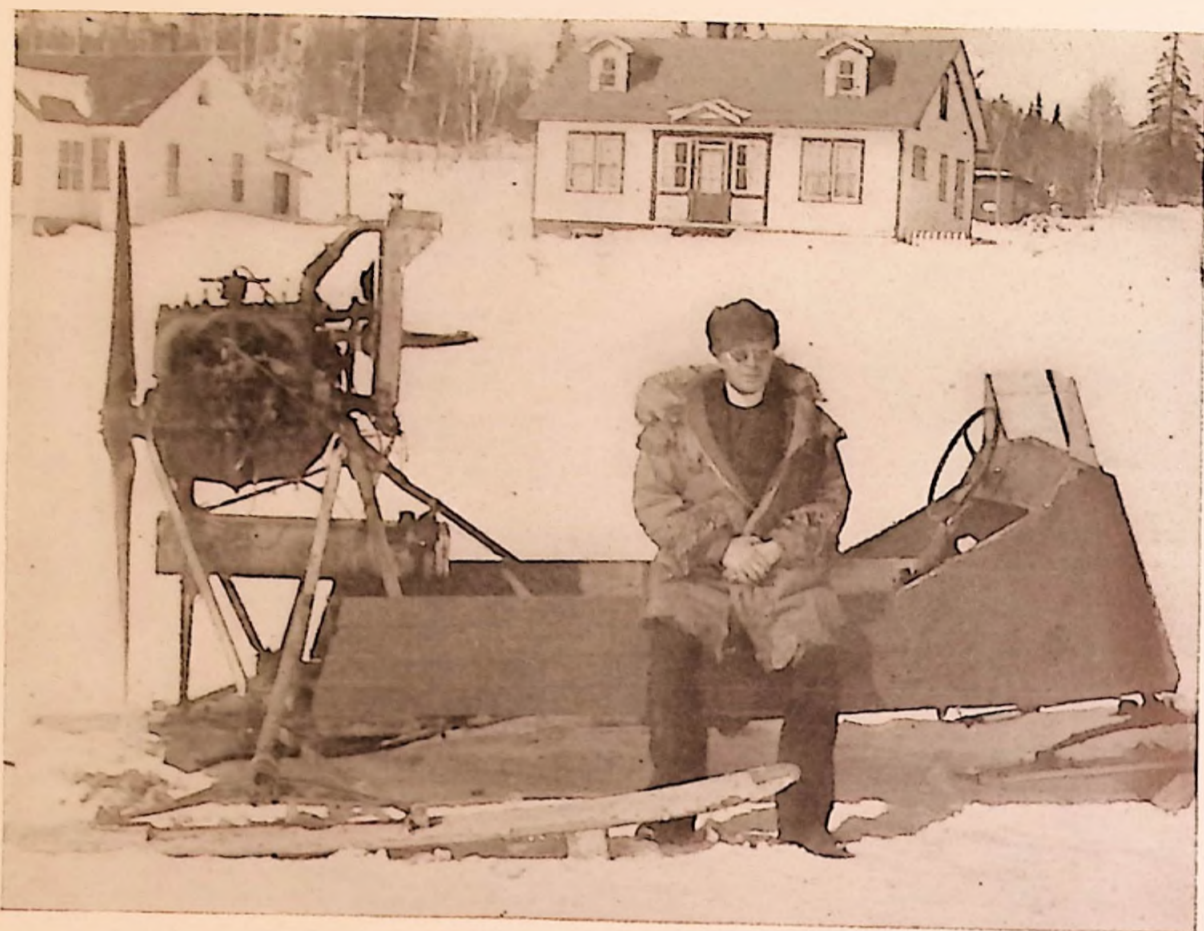
The monsoon began early in June that year, about two weeks earlier than usual. The steady downpour day after day made outdoor work impossible, so Hari used to spend a great deal of his time on the bungalow verandah weaving small baskets which he would line with tin-foil and present to the Fathers to be used as ash trays or ink pot holders. It was while engaged in this occupation that Hari received the good news one day—he was to be baptized on the feast of St. Aloysius, June 21, and receive the name Aloysius.

NOTHING we might have done or said could have made the lad more happy: he danced and sang, he laughed and cried, he even embraced us in his joy at hearing the long-desired news. But he was soon brought down to earth again when informed that he would first have to obtain the permission of his parents. It fell like a thunder-bolt. He had not thought of that before.

and already he seemed to foresee the difficulties that were going to arise at home when he mentioned his desire to become a Christian. It was a long visit that he made to our chapel that evening before going home.

WE hardly recognized our Hari who came to work the next morning. Indeed, in those few hours he had suffered more than most Catholics are ever called on to suffer. His was the same sad story which many a missionary has heard before. Hari brought up the question of his Baptism while he was eating supper with his father. The man at once flew into a rage, threw down his plate of rice, and proceeded to abuse the boy frightfully. Soon the mother came running from the house, and began to speak her mind—not only to her son, but to the whole village as well.

Soon the whole village was aroused. Hari was threatened; his parents were (Turn to page 196)



When Winter comes the swish of sled runners replaces the noiseless canoe as Father Rolland, S.J., visits his Indians around the shores of Lake Nipigon.

On the Trail for the Ojibways of Nipigon

Daniel Hannin, S.J.

NORTH of Lake Superior, in a land of gray mountains and giant evergreens, lie the dark blue waters of Lake Nipigon. Its rocky Laurentian shores are indented and scarred by the continual war of wave and land. The waters of the lake are covered with numerous islands, dark green patches which cast long shadows in the evening sun. Voyagers and Indians guide their canoes with skillful hands through the maze of islands. The short, choppy white caps toss the yacht or motor launch like straws in a whirlpool but the birch-bark craft of the Ojibway rides on top of the water.

Around the banks of the Lake have dwelt the Ojibway, "the people with puckered moccasins," from time immemorial. In clustering log

cabins or solitary huts they still cling to the customs of their forefathers. The moccasined brave, the papoose carrying squaw are found in the wilderness. The wigwam is erected in the summer, paddles are fashioned by axe and knife; when the autumn winds have stripped the trees the caribou skins and the otter pelts are stretched by hunter and squaw. Moose and fish are the staple foods of this dark colored race.

BROAD shouldered, cheerful Father Alexander Rolland, S.J., known to the Indians as *Aiabi-siwinge*, the Consoler, visits the tiny villages and moss-covered houses hidden in the leafy shore. Early in November, his big two-ton canoe, propelled by a powerful outboard motor started its month's tour of

the three-hundred mile parish. The big boat rides the rough waves with ease, although the priest is generally drenched with the spray. The cold November winds sweeping down from the north froze the wet garments of the missionary.

WHEREVER there were Indians the priest stopped and said Mass. At night when he failed to reach some habitation he beached his canoe and camped. In the light of the twinkling fire he finished his breviary and crawled into his sleeping bag. The keen-eyed guide served Mass in the morning.

The Indian is still the greatest hunter in Canada and follows tracks with the skill of his ancestors. The deer trail is like an open book to the Ojibway. "Look, Father, the deer passed here about an hour ago. He stopped here. See he turned to look at us. He sniffed the air at that spot. The track is half an hour old but he is making for the lake."

The sun played over the rippling waves as Father Rolland and his faithful henchman continued their journey. The Indian raised his paddle and pointed to the west. "*Nosse, tchimam.*" ("Father, a canoe.") In vain the missionary peered over the water. A few minutes later the Ojibway said, "It is a white man paddling. An Indian does not paddle that way." Father Rolland, whose eyesight is good, could barely see the faint outlines of a canoe.

SMOKE curling into the blue sky announced the home of an Indian. Father Rolland steered for the shore. The priest heard the confessions of the adults, taught the children catechism, set up the altar for morning Mass and led the family in evening prayers. His sleeping bag and the board floor were his bed. The following morning amid the farewells of the family he set out for his next mission.

Late one night he arrived at Gull Bay. This is one of the most fervent missions in the Northland. Every Sunday the church bell rings and the Indians flock to the little log chapel. The prayer-man leads the Catholics in chanting the prayers of the Mass and in singing the age-old hymns. It was eleven (Turn to page 196)

THE MONTH AT JESUIT MISSIONS



Fairchild Aerial Survey, Inc.

Any Port in a Storm

What the world always needs and today more than ever, is leadership. Recently Bishop Yu Pin of China came to Jesuit Missions Residence for dinner. We wanted to see him not merely for himself but also to inquire about our missionaries interned at Shanghai. Among other things he mentioned how twenty-five Protestant laymen gave him a testimonial banquet immediately upon his arrival here in New York. A radiogram had preceded Bishop Yu Pin to this country. It came from their Protestant missionaries in China. The dislocations and complications of the war left these ministers dazed and perplexed. They came to Bishop Yu Pin and said "We have no leader, no organization, no solution. Will you lead us?" Bishop Yu Pin did and with what success you may gather from this testimonial dinner given him here in New York.

Shepherd and Diplomat

Capable shepherd and a consummate diplomat Bishop Yu Pin came to this country to promote the cause of China, just as a few months ago he presented the cause of America and the United Nations to his countrymen. Times without number he went to the Chinese front. There during the lulls in battle he spoke to the Chinese soldiers from experience and with authority about the United States, its resources, its way of life, its determination to cooperate to the fullest extent with China and the other United Nations. Fighting as they were against overwhelming odds the influence of his words must have given a tremen-

dous lift to the morale of the Chinese Army and encouraged it to fight on until reinforcements and supplies came from across the sea.

The Generalissimo

The Vicar Apostolic of Nanking came to this country not merely as a Catholic Bishop but as the personal ambassador of Generalissimo Chiang Kai-Shek. After dinner as we sat in the library the Bishop gave us an interesting pen picture of the husband of Madame Chiang. Not a profound scholar the Generalissimo is a soldier and a great leader endowed with an abundance of prudence, patience and common sense. The secret of his strength comes from the daily reading of Scripture. His is a simple orderly life. Each morning he rises at six-thirty, takes setting up exercises for a half hour, then reads a passage from the Bible before breakfast. He goes to the War Office immediately after breakfast. He takes time out for lunch and a half-hour siesta at noon. Then he is back at his desk until dinner. In the evenings he works until midnight. What the General thinks of Bishop Yu Pin may be gathered from the fact that this is the second time the Bishop has been sent to America in the interests of China. The General's attitude toward the Church in China has always been friendly and cooperative.

Light Set on a Hill

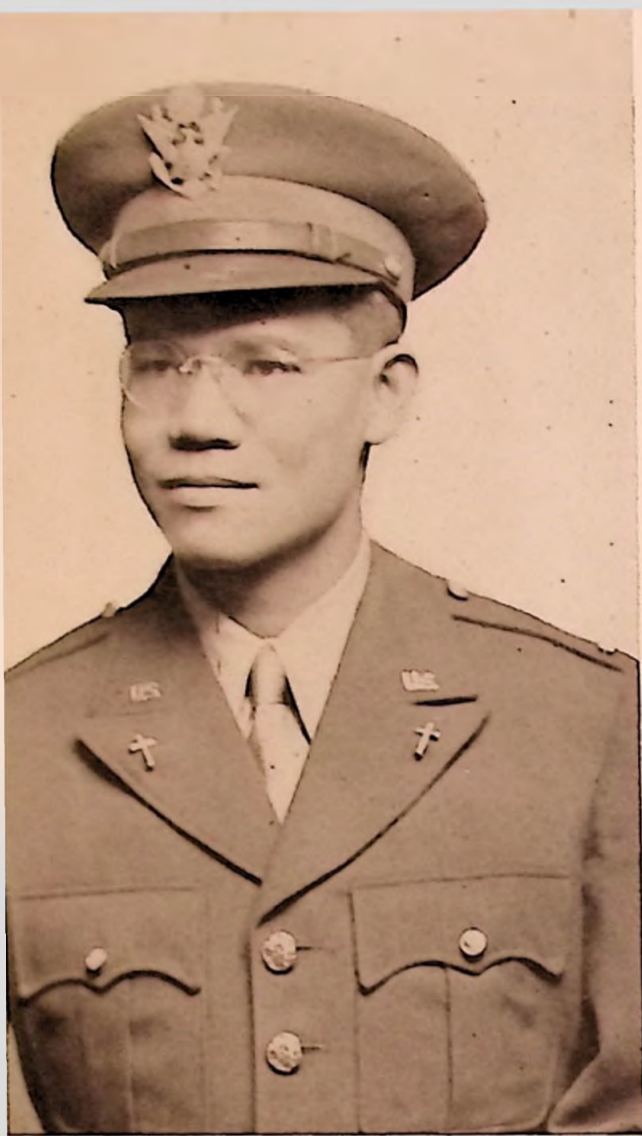
As he sat there before us in the library, a giant of a man, strong, vigorous, confident and in the prime of life, we could not help but see in this Bishop a classical example

of the finest that the Native Clergy Apostolate could produce. A master of five languages with three doctorates from Rome, here was an able representative of the Universal Church, a light set on the hills of China that many of his countrymen might be attracted to the Church of Christ.

We have eight hundred and seventy Jesuit missionaries working in China. The Bishop was curious to know why their work was not better known in this country. Someone offered the explanation that here in America, Jesuits were known as educators. "But what about your schools and universities on the missions?" queried the Bishop. In China, the Philippines, Baghdad, and elsewhere the intellectual apostolate is a very important phase of missionary work. This work has been promoted vigorously in our Jesuit missions. In emergencies like the present this endeavor to foster native vocations and educate native leaders has produced dividends.

There is a special need for the intellectual apostolate in China. Bishop Yu Pin stressed this. In fact one of the reasons for his present visit to America is to obtain 100,000 Americans, priests, sisters and laymen and women to play a part in the building of a better world in China. Christianity must be its foundation stone. Here was an envoy from the mission field, a man with vision, who foresees the part in missionary expansion that we Americans must play in his own country and in other lands. Where hitherto we went in bands of four or six or a dozen tomorrow we must be ready to go by the hundreds to the mission fields.

J. P. DEEVY, S.J.



Padre of the Second Filipino Regiment

Lino F. Banayad, S.J.

Father Aloysius F. Torralba, S.J.,
Chaplain of Filipino doughboys.

WITH thoughts spanning the Pacific, the little brown doughboys of the Filipino Regiments in Camp Beale and Camp Cooke, California, are gladly going through intensive Army training as a part of the United States Armed Forces. They long to be within striking distance of the enemy. Impatiently they look forward to the day when through them, their native land will be rid of the invaders. Their number increases daily. Once, they were merely "The First Filipino Regiment." Now there is a Second. The Third is on the way. The soldiers hope that a full division composed wholly of Filipinos will soon be organized.

There are several thousands of them at Camp Cooke, California, forming the Second Filipino Regiment. Ninety-one percent of these boys are Catholic. Forty percent of the officers are Filipinos, some of whom are alumni of the Ateneo de Manila, the famous Jesuit school in the Philippines' capital which furnished about a thousand officers who fought on the Islands' battle-fields.

Father Aloysius F. Torralba, S.J., the only Catholic chaplain of the Second Regiment, comes from Zamboanga, Mindanao, and was formerly a professor at the Ateneo de Manila. Taller than the average

Filipino, he is commonly called the "giant." With a ready smile and pleasing personality, this young Catholic chaplain has won the hearts of his boys. They have won his heart too, for Father talks feelingly about them. Close to a thousand is the average attendance at the three Sunday Masses. "This attendance is quite poor," the chaplain states, "considering the percentage of Catholics in the camp." The number of those frequenting the Sacraments is consoling. A good number go to Mass and Communion daily despite their having to forego supper.

AMERICAN officers of the camp are very understanding and sympathetic. They know the tremendous help which the Catholic chaplain is giving to bolster up the morale of the boys at Camp Cooke. It is common knowledge among the officials there that most of the problems of the boys are spiritual and that chaplains are indispensable for the successful running of the camp. One has merely to observe the Catholic chaplain's office, which the boys jokingly call "The Wailing Wall," to realize that Father Torralba stays up late night after night as a ministering angel to the soldiers who come to him with their troubles. With a glint in his eye, Father describes the sense of relief in the

countenances of these soldiers and their wives as they find themselves at peace with God. Enthusiastically, Father Torralba envisions plans which will enable him to come in closer contact with the other thousand Filipino Catholic soldiers.

DESPITE the jovial manner in which he speaks of his job as "the senior Catholic chaplain of the Second Filipino Infantry at Camp Cooke," one may easily guess the difficulties connected with his position. Father Torralba is in a way responsible for the morale of the boys. What is one Catholic chaplain among so many? Even the four percent of the Regiment who are enrolled as Protestants should by right come under his care. Most of them have been baptized Catholics. Yet even setting aside this four percent, Father Torralba has to attend to the spiritual needs of the ninety-one percent, a task more than enough to keep three men busy. "If I only had two more Filipino Catholic chaplains with me, then we could really go to town with these boys," was Father's way of indicating his urgent need of help.

Despite the fact that these boys are Catholic one should not expect to find them all well-instructed in the Faith. Many of them have less than a penny-Catholicism knowledge of it. It is not their fault. (Turn to page 196)



• **Afield** WITH AMERICAN JESUIT MISSIONARIES

Father William F. Masterson, S.J., Business Editor of *JESUIT MISSIONS* for the past two years, has been appointed Director of the Jesuit Seminary Fund of the Maryland-New York Province. His place as Business Editor has been assumed by **Father Coleman A. Daily, S.J.**, former Philippine Missionary.

CENTRAL AMERICAN VENTURE

• Four American Jesuits have departed for Central America where they will undertake an educational and missionary project at the Colegio Central America in Granada, Nicaragua. The college is operated by the Jesuits of the Vice Province of Central America. **Father Thomas B. Cannon, S.J.**, former head of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau and Jesuit Seminary Fund, heads the American group, which includes **Norman Martin, S.J.**, of the California Province, **Joseph Small, S.J.**, of the Chicago Province, and **Louis Grenier, S.J.**, of the New England Province.

FORWARD AMERICA

• **Father Joseph P. Merrick, S.J.**, who has spent a decade in the middle East and is now auxiliary chaplain to our forces opening up the route across Iran to Russia, sings the praises of our soldiers and speaks of America's high destiny in the world of tomorrow. He writes: "For more than seven

months now I have seen much of the American soldier and sailor and by and large he is an excellent soldier and a credit to his country. Along international lines he is a bit green and will not learn from the experience of others but only from his own sad experience. He naturally endows the easterner with his own ultra-west mentality and is often swiftly disillusioned. It is not an unmixed evil for he will return with a less provincial and bookish mind, he will appreciate America more and he will have assimilated more geography and history in one year from contact than in twenty years from books and Rudolph Valentino and Hollywood. Nor will he ever be the wild-eyed isolationist he or his ancestors may have been.

RULE, WE MUST

• "America, like it or not, is at the head of the comity of nations of the world, and more especially of the nations of the west; along with the Papacy it is the core and center of modern Christendom. Westward forever the course of Empire makes its way. Now we dominate; tomorrow it may be Japan or (far more likely) it may be China. Europe of course will never die but it may undergo an eclipse; surely it must decline yet none the less the life-giving Papacy is always there, renewing and

resurrecting, reinspiring, not now so much for Europe as for the entire world.

• "Give your best to Jesus, Mary and Joseph and to your country in this time of trial. Pray it will be even better than before and bend every sinew to make it purer, holier and eminently better, fit to rule Christ's world, as rule it we surely must, by wealth, by industry, by ideas."

BAKING COURSE

• "We have been having a baking course running the past few days," writes **Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.** of Godda, India. "Getting bread has been one of the difficulties these past months. **Father Cauchi, S.J.** from Dumka has a converted Mohammedan baker whom he allowed to come up to teach our boys. Under his direction Sam has been making fresh bread everyday and it is a treat. The baker was surrounded by an interested bunch of spectators before Mass yesterday morning. It was an objective demonstration of yesterday's gospel on the leaven. If they can learn bread making by watching, this mission should have no dearth of bakers in a few days.

HERE'S HOW IT'S DONE

• Breadmaking in India doesn't require a great deal of equipment. A few bricks plastered up with

mud serves as an oven. A few minutes before the bread is baked, a lively fire is kindled with wood, inside the structure. When the mud and bricks are good and hot, the fire is swept out and the bread put in, and in another few minutes the bread is nicely baked while the whole place reeks with the sweet aroma of freshly baked bread. The yeast is more of a problem, the juice of the toddy palm serves in a pinch. Of course thirsty Santals and Peharias hate to see it put to such profane uses. They derive more cheer from it in its natural state after it has stood for a few hours in the hot sun. Even the crows like it and can fly like Spitfires after a few good swigs. It is not the best yeast as the bread sours quickly if made with it."

PADRE LALIN

• Father John T. Newell, S.J. of El Cayo, British Honduras gives an interesting thumb-nail sketch of Padre Lalin, Pastor of San Roman, British Honduras.

• "He is here to give a two weeks' mission at Benque. Born in Spain, a former medico, he will deliver some knock-out blows against the Evangelist missionaries who have their residence there. Incidentally, Father Albert Muentzsch, S.J. thinks that Padre Lalin is the best informed man in the world on the Mayas. He finished two books in manuscript about the Mayas, besides other innumerable writings, including a lot of plays or comedies. I have used a special beginner's catechism here, and he is going to make a translation in Maya for me, which will be useful for the smallest children at the Mayan village of San Antonio. Someone should take an interest in all these manuscripts of his, because he is old now, and may take a notion to burn them before he dies. That would be another loss like the two manuscripts of Father Stanton on the Flora and Fauna of Central America.



Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J., for the past two years Business Manager of JESUIT MISSIONS, has been appointed Director of the Jesuit Philippine Bureau and Jesuit Seminary Fund of the Maryland-New York Province.

HEAT THE THERMOMETER

• From Hooper Bay, Alaska, Father John Fox, S.J. writes a little note on the weather in the Winter just passed, which was one of the hardest Alaska ever suffered. "We hear that in the interior of Alaska they have been practically on a steady diet of 50 to 55 below zero this winter. They say we had the coldest winter in Alaska's written history. And our observations confirm this. We do not indulge here in 55 below. We'd all die. So far I saw no worse than 35 below here. But with our humidity and storms that is enough. And in passing I admit that I rarely notice the thermometer. It is impossible to keep one outside the house. The kids put a match to the bottom, and of course blow off the top. They merely want to see how high they can run the mercury. The particular characteristic of our winter climate here is not the low temperature, but the changeableness and humidity to which this coast is subject. Changes in 24 hours of thirty degrees are common. And I once saw the thermometer jump in 12 hours from 20 below zero to 33

above. Last winter we had nothing colder than 20 above all January. This year we hardly had anything warmer than 20 below during the same period.

ARCTIC BOYS' CLUB

• "In an effort to group and discipline our particularly rough gang of school kids, Father Convent just started a kind of boys club. Divided into four small groups, each with a responsible leader, the boys, we hope, will little by little learn to organize their activities in the village, religious services, work, play. But so far we have practically nothing to offer them by way of attraction. We have a tiny radio and they enjoy it a lot. But northern atmospheric conditions do not make for good reception much of the time."

• Father Francis Menager, S.J. of Bethel, Alaska writes that he has been appointed to act as Auxiliary Chaplain to the United States troops in this district. "Since the fifth of March I have attended to the soldiers here—as their Chaplain. Father F. Geigel was called away. For Easter Sunday I had to have three Masses—one for the people of Bethel and two for the soldiers—then to make a good measure had an evening service for my Eskimos of one hour. I feel somewhat like a rolling stone but I do hope that I shall manage to gather a little moss now and then.

• "I am on my way now to get my motor boat now in McErath. Just bought it in February. It is very much needed for all the travelling I have to do in that long river called the Kuskokwim—over 500 miles for me to go through and about ten villages to visit."

KOTZEBUE CONFERENCE

• The only complete Holy Week services North of the Arctic Circle were held this year at Kotzebue, Alaska. Father Paul C.

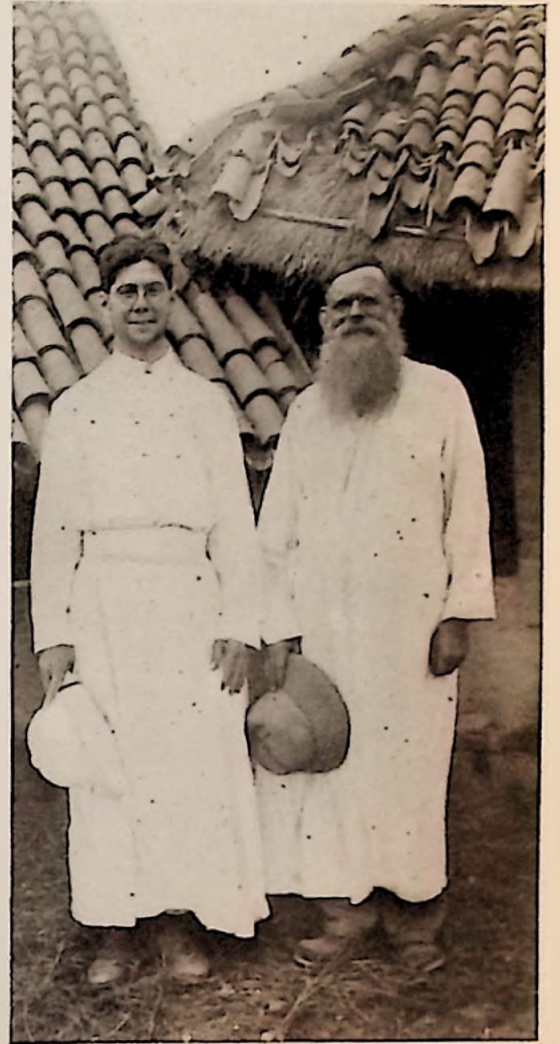
O'Connor, S.J. tells how he and his Eskimos brought it about.

• "We have a pleasant custom up here of gathering in the pastor's den after evening church services. Catechetical instructions by the way take place twice during the week. During one of these gossip round-tables the people mentioned about hearing beautiful choirs over the radio from Catholic churches in the States. The fact that Catholic choirs are heard, but Quaker choirs never, helps to build up the morale of our tiny Catholic population. Well, the pastor went on to explain (in his own modest little way!) how soul stirring were Holy Week services as conducted in a thoroughly Catholic parish. One thing led to another. Questions were asked and before he realized it the pastor put his foot into it. He was asked, "Why not have Holy Week services in Kotzebue a la Cathedral?" The pastor hemmed and hawed and finally thought the question was solved by remarking the absence of a choir that really knew Latin, etc. "But we could learn," was the answer. You could not disappoint such earnest enthusiasm.

COMPLETE SUCCESS

• "The pastor not to be outwitted by his congregation began coaching the different ceremonies about two weeks in advance. By dint of incessant repetitions he managed to drum the Litany of the Saints, the Ecce Lignum, and a few other rather difficult Latin responses into an eager Eskimo choir. He was amazed at the success that he achieved in so short a time. He continued and before finishing Kotzebue had the Holy Week services like a Roman Cathedral. The altar boys functioned marvelously and enjoyed the ceremonies to the full. The girls never faltered in the choir and came through splendidly. The older Eskimos watched with fascinated interest the ceremonies that piled up each day during Holy Week.

• "Our flock is small here, but the Repository was guarded both day and night. Some spent as much as three hours before the Blessed Sacrament—even beating the pastor who was on the run a good deal of the time. Each family made little crepe flowers for the altar. There was quite a



Father Joseph G. Mann, S.J., of the Latonah Mission in Patna, India, pays a visit to Father Francis Ory, S.J.

bit of emulation about these family bouquets. As usual the pastor was surprised to see some very artistic results from quarters he least expected.

• "On Holy Saturday afternoon the homes of all the Catholics were blessed. Eskimos appreciate ceremony and of course the blessing was done in strict ecclesiastical style. It was a real pleasure to visit these lowly homes—all spic and span for the occasion. A little festive altar was arranged in each. I need not add that every home is the proud possessor of a crucifix, two blessed candles, and many even have nice little statuettes. Religious pictures are found in abundance. Visitors to these homes have no trouble whatsoever distinguishing them from others which frown on no pictures but religious!

So this Easter was a glorious success up here in Kotzebue.



Father Joseph D. Wade, S.J., of Corozal, B.H., hears the confessions of the Santa Cruz children in the open air. Some of the Churches in British Honduras are still roofless as a result of the devastating hurricane there.

ORDINATIONS

This year priests, American and native Jesuits, were ordained in China and India for our missions there. Home here in the States scores of others have received Holy Orders for the Philippines, Iraq, our own Indian missions, etc.



Even war cannot check man and God's efforts to lead men to the source of true peace. Sacrifice is the heart of the priesthood, from Christ's initial sacrifice to yours which have enabled so many to go unto the Altar of sacrifice.

IN CHINA AND INDIA

- Because so many more missionary priests are needed;
- Because God has lavishly blessed the Society of Jesus with an exceptional number of candidates;
- Because we believe with our late Holy Father that "to help a poor boy to become a Priest and a Missionary is more pleasing to God than building a beautiful Church or donating an altar of fine marble"—
- We earnestly entreat aid to support our missionary seminarians.



- Have you ever thought at this time of the year when we read and hear so much of Ordinations that your family might like to have "its" priest?
- You can so easily! Because of the lengthy training of a Jesuit, generally fifteen years, the expenses entailed are very considerable. An offering of a \$1.00 a day provides adequately in this training.
- In God's eyes one of our Jesuit missionary seminarians might easily be "your" priest, if your generosity made possible his training.

SEND YOUR OFFERING FOR
OUR JESUIT MISSIONARY SEMINARIANS TO
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COMMUNICATIONS

The Editor will welcome your communication on any topic connected with Jesuit Missions and Jesuit Missionaries.

HIGH PRAISE

To the Editor:

. . . I am a very interested reader of your excellent magazine, the JESUIT MISSIONS. All my life I have been an admirer of the great missionary zeal of the Jesuits, here in this country and abroad.

Corpus Christi, Texas

MOST REV. E. B. LEDVINA
Bishop of Corpus Christi.

To the Editor:

I want you to know, dear Father, I enjoy JESUIT MISSIONS more than any of the magazines that come to the house. It is easily far above them all and I would not willingly be without it.

Macon, Ga.

K. M. O'C.

To the Editor:

I have had one full year of your blessed magazine. Every word has been a blessing to me and my family. I pray that the kind "Lord" bless you and yours, and that "He" give you all the strength to carry "His Cross."

Enclosed is one dollar. I only wish I could do more.

Brooklyn, N. Y.

M. L. C.

To the Editor:

I enjoy reading JESUIT MISSIONS—think it is better than the National Geographic.

I enclose a book of War Stamps, which may help a mite and only regret that I cannot give something worth while.

Grosse Pointe Park, Mich. M. L. S.

To the Editor:

Please renew my subscription for one year. Just couldn't keep house without it.

Dorchester, Mass.

Mrs. M. G.

To the Editor:

JESUIT MISSIONS inspires and educates. A trip around the world once a month

for one year for one dollar. Can't be beat.

Jamaica Plain, Mass.

J. P. S.

To the Editor:

Enclosed is one dollar to pay for my renewal to JESUIT MISSIONS.

We who live where the Jesuits are working know their great zeal and are happy to assist in furthering their endeavors.

The magazine is most interesting and enlightening.

St. Xavier, Mont.

J. E. K.

SPECIAL FEATURES

To the Editor:

I usually turn to the book reviews of a magazine among the first things I look at in a magazine.

I like your book reviews. They are good, thorough, and interesting.

Menard, Texas

H. L. H.

To the Editor:

Especially do I enjoy the pictures in your magazine, and no matter how busy I am when the magazine comes, I always take time out for the pictures and the articles on the page "Afield with Jesuit Missionaries."

Columbus, Ohio

I. M. E.

PRACTICAL MISSION CHARITY

To the Editor:

Kindly accept the war stamp proceeds of a Minstrel Show which the boys of the Junion Holy Name Society gave as an activity in the War effort. They were quite anxious to use it in the cause of the Missions.

Cincinnati, Ohio.

Sr. M. D.

To the Editor:

I am deeply mortified and ashamed that no contributor is listed in current issue from this city. Please do not let this happen again, simply by listing a dollar alongside my initials and letting me know, any time the list is made up without one otherwise, and I'll send it along. I wish that circumstances would permit me to do much more.

Canton, Ohio

H. G. P.

To the Editor:

Well today is payday and I could not forget the Jesuit Missions. So kindly accept \$5.00 for those good men that will not give up for war or no war.

Camp Davis, N. C.

Pfc. A. T.

THE CHRISTIAN WAY

To the Editor:

Your recent letter just received. I enjoyed reading the Mission news contained

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therein. But the news, of course, is not joyful, except insofar as we realize the death of Father Rocks is really that of a martyr. I am deeply interested in the work of the missionaries and am hopeful they might even Christianize the Japs. One's pity goes out to the poor, ignorant beings, despite their treachery. St. Francis Xavier will come to the rescue to finish the work he began 400 years ago.

Let me renew my subscription, with an additional subscription to send to an Army Chaplain of your choice, and also a contribution for the Missions as you see fit.

I'm very thankful that it is possible for the publishers to give us JESUIT MISSIONS, and I sincerely think and know that it is the best way one can get even more than the most out of a dollar. It is entertaining, educational, and above all spiritually sustaining.

Ft. Thomas, Ky.

H. M. T.

CATHOLIC HERALD

(Published in London for the World)

A Subscriber writes:

"I am whole-heartedly in sympathy with the policy of your paper in its courageous loyalty to the Holy See, regardless of political unrests too often short-sightedly pursued by Catholics. This has enabled you to support the wise attitude of President Roosevelt to defend France, a policy which is far more certain to bring the kind of peace we all want than the one you, to your lasting honor, have steadily refused to follow. . . . I congratulate you on the admirable tone of your paper, and I hope it will continue to flourish."

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NATIVE priests stand on their own merits. They have been vindicated by the tests of time. Judged by the severest standards, the native priesthood in the missions can be compared favorably with their brethren in organized dioceses of the Christian world. Some of them have been beatified, other have suffered martyrdom, and with few exceptions all have exemplified the spirit of the priesthood that enables them to understand and interpret to their people the saving truths of the Christian revelation.

This is a very consoling fact in these days of war when missionaries of various nationalities have been interned and their spiritual ministry curtailed because they happen to be Germans or Americans or Frenchmen and hence have been classed as "enemy aliens" by one or another of the warring nations. In some mission localities the faithful would not be able to receive the sacraments were it not for native priests. They are indeed the pillars of the Church today.

Moreover their importance to the spread of the faith will continue to increase after the war is over. Europe cannot be expected to send increased numbers of missionaries to the far vineyards. Now and for long into the future she will have to bend every effort to restore her shattered churches and rehabilitate her stricken flocks. Hence the usage introduced and followed by the first and greatest apostles must be more and more adopted, namely, wherever the congregation of Christians is large enough, to recruit and train a native clergy from among the new converts, who in turn will administer the sacraments and assume the spiritual leadership of their faithful.

SUCH has always been the official attitude of the Church. She sends out "foreign" missionaries but she expects that they will build up a truly native clergy. The many grave considerations behind this policy can be seen from the decree issued by the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in 1630 commanding Superiors of missions to confer priesthood on worthy natives. The Apostles and their successors ordained priests from all converted

Native Priests Today and Tomorrow...

Joseph M. Lynch

nations as Scripture and Church History attest; people ordinarily accept the Faith more readily when it is announced to them by their compatriots; the native priests know better the language of the country, speak it more fluently; find more apt and intelligible expressions to explain the mysteries of religion; have a sympathetic understanding of the customs and inclinations of their fellow citizens; and have closer ties with them and can more easily visit with them and enter into their conversation and friendship. Finally they are familiar with the superstitions, the errors, the impieties and abominable secrets which paganism contains and can utilize these advantages to enlighten and convert unbelievers.

THE testimony of the missionaries themselves is no less convincing. They affirm "We need native priests for there is so much good to be done, so many disposed to become Christians and we are all too few. Having to contend with fever, unhealthy climate, and privations of all kinds, our strength fails and we pray unceasingly for more trained, zealous native co-workers." All peoples seemingly have an innate desire for "priests" of their own race. On this score alone the usefulness of the native clergy can hardly be overestimated. The Catholic religion when preached and represented by one of their own brings home to the people the fact that it is not something foreign imported from abroad but has actually become part and parcel with themselves. Respect for religion is engendered in a racial group when one of their flesh and blood has been raised to

the priestly dignity! There can, therefore, be no doubt that the native clergy is the answer to the missionary problem of today for they alone have unquestioned access to their people and are best qualified to present and illustrate the Catholic side of their peculiar trials and difficulties.

UGANDA is conspicuous in the mission history of the 19th century. On Easter Saturday 1880 the first catechumens were baptized. Six years later thirty newly baptized Catholics on refusing to apostatize were burned to death. Soon more than seventy others were martyred. Within a few years after this blood letting for the Faith, the Holy See decided that a mission that was ripe enough to produce martyrs must be ripe enough to give priests to the Church. A seminary was opened. It flourished. One of its priests ordained in 1925 was a White Father, Rev. Joseph Kiwanuka, a descendant of the first martyrs. He was sent to Rome for advanced studies and gained the degree in Canon Law "magna cum laude." Five years ago (in October 1939) he was consecrated Bishop of the new Vicariate of Masaka, by His Holiness, Pope Pius XII. At the present time he governs this territory with the help of 40 African priests.

In Africa today there are some five hundred native priests laboring for the spiritual uplift of their people. It goes without saying that their number is insignificant when we consider the 100,000,000 pagans in the great Black Continent. This tragic disproportion points to the tremendous work to be done. There is, however, the heartening knowl-



Native priests are the pillars of the Church today in their own lands. This is a consoling fact in these days of war when other missionaries have been interned and their ministry curtailed, the native priests carry on the mission work.

edge that encouraging progress is being made and that more than 2,000 native African seminarians are now in training for the priesthood. Each year will see an augmented army of native clergy all pledged to use their talents and means as well as the culture of their race for the furtherance of the Christian religion. This constitutes one of the most telling proofs that there are no extraterritorial rights in God's Church but that her policy from Peter to Pius is unswervingly against nationalism, racialism or totalitarianism in any form. Not only theoretically but practically she labors to promote the spiritual self-determination and independence of all peoples.

UNFORTUNATELY, Catholics generally are unaware of this department of mission action and its claims upon their generosity. American Catholics have benefited as few others from the zeal and devotion of foreign missionaries. The day is fast passing when we will have to look outside for clerical personnel. In our numerous and well equipped seminaries and Houses of Study we are developing an ever increasing native clergy, compelling proof that the Church has taken root here and can supply her own needs.

If the formation of native priests is not hastened the missionary whose chief objective is to preach the Gospel will be handicapped. Native priests, as all agree, are of immense assistance to the missionary, sharing with him his duties and thus permitting him to dedicate himself more exclusively to the conversion of the heathen. The Church has wholeheartedly encouraged the Pontifical Society of St. Peter the Apostle for Native Clergy, founded expressly to aid in the formation of native candidates to the priesthood and for this purpose to build Major and Minor Seminaries in the missions. Her traditional teaching is that conversion is only the first step. When numbers and fervor warrant it this must be followed by the establishment of Christian units or parishes each with its own chapels, schools and native priests. Besides, it is too seldom appreciated that the missionaries are all too few to suffice for the religious (Turn to page 196)



NEW BOOKS



They Call It Pacific

Clark Lee

Clark Lee was no doubt the most fortunate reporter in the whole Pacific area in our first year of war. From the tense months immediately prior to Pearl Harbor down through the Solomons campaign he witnessed practically all scenes of the American Pacific war effort.

To those who know the Philippines his appraisal of the prodigal expenditure of Filipino lives there is surprisingly accurate. The largest sector of the book is given over to the Philippine campaign. No book thus far has given anything near the wealth of data on the agonizing fight there as has Clark Lee.

The hour by hour account of the Solomons venture makes perfectly clear why this undertaking was so disastrously costly. A few incidents narrated in this connection, as well as in other war scenes, are very provoking to the civilian mind.

In the last eight months many books on the Pacific war scenes have appeared. We have no hesitancy in recommending "They Call It Pacific" as definitely superior to most.

The Viking Press New York, \$3.00.

The True Life

Sociology of the Supernatural

Luigi Sturzo

The endeavors of the sociologists in the past have failed through making sociology a slight variant of political economy on the one hand and of moral philosophy on the other. They have been inadequate according to the profound observations of the author. Sociology should be a study of Society in the concrete. The supernatural element cannot be overlooked. All scientific and historical data taken on a natural plane are erroneous. This is the novel approach of the author in his present study. This profound social message merits careful study not merely by sociologists but by all leaders and statesmen planning a better society in a Post-war world.

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J., \$3.00.

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James Hilton registers again! As in previous literary successes he is most felicitous in the character he has chosen to depict. War always begets its share of heroes of all sorts. Few but Mr. Hilton would have looked for an engag-

ing story in the simple, sincere person and pulsating experiences of Dr. Wassell.

Mr. Hilton's art has always been exceptionally deft in character portrayal. The unique medical and administrative experiences of Dr. Wassell in America and Asia—always the exceptional servant of his fellowmen—aptly lend themselves to the Hilton spell.

The story is so simply told, with no forced artistry, that we are convinced it is genuine. The facts themselves have been reported in our papers, how an American Navy doctor got his wounded men out of Java during the Japanese invasion.

To the author we owe a few hours of sincere happiness and pride at coming to know the Doctor and his "boys."

Little, Brown and Co., Boston, \$1.50.

Seven Came Through

Captain Edward V. Rickenbacker

A diary account of a grueling experience which tested the physical forces of Americans to the extreme. Under the iron control of their commander and national hero, Captain Eddie Rickenbacker, all but one man survived. It is the simple story of strong men who with the help of God came through.

Doubleday, Doran, New York, \$1.50.

We Were Free

Constantin Joffe

A prisoner of war, who fell with France, managed to survive the terrible ordeal of a German prison camp to tell his story to the living. It is a tale of hunger, degradation, and slavery, lightened only by the dreams of yesterday and the hope of some tomorrow. The cold, dispassionate narrative makes you feel that the author is a man who has been hurt beyond pain. There are no emotional outbursts, just the clear, sharp description of day to day existence and survival of what was left of a French Army now buried behind barbed wire in Germany.

Smith and Durrell, New York, \$2.75.

The Song of Tekakwitha

Robert E. Holland, S.J.

This narrative poem reveals the magnificent paradox of the triumph of grace over nature. It is the authentic story of the Lily of the Mohawks, who for more than twenty years, surrounded by the degradation and savage Paganism of an Indian village, persevered in virtue and sanctity until death. This life of

Tekakwitha is a challenge to present generation Americans who too easily succumb to the atmosphere of neopaganism in which we live.

The meter used by the author in his song is felicitous. It is the simple rhythm used by Longfellow in his Tale of Hiawatha. The drum beat cadence of the primitive Indian dance is heard in the reading. The sound steals you away from the present and swings you back three centuries to Ossernenon. We may thank the author for this new and fresh approach to the life of the Lily of the Mohawks.

A word of praise must be added for the graphic color cuts illustrating the poem.

Fordham University Press, New York, \$2.50.

David

Duff Cooper

The author has attempted to portray the life of David, King of Israel, in a manner which will appeal to the modern mind. He has succeeded. In doing so, however, he has sacrificed scholarship and historical accuracy so that from the standpoint of good biography the book is superficial.

At the back of the book there is a section entitled "Bibliography" in which the writer seeks to give an air of historicity to the work. Unfortunately he does not refer us to primary sources but only to the unscholarly musings of so-called "Higher Critics." To take one glaring error out of many, the author and the so-called critics upon whom he relies have entirely missed the Hebrew concept of the other world and of the resurrection of the body. The general impression conveyed, is that of a piece of writing whose author's intentions were well meaning but badly spent.

Harper and Brothers, New York, \$3.00.

My Appeal to the British

Mahatma Gandhi

Mahatma Gandhi calmly and objectively tells England to get out of India if she would be true to herself and the doctrine she preaches in the Four Freedoms. The first step towards freedom for India, come what may thereafter, is release from English domination. Gandhi is not blind to possible revolution thereafter in Mother India. He looks upon that as a process of purification. All may not agree with his conclusions, but they are unique.

John Day Company, New York, \$1.00.

DOGS IN ALASKA

(Continued from page 174)

sled and started a fire in the small kitchen stove. I must confess that I really felt miserable, tired, cold and hungry. It took a full hour for the stove to overcome the dampness of the long uninhabited cabin, and still another hour before a summary dinner was finally warmed up.

Beads and confessions immediately after dinner; then I went around to visit our folks in the village. Their homes were poor little igloos of dry dirt on a rough frame of drift wood, and for the time being buried deep under the high snow. There the whole family live. The young children and pups play together on the half dry mud that is the floor. Little wonder T. B. lays such waste among the Eskimos. All expressed their happiness and gratitude for my coming: it was a long time since they had their last chance for a Sunday Mass.

Around eleven, I was back to the church. The fire had been dead for a long while, and it was hardly warmer inside than outside where the wind was now blowing hard. In a few moments, I was "zipped" inside my sleeping bag of bear skin and fast asleep. This did not last very long; the damp cold soon made itself felt, and I started reaching for anything I could lay my hand on. When to all my clothes I had added the tarpaulin sled cover, I decided to try for more sleep. It was not difficult to pull out of my skins in the morning! The fire was immediately started while my young guide made the round of the igloos to wake up our parishioners. We have no bell.

We decided on an early start on our way back. The wind was very strong and raised great snow clouds which would hold us up. Around 6:30, everybody was gathered in the ice-cold church, and I must say that for my first Mass in the district, I was not privileged with any consolation. My fingers almost frozen, and shivering in spite of a leather jacket under my cassock, I kept wondering if, in spite of the affirmations of the authors of pious meditations on the first Christmas, the Holy Family could possibly have felt in the Bethlehem grotto as miserable as I did that morning all through Mass.

After a rapid breakfast, the dogs were hitched back to the sled, and off we were with a heavy load of gasoline from the store. The first part of the trip was the hardest; strong wind three quarters ahead kept filling our eyes with particles of hard frozen snow. At the turning point, close to the isolated little igloo, we were glad to put the wind at our back. Then we made up for the delay of the morning.

In the early afternoon, we were back in Hooper Bay, glad to find a good hot meal waiting in the kitchen stove oven, and a roaring fire in my room. And now, if you ask me how I liked my initiation, I'll answer you as I did Father Superior: "Ready for more any time"

REUNION IN MAINE

(Continued from page 177)

grave beside the Kennebec the Church in Maine has risen strong and holy, and worthy of its builders.

For more than a hundred years after Rale's death, Jesuit activity in Maine was only sporadic. Bishop Benedict Joseph Fenwick, S.J., cared for his Indians as well as his meager resources would allow. In 1834 he established a colony of Irish immigrants on land he had purchased at Benedicta in Aroostook County.

The Jesuits were back among the Abnaki in 1848, when Father John Bapst, S.J. was sent to Oldtown. Soon his ministry was extended to white Catholics throughout the State, with his headquarters in ~~Portland~~ ^{Bangor}. He was a fearless, indefatigable missionary, with a facility for tying argumentative Protestant ministers into neat knots.

Whether because of his Faith or his success, Father Bapst was heartily disliked by certain bigoted elements of the population. One night at Ellsworth a group of enthusiasts dragged him from the home of one of his parishioners and tarred and feathered him. A few of the more ingenious tried to burn him alive. Later a number of the citizens of Ellsworth presented him with a gold watch to replace the one his assailants had taken from him.

Although no Jesuits have been permanently assigned to Maine for many years, through educational channels the influence of the Society on the Catholic life of Maine has been uninterrupted. Three of Maine's five former Bishops were graduates of Jesuit colleges, and the present Bishop, Most Reverend Joseph E. McCarthy, D.D., is a graduate of Holy Cross. Thirty-two priests in Maine, and more than one hundred and fifty Maine laymen are graduates of Holy Cross. Fourteen members of the New England Provinces of the Society of Jesus are State-of-Mainers.

Maine's greatest Catholic layman was Edward Kavanagh, who was born in Newcastle in 1795 and died there in 1844. He studied for two years under the Jesuits at Georgetown. After serving for two years in Congress and representing the United States as charge d'affaires in Portugal for five years, he became President of the Maine State Senate, and later Governor. He was the first Catholic chief executive of a New England state.

Although education will be the field of the Jesuits' labors in Portland, the cause that led the great Maine Jesuits of other days is still the same. From Portland to Eastport, from Aroostook to the sea, a great tradition is as green as the Maine pine trees. On Mount Desert and beside the Kennebec hallowed bones rest easier in the brown earth. For the old flags fly again and the same spirit is there as the living and the immortal dead clasp hands in a happy reunion in Maine after an absence of almost a century.

ASSUMPTION DAY

(Continued from page 179)

Assumption Day. Around us in that cave knelt people of many nations and races, all children of that same glorious Mother; all lifting their hearts in joyful tribute to Her whom the world so sadly needs today.—*Maria Assumpta!*

After Mass I stepped outside the grotto. The morning star was gone now and the clouds were brilliant with the rising sun. This was the hour long ago when the watcher on the gold and white magnificence of the Temple would cry out to the waiting priests below, "The sun shineth already! The sky is lit up as far as Hebron!"

Then the silver trumpets would ring out across the waking city in token of the first morning offering on the altar. Today the Temple is gone and the ancient sacrifice is no longer offered. But our Sacrifice of this morning lives forever. The Morning Star is caught up in the everlasting glory of Her Eternal Son! *Maria Assumpta!*

THE STRANGE CASE OF HARI

(Continued from page 183)

threatened if they permitted his conversion; his relatives were threatened with banishment from the village if they consented to it. And the row would no doubt have ended with only threats had not Hari insisted on having the last word. His mind was settled; he would become a Christian despite the consequences. Then blows began to fall from all sides, and the poor lad was all but unconscious when his mother dragged him from the mob into the house.

There was no sleep that night. Time and again the father broke into loud abuse. Had Hari no thought for his family? The family could associate with none of their friends; they could work with none of the caste, they could eat with none of them; they could not even draw water from the village well, nor from any other well reserved to Hindus. Did Hari realize what his conversion would mean?

And so, it was settled, for the time being that Hari would not be baptized on the feast of St. Aloysius; he must rest content with the desire for baptism until circumstances might become more favorable. We instructed him to pray hard in the meantime.

It was on the feast of St. Aloysius that we had the thunderstorm which the people around Hazaribagh still remember. It blew up suddenly, lasted for a dreadful half hour or so, and quickly passed away. We were sitting on the verandah watching the pools of water in the garden grow larger. The rain came down in torrents. Suddenly, across the fields, we saw three or four men emerge from the jungle and run toward us, heedless of the knee-deep waters gathered in the rice fields. Panting hard, they asked us to come quickly. Two people had been struck by lightning.

Hurriedly we rolled up our trouser legs, and ran through the mud and water to the jungle where we found a group of men standing over the bodies. One of the two was our Hari. A quick examination verified our fears; Hari was dead. The other was only stunned. Snatching up the two bodies we ran across the rice fields to the bungalow, where we hastily baptized Hari before the other pagans arrived. Lucky lad! His great desire was at last obtained. And now he was happy in Heaven with his Lord, his Blessed Mother, and his patron, St. Aloysius.

ON THE TRAIL FOR THE OJIBWAYS OF NIPIGON (Continued from page 184)

at night when Father Rolland came, fatigued and wet. The church bell rang, the Ojibways hastened to welcome their priest and to be absolved from their sins in preparation for the morrow's Communion. Tired as he was, Father Rolland was consoled by this demonstration of faith.

The Indian clings tenaciously to his difficult language. The customs of far-away ages are seen when the squaw of Nipigon cuts the green moss and hangs it up to dry. The baby is placed in the papoose and the dried moss is packed around the uncomplaining child. The baby is strapped in tightly thus saving the mother much trouble.

Father Rolland spent a month traveling around the Lake. Ice was beginning to form in the little bays and inlets as the priest completed his tour. The big canoe was stored until next spring.

Nipigon is now a smooth white plain, sparkling in the bright winter sun. Father Rolland is preparing for the winter visitation of his parish. The waves no longer dash against the wooded islands, a blanket of snow and ice has united the summer enemies. The swish of the sled-runners has replaced the soft sound of the paddle and the pattering feet of strong dogs echo instead of the growling outboard motor. The familiar "mush, mush, mush" is now heard as Father Rolland hurries to his Indians over the white surface of Nipigon.

FILIPINO PADRE

(Continued from page 186)

Many of them simply did not have better opportunities to learn more about their religion. The Aglipayan schism and Protestant proselytism were in the ascendency in the Islands when they left their home land. So this lack of adequate knowledge of their Faith is one of the principal difficulties which the Catholic chaplain has to overcome.

Thanks to the generosity of several convents, sodality units, and kind individuals, some Catholic books and pamphlets have found their way to the Second Filipino Regiment, Camp Cooke, California. "The boys go for them like hot cakes," Father Torralba states. He can use more of these books and pam-

phlets and religious articles to further the good cause.

When one realizes that these Filipino Catholic soldiers are bent on going back to drive away the invader, one cannot but think of the invaluable boon they will be for the Catholic Church of the Philippines. Catholic soldiers they are and fitting saviours of their Catholic home-land. They will be the vanguard of the missionaries. The words of Major General Valdes, with their help, shall be realized: "And once again back in our native land, we Filipinos shall find the beautiful flower of Catholic Faith and culture blossoming again everywhere."

NATIVE PRIESTS TODAY AND TOMORROW . . .

(Continued from page 193)

needs of the native Christians. This fact is evidenced in current missionary annals and is confirmed by appeals that are addressed to the Congregation of Propaganda pleading for additional apostles of the Gospel.

The Society of Jesus has been foremost in putting into effect this policy of the Church. In the Philippine Islands alone she has 117 native Jesuit priests, brothers and scholastics who in the present crisis are allowed much more freedom of operation than the Americans.

As in times of emergency, the union of our Catholic forces for the native clergy is the supreme missionary duty of the hour. Popes Benedict XV, Pius XI, and Pius XII pointed out the importance and urgency of the work. Individual Catholics should shoulder their full share of responsibility by active cooperation. The hour is serious for never was the future of the missions so involved in the present as it is now. All depends to a very large extent on how within the next decade we consolidate our forces and send material and spiritual assistance to enlarge the ranks of native priests. In this work alone we are the makers of the history of the missions and are preparing its verdict now.

THE GREAT KUANG CH'I

(Continued from page 175)

1562, ten years after the birth of Ricci and the death of Xavier. After taking first place in the Imperial Examination for the M.A. degree, he left Peking and went to Macao where he met Father Cattaneo, S.J. In 1600 he met Father Ricci in Nanking and listened to his lectures before a coterie of literateurs. An avid reader, he searched Buddhist and Taoist texts for answers to the questions posed by Ricci on God as the Author of all things, the immortality of the soul, and the future life.

Returning through Nanking in 1603 he visited the Jesuit residence there, prostrated himself before a picture of Our Lady, and resolved to become a Catholic. He was instructed and baptized by Father De Rocha, S.J. A few months later he presented to the Jesuits for in-

struction several of his distinguished literary friends whom he had genuinely interested in Catholicism.

Having obtained his Doctorate with great distinction in 1604, Dr. Paul spent his next three years in Peking with Father Ricci who instructed him in every aspect of Catholicism and in the operation of the Holy Spirit in one's interior life. Not being fully occupied with court duties he helped Father Ricci in his apostolate, wrote treatises on Catholicism and sent many letters to his friends urging them to become Catholics. His writings are considered models of Chinese Catholic literature.

While observing the customary three years' mourning for his Christian Father at Zikawei, Paul Hsu went to Macao and made the Spiritual Exercises for thirty days. Returning to Shanghai and learning of the death of Father Ricci on May 11th, 1610, he hastened to Peking to attend the funeral and to act as an advisor of the missionaries. He soon persuaded the Emperor to appoint Jesuits to the Board of Astronomy and Mathematics. In 1629, after he had received the title of "Ko-lao," the Emperor appointed him and Father Schall, S.J. to reform the Chinese Calendar—the most important document in China because nothing in life was done before first consulting it.

In the Fall of 1633 Dr. Paul took sick. Sensing the end to be near he made two requests of the Emperor: that the Jesuits be rewarded for their reform of the Imperial Calendar, and that Dr. Peter Li, a Christian, be appointed in his place as head of the Tribunal of Astronomy. Both requests were granted. Having received the last Sacraments he died a remarkably peaceful death on Nov. 24th, 1633.

Paul Hsu was a man of heroic virtue, and merits consideration as a candidate for eventual canonization. Though he occupied a very lucrative imperial position he died practically a pauper. His greatest virtues were humility and chastity—the hardest to practice in China. He gave many examples of heroic patience in the face of almost diabolical calumnies. He had a great desire for martyrdom, and every Friday gathered together a group of Chinese Catholics and taught them how to meditate upon the passion of Christ. He spent a long time in prayer each morning before assisting at Mass, and had fixed periods of prayer throughout the day. His amount of corporal penance and fasting was extraordinary. His great confidence in God is attested to by the fact that in all grave difficulties he would excuse himself from the palace and slip into the church through his private entrance to spend long periods in prayer before the Blessed Sacrament.

In China Hsu Kuang-ch'i is proposed as a model of true patriotism, a master of Chinese culture, an inspiration to Catholic Action, an initiator of the intellectual apostolate, and as a model of complete Catholicism. May he enlighten us with a deeper appreciation of China.

Grateful Acknowledgments

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M.M.B., New Orleans, La.	5.00
M.J.D., Philadelphia, Pa.	1.00

Gratitude is also expressed for one thousand two hundred and three Mass stipends.

The languid, beguiling smile of this Baghdad street urchin easily carries you beyond his dirt and deformity.

His smile has carried over thousands of miles and many, many months just for you, his benefactors.

It was you who made it possible for a new ray of hope to come into his life when our Iraq missionaries distributed their goods among Baghdad's poor.



Never can we retell sufficiently the part your active interest in JESUIT MISSIONS means the world over.

Soldiers without guns are a mockery. Missionaries without divine and human means are useless.

Even the divine means must be won in large measure by the prayers of those at home. We need more and more "pray-ers" for our work. If you can introduce new friends to JESUIT MISSIONS they must become "pray-ers."

INTRODUCE JESUIT MISSIONS TO YOUR FRIENDS

JESUIT MISSIONS
962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y.

Dear Fathers:

I am happy to be able to further your grand work which I appreciate is more than ever in need of new friends.

Please find herewith the offering for a subscription for the friend listed on this blank.

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