

April 1946

# JESUIT MISSIONS



*Among India's Millions*



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*This Month*

	Page
THE MOHAWK REMEMBERS . . . Thomas J. Coffey, S.J.	58
MISSION AT THE AIRPORT . . . Daniel E. Soyka, S.J.	60
FATHER REITH . . . . . James J. McMahon, S.J.	62
GRANDMA . . . . . Francis M. Menager, S.J.	64
SAN JOSE . . . . . Antonio J. Leetai, S.J.	66
ARABIAN NIGHTS . . . . . James P. Larkin, S.J.	67
MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS . . . . .	69
BASSEIN . . . . . John J. Barrett, S.J.	70
APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER . . . . .	73
APOSTLE IN NEW YORK . . . Gabriel A. Zema, S.J.	74
PATNA—ALONG THE RIVER GANGES . . . . .	76
	<i>John J. Barrett, S.J.</i>

CONTRIBUTORS



John J. Barrett, S.J.

■ Father John J. Barrett, S.J., is a missionary long familiar to you. Almost since the day he landed in India in 1937, his pen has been busy making his adopted country better known to Americans—through the pages of *Jesuit Missions* and the Patna Mission Letter, which he edited for several years in India. It was only natural that he be asked to write the story of the Patna Mission for the 25th anniversary of its founding. It was characteristic of his generosity that he accepted readily in spite of a crowded schedule of lectures, studies and other activities. And it was fortunate for us that he happened to be back in the United States at the time.

His first visit home is a story in itself. A year ago Mission Superiors in India planned an organized social program for

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**COVER**—This is a rare picture. The Indian man holding the child is a convert to Catholicism from Mohammedanism. The turban indicates his origin; the rosary publicly proclaims his new found Faith. In gratitude for that gift, he has become a catechist, assisting the Jesuit missionaries of Patna mission in India in the instruction of the young. Next to missionaries catechists are needed most in Patna, where 115 priests labor among 30,000,000 people.

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all the 1400 Jesuits in India. Father Barrett was appointed director of the organization and was sent to America to study under experts here the latest techniques of the social apostolate. In the course of the summer and fall, he took an intensive course at the Mission Institute conducted at St. Louis University, immediately proceeded, at its close, to learn how to fly a plane, received his pilot's license from "Wings of Mercy" and then lectured in mission symposia from Denver to New York. The photo above shows him at St. Louis before the microphone at one of the symposia there. The two articles under his name in this issue were written and rewritten by him "between times."

■ **James McMahan, S.J.**, is one of the able young Jesuits who was rescued from starvation in the Philippines by American paratroopers a year ago. He had started to study theology in the incredibly distracting circumstances of captivity by the Japanese in Manila until removal to Los Banos made study impossible. Today he is back at his books in the quiet of Woodstock, Maryland, preparing for his ordination to the priesthood next June. Out of the crowded memories of six years in the Philippines,



James J. McMahan, S.J.

Father McMahan presents the giant figure of Father Joseph Reith, S.J., fifteen years ago, the business manager of *Jesuit Missions*, and now missionary again in Mindanao.

■ **Father Francis M. Menager, S.J.**, has been so often presented to our readers



Francis M. Menager, S.J.

that you might think it difficult to find new items of interest about him. Just recently, however, we had a visit from a man who visited him at Bethel, Alaska, last fall. "You have no idea how dismal, small, and remote Bethel is," he said. "When you go looking for Father, you have a 500-mile long parish to cover, each stop of which is poorer than the last he left. That man is a giant, a hero!"



## GUERRILLA PADRE

by

**Edward Haggerty, S.J.**

In 256 pages Father Haggerty, Missionary of Mindanao, tells from *personal* experience the story of the Philippine Guerrilla Organization, declared by General MacArthur "the greatest resistance movement of the War."

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Statue of St. Isaac Jogues at Lake George.

Part of the Auriesville Shrine.

**N**o one denies that the Church is "at home" today in these United States. America is no longer a Mission. We are, in fact, firmly enough established to be doing something towards planting the Faith in other countries. For this we have to thank those missionary men and women whose vision and blood first gave life to the Faith in our land.

At this time, particularly, we might recall with glowing pride and grateful memory those pioneers from France who fought here a glorious "Forty Years War" for Christ from 1610 to 1650. Twenty-six Jesuit missionaries in all gave their lives in one way or another for the Faith in New France. Eight died with such amazing heroism that on June 29, 1950, they were officially declared Martyrs. Of these eight heroic Jesuit Martyrs of North America, five met their deaths on Canadian soil. The other three were tomahawked in New York State.

Martyrs belong to the land for which they die. It is not important, then, that the men of whom we speak were French by birth. They are on the honor roll now of our earliest and greatest fellow-Americans. For them, with understandable pride, we float our flag.

Scene of the deaths of these Martyrs of the Mohawk is the *National Shrine of the North American Martyrs* at Auriesville, New York, a quiet, lovely place of prayer and pilgrimage dedicated to Our Lady of Martyrs. It will hallow this year with prayerful gratitude the three hundredth anniversary of its glorious contribution to our American and Catholic origins.

Three hundred years ago this hill above the tranquil Mohawk was Ossernenon, a palisaded Indian village. Along with Andagaron and Tionnotoguen to the West, it was the home of the Bear and the Wolf and

## The Mohawk

*Three Saints of 300 years ago still live in our America.*

the Turtle clans of the Mohawks, fiercest tribe of the bellicose Iroquois federation. The giant-hearted Brebeuf and his fellow missionaries in Huronia called it, poignantly, "Mission of the Martyrs." One of its own heroes named it "Land of Crosses." Pilgrims today know it familiarly as "The Place of Answered Prayer."

Ossernenon's particular story is the familiar saga of three brave men and a marvelous maiden. The men: Isaac Jogues, a Jesuit missionary priest; René Goupil a medical missionary, and, at the end presumably, a Jesuit brother; John LaLande, a missionary layman. The maid: Tekakwitha, Lily of the Indian wildwood known to her Mohawk kinfolk as "Fairest flower that ever bloomed among true men." The men are America's only canonized Saints. And if, in God's providence, the maiden, now recognized as Venerable Catherine, is ever canonized, she will be the first native American to achieve the honors of the altar.

René Goupil became one of this country's very first martyrs on September 29, 1642 when he was done to death by a Mohawk hatchet for teaching Indian children the Sign of the Cross. On his anniversary in 1942 war restrictions on travel prevented our giving St.



Coliseum in the background.



Statue of St. Rene Goupil in the Ravine.

# Remembers

## Thomas J. Coffey, S.J.

René his due honors. His name has therefore been linked this year with those of the other Martyrs of New York State,—Isaac Jogues, tomahawked for the Faith on October 18, 1646, and John LaLande, who followed him through death to glory the next day.

Embedded somewhere in the soil of the Shrine of Our Lady of Martyrs are the bones of "Doctor" Goupil. There too, in all probability, are the skulls of Father Jogues and John LaLande, once spiked on Ossernenon's northern palisade. The virgin Catherine Tekakwitha was born on the same holy hill ten years after the martyrdoms, and grew up as a child in miraculous innocence at Auriesville.

This is why this tercentenary should have a deep significance for all Americans. We should be grateful to the pioneers,—to Jogues, discoverer of Lake George and Peace Ambassador, and to the long line of explorers and educators and civilizers who followed him: Le Moyne, Dablon, Mercier and Lamberville among many others. Marquette discovered the Mississippi, opening up the Middle West. Within a century, Jesuit and other missionaries were visiting every tribe from Newfoundland to the Mississippi, and from Hudson Bay to New Orleans. They found salt in New York, oil in Pennsylvania, cotton in the Mississippi valley, sugar cane in New Orleans. They brought wheat to

the prairies, peaches to Illinois, made wine from native grapes, wax from laurel, incense from the gum tree; worked the copper mines of Lake Superior, wrote dictionaries, drew maps, left to scholars a marvelous bequest of history, geography and ethnology.

But most significantly, we must thank them for the one *great* deed they did. They discovered the hidden goodness in souls in America, and brought them Christ. They found Christ themselves, too,—on His Cross. But this had to be, if they were to make the Church, His Mystical Body, "at home" in America.

So the event we celebrate this year is the anniversary of the dedication of an altar stone of American sacrifice. For Auriesville is truly a vast reliquary containing the dear remains of the first three Saints of the United States. It is also an altar upon which has descended, in no uncertain way, the sign of God's acceptance,—the evident sanctification of Tekakwitha.

Is there a more sacred spot in this land than Martyrs Hill, precious resting place of our only Martyrs, birthplace of one who will be, we pray, our first native American Saint?

It is not possible at this moment to give the details of the coming Tercentenary celebration. But Martyrs Hill will definitely be active from May 6 to October 20, and there will be special pilgrimage exercises on each of the twenty-five Sundays. On weekdays as well, schools, sodalities and the like will be welcomed. The return of the pre-war city and parish pilgrimages is confidently expected. To these will be added specialized groups such as the Knights of Columbus, the Third Order of St. Francis, Jesuit schools, and others.

This is the usual pilgrimage procedure. Trains ar-

rive via the New York Central tracks, stopping at the foot of Martyrs Hill, on the south bank of the Mohawk River. Bus pilgrims enter by the postern gate. Groups are met by a Jesuit Father, and recite the Rosary as they walk the path where the martyrs were forced to run the bloody Indian gantlet up the Hill of Torture. Mass follows in the unique, round Coliseum, a sixth of a mile in circumference, with room for ten thousand people. At two o'clock there is the outdoor Via Crucis along the Hill of Prayer. Somewhere on this hill, probably between the fourth and sixth Stations, Goupil was tomahawked. At three there is a solemn public procession of the Blessed Sacrament, with three Benedictions. This ends in the Ravine where Goupil's body was buried by the loving hands of Father Jogues. What relics we possess of the North American Martyrs are then offered for veneration to the pilgrims, and the official ceremonies close.

**T**HE Auriesville "altar stone" has been dedicated, once and for all time, in the blood of three brave men. Today, three hundred years afterwards, there is an obvious challenge to the American Catholics of 1946 to rededicate themselves in these four ways:

To the cause of lasting peace, with Jogues the peacemaker; to the cause of professional integrity, with Goupil the surgeon soul-saver; to the cause of Catholic Action with LaLande, the strong "right arm" of Father Jogues; to the cause of the missionary Church with all three together.

Jogues was an ambassador of peace for the Faith. He vanquished the hostile tendencies of self, and sought to bring down upon his neophytes, and even his hatchet murderers, divine forgiveness. The challenge is to our own hearts,—to master self as he did, and to project that peace, once won, out over the land.

Goupil was a Catholic doctor, not merely a doctor *and* a Catholic. The same stream of grace gave him strength to wield the scalpel deftly on wounded Hurons, and to raise the Cross in the face of demons over the heads of Mohawk boys and braves. Integrity in professional life means being completely Catholic all the time,—in our profitmaking as in our prayers; in our competitive as in our contemplative moments.

LaLande was a lucid example of Catholic Action in the official sense of participation of the laity with the hierarchy in the work of spreading God's interests. The judgment by a long remembering Church of the work of LaLande, the layman, is sure proof of the apostolic efficacy of self-sanctification through doing human things in a holy way.

And all three Saints together challenge us, finally, to an adventure as glorious as theirs,—to push back the frontiers of the Faith. Tomorrow other lands will shout for American Missions, for men to man them, for our doctors and teachers and scientists, and for a Home Front, with prayer and purse, to mind them.

# Mission

## at the Airport

Daniel E. Soyka, S.J.

Many a problem can be averted if the proper start is made at this new parish project in Robertson, Missouri

**T**HINGS are happening to Robertson, Missouri. It's only a small town, a colored settlement, about twelve miles west of St. Louis. For twenty-nine years priests and scholastics from St. Stanislaus Seminary have served its people as missionaries. Finally a resident pastor was appointed, property was bought for a school and rectory. All of a sudden the Ford Motor Company chooses the little town as the site for its second largest assembly plant in the United States.

Away back in 1916, before automobiles were generally used, students from the Jesuit Seminary near Florissant began to trudge four miles over dirt roads to teach catechism to the colored people. In order to put this mission work on a stable basis, Father Matthew Germing, S.J., a professor at the seminary, began to organize Catholics into a mission parish. At first, Father Germing said Mass in a private home, and, after two years, in 1918, he managed to build a small chapel. Other Jesuit priests succeeded him in this double task of teaching at the seminary and of administering the mission at Robertson, but because of this divided attention, these zealous priests could not do more than carry on the most essential pastoral duties, hearing confessions, performing baptisms and marriages, and saying Mass on Sundays and feast-days. The mission could not become a vital parish that way.

In September, 1944, a decided step forward was taken when Very Reverend Joseph P. Zuercher, S.J., Provincial of Missouri, appointed Father James Preuss, S.J., as full-time pastor of St. Peter Claver Mission in Robertson. Father Preuss had been a missionary in British Honduras from 1928 to 1932, and pastor of the Negro parish of St. Benedict in Omaha, Nebraska, from 1935 to 1943. When he arrived at Robertson, he found a little white chapel, a small congregation of one hundred and twenty colored and thirty-five white Catholics among a population of eight hundred. His first step



The author brings some presents for the colored children at the mission in Robertson, Missouri

was to provide the people with daily Mass, driving down from the Jesuit seminary every day. His parishoners appreciated it. One of his seminarian catechists discovered this in a conversation with a Mrs. Brooks, on a Sunday after catechism class. Mrs. Brooks and her husband, genial colored people who live across the street from the church, have for a number of years assisted the priest in cleaning and caring for the church building. She told how all last winter of 1944 and 1945 Father would drive his rickety car on the bitterest cold day to say Mass for a few faithful souls. She continued enthusiastically, "Even when the weather was so bad that we didn't expect him, and so made no fire in the church, Father would say Mass in the severe cold." After conversing with the catechist about Father Preuss' work among the colored people in Omaha, Mrs. Brooks exclaimed, "We know how Father works for us colored folks . . . and we need it so bad!"

The new pastor of St. Peter Claver parish is not a robust man but he attacks his problem with enthusiasm,

energy, and zeal that would put many a younger person to shame, and brings to bear on his problems the wisdom of many years of experience. One who knows him can not but be struck by his good nature, and his unselfishness. He is wholly interested in his people, and to speak with him about his parish is to share his enthusiasm and his hopes for its progress.

From the time of his arrival in September, 1944, Father Preuss was made to feel the strong support of Cardinal Glennon, Archbishop of St. Louis. His gift made possible the purchase of the property around the church and a little cottage for a rectory. Adjoining the church property was a large brick building, perhaps one hundred and fifty years old, with spacious grounds around it. The Cardinal provided sufficient funds to purchase the building for a permanent school, a Sisters' residence, and perhaps even a chapel.

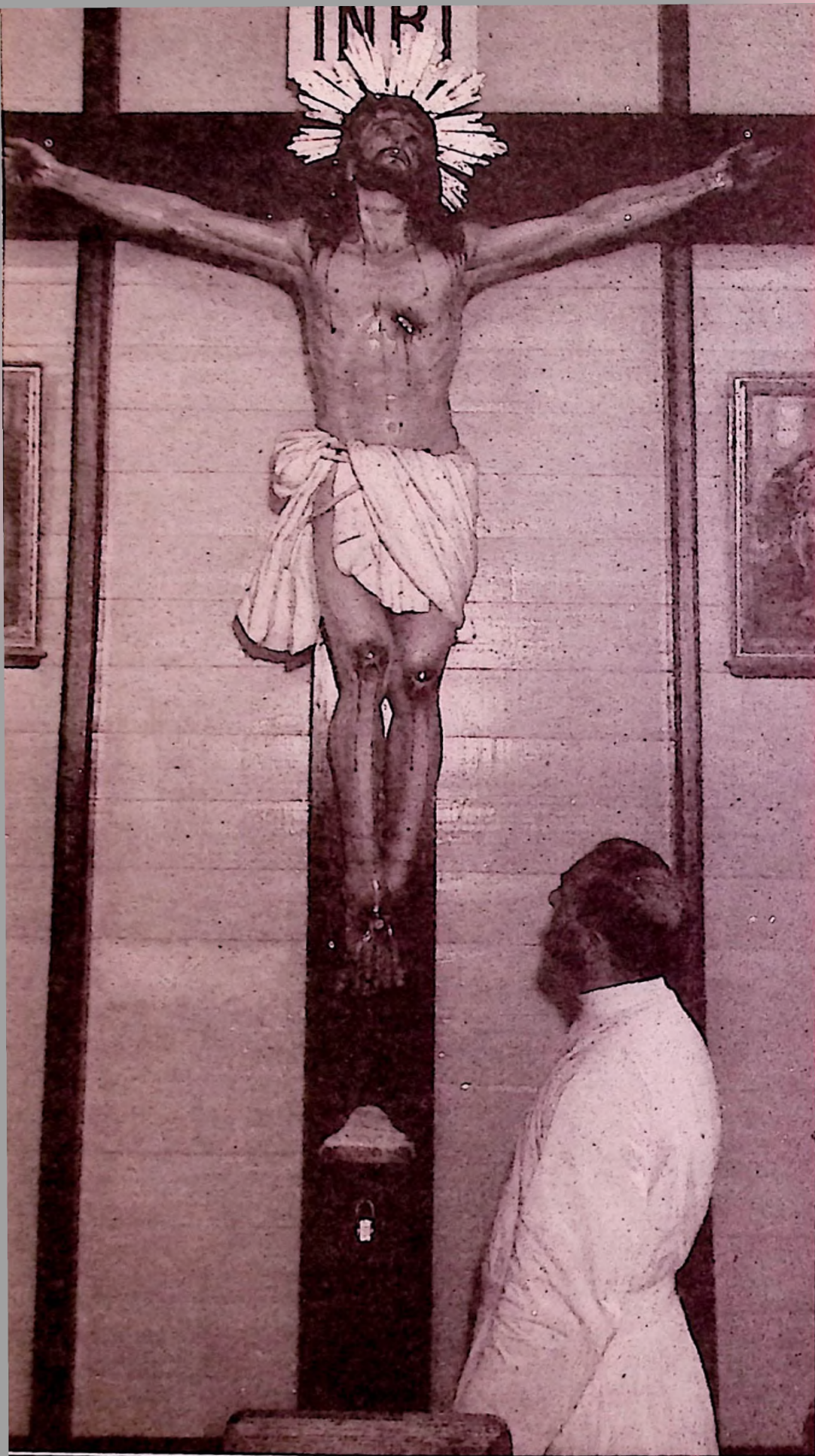
At the request of Father Preuss, the School Sisters of Notre Dame have accepted the office of teachers in St. Peter Claver School. Two of the Order will begin residence this Fall. The new parish at Robertson will become a center for mission work among the colored people of the locality. Four others of the same Order will live at the Robertson convent-school and teach in the school at South Kinloch, a negro settlement some five miles away. The people of the town are much interested in the coming of the Sisters. As one non-Catholic put it: "Only the Sisters teach the children to be good."

THE people of Robertson find employment in nearby airplane factories and in the various shops and restaurants near Lambert Field which is just across the highway from Robertson. However, most of the people are poor or at best, moderately circumstanced. There was not much opportunity for remedying their poverty until the Ford Company bought a large tract of land beside the airport to be used for a new assembly plant, providing jobs for some three thousand people.

The future of Robertson seems promising, and there is all the excitement and eagerness that accompanies promising beginnings, but the present still has perplexing problems. How is Father Preuss going to keep his parish operating with only \$50 a month from his Sunday collection? Tuition will have to be charged at the school. There are Sisters' salaries to be paid and items of maintenance to be met such as fuel, light and the rest.

Things are beginning to happen in Robertson, but it is most important from the outset that a right start be made. *Jesuit Missions* readers will earn the privilege and the honor of being benefactors to this growing little flock of Christ's sheepfold if they will graciously give of their apostolic prayers for its success. Daily prayers and semi-monthly High Mass will be the appreciative answer of little St. Peter Claver—the Jesuit Mission at a great airport.

# FATHER



FATHER JOSEPH REITH is tough. To live among the Moros of Mindanao for fourteen years, you've got to be tough. He is strong. To build a church, a school, a dispensary with your own hands, you've got to be strong. And he is a man of vision. Father Reith is all that and much more.

As the Japanese invaders swarmed through the jungles towards Dansalan, Father Reith knew that the bells of his church were ringing for the last time. He wanted them rung loud and gloriously, singing through all the city, because President Quezon and his family were there for Mass. A plane came from Australia to fly them to safety. The booming of the Japanese guns grew louder and louder. The U. S. Army was withdrawing, and American civilians were moving out.

On his last night in Dansalan, Father Reith rose shortly after midnight, quickly slipped into his habit, and walked across the yard to his church. The city was almost deserted. The last Army trucks were fumbling their unlighted path down the road. Over the business district, fingers of flame were pointing up into the sky. He pushed open the sacristy door and entered the cool, quiet sanctuary. Lighting two candles, he put on his vestments and in the black stillness, said the last Mass.

LATER, he was taken by the Japanese, and interned for many months in Mindanao. In 1943 he was moved with Bishop Hayes to Manila. I remember the first time he talked to us at the Ateneo. "What we needed," he said, "when the invasion of Mindanao began, was a man to go out and stand on the shore with the crucifix in his hand and break those pagans by the power of God!" "But," he added sadly, "none of us has that much faith."

Sampaloc is one of the poorest districts in Manila. Its parish census numbers close to 25,000. Father Reith went there in late 1943 as assistant priest. In



# REITH

A short, short story of a  
tremendous man and missionary.

James  
McMahon,  
S.J.

September he heard 500 confessions. In November 1,200, in January 3,000; one hundred confessions a day! It never went any higher. There are only twenty-four hours in one day. At St. Paul's Hospital in Manila in February, 1944, I asked a nurse where she went to Mass. "Well, I live in Malate," she answered, "but I always go to Sampaloc on the other side of the city to hear Father Reith preach. He's wonderful! All the other nurses go there too."

Father Reith's sermons were popular because they cut into everyday life. He blasted the black market, the loosening of morals that always shadows wars. Pews and aisles were so crowded that the suspicious Japanese placed spies among his listeners. Many a Sunday he came down from the pulpit expecting to find the "Gestapo" waiting for him in the sacristy, but they never did. He was too popular with the poor, and the poor are the least respecters of tyrants.

**B**ACK in Dansalan he used to "soften up" the Moros by treating their cuts and bandaging their wounds in his dispensary. There were swarms of sick in Manila, but no medicine and no dispensary, so Father Reith begged for them. The drug-stores, the hospitals, the doctors heard his plea for the poor. It was a hero's task, because quinine was worth its weight in gold-dust; iodine and clean bandages were to be had only by the rich. He had started his dispensary again and was building it up when the Japanese came to take him to Los Banos.

At this camp Father Reith was appointed sacristan, and was bustling with mop and broom and plans before he had his own bed set up. Closet-size quarters served as sacristy, bedroom, dining room, and parlor. He was majordomo for one hundred and thirty-five Masses every morning, for Rosary and Benediction every afternoon. In his free time he was florist and carpenter.

A smoothly running chapel demands many things, clean amices, purificators, finger-towels, cushions of pins. The sacristan's appeal for these was clever and comical. A thin wall separated his room from the chapel. When the nuns assembled there, busy with their prayers, Father Reith bellowed to his Scholastic assistant, Mr. Hacker, S.J. (standing only two feet away), "Say, Hack, will you put a sign on the board asking the nuns to wash our purificators?" Then he whispered, "Never mind the sign, they heard me." After that the purificators were delivered on Saturdays, immaculately clean. "Say, Hack," he roared, (when the supply of pins ran low) "do you think the nuns could

give us any pins?" He winked slyly. A few minutes later there was a gentle tap on his door and a low voice called, "Father Reith, I can give you some pins."

In the cool, seven o'clock air on the morning of February 23rd, we were rescued by paratroopers. Father Reith was among the last to leave. With flames leaping down the lines of barracks towards his chapel, he consumed the Sacred Hosts in the ciborium, carefully packed his best vestments and chalices and slipped away. Far-sighted missionary even to the last, he took his kit of tools, mindful of the chapels of the future. With all his belongings slung over his shoulder in a laundry sack, he tramped the three miles to the beach and climbed into an amphibious tractor.

In Muntinlupa, a civilian prison where we were temporarily housed by the U. S. Army, Father Reith never unpacked. In fact, he packed more—parachute silk from which he envisioned Pentecostal vestments, bandages for the bigger and better dispensary. His eyes were already focussed on unredeemed Mindanao. Dansalan, his mission was there and his mind and heart were homing.

Looking back, Father Reith was inspiring in many ways, but, it seems, especially in this: the labor and sweat of fifteen years, his church, rectory, dispensary, were now broken ruins. He was past middle age when a man might normally feel that his best work lay behind him. Yet, here he was with tremendous youthful enthusiasm, almost impatient, straining at delay, bursting with eagerness to start again, to thrust out anew into that land which must be won for Christ. He was eager to start again the painful begging and building. And all his vitality was tempered by a mature and costly wisdom, the wisdom of a man who knows the going is tough, yet is poised to start. It would be a long road home to Dansalan for Father Reith.

**F**ROM Woodstock College, Mr. Hacker and I went to Baltimore to see Father Reith's mother. She is a gracious, white-haired mother, now past seventy years. As we sat in her parlor and told of his tricks on the nuns, "himself" smiled down on us from the piano-top. She smiled too, shook her head and said, "Oh, that Joe, always a great one for joking." "Wouldn't you like to have your son come home?" we asked. Quickly she answered, "Oh, yes, I would love to have him come home." Then she stopped a minute and added quietly, "But I know Joe. He won't come back. His heart is over there. He says, 'these people are my children and I am their father. . . .' If Joe is happy over there, well, I guess I am happy here." He is happy.

# Grandma

— poor, yet so contented; ill, yet so patient; a noble soul, and so humble; to witness her devotion is enough to warm my heart.



SHE is old—well past the scriptural three score and ten. Grandma Gregory, she is called by everyone in the village. What name was given to her when first she saw the light of day in the small village of Pimute, I cannot say. Perhaps her Eskimo mother and her Russian father did give her the name Mary but I am inclined to believe that she chose this name some thirty years ago when Father Robault received her into the Catholic Faith—a convert from the Russian Orthodox Church. With her many sisters and brothers she shared a normal happy childhood, for in those days fish and fur were plentiful and the economic problem of a large family was not the worry it is today.

In due course Mary married a good Eskimo lad and together they raised a family of ten. . . . All of them embraced the Catholic Faith with their mother. When her husband died more than twenty years ago she went to live with one of her married daughters. This arrangement lasted until daughter and husband moved to another village. Grandma remained behind to live alone for several years. However, she became quite ill ten years back and again had to move in with her relatives. Today she has her own little corner in their home at Kalskag.

But this prosaic summary of her life forms little more than a list of vital statistics. Much the same could be written of many grandmothers here in our Northland. It is for other reasons that Grandma Gregory is beloved by all. It is what she is today that makes her for me an inspiration and a source of joy. Each time I set out for my mission station at Kalskag I do so with a song in my heart and a prayer of gratitude on my lips—for there I shall find Grandma Gregory.

By now the procedure is all but a ritual. As my motorboat, the *Tessitta*, pulls in toward the shore after a trip of a hundred miles and more from my base at Bethel, a short word from the skipper and pilot gives the signal to the deckhand to sound a blast on the horn. Hardly will its raucous sound subside before roads and paths are jammed with all my parishioners coming down to the shore to greet Father. Meantime the engineer has cut the motor and emerged from below to help cast anchor. Ship secure, skipper, pilot, engineer, and crew, in the person of the Pastor, come ashore amid the enthusiastic welcomes of the Eskimos.

Arrangements for the night's lodging follow a hasty supper at the school house and I am off to see Grandma Gregory. As I enter the large home she salutes me with

the glad words, "Koyangua tangramkin,"—"I am thankful because I see you.' Rheumatism (a common complaint in these parts) has confined her to her bed but she looks every inch the queen propped up on her cot in the corner of the room. Her profile would make a splendid subject for an artist; firm lips, a fine aquiline nose, jet black eyes, regal eyebrows, and a fine crown of hair complete the picture. Her face has not the same color or shape of the usual Eskimo features and it is evident that some of her ancestors were among the Jewish political prisoners exiled to Siberia at the beginning of the last century. The first few moments are spent in exchanging remarks in Eskimo about her health, the weather, my travels—and then—"You wish to receive Holy Communion in the morning?" I ask. "But yes." "Then I shall return shortly to hear your confession."

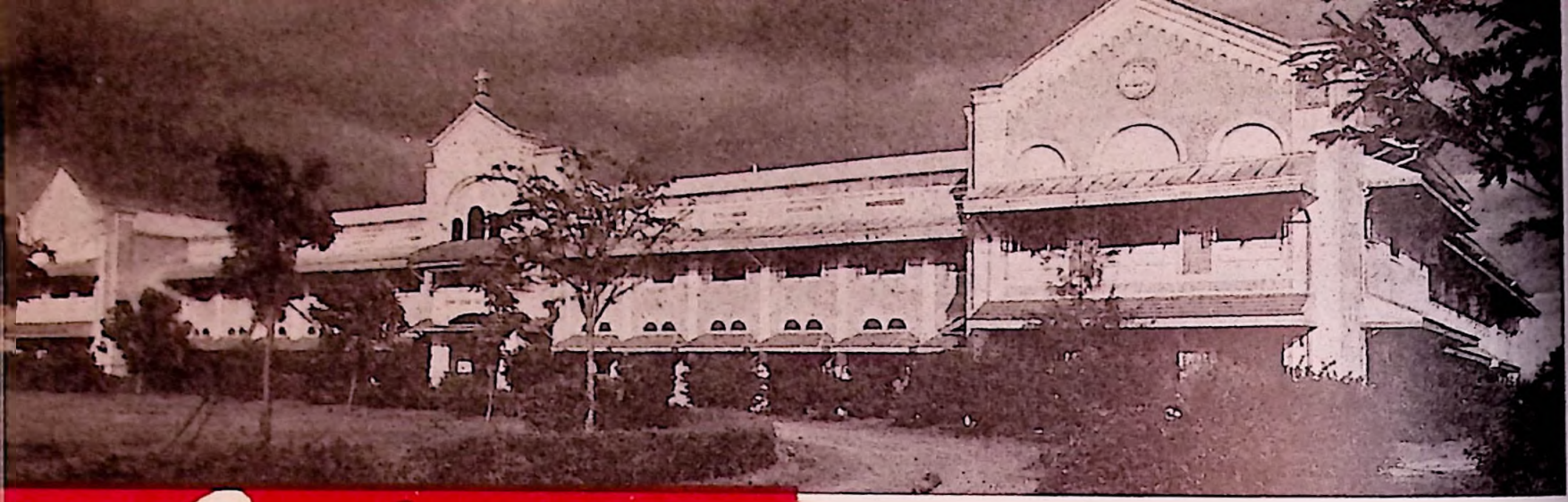
The next quarter hour is spent in my little Church preparing the altar, the vestments and the other necessities for the morning's Mass. This time when I enter the house all others leave and Grandma Gregory and I are alone in our large confessional. With exacting care for her 'rubrics' the old lady prepares to receive the Sacrament. Reverently she places a crucifix in her lap. Her beautiful silk shawl she drapes tastefully over her head and about her shoulders. Joining her hands as piously as a carved angel she makes a large sign of the cross and in clear loud Eskimo tongue begins her confession. Sitting by her little bed and hearing her voice I thank God for the wonderful faith she shows in everything connected with the Sacraments. The few minutes I spend with her I feel that I am very close to Heaven.

**N**EXT morning, after Mass, a procession forms to escort our Eucharistic King to Grandma Gregory. Before me are my two altar boys with candle and bell. Behind me follow all the Eskimo men, women and children, singing hymns to the Blessed Sacrament. At the house all who can, crowd inside and kneel during the ceremony. At the center of the room stands an improvised altar—two gasoline boxes covered with a sheet. Upon this rests the Host while I say the introductory prayers and with ptarmigan feather for aspergil bless the room with holy water. But the moment has come—once more the Last Supper finds fulfillment and Grandma is receiving the Bread of Life. Now the Eskimos take over as all burst into song. It is a beautiful hymn, one I learned many years ago as a boy in France. Father Robault, S.J., translated it and the Eskimo words retain all the beauty and fervor of the original. The final note dies away and I bless Grandma once more before all retire to leave her along with her Savior. Need I add, her thanksgiving is long and fervent.

Dear old Grandma—my visit to her is always inspiring. Poor, yet so contented; ill, yet so patient; a noble soul, and so humble; to witness her devotion warms my heart and makes recompense for many a hardship and disappointment—God bless her.



*Francis M. Menager, S.J.*



# Before San Jose

Antonio J.  
Leetai, S.J.

**T**HE oldest educational institution under the American flag, 344 year-old San Jose Seminary, has naturally known many exciting experiences during its long life. The last three years were perhaps the most exciting of all.

At the outbreak of the war, San Jose had 125 seminarians under its roof. Dispersion came soon afterwards, for the Japs occupied the seminary building as barracks and hospital.

The Ateneo de Manila became the new home of the seminary. In the Ateneo, classes went on undisturbed up to July of 1943, when the Japs commandeered the Ateneo main building. The seminary then had to be broken up. The Theologians took up residence at San Marcelino, in the seminary building of the Vincentian Fathers, the Philosophers remained in the Ateneo science laboratories, and the Minors were housed at San Ignacio, the Superior's residence. Another year went by. Then the Japs struck again. San Marcelino was taken over. The Theologians transferred to San Ignacio, and the Minor Seminary was closed in June, 1944. On

(Above) San Jose, one of the most beautiful and one of the most important seminaries for diocesan priests in the whole mission field, at Balintawak, Philippine Islands. (Below) The same building, from the rear, after the debris was cleared away. The retreating Japanese set fire to it, leaving the building a shambles. Nothing was saved except the seminarians and spirit of San Jose.

August 30, the Japs moved into San Ignacio; the Theologians moved out to the town of Polo. There the Japs again caught up with them. So back to Manila, and with the coming of the American planes in September, 1944, general dispersion was decided upon.

In the Battle of Manila, one American bomb partially damaged the seminary building, and the withdrawing Japs put on the finishing touch by setting the building afire. Now its gutted skeleton is being used as a Quartermaster Depot by the American Army.

The seminary has reopened: 64 seminarians are at present quartered in three small houses adjoining the Jesuit retreat house at Santa Ana. There is much to be desired in the present set-up, but the spirit of the seminarians is running high. Naturally their eyes are turned towards the old San Jose at Balintawak. They are looking forward to the day when they will be reunited under a new San Jose, there to carry on the great traditions of this venerable seed-bed for the Priests of God's kingdom in the Philippines.

# After

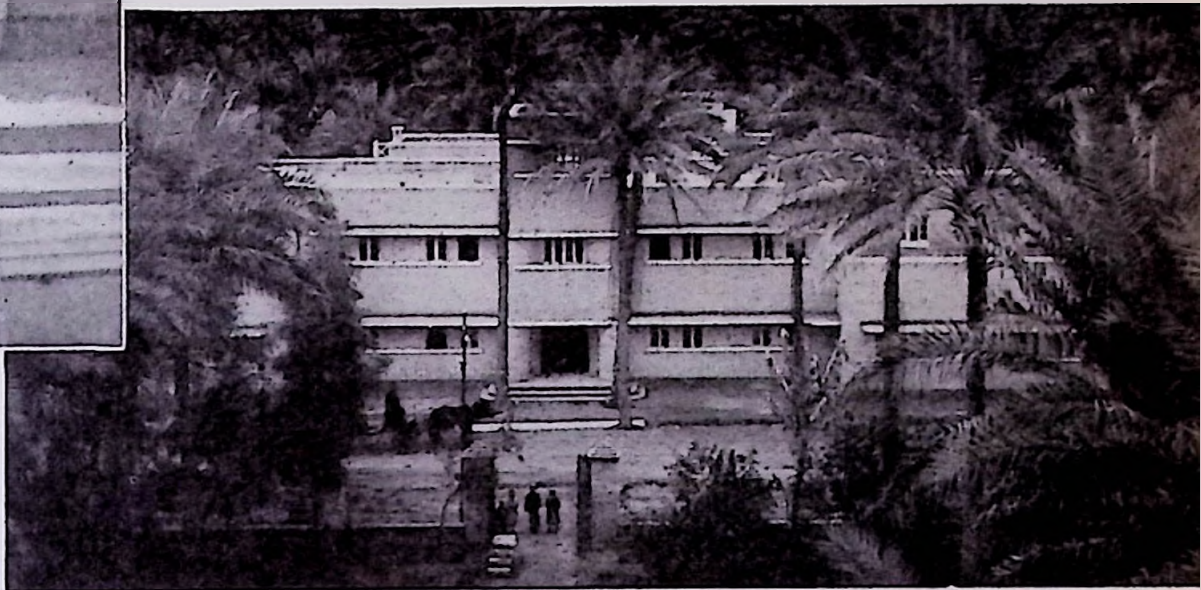


# Arabian Nights

James P. Larkin, S.J.



Rev. Leo A. Guay, of Laconia, N. H., and Rev. James P. Larkin, of Boston, Mass., chemist and mathematician, respectively, at Baghdad College.



**M**AJESTIC palm trees silhouetted against the silvery glow of a full moon—bewitching strains of exotic oriental music harmonized with the gentle rhythm of the palm branches swaying in the desert breeze—is this your vision of a Baghdad night? The picture is not too unreal, for God in His goodness seems to have counter-balanced the dusty colorlessness and searing heat of Baghdad's days with the vivid beauty and soothing coolness of its nights. However, if the picture is to be real, there should be added a few sound effects.

Imagine that you are, some summer evening, on the roof of our Baghdad College residence. As you lie in bed awaiting sleep and gaze up at the stars through the overhanging branches of tall date-palms, a cool breeze from the river sets up a soft lullaby in the comb-like branches. You are all but rocked to sleep—but let us switch on the sound track.

Immediately the ceaseless barking of innumerable dogs is heard. After a day of immobile panting in the shadiest spot available these canines are making up for the day's inactivity. Their chanting is the most irritating feature of an oriental night. New arrivals at the College invariably ask, "Why don't the police do something about it?" They have, but when weeks of wholesale slaughter yield only a decrease in ammunition with no diminution in the canine chorus, it is no wonder they throw up their hands and say, "Let nature take its course."

**N**OT infrequently you will be startled out of semi-consciousness by what seems to be the last fading scream of a terrified infant. If you leap out of bed and peer into the darkness to catch a glimpse of a hob-goblin making off with the screaming child of a neighbor, you will find it is nothing more than a

wawi, or desert jackal, foraging in your garden.

Closer attention to detail will now enable you to detect the roar of the tiny motors of the P-38 mosquitos hovering overhead. As soon as the A-A fire of your citronella fumes begins to quiet down, they will descend in hordes to pepper your skin with their liquid fire. Now and then you catch the low chanting of the Moslem watchman of some nearby estate. He wards off the dangers of the night with a rifle on his shoulder and some verses of the Koran on his lips. Blended with his oriental chanting the occidental voice of Bing Crosby is wafted through the night from the loud blasting phonograph of a neighbor. The incessant "put-put-put" of an unmuffled gasoline pump punctuates the night's "music." Oh, to be a few miles up the river, where the blind-folded-donkey-at-the-waterwheel method of irrigation is still in vogue. Amid the metronomic thumping of the pump you fall asleep—perhaps.

**N**O alarm clock is needed. You will be hurtled from your bed just before dawn by one of the most blood-curdling sounds you have ever experienced. Jumping up expecting to witness the torture of some huge but helpless animal down in the street below, you see a lone donkey trotting jerkily along, and from outstretched head and throat are coming the most frightening kind of noises. Meantime you are awake, and a new day has begun. Here at the College the noise of the night gives place to an audible silence soon to be interrupted by the voluble arrival of the students.

A moral? Perhaps we could phrase it thus: don't let the Magic Carpet of your imagination carry you too far into the clouds when palm trees and moonlight flash before your eyes!



(Top, left) The Padre of the lepers, Father Anthony Gampp, S.J., taken from Culion, world's largest leper colony, by the Japanese, and now back again as missionary to his people, the lepers of Culion.

(Top, right) Two heroes meet in Pittsburg. Father Patrick A. Ryan, S.J., at 71, representative of Jesuit

Missions from Yakima, Washington, to Key West Florida, who is starting a new mission at Ward, S. C., and Comdr. Joseph T. O'Callahan, Medal of Honor chaplain. (Below) Cardinal Mooney (right) as Papal Legate to India, meeting Bishop Sullivan, S.J., of Patna, India. Cardinal Mooney is now Archbishop of Detroit, and one of America's four new Cardinals.

# MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

VERY REV. PAUL W. O'BRIEN, S.J., has been named first American Superior of the China mission of the California Province. Father O'Brien first went to China in 1932. Previous to this latest assignment he had acted as secretary to the Vicar Apostolic of Nanking, Most Rev. Paul Yu-pin. Included under his charge are 38 American Jesuits laboring in Nanking, Shanghai, and the mission fields of Yangchow.

THE ATENEO de MANILA, "JESUIT UNIVERSITY OF THE PHILIPPINES" has taken its first step in the long hard road of reconstruction. After months of searching for suitable quarters, a rambling old mansion dating back to the Spanish regime has been leased. The complete High School department opens first, to be followed as soon as possible by the reopening of the Colleges of Art, Commerce, Industrial Technology and Law. Reports state pressure from governmental and educational leaders made urgent the immediate opening of the institution.

THOMAS CARDINAL TIEN, one of the newly created Cardinals, in a recent letter to the Maryknoll Superior General, Bishop James E. Walsh, emphasizes the part schools and education must play in the future success of the Church in China. The 5,661 baptisms administered last year in his Vicariate of Tsingtao, he attributes in large measure to the School Sisters of St. Francis from Milwaukee, who conduct a High School for girls. His chief aim now is the establishment of a High School for boys at Tsingtao.

REPORTS FROM INDIA state that approximately 100 Italian missionaries are still interned there. Those who have been released are forbidden to return to their mission stations. The fear now is that all will be forcibly repatriated.

THE MARIST BROTHERS RECENTLY sent four Brothers to two widely separated missions. Two members of the Levis Province of Canada are to work in the mission fields of New Caledonia. Another Canadian from the Iberville Province and a Brother from the United States Province are to labor in South Africa at Katama in Makwiro, South Rhodesia.

THE LIST OF JESUIT JUBILARIANS for the year 1946 contains several names familiar to Jesuit Missions readers. Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., once V.-Postulator for the cause of the North American Martyrs and now V.-Postulator in the beatification of Kateri Tekakwitha celebrates his seventieth year in the Society on July thirtieth. On April 23, Father Patrick Rafferty, S.J., commemorates his fiftieth year in the Society. Father

Rafferty was stationed for many years in the Philippines where he composed a Visayan Grammar that has been of invaluable aid not only to our missionaries but also to the armed forces of our country. Before the recapture of the Philippines his book was used to prepare soldiers and sailors to handle the native dialect. Another golden jubilarian who is also a veteran of the Philippine mission is Father Henry A. Coffey, S.J. On Christmas eve, Brother R. Quattrocchi, S.J., will celebrate his fiftieth anniversary. Formerly he was stationed in Kingston, Jamaica.

JAPAN AND CATHOLIC MISSIONARY ACTIVITY in that country continue to find a prominent position in the news. Despite the loss of 10,000 when the atom bomb exploded over Nagasaki, the number of Catholics in the Islands is higher than it was in 1940. Vocations to seminaries were stopped by the war but those to the sisterhoods increased from 772 in 1939 to 989 in 1944. At the present time there are still 311 non-Japanese Sisters in 15 communities of religious women and 72 non-Japanese priests in 6 congregations of religious men. The number of secular priests is not available. A summary of the physical damage shows a fifth of all Catholic Churches damaged or destroyed; destroyed also were 71 school buildings, 37 rectories, 5 missionary houses, 4 Bishops' homes, 2 publishing houses, one welfare center and 90 other buildings on Catholic compounds. Despite this loss repeated indications of a justifiable optimism are to be found. More significant, perhaps, than the Emperor's repudiation of divinity has been the total absence of any popular protest or demonstration against this announcement. In an audience with Archbishop Paulo Marella, Apostolic Delegate to Japan, Emperor Hirohito expressed his profound thanks to Pope Pius XII for the words of mercy and relief activities carried on by him in behalf of the Japanese people. He extended also an invitation for the continued cooperation of the Catholic Church in Japan's task of spiritual and material reconstruction. General MacArthur, citing the 'self-sacrificing, patient and heroic ministry' of the Catholic Church in Japan through 400 years, in a recent letter assured Bishop Taguchi, a native Japanese, 'of every assistance within my power in the restoration of those temples dedicated to religious worship.'

UNDER THE DIRECTION OF FATHER GEORGE WILLMANN, S.J., a canteen has been opened in Manila which now serves 8,000 members of the armed forces daily. American coffee, food, games, magazines, radio programs and the inevitable phonograph are provided. Consultations and confessions keep Father Willmann busy through the day and evenings.

# Bassein

John J. Barrett, S.J.

I WAS young when we first met on the new streets of Bassein in 1548, Jacinto and I. We were both born in 1534, the year Sultan Bahadur Shah handed over this small piece of India to the Portuguese Governor, Nuño da Cunha. My name was—let us say, “Epoch” and you shall see why. . . .

It was cool under the banyan tree outside the Citadel. A company of our Portuguese soldiers turned into the square from the parade grounds, so alert that I wondered if any power on earth could divide them. The proof of their superiority was obvious in the extensive possessions the Crown now ruled from Aden in Arabia to Timor in the Indies.

Bassein was the heart of this eastern Empire! Less than a mile from the seashore, the Governor had built “the Citadel.” Many magnificent palaces of rich European merchants, two gorgeous churches, the Franciscan convent, the warehouses and Senate House had suddenly sprung up around the Citadel, all since I was born. As I tried to explain to Jacinto, who was Spanish, those churches meant that we Portuguese were crusaders, not just traders. He said it would be well if we continued so; and then he hurt me, for he said that the Portuguese would become wealthy, greedy, indolent.

This morning I was half lulled to sleep by the buzzing of the locusts in the trees when a fist thumped me, and I knew it was Jacinto. He pulled me to my feet, hurried me down the back street to the ocean, serving up on the way an animated description of the new priest whose Mass he had just served, a Father Francis Xavier. Just then a bare-headed priest in a black cassock turned the corner and confronted us. His face was brown and leathery, like an old sail, and shaded by the leather umbrella he carried. He had gray hair, I noted.

“Ave Maria purissima! we meet again Jacinto,” said the priest, and flashed a magnificent smile. “Sin pecado concebida, Señor,” murmured Jacinto. “Are you going away soon, Señor?” my friend asked, looking up at the stalwart figure hurrying us off our feet. “It all depends, lad,” grinned the priest. “If the Viceroy gives the word, I’m off with the fleet tomorrow. For Japan. Want to come along, do you?” Jacinto became excited. “Do you sail on her? She travels like a porpoise, really fast.” “Who knows? We may sail together. Adios.” The priest winked at us both, and we stood watching his flapping skirts and bobbing umbrella weave through the traffic of soldiers and merchants, then spring up the stairs of the Captain’s house, and disappear. “M’gaches, how I would like to be with that man,” Jacinto said softly, and added, “anywhere.”

I DID not see Jacinto for fifty years. At length he came to Bassein on business, rich, cultured and handsome. During his visit a great event took place at Bassein. The new fort was dedicated by the General of the North, and blessed by His Excellency, the Vigario da Vara.

A fort had now become necessary to protect the Citadel. My friend and I that day inspected the whole circular structure, a mile and a half around. At the Sea Gate the wall is above thirty feet high. Ten thick bastions intersected the wall. Nine heavy cannon



## *“Epoch,” time personified, watching the sands run out on Bassein.*

The beautiful modern Catholic cathedral at Bassein, today. Note the unique cross over the windows in front.

were mounted on top, and along the wall were seventeen mortars, artillery to deter any foe. The base thickness of the western wall extended to thirty-five feet, for the real danger of assault would come from this direction, the land side. The Land Gate here has heavy doors studded on the outer face with iron spikes to prevent ramming by elephants. Jacinto appraised our fortifications properly when he estimated that if the enemy ever got through that gate, he would age fifty years in a day.

From our vantage point on the wall, we looked directly into the huge Jesuit establishment consisting of a beautiful church, three chapels, a college, and residence. A year after Jacinto had left Bassein as a boy, Father Xavier had sent Melchior Gonçalves to start the Jesuit work here. The new Church of the Holy Name became the chief ornament of all the seven churches. Now there are three hundred Indian students in the college, some of them sons of Rajahs, many preparing for the priesthood. My friend manifested pleasure at the number of converts these Fathers had made, especially at the story of that old Brahmin astrologer, Parahuran Joshi, who was baptized in Henrique in 1565. For him was built the chapel, Nossa Senhora da Ajuda, where he instructed converts of his own people in the Faith. “Ah,” said Jacinto, poking the end of his gold headed cane between the parapet crevices, “there was no man like that Father Xavier though.” “When did you see him last?” I asked. “I was with the fleet standing off the China coast the winter of 1552 when he was put ashore with fever on a China island. We wanted him to sail home with us, but no, he was waiting for a faithless rascal to smuggle him into China. He would have converted China. I tried to stay with him, but he insisted that I carry to Europe the letters he had written. A month later he died on that island.” The soft eyes welled up with tears. “I loved that man!”

**F**OR us, proud rulers of the past, the end has come. The crack of doom sounded early three mornings ago when the whole city rocked under the percussion of two mines discharged by the enemy under the bastion of Nossa Senhora dos Remedios. It was May the thirteenth, 1739.

Every soldier was called out to reinforce the troops on the parapet; they ran to the defense positions, dodging between the women hurrying the children off to the seven churches to pray for the protection of the city. Shortly after the first explosions, we on the walls saw the Maratha hordes sweeping rapidly towards the Fort on their fleet ponies. They were at the walls, the while our guns barked savagely; they were swarming up over the broken bastion, when suddenly there arose a mighty cloud of dust and the roar of another explosion from that quarter as a Maratha mine prematurely burst. I saw dozens of the attackers lifted high above the walls, arms and legs sprawled against the morning sky. The others withdrew to reorganize.

Our foe are the fierce Marathas, the Indian warrior race, and their courage, cunning, perspicacity and perseverance puts them among the most formidable soldiers of all time. The attack on the thirteenth did not come as a surprise. We saw the Marathas move into the



outlying posts last year; we watched them cut us off from the mainland by occupying the creek between. Since the middle of February the forces of Chimnaji Appa have besieged us on our own soil. The Land Gate was locked, the bastions manned. For three months we have lived securely within our walls, and could so remain indefinitely as long as we held an exit upon the sea and the land side was not forced.

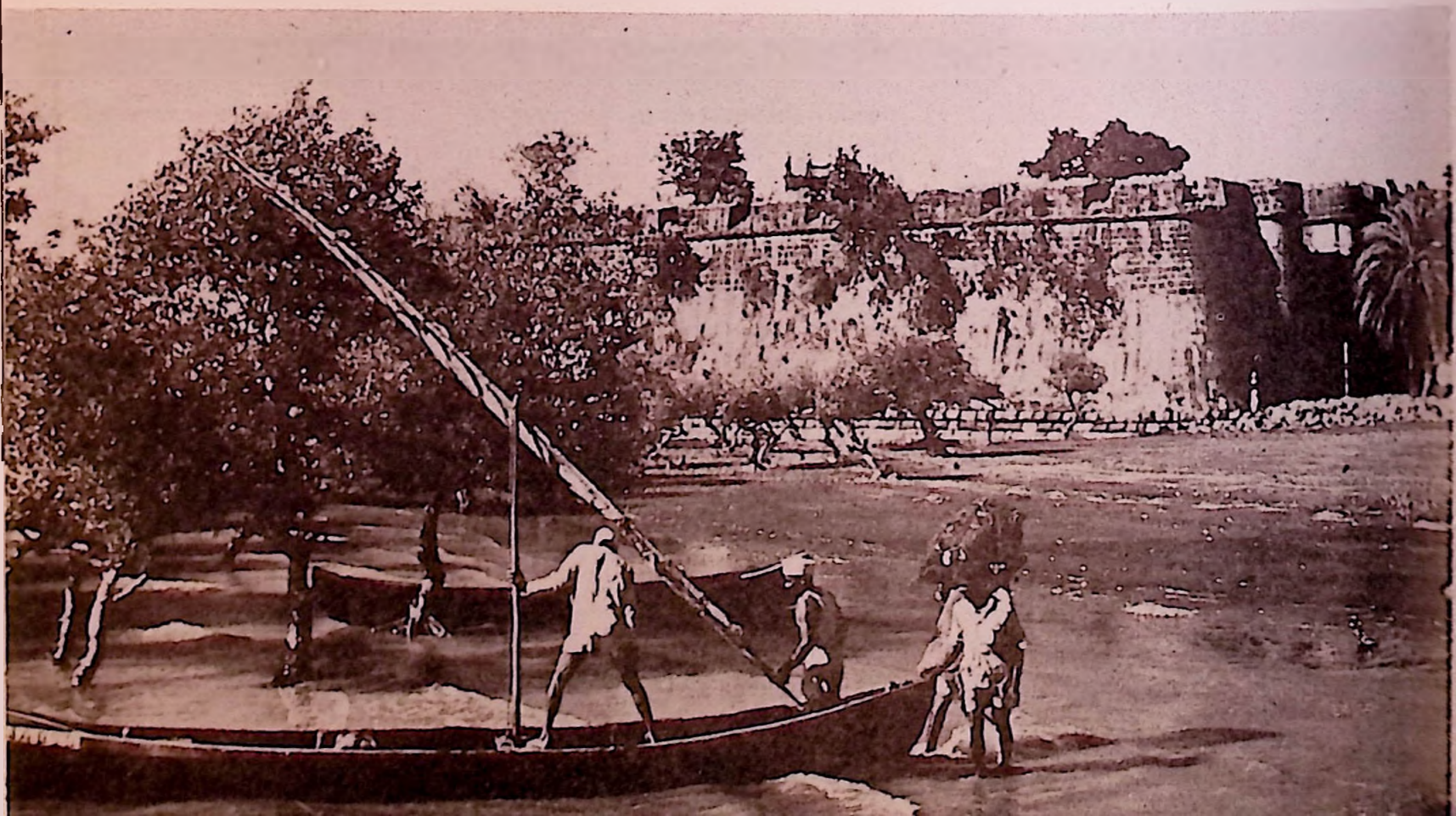
**D**URING the seige a fatal mood has overhung Bassein. I could taste it day and night. When the battle came our men fought like heroes, yet we knew beforehand that we should kneel in the dust at the end. Jacinto, now dead a century, and his prophecy came back to me again and again during these suspended days: "You Portuguese will become wealthy, greedy, indolent." It is true. In the beginning trade with the East was brisk because we were the first to follow Magellan across these waters. Every ship carried a fortune in spices and silks to Lisbon, not stolen nor confiscated, but bought in open markets. We became wealthy selling to all of Europe. We became greedy; not the nation, nor our Catholic rulers, but the dishonest officials who hoodwinked the king and filled their own pockets. Wealth made by cunning made men debauched and effeminate. And then there were quarrels, especially between greedy officers, with the consequent loss of discipline and patriotism among the rank and file. All of this might have been reformed had we not been cut short from without. No, the Marathas are not the real victors, not even when they take Bassein. The winners are the Dutch who surpassed us at sea.

Remains of the walls of the old citadel and fort built by the Portuguese 350 years ago at Bassein as an unconquerable fortress.  
(India Information Service)

All day long on the thirteenth the Marathas attacked; eleven times Malharrao Holkar led his reckless fighters against the bastion of St. Sebastian, and six waves under Chimnaji pounded the broken dos Remedios. The Portuguese was still alive. He beat the invaders back each time, the stench of powder and thunderous roar from our cannon and mortar filling the Fort continually during those trying days.

Under cover of night the Marathas secured a dozen mines under our trustworthy St. Sebastian. In the morning dawn they were fired. And actually, they made a breach in that impregnable wall. I saw them rush through, and ours fell upon the invaders in hand-to-hand fighting. Death rode an ominous black charger through the battle. We drove the strong dark men from the broken wall and built up the defenses again, even permitting the women to help us. Meanwhile, however, the Marathas had captured one bastion and could not be dislodged.

**I**T is all over. This afternoon Caetano de Souza marched in. Eight hundred of our best officers and men lie heaped about the great fort, dead; we survivors have no ammunition, our supplies have run out, and there is no Portuguese sail standing on the horizon. Our sad General and the gallant Chimnaji signed the articles of capitulation just before sunset in the simple parlor of the Franciscan monastery, the old abbot asking God's peace on them both. One week is granted for the evacuation of the city with all we possess, then shall I be left here among the palatial homes, the great Senate House, warehouses, Citadel, and the muted towers of seven dead churches to mourn alone over these two centuries of a little glory.



# Apostolate of Prayer

Mission Intention for April, 1946

## THAT FALSE NATIONALISM MAY NOT HINDER THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY

THE maintenance of hospitals, the erection of schools, the care of the orphaned, the aged and the afflicted—these are works of charity we usually associate with the missionary apostolate. However, there are mission lands where Christianity, falsely understood and at times still more falsely represented, has been opposed by the natives. Christianity, like so many other things that have come to them from without their borders, is considered as something not only foreign to their religious beliefs, but alien, too, to their spirit of patriotism. Not rarely in the Near East, the Far East and the Pacific Isles has conversion to the Catholic Faith been deemed betrayal of one's country, as if the newly baptized convert in renouncing his pagan beliefs had given himself over to the power and protection of a "foreign" state.

In recent years a false spirit of nationalism of a disgraceful and reactionary character has fostered this attitude. This spirit of extreme nationalism has manifested itself in newspaper articles and in magazines attacking the Christian religion. It has placed in an unfavorable light converts of prominent social position and has been the occasion of closing Christian schools which for years have been maintained at a great sacrifice. To cite but a few instances the falsely alleged proselytism in Sophia College, Bombay, less than two years ago was followed by the anti-Christian attacks of an ex-Anglican missionary, Mr. Verrier Elwin, in the Bombay Chronicle. These attacks were reprinted in other papers in India, often with editorial comment inflammatory in nature and rousing the natives to extreme nationalism as their best defense against the foreign missionaries who were accused of using their institutes as tools for proselytizing. Archbishop Jose da Costa Nunes of Goa spoke last December of a wave of anti-Catholicism in his archdiocese caused by extreme nationalistic agitators. In Bangalore, India, free concessions to Christians had been withdrawn, according to news reports and were to be restored only "if a Christian boy or girl reverts to Hinduism." At about the same time anti-French nationalists in Syria had ordered the closing of all Catholic schools in French-mandated Syria with instructions that they were not to reopen until all teachers were Arabs and the Koran (the gospel of Islam) was taught in them. According to a Paris report this caused hardship to some 36,000 students then attending Catholic schools



One of Goa's shrines in India, sacred to the memory of Saint Francis Xavier, for it was here that the Saint prayed.

In spite of all the alleged charges of extreme nationalists in mission lands, sincere investigation proves abundantly that missionaries foster whatever is of true value of the cultures of the people among whom they are working. For this reason Christians are taught to reverence their native culture and elevate it to a higher plane in the service of the church. Hence, far from meriting the calumnies of their pagan fellow citizens, Christians deserve well of their countries.

What appeared in the *Catholic Herald* more than a year ago is worthy of our profound consideration: "The effect of the Christian missionary has been wholly good, whether he came before the trader or to repair his ravages, and the fact that in many places the aboriginal holds up his head as a free man is due to the inspiring work of the Christian missionary." For this reason we must pray during April that natives will not be goaded on by a false love of country and hinder the spread of Christianity. *Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.*



# Apostle in New York

*Gabriel A. Zema, S.J.*

An Irish priest who loved the young Italians of New York's East Side—and because of them, established a world wide devotion to the Boy Saviour.

It is not quite a year since Father William H. Walsh of the Society of Jesus, devoted Pastor of Italian immigrants for sixteen years and a life-long friend of boys, was carried to his grave from the House of Studies which he helped to build at St. Andrew on the Hudson. At his funeral were assembled a large crowd of his boys, now educated priests and laymen. On very short notice they had traveled seventy miles to the Requiem and obsequies because they had never known a more priestly Father and probably will never see his equal in the social apostolate he fostered so well under staggering difficulties. As the first anniversary of his death approaches it is only fitting that some tribute should be paid to this great missionary of the home front.

Unique in his method of approach, Father Walsh was neither a Father Tim Dempsey of St. Louis, nor a Father Bernard Vaughan of the London slums, though he shared their zeal and some of their characteristics. Curiously enough, he never preached in Italian to his people, never had seen Italy nor studied the Italian adult character. He never acquired a mastery of the Italian way of life in this country as might be expected of a Pastor working amongst Italians. But few, if any, American priests exerted an influence that was as profound and lasting as his in the missionary career in which Providence placed him.

Appointed Pastor of the Mission of Our Lady of Loretto, in New York, in July 1903, from the first, Father Walsh turned over the work of the adult element of his people almost completely to Italian priests who had come from Sicily and South America, and devoted himself entirely to the social and educational improvement of the young.

It was the work most needed. Through the center of the Lower East Side of New York passed the Bowery

with its stream of derelicts and frequent unsavory resorts and haunts of vice. The adjoining streets were packed with crowded tenements that housed at once the best and the worst elements of the swollen Italian immigration of those days. The Lower East Side included thousands of devoted and truly Catholic Italian people as well as the outpourings of Italian prisons that loose immigration laws had welcomed to our shores. Like Father Vaughan of London, Father Walsh begged of the wealthy for his youthful poor of the Lower East Side and conducted a social and educational campaign that yielded a more lasting harvest of spiritual growth than any other ten ordinary immigrant settlements of the period. At least twelve priests and over two score of nuns have come from the old mission in sixteen years and thousands of successful and representative Catholic laymen have taken their place in equal standing with other American families scattered over the metropolitan area. Besides the dangers incident upon the locality and the disintegrating elements of Italian criminals and racketeers, the Lower East Side was the mecca of misguided Protestant proselytisers. Father Walsh early established an industrial school for girls, a settlement house, a day nursery, and enlarged the parochial school. He organized and set on firm basis all manner of clubs for young men and boys.

As far back as 1906, when camps for boys were practically unknown, Father Walsh began a summer work that strengthened and advanced the progress of his educational and cultural program. Due to the fatherly kindness of priests and masters, the Seven Springs Summer Home of Monroe, N. Y. became truly a home and the spirit of comradeship among the boys was widely known. Once a famous hotel for New York's social elite, the Seven Springs Mountain House

was adapted and furnished for the use of the boys. The sturdy octagonal walls of a ruined structure were reconstructed into a beautiful gothic ivy-covered Chapel.

A musician of high taste and ability, Father Walsh produced several capable organists and a score of singers and pianists. The Loretto Boy Choristers became famous in New York. They sang in Carnegie Hall, and before Cardinal Logue, when he visited this country. The young men produced an annual play presented on the Manhattanville College campus, and on the stage of the old Academy of Music, then on comparatively fashionable Fourteenth Street. They won high praise from such well known dramatists and critics as Jerry Cohan and John D. O'Hara.

In later years after Father Walsh had retired from his mission labors among the Italians, his zeal carried him to an extensive but little known phase of the social apostolate. Conducting a mailing office in New York, he befriended Father Chan, a Chinese Jesuit missionary in Shiuhing, South China. In less than ten years Shiuhing, through his aid, gloried in several schools, a college, a Chapel of the Boy Jesus, and a home for orphans.

FATHER WALSH'S final contribution to world Catholic social action was something on an international or global basis. It was the founding of the Devotion to the Boy Jesus or the Boy Saviour Movement. He called it "Youth's Moral Security in a Devotion of Love." In his own words, "The Boy Jesus Devotion is simply an expression of love for Our Blessed Lord as a Youth. It is a private personal devotion and has no exterior formality or organization whatever. It is an internal manner of piety and of personal prayer that inclines the minds and hearts of youth to a loving familiarity with Our Lord at their own age.

"Jesus offers Himself to youth as their Friend, and their fidelity during their adolescence in this sweet friendship is their greatest security against deliberate sin. It enables them, with clean minds and pure hearts courageously and without any loss of the bright happy spirit of youth, to go through the worrisome years of their physical change, and to reach manhood and womanhood with their innocence unsullied."

Father Walsh had inculcated the practice of this devotion wherever he had been associated with young people as a Jesuit Scholastic and as a priest since 1884, though it began to take shape during his work with Italian boys. Booklets, hymns and prayers were translated into

half a dozen languages. The idea was taken up by zealous priests, at home and abroad. Parochial schools especially used its forms and prayers and thousands of boys and girls became attached to its beauty and benefited by its practice in many parts of the United States.

A zealous and tireless apostle, Father Walsh was not one to spare himself. When he broke down in 1919 under the strain of his work, Father John J. Wynne, S.J., the founder of *America* and the editor of the Catholic Encyclopedia, wrote to him: "You must feel the change, your heart was so much in the work; yet you should be happy to have been let accomplish so much in a field all its own. I know of no one who has succeeded against obstacles which you alone know in so distinctive and distinguished a missionary work. I do not believe you appreciate one-tenth of what you have done, nor the influence your success has had throughout the archdiocese."

Children on the sidewalks of New York, lower East Side. To such as these, Father Walsh was an Apostle in years gone by.





# PATNA *Along the River Ganges*

*John J. Barrett, S.J.*

**L**IKE all rivers running to the sea, "dat ol' Man ribber don't say nuthin', but he must know sumthin'," for the mysterious Ganges passes through the lives of more people than any other river on earth. And in the passing he cuts across the mission field of the American Jesuits in Patna, India; so he must see something. Since he "don't say nuthin'" I'll report what are his experiences in Patna.

His placid countenance must have lifted a rippling eyebrow on a St. Patrick's Day morning twenty-five years ago when he awoke to find five Americans in white standing beside the river bed. They had arrived to take over the diocese assigned them by the Holy See, and to teach the millions then bathing on the muddy shores a surer way to heaven. Since that day the ancient river has seen the persistent adventure and watched the expanding apostolate of the Americans so intently establishing the Church in Patna. It is a story worth telling.

The career of this mightiest river begins in the Himalaya mountains as a frigid stream leaping out of the rocks. When it enters the boundary of Patna Mission, 1000 miles from its source, it is a broad majestic current, in some places two miles across. The three hundred mile length along which it flows through the Mission is level country, made so by the prehistoric activities of this same Ganges which, in its meanderings through the ages, has produced a fertile valley two

hundred miles wide. Patna Mission is in the broad sweep between the Himalayas and the Central India plateau.

The diocese, including the forbidden Kingdom of Nepal, has the largest population on earth, thirty million people, or more souls than there are Catholics in the United States. The number of converts, however, is comparatively small, 30,000 only, or one person in every thousand. If St. Patrick's on Fifth Avenue and all the cathedrals of America, if all the parochial schools and Catholic colleges, if all the hierarchy and priests, brothers, and nuns, if our Catholic press and hospitals were all transferred to the Mission on the Ganges, that would be the fulfillment of the goal one hundred Jesuits and Indian secular priests are trying to achieve in that part of India. A beginning in the realization of that great dream has been made, and this is an account of their adventure.

**T**HE people of the Mission are quite naturally farmers since the river silt deposited over the ages has enriched the land. However, their farming has quite a different connotation from that associated with American farming. The Indian farmers live in villages, one house crowded close against the next, wall to wall, each made of mud or bricks mortared with mud, each with a tile or straw roof. One or two will be open-front shops for selling cooking oil, cloth, and small household needs; a few other places will house the village blacksmith and car-



(Left) Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., Bishop of Patna, India, military vicar-delegate to U. S. Forces in C.B.I. theatre and shepherd of a mission diocese of 30,000,000 souls.

(Right) Father Francis J. Welzmler, S.J., Patna missionary in a little farming village in North India.



penner, and if the community is large enough, the post-office. Letters are few and pictureless postcards are many. One large house will catch your eye, a two-story whitewashed building where the landlord lives. His dwelling is no indication of his wealth, nor is his dress, but you will know him by his attitude.

This is very much the picture of all India, excepting the few large cities. Ninety of every one hundred Indians live in the 700,000 villages similar to the one described, and seventy of the ninety depend upon farming for a living. Some of them own a little land—how much you may guess from the fact that the average farm is only four acres—but one-third of them own no land at all and must work for the landlord at what wages he will pay.

Into these already crowded villages we must put a vast animal kingdom. Oxen are needed for ploughing and carting, and cows for breeding but not for milk. Many goats and some sheep feed on the little they find, and they are the meat supply. Big black water buffalo yield the milk that is made into cooking fats. Everything has a use but the multitude of village mongrels which serve no purpose whatever. And there you have a sum total of 318,000,000 domestic animals, a figure not too far behind the population of the country.

Of late years the farmers of Patna Mission have gone over from raising indigo to the cultivation of sugar cane as the commercial crop, though rice is still the main produce by far. It is their daily bread. In a land where irrigation is limited and the dry season runs through nine months of the year, farmers must rely on those crops which thrive in the rainy or monsoon season, so that half of all agriculture is devoted to rice. July, August, and September bring in the torrents which flood the country with an average yearly downpour of

eighty inches, almost three times the total for the mid-west United States. The rest of the year is dry.

From such poor farming, over-crowding (in some parts 900 people to the square mile), and lack of opportunity, the income of the poor farmer is small. The average peasant must manage the best he can for a wife and three children on ten dollars a month, and laborers get less. That is the source of India's misery, her diseases, ignorance, high death rate . . . stark poverty. Could she raise herself above the subsistence level, she would be great among the nations.

INDIA is less a country than a continent and is therefore inhabited by seven racial types, due to the several great invasions that have taken place since the dawn of history. The original peoples of Dravidian stock were driven from the fertile river valleys onto the barren central plateau by the Aryans from the Caspian area probably five thousand years ago, and today they are identified as the Santals among whom our American Jesuits had 8,000 converts in the ten years before 1938. The great masses of Patna Mission, however, have derived from Aryo-Dravidian stock, properly called Hindustani. Their stature is less than tall, their features

INDIA	
Area . . . . .	1,575,107 Sq. M.
Cities and towns . . . . .	701,975
Population . . . . .	389,000,000
Catholics . . . . .	4,055,000
Priests	
Diocesan (native) . . . . .	2,975
Religious . . . . .	1,783
Jesuits (total) . . . . .	1,400
Sisters	
Native . . . . .	6,500
Foreign . . . . .	3,115
Brothers . . . . .	869
Catholic mission establishments . . . . .	13,239
Residences . . . . .	2,273
Chapels . . . . .	4,695
Seminaries . . . . .	63
Boys' High Schools . . . . .	162
Girls' High Schools . . . . .	142
Middle Schools . . . . .	435
Elementary Schools . . . . .	4,993
Hospitals . . . . .	53
Orphanages . . . . .	277
Industrial Schools . . . . .	146



(Top) Typical mission church and rectory in Patna mission. This one, showing Father Bohn, S.J., a veteran of the mission, is at Gokhla, and is made of mud and brick. The roof is thatched.

(Below) Father James A. Creane, S.J., another beloved veteran of Patna in the village of Gaya, south of Patna, snapped by Father John Morrison, S.J., with a Moham-medan father and child.

are generally pleasing, the complexion ranges from lightish brown to almost black, and this usually agrees with the caste hierarchy, the higher Brahmin having the fairer color, the lower Chamar being somewhat darker. The majority of our converts has been from among the lower castes whose usual occupation is curing hides, making shoes, or simply scavenging.

Although literacy is low in India, only 12% for men and 2% for women, it would be a great mistake to think of Indians as uncultured. Recent excavations at Mohenjo-daro in western India have brought to light the story of large and populous cities, temples and public buildings well ornamented, dating from 4,000 B.C. From that early heritage has been preserved a tradition in painting, architecture, and literature now current and rated among the best in the world. The Indian fine arts are wholly allied with the Hindu religion, and are therefore in some degree the possession of the most illiterate. Once I listened for the greater part of a night to a peasant farmer singing religious epics that was great poetry, a treasure handed down for generations, few of which were literate.

As the people are racially Hindustani, so too is the common language of that name. In the time of the Moghul emperors some of these people were converted from Hinduism to Islam, the religion of those known as

Mohammedans, and today they constitute one-tenth of our population. However, both Hindus and Moslems are racially of the same origin. The Moslems developed a new tongue, Urdu, from their study of their sacred book, the Koran, while the Hindus clung to their original language, Hindi, derived from Sanskrit. From both Hindi and Urdu have come the common medium, Hindustani, which for the Moslem is written in modified Arabic characters, and for the Hindu is in modified Sanskrit scripts. This is the language our missionaries acquire by dint of study and experience, and in which several Americans have distinguished themselves.

**I**N God's view of the world there must surely come an age when India will fully "know Him whom God hath sent". Yet it is puzzling to our puny comprehension that since the time of Christ so few in India have known Him and the Church. There is convincing evidence available that St. Thomas the Apostle was sent to India and was martyred at Mylapore, near Madras. Today the Catholics in India, one of every thousand Indians, and the strength of even this small number, must be attributed to the new era that dates from the coming of St. Francis Xavier in 1540.

The history of Patna Mission begins with the arrival of the Capuchin Fathers from Italy in 1713. These



# American Jesuits in India

Shaded portions represents eleven Jesuit Missions

pioneers were sent by the Sacred Congregation in Rome to evangelize the people of Hindustan and Tibet, and made the whole journey from Europe on foot. Their work began at Lhasa in Tibet as early as 1703, but due to the difficult accessibility to that mountainous country, they set up the headquarters for the whole Mission at Patna. And providentially so. After forty years an imperial edict banished them from Tibet, and the Fathers withdrew wholly to Patna in Hindustan.

The medical skill of Father Joseph Mary in saving the life of the young queen in the small kingdom of Bettiah obtained from the Raja several grants of land on which the missionaries settled their new converts and themselves built spacious monasteries and five magnificent churches worthy of Europe. The clock tower on the principal church at Bettiah was the pride of the Moslems and Hindus as well as of the Catholics, and the four great bells donated by a ruler in Nepal attracted all travelers, especially the Buddhist pilgrims en route from the high land of Tibet to their shrine at Bodh Gaya in the south of Patna Mission.

Like the monks of early Europe, the holy Capuchin missionaries lived together in widely separated monasteries, and around these places clustered their converts, usually in a village reserved for them. This system produced a well-knit Catholicism featuring daily Mass for

everyone, a deep spirit of communal charity, and not a few vocations. On the other hand it suffered the disadvantages of isolating the faithful from their pagan neighbors and left untouched those people who lived beyond several hours journey from the monastery. After seventy years work in Bettiah, there were only thirty-three converts. This unique situation still exists in this same town. Next to the Raja's palace is the Catholic church and adjacent to it the Catholic quarter of the community, every house Catholic and thoroughly so. Last year this body of 2,500 celebrated the second centennial of Catholicism in Bettiah, yet there is hardly a trace within living memory of any of the town's 28,000 Moslems and Hindus having been converted.

THE case is quite otherwise under the new system in which the Jesuit Fathers live separately among the people to be converted, and after their conversion do not transplant them from their familiar environment, but leave them intact to spread the teachings of the Master by their new lives. This method requires multiplicity of mission stations, a large staff of catechists and teachers, and imposes on the missionary hardships from much travel, casual meals, and separation from his fellow missionaries, but it produces numbers of converts not lacking in quality, and that is what counts.



St. Xavier's College, Patna, India. One of the three American Jesuit colleges in India. Several hundred boys have been graduated from these schools and a high percentage have done exceptionally well at University and in public life. The other two schools at Krist Rajah (Christ the King) and the new Xavier at Jaipur.

Four of the twenty-four mission stations are located at strategic points along the south bank of the Ganges; six are strung out across the north not far from the Nepal border. The remainder are scattered broadly over the Mission territory. Twenty-five Jesuits and nine Indian secular priests work together in these mission stations. Their houses may be new structures built on the edge of a town or village, they may be old rented houses in the center of a bazaar, or lonely mud hovels hidden in a bamboo grove far removed from any settlement. From these central stations the missionaries travel on foot or bicycle from village to village within a radius of twenty or thirty miles.

By amiability and an immediate willingness to help anyone, their reputation for truth and goodness is established, so that in course of time their newly won friends become receptive to the truths the Fathers profess to teach. One hundred and thirteen catechists, some of them converts, are employed by the missionaries as auxiliaries. These are sent to live in villages where catechumens are to be instructed and continue there as the Father's representative when converts are made. Nor are these spiritual children won to Christ without trial and pain. Besides the ostracism that often results from their conversion, the converts frequently suffer physical violence from a certain fanatical Hindu organization. These persecutions only strengthen the devotion of the new Catholics and cause their neighbors to marvel at such a Faith.

WHERE the Church goes, education follows. The Mission maintains fifty village schools, staffed by 150 lay teachers. Seven years after the Americans arrived in Patna they built a high school at Bettiah, made possible through the generosity of an outstanding St. Louis patroness. Twelve Jesuits now comprise the staff at Christ the King High School where 400 Hindus, Moslems, and Catholics acquire a modern education. In the same town the Sisters of Mercy of the Holy Cross conduct St. Therese's High School for girls. These schools are not direct means of conversion; they serve to lay a right moral foundation upon which the Faith

may rise in future generations. However, Providence sometimes works a miracle of grace, as in the case of a former Brahmin lad who last June took his vows as a Jesuit.

Five years ago a high school was opened in Patna at the insistence of influential Indian families who desired a Jesuit education for their boys. Four hundred sons of rajas, landlords, lawyers, judges, editors, flock to St. Xavier's, which in a few years will grow to college status. Fourteen Jesuits maintain the reputation of this school. Here also are resident the Jesuit Superior of the Mission, the treasurer, and the Bishop, Rt. Rev. Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J. At the request of the Apostolic Delegate and the insistence of the Premier of the State, our Fathers three years ago opened a high school at Jaipur on the high dry desert of western India, almost one thousand miles from Patna. This venture now shows promise of matching the success of the Patna school.

THE veterans of education in the Mission, however, are not the Jesuits, but the Sisters of the Institute of the Blessed Virgin Mary who have taught Indian and Anglo-Indian girls in Patna for more than a century, and the Irish Christian Brothers who have done the same for the boys. The most recent educators, on the other hand, are the Loretto Sisters, predominantly Irish, and the Indian Carmelite nuns from south India who opened the Patna Women's College four years ago and have already produced brilliant results as the University examinations show. Altogether 135 Sisters devote their lives to education and the hospitals.

India has the second highest infant mortality rate in the world, 16 per 100, and the shortest life expectancy, twenty-eight years. Surrounded by such conditions, it is natural that the missionaries would attempt all that is physically possible in fighting disease and death. Their handy weapon has been homeopathic medicines, the little white pills that may cure and will never harm. One hundred thousand a year is a conservative estimate of the cases handled at stations and in villages. More scientific and effective is the work of the Sisters of



Native vocations are increasing in India. (Left) Father Rodriguez, S.J. (Right) A nursing Sister of the I.B.V.M.

Mercy of the Holy Cross who conduct a government-owned hospital in Bettiah. Eight years ago three Catholic Medical Missionaries walked into the picture at Patna with typical industry and efficiency. These daughters of Mother Anna Dengel of Philadelphia converted a very old church into a hospital and their work created a sensation. Today their staff has increased to eight Sisters and thirty-three student nurses; 150 beds, never vacant a moment, are crowded in make-shift buildings until Father Frank Loesch completes the new hospital now under construction.

The intense activity of the seventy-five Jesuits assigned to mission stations and the three schools, engaged in writing and teaching, or the multiple operations of field work in touring the villages, instructing converts, baptizing, building, redressing injustices, caring for orphans, distributing medicine, on sick calls both day and night, all this devotion to the Kingdom of Christ in Patna is producing magnificent results for the Church. The thirty-three young Jesuits, American and Indian, now in training at the novitiate, or in the philosophate of south India, or the theologate up in the Himalayas, learn from and are inspired by the labors of the veterans of the Mission whom they will succeed. But, in spite of success there are obstacles; or perhaps, because of the obstacles there is success.

**T**HE growing political turmoil of India in the past two decades has relegated other interests to the rank of secondary importance. The Fathers in no way participate in political affairs since the Kingdom they advocate is not of this world; the people, however, are so agitated by business of the political order, it is often difficult to focus their attention on the matter of supreme importance; the spiritual kingdom to which God calls them.

The very poverty of the people is a second obstacle in that they are engrossed in the search for food and employment. Besides, lacking the resources to provide Catholic schools and to build chapels or churches, much less to finance the long education of seminarians and the training of sisters whom God nominates from their homes, this burden must be assumed by the Bishop and

the Superior, thereby restricting the means that could be available for excursions into new fields.

The limitations of human nature constitute a third obstacle to the ambitions of the missionaries. They are human. The intensely hot weather of the dry season exacts its toll in fatigue. Here the Superiors have wisely decreed that each Father get a month's rest in the mountains during this season; but that is a month lost to the work, so they say. India is their home, from whatever part of America or Europe they may come, and so their food is the produce of the country, rice and a little meat curry with a vegetable, which Indian dieticians admit is not a source of abundant energy, although all of the Fathers are moderately healthy. Such simple living, in a way, guarantees longevity and perhaps such physical fitness as is best adapted to the land along the Ganges.

What does that old man river think about us as he wanders to the sea? These foreign born and Indian must surely impress him with their love of this adopted and their native land and all its peoples. And surely he must see in the brightness of the missionaries' eye that love of God and huge ambition by which the living Church is growing up along his ancient banks.

#### PATNA MISSION

Area.....	89,385 Sq. M.	Catholic Missions ...	241
Cities, towns, etc....	33,639	Residences .....	28
People .....	29,504,716	Chapels .....	121
Catholics .....	30,215	Boys' High Schools	3
Priests		Girls' High Schools	3
Diocesan .....	12	Middle Schools ...	6
Religious .....	11	Elementary Schools	29
Jesuits .....	108	Hospitals .....	3
Sisters .....	139	(Dispensaries .....	25)
Brothers .....	15	Orphanages .....	20
		Industrial Schools..	3

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Dear Father:

My wife and I lived in India for a few years and it was there that I came to know and love the missionaries of the Society of Jesus. It is only by actual contact that one can ever understand the magnitude of the unselfish spirit of the Jesuit missionaries in the field. The humble, unpretentious manner in which they go about their arduous labors, the thankless tasks they so gladly accept and the ceaseless efforts put forth for "the least of our brethren" is truly doing the work of Him whose Name they bear.

It is a revelation to see men who are obviously gentlemen of education living in the midst of poverty and the direst squalor, not once uttering the slightest word of complaint, but giving eternal thanks to God for permitting them to do His work. I tell you, Father, the proudest boast I have is to have known some of these men personally and I pray to God that I may never forget them—unsung heroes, every last one of them.

I have also seen some of your missionaries in the Philippines. These, too, fill one with an awesome regard for the beautiful Fire of Faith which, I am sure, is the inspiration that leads mortal men to such zeal for God's work.

Humbly yours,

W. H., New York

Dear Father:

I am eleven years old today and I am enclosing a dollar for the missions. It is one of my birthday gifts. I know you can use it more than I can, so I want you to have it.

Respectfully,

J. S., Morristown, N. J.

Reverend and Dear Father:

Like all young readers of JESUIT MISSIONS, and old ones, too, I am sure, my little daughter loves to study the pictures of JESUIT MISSIONS. There was an expression of genuine sympathy in her eyes as she saw the poor children with shabby clothes, so poorly fed and needy.

This morning she took seven cents from her purse and asked that I mail her gift to you to buy clothes and food for her little unseen friends. I am enclosing the seven cents and also my own personal check to assist your wonderful work.

Very truly yours,

T. W. M.

Dear Father:

Two years ago I met with a terrible accident and, as a result, I have been confined to an iron lung. During this time I have made several novenas to St. Francis Xavier and I promised that I would do something for the lepers he loved so much if he only would intercede to Almighty God that I might not lose the use of my leg.

I am now on the way to recovery, in fact, I am able to go to work for a few hours each day. In thanksgiving to St. Francis Xavier, I am enclosing my donation which may, in a small way, relieve the sufferings of the lepers.

A SUBSCRIBER, Mass.

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• *Each mission Church and Chapel should have a Missal. Actually, many of them have none, and in the others, even with the best of care, Missals become old in a sacred service and must be replaced.*

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# Editorial

## Yes or No?

“Do you American realize how many people are looking to you for moral leadership today? Do you grasp at all how much the voiceless millions look to America as the *only* hope left in the world? Do you know what despair will overwhelm them if you fail to offer that leadership?” These are questions which a Jesuit, recently from Europe and for some time associated as chaplain with European exiles in London and on the Continent, asked us recently.

Not only the people of Europe but the peoples of the Far East as well are convinced that there are only two centers of strength left in the world—Washington and Moscow. Millions are hungry, homeless and helpless. Their dread of Russia mounts day by day. Among their own, they do not know whom to believe or what to believe in. No one seems to know except the communists, who believe only their own lies about their own tyranny. One thing they are sure of—they are hungry for *stability with liberty* which only a great moral leadership can provide. Desperately they look to America to provide it.

We did not ask them to honor us with that high trust. We have no desire to rule them, no designs on anything they have. That is why they trust us. But they want *moral* leadership; leadership which proclaims fundamental prin-

ciples, believes in them, practices them, and defends them whether in public or in secret sessions. That they expect of us, and they do so because we once gave to the world the Declaration of Independence, the Preamble to the Constitution, the Bill of Rights, and the Emancipation Proclamation, which, for all our human failings, we supported with a conviction that made them a world-wide moral force.

There is already in Europe itself a moral leadership, impartial, supra-national, ably informed and thoroughly honest. It is in the Vatican. Everybody knows it. But at the first step of Papal leadership, the Russians would scream like vultures driven from their prey; the free-thinkers in Prague would soon find a horde of sponsors for their pamphlets; the Protestants of Germany, Holland and the North countries would shudder at this “threat of another invasion”; the anti-clericals of French politics would convene at the lodge and orate eloquently in a vacuum about the liberty they have so often abused; the British leaders would find the idea archaic and presumptuous, and would produce a formula for shelving it where it could cause them no embarrassment; and the remnants of the Fascists would hesitate whether to ride the bandwagon for their own purposes later, or to decry “clerical politics.” All the “liberals” the world over would find another issue to fight against and out would come their tattered banners proclaiming separation of Church and State over the heads of the pamphleteers. It is difficult to see how Papal leadership will be accepted in the foreign offices of the world’s capitals today.

And so the mantle of leadership is offered to America. One wonders if we intend to accept it; more seriously, if we are capable of carrying it through. In recent years we did gesture at a code and called it the Atlantic Charter, but it was only scribbled on scraps of paper and the scraps were lost. Do we intend to accept this leadership or not? We had better tell the poor people of the world our answer soon, one way or the other. But if we refuse this offer, in these circumstances, it is hard to see how we can ever hold our heads up again as a courageous and generous people. Is it “Yes” or “No”?

# Next Month

One of the most extraordinary episodes in the long history of America will be presented next month in these pages. It is the story of mission days in New York, of martyrdom near Albany, of sainthood on American soil. This year is the three hundredth anniversary of the martyrdom of St. Isaac Jogues and St. John LaLande. Commemorating that event we present articles by Rev. John J. Wynne, S.J., promoter of the cause of canonization of the North American Martyrs and of Kateri Tekakwitha, "the fairest flower of their apostolate"; author of books and pamphlets and articles on the Martyrs, founder of the Catholic Encyclopedia, of the weekly "America" and of countless projects which put the whole church in America forever in his debt.

+

Father Francis X. Talbot, S.J., former editor of "America" and author of the best and most authoritative life of St. Isaac Jogues ever written, who is at present preparing the life of one of the Canadian Martyrs, reveals some interesting and little known facts on Jogues' coming to America as a missionary in the first place. It should be interesting to discover how his contemporaries valued "this mad venture into the wilds of America," out of which came eventually heroic sanctity such as few dreamed of in his day.

+

St. Rene Goupil belongs with the Martyrs we honor this year. His anniversary occurred during the war in 1942, but is being celebrated conjointly with the others, as is fitting. His role as a doctor and lay apostle, and at the very end as a Jesuit lay-brother, is to be told by an American Doctor whose life-long interest has been the "Doctor-Saint," Rene Goupil, S.J.

+

Fittingly, St. John LaLande's story is being told by a layman, a newspaper man in Amsterdam, N. Y., six miles from the shrine where the Martyrs shed their blood on American soil that the Faith might be planted and flourish in this land.

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Rev. Paul B. Brennan, S.J.  
2 Dale Avenue  
Toronto, Canada

Or send contributions for forwarding to:

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

In the January-February issue a few agenda were proposed for membership in the "Ways and Means Committee" for the missions:

\$15.00 Monthly support of a catechist	\$5.00 to ransom a pagan baby
\$2.00 Daily support of a missionary	\$1.00 General Mission Fund

*A number of subscribers suggested that I send a monthly reminder for a similar contribution. Realizing the constant demands to support your parochial needs and other charitable requests, I hesitated to adopt the suggestion. However, should you desire to receive such a reminder would you kindly send me your name. Emphatically, I insist that the reminder be considered "merely a reminder" and, hence, your response should be voluntary and according to your means.*

Rev. Coleman A. Daily, S.J., 962 Madison Ave., N. Y. 21, N. Y.

Support a Catechist in

PATNA, INDIA—the world's largest diocese:

# 29,504,716—Population



To support 113 catechists in Patna is not merely a constant but an extremely important problem. Each month they must be paid. Their services are invaluable: they save the missionaries hours and hours of instruction—they reside permanently at the mission station—they can appreciate the prejudices and objections of their fellow compatriots. Only \$5.00 a month is needed for the support of a catechist in Patna. You and four of your friends, by contributing \$1.00 each month, could support a catechist. Why not propose the idea to them?

JESUIT MISSIONS PRESS  
962 Madison Avenue  
New York 21, N. Y.

Dear Father:

Enclosed please find \$..... for the support of a catechist.

Name .....

Address .....

City ..... Zone ..... State .....

*The 75 Jesuits assigned to the mission stations and the three schools of Patna, India, have more souls in their territory than there are Catholics in the United States.*