

May 1946

# JESUIT MISSIONS



*Mohawk Martyrs*



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This Month

CONTRIBUTORS

Table listing articles and their authors: THE MOHAWK MARTYRS (John J. Wynne, S.J.), SAINT ISAAC OF NEW YORK (Francis X. Talbot, S.J.), SAINT RENE GOUPIL, DOCTOR (Dr. John Hayes), SAINT JOHN LA LANDE, LAYMAN (Hugh P. Donlon), LAST DAYS OF A HERO (Jaime Neri, S.J.), MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS, MUSIC FOR MISSIONS (Ernest Goossens, S.J.), NOW THAT YOU'RE GONE (Thomas Downing, S.J.), THE RACE AGAINST FEVER (William J. Moore, S.J.), APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER, AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS.



John J. Wynne, S.J.

Father John J. Wynne, S.J., is more closely associated with the North American Martyrs and with Kateri Tekakwitha, "the crown of their labors and sacrifices," than any human being on earth today. For over 50 years he has been writing about them, and more than any one else, labored to prepare the information and popular devotion which hastened the canonization of the Martyrs and the introduction of Kateri's cause. 54 years ago he became editor of the Messenger of the Sacred Heart, and by his writings forced the revision of several anti-Catholic encyclopedias and persuaded the President of the United States to reverse a policy involving a commission to Rome, the expulsion of Friars from the Philippines, and a piece of international injustice. He founded the magazine "America" in 1909, edited "The Pilgrim," from which in 1927 sprang "Jesuit Mis-

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COVER — Artist's presentation of the scene in which St. Rene Goupil pronounced his vows as a Jesuit Brother to St. Isaac Jogues, during captivity by the Iroquois Indians. Father Andrew W. Vachon, S.J., our talented staff artist, executed the painting in oils. The original will hang in our house, which is dedicated to St. Rene Goupil. (Copyrighted by JESUIT MISSIONS.)

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sions." Most notable of all, he organized and edited "The Catholic Encyclopedia." Books, pamphlets, articles, dictionaries ("The Catholic Dictionary") have flowed from his magnificent, courageous, scholarly mind increasingly since 1892. He is without equal the Catholic literary giant of America. In his own words, however, "The two subjects in which I have found most pleasure and inspiration are the Jesuit Martyrs of North America, and Kateri Tekakwitha."

■ **Father Francis X. Talbot, S.J.**, as lecturer, writer, sponsor or promoter, has been associated with every top ranking Catholic literary movement in America for over fifteen years. For twenty-two years he was an editor of *America*, and finally its editor-in-chief until 1944. "Saint Among Savages," his biography of St. Isaac Jogues, is by far the best and most authoritative life of that Saint. To a long list of periodicals and encyclopedia articles and other books, he will soon add a sequel to "Saint Among Savages."

■ **Father Ernest Gossens, S.J.**, has had some career! Born in Liege, Belgium, and first educated there, he has since studied and has been forced to move into and out of the following places in this order: Holland, Belgium, Holland, Germany, Belgium, Germany, Poland, Russia, Siberia, Manchuria, Japan; China, North Africa, Ireland; Belgium, Italy, Japan; Philippines, United States. The night before he was ordained, the seminary burned down. Just after he began his work in Hiroshima, it was atom-bombed.

■ **Hugh P. Donlon** is on the editorial staff of the *Amsterdam Evening Recorder* in Amsterdam, N. Y. Daily, for twelve years, he wrote its popular column, "Main Street."



Hugh P. Donlon

But for many more years he has been associated with the Martyrs' Shrine at Auriesville, six miles west of "Main Street." His book, "Story of Auriesville," reveals his knowledge and love of the "Holy Hill." In 1931 he organized the Male Choir for the Shrine and has

directed it ever since. At the tercentenary ceremonies conducted at the Shrine Colosseum in 1946, it will be Hugh Donlon you will hear at the console.



In U. S. today 89 Jesuit missionaries are doing the work St. Isaac Jogues and the other North American Martyrs died trying to accomplish. From the Canadian border to Wyoming and Missouri, from the Great Lakes to the Pacific Ocean, these missionaries are working for Christ among the North American Indians. The Indians of today are peace-loving. How the Martyrs would have loved them! Over 100,000 of the Indians are Catholics. How the Martyrs would have slaved for them! 89 Jesuit missionaries, fired with the same zeal, offer to these people today their love and labors in the name of their illustrious Saints and brothers of the Indian missions.

A most fitting tribute to our North American Martyrs on the three hundredth anniversary of their martyrdom would be your generous assistance for the missions among the Indian peoples they loved. St. René Goupil gave his life to teach one child the Sign of the Cross. Have you a gift to help teach one Indian child in one Catholic mission school today?

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# The Mohawk Martyrs

*On the banks of the Mohawk River  
American soil was consecrated by  
the blood of American Martyrs.*

John J.  
Wynne, S.J.

**T**HE celebration of the *TERCENTENARY* of the *JESUIT MARTYRS* is a tribute to the highest order of heroism.

For years, now happily past, we have been reading about heroes of war, men and women doing gallant deeds on land, sea and air. Every honor to them in life and in the memory of all for whom they fought, and all too often died. Still their deeds of valor were performed mostly in brief encounters, often in the surprise of the moment. Their heroism though sublime was still mundane and will become a fleeting memory.

Very different was it with our Martyrs. They received no decorations except wounds, scars and scorch at stake fires. Their heroism lasted not for the moment or the day but for years. For long years, night and day, hourly they faced brutal torture and death. Treated as slaves and beasts of burden, they fared on repulsive food and dwelt in squalid quarters deprived of everything to which men highly cultured, as they were, had been accustomed. They labored not for things temporal but eternal.

There were many celebrated men in the first half of the XVII century (1600-1650) when our Martyrs lived and died: to mention a few, Richelieu, Wallenstein, Turenne, Shakespeare, Calderon, Cervantes, Bossuet, Racine, Napier, Bacon, Harvey, Kepler, Murillo, Rembrandt, Rubens, and saints like Vincent de Paul, Bellarmine, Francis de Sales, and a host of others in that era of holiness; but except for the Saints there is little thought of a tercentenary. The others are recorded in history, some with as much censure as praise; but for the Martyrs and their fellow Saints, there is but one verdict, praise, veneration, worship. The memory of their heroism and their holiness is imperishably preserved in the most valuable record of our North American origins, *THE JESUIT RELATIONS*.

From these *RELATIONS* we learn that the heroism of the Martyrs was not so much in physical prowess or endurance, in labor by day and watching by night, sufferance of disgusting conditions, filth, moral and material, momentary risk of torture and death, but in virtues practiced perseveringly to an extraordinary degree. Their faith in God and in the value of a human

soul, howsoever degraded, was beyond our conception. Their love of Our Lord was as if He dwelt in their midst, and as they could not labor or suffer enough to please Him in life, they rejoiced in the hope of dying for Him.

Think of Jogues love of the Cross and his dreams of the sacred symbol; imagine the cheerfulness of the giant Brebeuf and his companions when they signed their will to die and made a banquet for their would-be Indian murderers. Love of God only could inspire Jogues to give himself as a captive to stay with his dear René Goupil; to prefer returning to his captors when the Dutch were providing for his escape; to come back from France and to his Indian torturers twice before his death; and love of God only inspired the layman Couture to share the captivity of Jogues. No wonder the Indians were amazed to witness him rushing into flames to baptize the Indian woman at the stake, or plunging into rapids to rescue a drowning child; and no wonder they devoured the heart of Brebeuf to partake of his bravery: little they knew of the love of God that animated that heart. How little the poor pagans knew!

The heroism of the Martyrs was their holiness, and holiness is the highest order of heroism. It is the infallible mark of the Church founded by Jesus Christ. Holiness it is, more than any argument, that attracts newcomers within the portals of God's Holy City, and holiness it is that keeps steadfast those who dwell therein. So sublime was the holiness of the Martyrs that it might frighten us from imitating them; but no, for there is an heroic instinct in every Catholic bred in God-given faith, hope and love. For over fifty years more than a million of His children have pilgrimaged to the grounds drenched with the blood of the Martyrs, at Auriesville. Anyone who has met and spoken with them knows what brings them. veneration for the heroic holiness of the Martyrs and for all the men and women who suffered like them for the faith on this or neighboring sites. They have come there with their needs, their trials, toil, sufferings, anxieties, fears and struggles to obtain and take away some degree of the holy heroism of Jogues, Goupil, LaLande. May they inspire us all with holy zeal!



# Saint Isaac

Francis  
X.  
Talbot, S.J.

## of New York

*The only canonized Saint—so far  
—who ever walked the sidewalks  
of New York was St. Isaac Jogues,  
Jesuit missionary and martyr.*

**I**F you had been a resident of New York three hundred years ago you might have seen, on an autumn day in 1643, one of America's first canonized saints walking slowly along a street in lower Manhattan, near what is now the City Hall. In his borrowed Dutch clothing you would probably not have recognized him as Father Isaac Jogues. But one resident of New York did. He came running hurriedly towards him, threw himself on his knees, kissed the priest's mangled hands exclaiming: "Oh Martyr, Oh Martyr of Jesus Christ!"

Isaac Jogues had not at that time suffered actual martyrdom but he bore on his body the marks of the torture he had endured from the Iroquois in New York state. It was for this that the un-named resident of Manhattan (a Polish-Calvinist) hailed him as a martyr. But the action was prophetic. He was martyred three years later.

This autumn of 1946, three centuries later, the millions of New Yorkers who walk the same streets of Manhattan's City Hall and financial districts, will hail St. Isaac Jogues on the tercentenary of his martyrdom. Not only New Yorkers but Catholics all over the United States will honor him as one of the sainted founders of the Catholic Church in America—a church which in those three centuries has become the most powerful body of the faithful of the world. They will honor him as a missionary, and in the growth of the church which he died for, they will see the fruitfulness of missionary work.

Isaac Jogues came to America as a missionary in 1636, landing at Quebec on July 2 of that year. On August 24, he was in a birch-bark canoe with naked, copper-skinned Hurons, on a journey of 1,200 miles to the west, up the St. Lawrence River, up the Ottawa River, bucking its forty rapids and waterfalls, and finally out into the broad expanse of Lake Huron. He



Pilgrimage crowds beginning the Way of the Cross outside the old out-door "Lady of Martyrs Chapel" at Auriesville.

completed the journey in the incredibly short space of nineteen days, something of a record in those times.

At the mission station among the Hurons he was welcomed by Fathers de Brebeuf, Le Mercier, and two classmates who had arrived a few weeks earlier, Garnier and Chastellain. These five were pitted against 30,000 Huron savages. Isaac Jogues was hereafter known by the Hurons as Ondessonk, The Bird of Prey. For six years, his shelter was a bark cabin, his bed a mat on the earth, his food almost entirely Indian corn. Vermin and indescribable filth and barbaric coarseness were in the villages. He padded hundreds of miles along the land trails to other Huron villages, and paddled some 350 miles up Lake Huron to the Sault Ste. Marie. He was the second white man to reach Lake Superior.

In 1642, someone had to go down the long journey to the St. Lawrence. In addition to the hardships, the Iroquois enemies were infesting the route. Father Jogues was the one. After thirty-five days of canoe travel, he arrived at Three Rivers and Quebec. He remained with the French for two weeks, and started back for the Hurons.

ON August 2, 1642, one day's journey from Three Rivers, he and his party fell into a trap of the Iroquois Mohawks, the bloodiest and most cruel of all the Indian nations. Father Jogues could have escaped. He chose to surrender himself to the Mohawks, to be the priest with René Goupil and William Couture, his mission-helpers, and the Christian Hurons. The Mohawks tore off his cassock, beat him with clubs, tore out his fingernails and chewed his fingers.

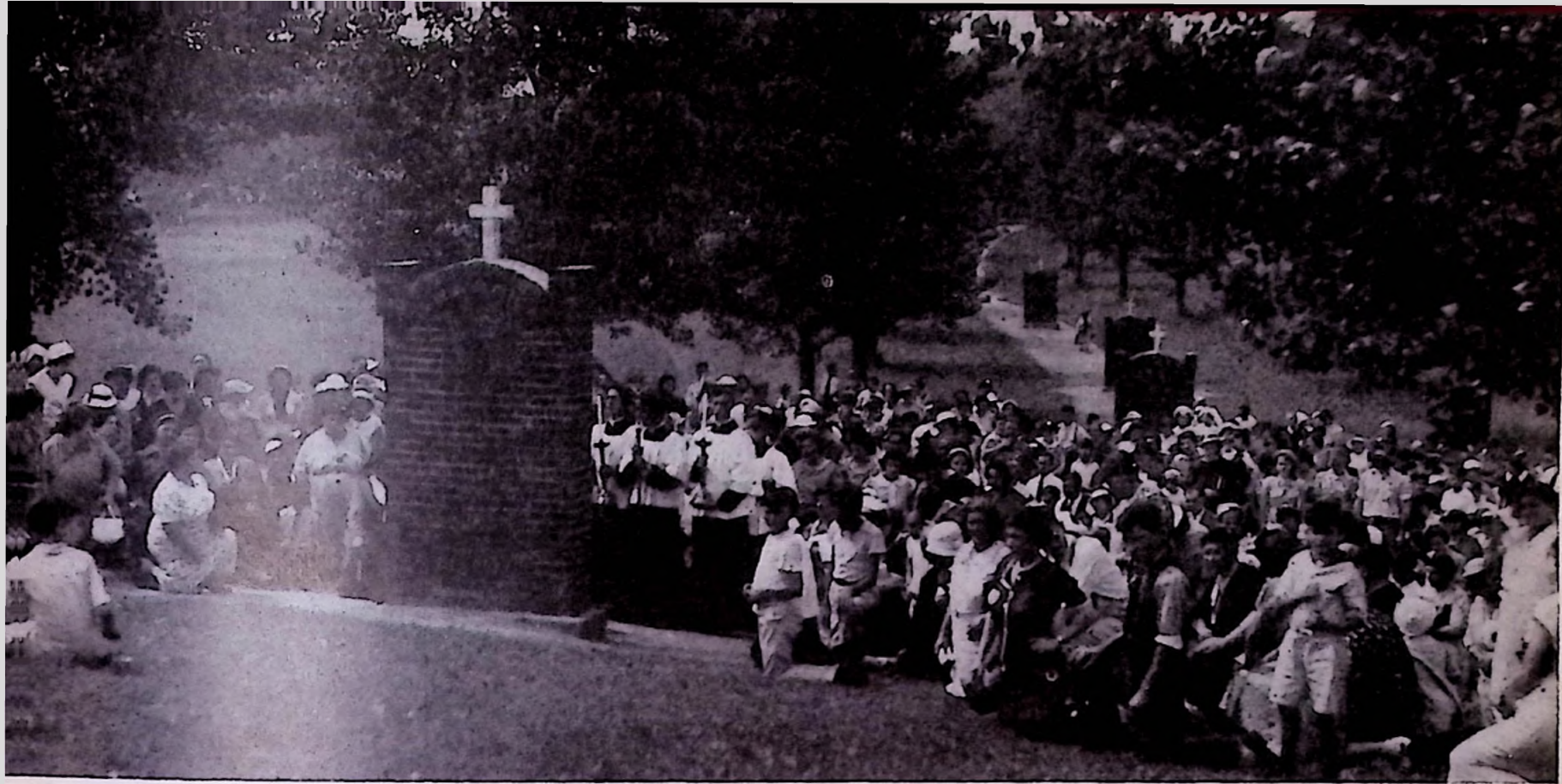
Victoriously, the Mohawk war-party threw Jogues and the other captives into their canoes, carried them down the Richelieu River and Lake Champlain and Lake George to their village of Ossernenon, on the

bank of the Mohawk River, at a place now known as Auriesville. There he ran the gauntlet, beaten with staves and clubs. There and in the two other Mohawk villages, he was tortured in exquisitely Mohawk fashion, his thumb was sawed off with an oyster shell, his fingers were mutilated, his arms and legs sliced with knives, his whole body burned with flaming torches. He lived through the excruciating torments, as did René Goupil and Couture. He was not killed, but he was spared only to be made a slave to the Mohawk savages. René Goupil, likewise, was let to live, but only for a short month and a half.

A YEAR of Mohawk slavery passed. Father Jogues concluded that it was God's will that he should escape. The Dutch at Fort Orange, now Albany, assisted him and secretly sent him down the Hudson River to New Amsterdam, now New York, where he was kindly received by the waspish Governor, William Kieft. The Dutch settlers clothed him suitably, held a public dinner for him, lodged him comfortably and in due time embarked him on a ship for France.

Father Jogues wrote his impressions of New Amsterdam. The document still exists, in his own handwriting. It is the first of the millions of visitors' descriptions of the island of Manhattan. The streets he traveled in Manhattan, in 1643, still exist. Those who wish may make a pilgrimage in the footsteps of Saint Isaac of New York.

He landed at Weepers Rock, now the intersection of State Street and Whitehall. He walked up the Marchveldt, now called Whitehall. He was received at the Fort, where now stands the Custom House. He traversed the curving road of Parel Lane, now Pearl Street, till he reached the Stadts Herbergh, the first



Pilgrims at Auriesville making the Way of the Cross up the Hill of Prayer on which St. René Goupil was martyred.

hotel of Manhattan, opened in 1642, standing on what is now known as Coenties Alley, near Coenties Slip.

In a fifty-ton boat, Father Jogues sailed from Manhattan on November 3, 1643, and after a forced stop in England, arrived in a coal barge on the coast of France, Christmas Eve. On Christmas morning, he received Communion for the first time since his last Mass on August 1, 1642. He was regarded as a saint. He was venerated as a true martyr. The Queen herself wept at the sight of his mutilated hands. He was lonely in old France. He shrank from the adulation. He longed for the souls of the savage Hurons and the barbaric Mohawks. One thing only interested him. He wanted to secure a dispensation to say Mass with the stumps of his hands, since his canonical fingers had been amputated by the Mohawks. This granted, he sailed with a light heart from France in the Spring of 1644.

Back in Canada, he was stationed at the outpost of Montreal, founded two years previously. There the Iroquois kept up a ceaseless warfare. In 1646, there were peace negotiations between the French and the Mohawks. Father Jogues and Monsieur Bourdon were chosen as the French ambassadors. They left Montreal on May 16, and followed the trail that Father Isaac had bloodied four years before. They held council with the Mohawks in the villages where he had been so viciously tortured. Their mission of peace was successful and they returned to Quebec.

Father Jogues sought not only an earthly peace for the Mohawks, but an eternal peace for them in heaven. On September 24, he and a young man bound by private vow to the mission work named John LaLande, paddled off from Montreal for Father Isaac's third visit to the Mohawks. He was armed only by his tremen-

dous faith and spurred on by his burning zeal. Where he expected peace, he found war. Where he hoped for a harvest of souls, he found martyrdom. A wild band of Mohawk warriors on the war-path, treacherously violating the pledged peace treaties with the French, fell on Father Isaac and young John as they filed through the forests near the Mohawk village. Amid shouts of triumph, and howls and screeches of threats, and blows from clubs they were dragged on to the cabins of Ossernenon.

That was on Wednesday evening, October 17. The Council of the Mohawks was convened to decide the fate of the Blackrobe, Ondessonk, and his comrade LaLande. The Council of the Elders judged that their lives should be spared and they should be held as hostages for the preservation of the peace between the Mohawks and the French.

But the Bear Clan of the Mohawks wanted no peace. Besides they judged this Ondessonk, the Blackrobe, to be a sorcerer who strove to ruin the Iroquois. He must be killed. The Bear Warriors waited not for the verdict of the Elders. On the evening of October 18, they invited Ondessonk into their cabin, and as he entered split his skull in twain. They scalped him and beheaded him and spiked his bleeding head on the palisades. Later in the darkness of that same night, they crashed in the brains of young John LaLande and fixed his gory head next to that of Father Isaac.

THREE hundred years ago it was, in 1646, forty miles west of Albany, on the bank of the Mohawk river, that Isaac Jogues and John LaLande rose from earth to the heights of Paradise, to join René Goupil, as the first American martyrs. In 1946 we pay them honor as Saint Isaac and Saint René and Saint John, the Saints who were martyred in New York but who belong to the United States and Canada.

John  
Hayes,  
M.D.



# Saint René Goupil

*An ex-novice, a doctor, a donné,  
and at the end a Jesuit Brother, René  
became a martyr for the Sign of the Cross.*

**D**URING the war, in 1942, we celebrated the three hundredth anniversary of the first lay medical missionary to this continent. In fact, for all I know, Dr. René Goupil may have been the first of all medical missionaries. He would be an excellent choice as patron saint by the Catholic physicians of North America.

From the account about him written by Father Isaac Jogues, in his report of 1645 to the Jesuit Superior in Paris, we know all the important qualities from which we may judge René's character. He loved God and desired to devote his life to His work. He was brave and patient in the face of torture. He not only walked to his martyrdom resolutely, he embraced the opportunity. He was humble, and yet a skillful surgeon. He thought of others even his enemies, before himself; on the march, tortured, his nails torn out, his fingers crushed, he treated the wounds of fellow captives and enemies alike. He was loyal; with opportunities to escape along the trail, he would not leave his companion, Father Jogues. His mind was without guile, straight-forward. According to his confessor, Father Jogues, he had the innocence of an angel.

René Goupil was born at Angers in the Province of Anjou, France, May 15, 1608. At the age of 18 he entered the Jesuit Novitiate at Paris, but after several months had to leave on account of ill health and deafness. In 1639 he again became a novice at Paris. Between 1626 and 1639 he had become a doctor.

We do not know whether St. René studied to become a surgeon or a physician; great rivalry and ill-feeling existed between the two guilds at that time. He is most frequently referred to as a surgeon. If so, he would have studied at the College de St. Côme, the

famous school of surgery founded by King St. Louis in Paris about 1210. Practical surgery was learned at Hôtel Dieu where the famous surgeon, Ambroise Paré had many opportunities for anatomical dissections. Or Goupil may have attended the medical school at the University of Paris or at Montpellier, the two best schools in France.

Medicine was a lucrative profession in Europe at the time. Dr. Goupil turned his back on it. The reason assigned by Jogues was that he was actuated by a desire to increase the honor and glory of God and to serve mankind, especially the savages of New France who were under the care of his friends, the Jesuits.

The first winter was a terrible ordeal of sickness, famine, cold and hard work. In the hospital they took care of 100 Indian patients and 200 more in their huts. Most of these had smallpox and a disease (diphtheria?) which affected the throat and was fatal in 24 hours.

René arrived in Quebec on July 8, 1640 as a donné, a voluntary assistant without vows. On the day after his arrival the first stone of the new hospital at Sillery was laid. The next winter was also very severe. For food they had bread, peas, a few prunes and raisins and rarely any meat. Working in the ward, Dr. Goupil would occasionally see Father Le Jeune teaching catechism to the neophytes. Father Jean Brebeuf, later a martyr, was in Quebec and Sillery at this time.

Father Jogues says of Goupil, during these two years, "he was also given the care of nursing the sick and wounded at the hospital, which he did with as much skill—for he understood surgery well—as with affection and love, continually seeing Our Lord in their persons. He left so sweet an odor of goodness and his other virtues that his memory is still blessed there."

In July, 1642, Father Jogues was sent from the Huron mission to Quebec to bring back supplies. "We asked," he says, "Rev. Father Vimont to let us take Goupil with us, because the Hurons had great need of a surgeon." René knew the dangers and he rejoiced at having the opportunity to face them. Jogues set out on August 1st with Goupil and another French *donné*, William Couture, and 40 Hurons. On August 2nd, near Three Rivers, they were attacked by a band of 75 Iroquois, well armed with arquebuses which they obtained from the Dutch. The Hurons, who were not killed, wounded or captured, fled. The three Frenchmen were beaten unmercifully with clubs and their nails were plucked out. Jogues and Goupil each had two forefingers chewed so badly that splinters of bone protruded. Heavily burdened on the march their wounds became putrid and bred worms.

Goupil had always desired to consecrate himself to God's holy service by vows of religion. Father Jogues permitted him to take the vows of the Society of Jesus as a Brother, while on the march.

On Lake Champlain near Westport the party met another band of 200 Iroquois who forced them a second time to run a gauntlet. Jogues fell senseless when he had completed half of the course. Goupil was half dead. Jogues says: "In his face one could distinguish nothing but the whites of his eyes." On the eve of the Assumption, (August 14th) they arrived at the Mohawk Village, Ossernenon, which is now the site of Auriesville, near Amsterdam. Here they were forced to run another gauntlet. During the day they were bound on a scaffold and tortured. At night they were bound to the earth, stripped nearly naked and hot cinders were dropped on their bodies. They were fed a little corn boiled in water. When Goupil's right

thumb was cut off his only words were "Jesus, Mary, Joseph." The torture lasted for six days. The captives were then led to two neighboring villages so that their inhabitants, too, could enjoy the fun, and at each town they ran the gauntlet. "Our hands and fingers," says Jogues, "being all in pieces, they had to feed us like children."

**F**INALLY they were brought back to the first village and were adopted into a family to take the place of deceased members. Goupil liked children and one day made the sign of the cross on a boy's forehead, in the presence of the boy's grandfather. The old man, taking this for an omen of evil or a charm, called his nephew and ordered him to "kill that dog." He and another Indian met Goupil and Father Jogues outside of the village where they were accustomed to go to pray and Goupil was killed by a blow of a hatchet on his head. Father Jogues gave him absolution.

Thus died at the age of 35, on September 29, 1642, perhaps the first surgeon to journey through the Northern part of New York State. The body was concealed from Father Jogues. It lay in a nearby woods all the autumn where dogs, ravens and foxes fed upon it. In the spring some friendly Indian told Jogues where it lay. He found the head and the half gnawed bones which he buried after kissing them devoutly because he considered him a martyr.

St. René Goupil was beatified in 1925 and on June 29, 1930 during the pontificate of Pope Pius XI he was canonized along with the other Jesuit martyrs of North America, our first and only American Doctor-Saint.

Somewhere in this lovely ravine where St. Isaac Jogues buried the body of St. René Goupil, lie the relics to this day.



# Saint Jean La Lande

Hugh  
P.  
Donlon

*Here's a layman  
who became a saint  
working for the missions.  
His title to martyrdom was  
loyal, heroic aid to the missionaries.*

ON the sharpened ends of the logs that formed the palisaded enclosure of the little Indian village were the heads of two men. The cloven skulls attested the cause of death and there were no corpses. The headless bodies had been thrown into the Mohawk and the river was continuing its placid way toward the Hudson as though nothing had happened on that October day of 1646.

The Iroquois of Ossernenon could tell much about one of the two hatchet victims. He was the Blackrobe—"Ondersonk" to them, Father Isaac Jogues to his white people. Four years previous he had been their captive but he had escaped and was not seen for many seasons. Then twice again he had come among them, the third time for the purpose of teaching them the white man's religion. There would be no fourth visit.

Concerning the second man, much younger than the missionary, the Indians knew very little. They had never seen him until a few days before his death when some of their tribe had met the two white men and a group of Hurons on the trail between the Mohawk and the St. Lawrence.

The identity of the young stranger was of no importance to them, however; nor his rank, if he held any. It was enough to know that he had been with the Blackrobe and had been assisting him, proof that he, too, had come in the interests of this new God. For his unwelcome efforts he had been given the same reward. The two heads, high on the palisades, would serve as a warning to any others who might come.

The passing of three centuries has added little to what was known of the young martyr who went to his death in the companionship of St. Isaac Jogues. He gave his life to bring to others the faith he loved so much. With the exception of that supreme sacrifice, his principal accomplishment seems to have been fidelity in the little things. He held no high station, either ecclesiastical or secular. Until his name was enrolled with those of the saints, Jean LaLande was listed only as a Catholic layman.

The record of his birth is lacking and the entire part

of his career that preceded his arrival in Quebec is covered by one sentence of the Jesuit Relations referring to him as ". . . that good youth called Jean de LaLande, a native of the City of Dieppe." The exact time of his arrival in the New World is not known, but he had been in Quebec less than a year.

Landing in the New France colony, he had become connected with the Jesuit mission as a lay helper, then known as a *donné*, or layman who volunteered to assist priests of the mission, receiving in return shelter, food, clothing, and the chance to serve God. *Donné's* took no vows and wore no religious habit. The chief qualifications for this career were an aptitude for all-round usefulness, including menial tasks and laborious ones, and fortitude against the monotony of routine.

Thus toiled Jean LaLande, handy-man of the Huron mission headquarters on the day when he first met Father Isaac Jogues,—Father Jogues who still bore the marks of Iroquois savage cruelty on his body and who was even now about to start out again for the castles along the Mohawk as an ambassador of Christ. Jean LaLande volunteered at once to accompany Father Jogues on the embassy, fully aware of the possible consequences. He knew what had happened to René Goupil, the medical assistant who had gone with this same priest on the ill-fated mission of 1642.

The writer of the Relations makes it clear that LaLande, ". . . seeing the dangers in which he was involving himself in so perilous a journey, protested at his departure that the desire of serving God was leading him into a country where he surely expected to meet death." Yes, Jean LaLande knew what it was all about when he volunteered to help spread the Faith.

It was this courage and spirit of resignation that appealed to Father Jogues. There was work to be done, the ever difficult work of bringing the Church to a new part of the world, and it could be accomplished only through the assistance of men like LaLande, anxious to help, willing to sacrifice. When the missionary stepped into a canoe to begin the long journey

to the Land of the Mohawks, his new assistant followed and was never again to leave him.

Their meeting with an Iroquois war party a few days later left no doubt that there was to be repetition of the horrors of 1642. The beating with fists and clubs began immediately. Every step up the ascent from the river bank to the village between the double line of vicious savages with their clubs and lashes brought new sufferings, and when the summit was reached there awaited the torture platform.

Despite his agonies, there was no surrender by this heroic layman. Came the morning of the next day, and Jean LaLande was still following Father Isaac Jogues—this time into an eternity where the faithful doers of little things become renowned.

That a humble mission helper, unrecognized in life, should have been accorded the highest honor of the Church in death can never be entirely clear to the worldly-minded. Their heroes have been appraised by different standards. That some Catholics should have the same difficulty in sensing the significance of the life and death of this saint causes more concern.

Somehow or other, the "passive Catholics" just can't get interested in mission work. Had they been living in 1646 and had heard of the fate of Father Jogues and Jean LaLande, they would have, undoubtedly, dismissed the tragedy with one of the choruses of the centuries-old refrain, something like: "Oh-oh! How terrible! Isn't that too bad! Wasting their lives trying to convert a lot of savages who probably wouldn't ap-

A replica of an Indian log cabin such as Indians used, and before which they tortured and martyred St. Jean.

preciate religion, anyway. Isn't there enough converting to be done right here at home?"

LaLande understood, as every Catholic should understand, that the True Church must be a missionary church, extending God's grace to all people. Her Divine Founder, imposed no stipulation concerning conversions at home before starting abroad, no limitations as to the extent of sacrifices and sufferings to be endured, no necessity for any particular degree of appreciation on the part of those who would have the Gospel preached to them.

Moreover, LaLande was aware, as many Catholics evidently are not, that the Church commissioned to teach all nations embraces laity as well as clergy, and that the responsibilities are likewise all-embracing.

**A**RE there some to inquire with willing sincerity: "What can I do to help?" No assistance is unimportant, no offering too small. Necessary only is a sincere effort toward mission-mindedness, a desire to learn what has been done, what is being done and what remains to be done.

This layman-saint of the North American Martyrs should be an inspiration for those whose names are inscribed on God's honor roll as mission helpers. Jean LaLande was just an humble mission helper but he appreciated the value of the little things. His spirit is as much needed today as it was three hundred years ago when that willingness to assist led his soul down the Indian trail through the palisaded gates of Ossernenon and onward to the portals of the heavenly city. The same path is open to us all.





Father Augustin Consunji, S.J.

## *The Last Days of a Hero*

*Jaime Neri, S.J.*

When a man is as brave as Father Consunji, and as loyal to God and his people, even unto death, that man is a hero.

“NERI, Student-priest! Neri, Student-priest!” a Japanese interpreter shouted down the alley between the rows of cells in Old Bilibid Prison in Manila.

“Here,” I answered, approaching the small barred door of the little cell which I shared with eight other prisoners. The door was so low that I had to kneel to see the interpreter in the dim alley.

“Do you know Consunji?” he asked.

“What Consunji? What is his first name?” I had no wish to implicate myself or him in what might prove to be a matter of life or death.

“Consunji! Is he your companion?” he demanded.

“Well, I know a certain Father Augustin Consunji, a missionary from Mindanao.” This reply seemed to satisfy him for he left without another word.

That lifted a load from my heart. At last, I thought, after three long months of mysterious silence the Fathers had heard of my imprisonment. Evidently Father Hurley had sent Father Consunji to find out about me. Little did I realize then that Father Consunji had been in this same prison until a week before I arrived, and that I would never again see Father Consunji on this earth. Not for many months was I able to learn his story from his flock, guerrillas of his territory, fellow-missioners, Sisters who were captured when he was, and fellow-prisoners in Bilibid who escaped jail and death.

FATHER CONSUNJI, a Filipino Jesuit missionary in Mindanao, used to be stationed at Gingoog, the eastern outpost of Bishop Hayes' diocese of Cagayan. In May, 1942, shortly after the Mindanao forces had to surrender, he was sent to Iligan to replace Father Cervini who had been interned. In November of that year, Major Andres of the Mindanao Guerrillas wanted the veteran missionary to stay with his band, but he insisted on returning to the town where he could best serve his people and at the same time find food and clothes for the men in the hills. By the next May his nerves were shattered by the dangerous and hectic life he had to lead, and he moved over to Cagayan where Father Edralin, no longer a captive, enjoyed comparative freedom. There he cabled to “Fidel,” his Superior in Manila, for someone to take his place at Iligan. No one was free to replace him, but he was invited by his Superior to come to Manila for a rest. Father Consunji felt obliged to return to his abandoned people. Back he went to Iligan, and on to Dansalan where he stayed with two Filipino officers for whom he acted as guarantor.

One night the two officers disappeared. Suspected of being an accomplice or instigator of the escape, the priest was seized by the Kempei Tai, dreaded military police.

The next word of him comes from three Franciscan Missionaries of Mary, all Americans, who were taken away to the concentration camp at Davao. On July 30, aboard a tiny Jap launch, they noticed a thin, haggard man lying on the deck, clothed only in a pair of black trousers, and a white collarless shirt. His long gray hair was bunched on his shoulders. His weary eyes stared out from an emaciated face. Not a word escaped from his lips, but it was obvious that he was suffering. Mother Clare alone recognized him as Father Consunji.

Next morning, at Cagayan, he was questioned by the police. The Sisters saw him standing for his evening meal. He gazed at them without a word or a sign of recognition. Father Edralin learned of his presence in the prison and did his utmost to see him. Failing to obtain permission, he walked along the road outside hoping to catch a glimpse of him, and, if possible, to grant him absolution. The two friends never saw each other.

Two weeks later the prisoners were put aboard a Jap transport headed for Cebu. Some of the Jap guards were kind to him, gave him pineapple juice to drink, lit a cigarette for him, but never relaxed their guard over him. When the Sisters asked them why he was a prisoner; they merely answered, "Very bad, very bad. He will be brought to Manila for court martial." From Cebu, Father was sent to Manila, and the Sisters never saw him again.

At the old Bilibid Prison in Manila, he was put in a "big room" with seventy other political prisoners. Only one who has been through it can imagine what they suffered. For fifteen hours a day they had to squat on the floor, hands about their knees, so close that any

movement would disturb the next person, forbidden to move, forbidden to talk and flogged with a heavy wooden bar or the back of a samurai sword for each infraction. Father Consunji was often caught whispering and flogged. Sometimes he was giving absolution to other prisoners, sometimes he was saying his prayers. A "Bunsang" priest, he was subject to strictest surveillance, yet he managed in spite of it all to share his own food with others and to be a priest to them to the end. Occasionally they saw tears in his eyes, and heard him murmur, over and over again, "Mother!"

He had a month and a half of this torment before he was tried on September 30, 1943. He had to stand alone, undefended, before five well decorated Japanese officers, seated above him on a platform. The trial was a mere formality; judgment had already been passed; he was there only to hear his sentence. "For disturbing the peace and tranquility of the Japanese Military Administration,—final sentence will be given afterwards." Having heard it, he bowed himself out of the court, and was led back to Old Bilibid for his last day on earth, praying alone to his God.

Next morning, he was taken out with leading guerrilla leaders, about twenty Americans, and five Filipinos, nobody knows where, and "final sentence to be given afterwards" was carried out. Their "disappearance" made room for other "disturbers of the peace and tranquility." A week later I was among those who were brought in from the dreaded cells of Fort Santiago. It was then they asked me if I knew Consunji—Father Augustin Consunji, my fellow countryman, my fellow missionary, my fellow Jesuit, a hero priest they had taken out to kill from the very prison in which I was their latest victim.

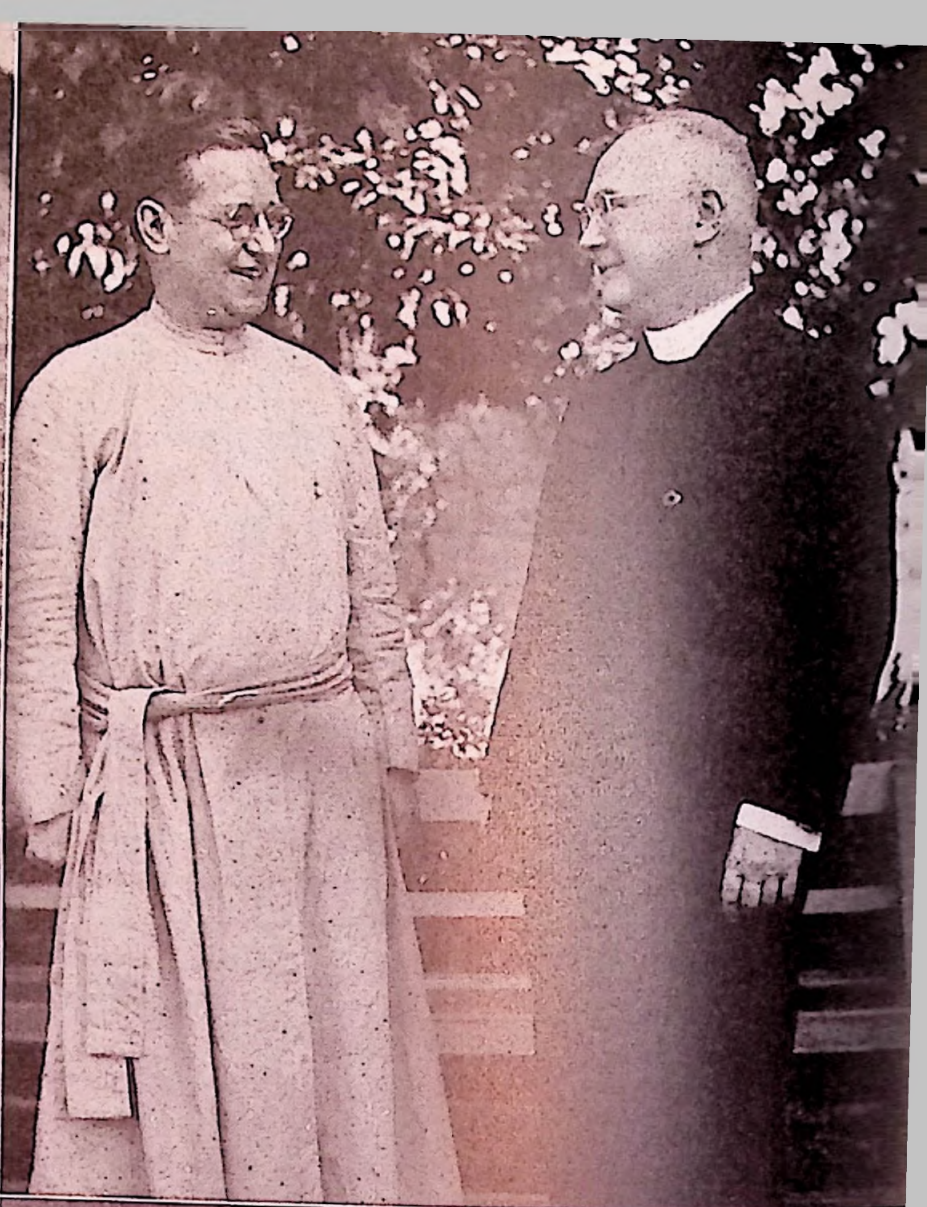
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## Do You Know This Man?



*Look carefully to the left. No one in America will recognize him. A prisoner obviously, but who and where and why? This man, before he was captured, had been given an excellent education, became a scientist, even wrote articles and gave lectures, went on scientific expeditions into the wild hills—and then something went wrong. Authorities got on his trail. He went in hiding, took to disguises, like the one at the right. At last they captured him. There was no struggle. The police clubbed him to get information from him. He refused to speak. He escaped from jail and came to America where he is today. He is the Filipino, once captured by the Japs, who wrote this article—Jaime Neri—a Jesuit preparing for the priesthood at Weston College, Weston, Mass.*





(Top, left) Bishop Rice of Boston, Baghdad and Belize, whose sudden death on March 1st left only four U. S. Jesuit Bishops in the missions. (Top right) This meeting took place in Baghdad, two years ago. Both Archbishop Spellman and Father Francis Sarjeant have recently returned to America, the former as Cardinal, the latter after completing his term as Superior of the

Iraq mission. (Lower left) One of the best loved missionaries in the world, Father Joseph Merrick, S.J., who came back to America with Father Sarjeant after over ten years in Iraq. (Lower right) The ordination of Father Goossens, S.J., of Belgium, by Bishop Ross, S.J., in Tokyo, on March 22, 1941. Father Goossens, now in America studying music, will return to Japan.

# MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

28 JESUITS, ONCE INTERNED BY THE JAPANESE, were ordained on March 24th at Woodstock College, Maryland, by the Most Rev. John M. McNamara, D.D., Auxiliary Bishop of Washington, D. C. Their seminary had been closed in the Philippines, and they were forced to study in the open air and later in internment. For a year all study was interrupted. Repatriated to this country after liberation, they were sent to Weston College and Woodstock College for the completion of their course. Among the 28 are six Filipino Jesuits, Fathers Michael Bernard, Horacio de la Costa, E. Dodalis, Samuel Escano, Pablo de Guzman-Rivas, and Hilario Lim. The American Jesuits are Fathers Joseph Behr, Philip Boyle, Daniel Corbett, Frederick Dincher, Henry Fox, Albert Grau, Gerald Healy, Gerald Horgan, Joseph Kavanagh, Edward Klippert, Clarence Martin, Joseph Maxcy, James McCann, Edgar Martin, James McMahan, Thomas Mitchell, John Nicholson, William Nicholson (brothers), Grant Quinn, James Reuter, William Rively, Edward T. Sullivan.

AFTER A FOUR YEAR INTERRUPTION, three of the four Jesuit colleges in the Philippines are in operation. The Ateneo de Manila was first, in crowded temporary quarters. The Ateneo de Naga was second, in a looted and damaged building, and now the Ateneo de Cagayan which was completely destroyed by bombing. A curious provision in the United States Rehabilitation plan for the Philippines calls for restoration payment of five percent of the total loss for church property, and seventy-five percent for non-religious property. Almost five million dollars damage has been done to Jesuit church property alone in the Philippines.

THE REV. JOHN F. HURLEY, S.J., SECRETARY-General of the Catholic Welfare Organization in the Philippines, adviser on relief problems to U. S. High Commissioner Paul V. McNutt, liaison official between military authorities and religious activities and Catholic education, and former Superior of the Jesuit mission in the Philippines before and throughout the occupation, has returned to the United States for the first time in many years to report to Superiors on mission problems in the Philippines.

CHINA'S FIRST CARDINAL, THE MOST REV. Thomas Tien, himself a product of Catholic mission schools in China, has appealed for the support of Catholic education as the most powerful means of in-

teresting and reaching the Chinese people. Bishop Tien was ordained in China in 1918. A few years later he entered the Novitiate of the Society of the Divine Word. Since 1932 he has been promoted from one position of authority in China to another until, in 1939, he was consecrated Bishop by Pope Pius XII, and in 1946 raised to the Cardinalate. The Cardinal predicts a great future for the Church in China.

REV. FRANCIS X. CLOUGHERTY, O.S.B., Former Chancellor of Fu Jen Catholic University in Peiping, China, has received the First Class Gold Star from the Chinese government in recognition of his 25 years as a leader in education and social welfare in China. Father Clougherty was also Dean of the Department of Western Literature in Honan University, probably the first foreigner ever to hold such a position in a Chinese government university.

"THE LACK OF PUBLIC OBJECTION TO THE public repudiations of his divinity by the Emperor of Japan is unique in the history of nation-wide religious changes," reports Rev. Patrick O'Connor, special correspondent of the N.C.W.C. to Japan, missionary of St. Columban, and editor of "The Far East." If the attitude of acceptance, which appears on the surface, is genuine, it is one of the most hopeful signs for the missionary apostolate of Catholics in Japan. Emperor-worship has been one of the biggest obstacles to conversion because it involved both social and religious changes of a fundamental nature.

28 MISSIONARIES OF THE SACRED HEART, 27 Jesuits, 11 Picpus Fathers, 11 Priests of the Sacred Heart, 7 Capuchins, 5 Missionaries of the Holy Family, 4 Crosier Fathers, 2 Carmelites, 1 Franciscan, and 1 Vincentian are listed as casualties among the missionaries working in the Netherlands East Indies. Many of them have been killed since V-J Day.

A DESIGNED ATTACK ON CATHOLIC EDUCATION in Travancore, largest Catholic center in India, has caused considerable alarm. By discriminating legislation, harassing restrictions, and infringement of freedom of conscience, a group of Hindu leaders are pushing through the Legislature measures which can cut off almost all Catholic education in Travancore. It is feared that the movement may spread elsewhere. Already in Ceylon a new educational act threatens the life of Catholic schools there.

# Music

## For Missions

Ernest Goossens, S.J.

**T**HE war in the Pacific has made the attitudes and ideas of Japan a vital concern to Americans. Very little attention, however, has been focused on the influence of western culture and civilization on the Japanese soul. Since I have lived intimately with these people for seven years, I would like to recount some of my experiences which have convinced me of the possibility of understanding between the occidental and oriental mentalities and the definite contribution music has to make in our apostolic efforts.

At Hibya-park, Tokyo, one evening in the spring of 1937, I was invited to a concert at which more than 4,000 Japanese, most of them boys and girls, ranging in years from 15 to 25, of well educated families, listened to the "Tokyo Symphony Orchestra," composed entirely of Japanese artists. The second part of the program featured the 9th symphony of Beethoven. A foreigner gazing round in the hushed silence at the drawn lips and wide earnest soulful eyes could sense immediately the innate burning desire welling up from the hearts of these Japanese for aesthetic happiness and joy.

Over a year later on a Friday in the summer of 1938, the citizens of Japan's second largest city, Osaka, were awaiting anxiously the appearance of the celebrated conductor, Felix Weingartner. The heat was oppressive and the persistent flutter of fans throughout the hall annoyed the famous conductor waiting in the wings. Finally he decided to make his entrance. The flutter gave way immediately to thunderous applause. But as soon as the ovation subsided, the exasperating flutter commenced again. Weingartner raised his baton and swept into the opening measures of a symphony of Mozart. Hardly had he begun when a wave of silence settled over the audience. Not till the last bar died away, was a fan raised again. So pleased was Weingartner that in an interview, the following day, he praised warmly Japanese musical appreciation.

**A**GAIN at Kobe, in the large "Nishinomiya" stadium, boys and girls from high-school youths and serious university students to ordinary laborers, 20,000 in all, gathered to hear the "Pathetique" of Tschaikowsky. Gladly did they pay their 2 yen, no small sum for a concert before the war, to thrill to the Russian chords so evocative of the Slavico-oriental soul, so closely related to the deep Japanese feeling, the so-called "kimochi." As a foreigner I could stand apart and observe their intense response and clearly did I realize that this generation of Japanese, tired of the military theory of Shintoism, disgusted with philosophical scepticism, was trying to find in this Tschaikowsky music the peace and happiness necessary to save them from despair leading sometimes to suicide.

There can be no question that the modern Japanese soul appreciates deeply classical, occidental music. Beethoven, with his religious sublimity, Tschaikowsky, with his oriental melancholic feeling, Debussy, with his delicate description of nature, so loved by the Japanese, stand as the three most admired composers in those islands today.

But let us go back a little and see how the Catholic missionary was utilizing this discovery of the appeal of our occidental music. In the principal department store of the now famous Hiroshima, a city with a population of 400,000, the Catholic mission had organized an exhibit of Catholic art. During the four days of the exhibit more than 6,000 persons attended, surprised at the beauty of the paintings, seeing for the first time in





many cases representations of the Virgin Mary, Mother of God, and Jesus Christ, God-Man, crucified for the redemption of the people of the Orient as well as for occidentals.

One afternoon an inspiration came to the missionary to try as an experiment some atmosphere music on the suspicion that this might have more appeal than the exhibit itself. At the time there were 600 present of every age and social class, talking and commenting on the pictures. He selected a recording of the third movement of the well known "Archduke Leopold Trio" of Beethoven. Suddenly the chattering ceased, the clatter of the Japanese *getas* (Japanese wooden shoes) stopped and the 600 Japanese in statuesque silence listened to the "andante cantabile." As the music faded, enthusiastic applause manifested their appreciation, which continued until a student shyly approaching the missionary asked him to play it again. The following week, we had a small group of new catechumens.

Soon afterwards the missionary received further encouragement in his conviction of music's power for the apostolate. He had planned a religious ceremony for the Catholics who died during the war. On this occasion thirty girls sang parts of the beautiful Gregorian chant of the Requiem Mass. More than 300 pagans came to hear it, and some became catechumens.

Determined to make use of this new instrument, the missionary in 1941 with the help of a small quartet orchestra and a choir of 30 girls arranged 3 concerts dedicated to famous classical composers,—Mozart, Beethoven and Schubert. For the first concert 300 pagans came; for the second, 600, and for the third, 700. These evenings afforded us opportunity to contact people of well educated families, who had been reluctant to approach us directly about religion. But

Catholic Japanese at the Jesuit Mission of Hiroshima at the marriage of one of the daughters of Mr. Oshima (1st row, left, catechist, killed by atom bomb). Mr. Fukai, secretary of the mission, killed the same day, is third from the left, standing. All the girls are Mr. Oshima's daughters. The priests are Jesuit Fathers, Mayer and Messner, missionaries in Japan.

through conversation on music they came little by little to inquire about Catholic ideas on marriage, education, morals and religion, and in this way some came into Christ's fold.

THE missionary was becoming more and more conscious of a new type of apostolate. It was therefore, with great joy that he accepted from a good Catholic family in Japan a victrola and 700 beautiful records. With this treasure he could invite each Saturday evening Japanese students from the university, high school and college girls, the music teachers from the various schools of Hiroshima. Inevitably the meeting closed at twelve or one o'clock with a discussion on religious problems.

In 1941, also, in the town of Yamaguchi, not very far from Hiroshima, our own orchestra and choir performed before some 2,000, and on another occasion for 800 high school girls. Little by little, the number of catechumens and converts was increasing every month until that blighting day of December, 1941, when the peaceful strains of classical music faded before the thunderous roar of the guns and martial music.

When the atom bomb fell on Hiroshima on August 6th, 1945, our church was destroyed at once, the house of the Fathers burnt out in ten minutes, and all the musical instruments, violin, organ, piano, cello, clarinet, viola, flutes, the victrola and the 700 records, in a final symphony of crackling and snapping, were silenced forever in a mound of ashes.



St. Mary's Seminary, for Jesuits all over India, at Kurseong, in the Himalayas, North India, where the American soldiers and chaplains won their most ardent admirers. (Below) At Camp Ramparh, India (left to right), Major Piot, Father Murphy, Major Kearney, and Father McFarland ready for a camp mission.



*G.I.'s rated missionaries  
higher even than chaplains.*

*Missionaries rate the G.I.'s they met  
among the finest people on the earth.*

*Thomas M. Downing, S.J.*

**Y**OU'RE gone now, but I can still see you, you big hulk of boyishness. The things I'm going to say would embarrass you if I were to say them to you, but they are the thoughts that fill my mind. I'm standing alone at my window 5,454 feet from the sea-level, nearer to heaven, looking at the dusty, distant plains below. In the clouds that rise from the terrain below my imagination pictures a kaleidoscope of the things you so unselfconsciously did in this land 15,000 miles from your home.

I still remember how enthusiastic you were about the rosaries I had made for you by a poor crippled Nepali boy. "Send down as many as you can, Father, the boys will be glad to buy them all."

It was deeds like this that made you so well liked by the people among whom you passed two years of your young life. Washington had sent out highly paid organizations to propagate goodwill towards the U.S., but in the end the officials in the States, and the Indians, too, admitted that you with your generosity, and big happy smile, you were the best goodwill ambassador of all. This is the way a prominent Indian paper put it:

"We remain sturdily pro-American. We have found the great majority of the people from that country refreshing, good-hearted, swift to friendship, hospitable to a fault, with an engaging humor, and an attractively casual self-reliance. We have liked the enthusiasm with which the GI traversed the globe, collecting snaps, souvenirs, and impressions everywhere, making pithy comments on all; the spontaneous friendliness with which in a railway carriage he opens a general conversation and a box of candy, distributing both impartially; . . . the comradeship which makes the servants in the American billets feel as though they 'belong,' even though they do not know to what; the cool, effective resolution with which the GI dealt with emergency and danger. He and his kind have been magnificent allies."

Do you remember the little Indian tot you picked up with your big paws and tossed to the blue sky to catch again in your up-stretched hands with your eyes dancing with delight at the moppet's innocence and unabashed trust in you?

It was while you were visiting us up here in the

# Now That You're Gone

hills that you ambled out to our Lourdes shrine, and, when no one was looking, dropped a few extra pebbles in the sign at our Lady's feet to make it read, "Lady of Lourdes pray for US-A."

What a time we had helping you get over the fright you had of making your first closed retreat! "I don't know," you remarked with a gulp, "I think I ought to first write and ask my Mother about this." You compared it to a man making his first jump off a high dive. Once you began, though, you inspired us with how devoutly you prayed and how earnestly and seriously you followed the retreat. Our only fear, then, was that you might be trying too hard. You took the dive and did swimmingly well.

How we laughed when we saw you puffing up our mountain steps to our College. You were carrying your heavy luggage on your back, perspiring like an over-worked horse. The coolie girl you had hired to lug it for you walked casually at your side with your light coat tossed over her arm. "I just couldn't bear to see a woman carrying my luggage while I walked beside her empty handed," you excused yourself. We knew to her experienced hands and back, however, that your load might have been the lightest she had a chance to bring up that day. After probing you more we discovered that you had succumbed to her, "Backsheesh, Sahib" and dipped into your pocket to pay her three rupees more than the usual wages—for carrying your coat.

What always astounded us was the way you and your companions could control your speech when around us. Not so much as a "damn" or "hell" escaped your lips, which I'm sure dropped in for frequent visits to punctuate your speech when a religious wasn't around. I've seldom seen a sterner face than yours when you rebuked, in no uncertain terms, one poor fellow who had a little too much to drink, when he slipped and let go with a few vulgar words. He wasn't so far gone as not to get the strength behind your command, and to stop immediately.

It was like you, too, to come out with frank admiration for the work of the mission and the missionaries, and to tell us your joy in seeing the Catholic Church doing such unselfish work among the pagans.

Your devotion to your Church duties always edified us. Your childlike, "Bless me Father for I have sinned," at confession time caused a lump to come to our throats. It was said as simply and sincerely as the day you first learned it from the nuns in grammar school.

You are gone now, Johnny, but the times we spent with you will always be a precious memory. Although your war is over it is Christ's will that we stay here and carry on ours. We've a big work to do, and with the help of our Great Captain we are going to joyfully carry it on—to establish more firmly here His Mystical Body. We know that back in the States you'll be helping us with your prayers.

For your safe journey home we wish you with a Calcutta paper, "Godspeed and happy homecomings."

I've finished having rosaries made for you, Johnny, but as I stand at my window and look towards the sea, I'll be praying many another rosary for Johnny.

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## ALL AGREE

*For more than three years St. Mary's, Kurseong, has played host to G.I.'s, Tommies, Canadians, Frenchmen, Belgians and other members of the Allied Forces. Some come to pray. Some come to meet old friends. Others come just to get away from Khaki. But all come a little closer to God—thanks to their visit to St. Mary's.*

*If St. Mary's had a guest book the following would be typical entries: Sgt. Jim Sheola, Westfield, New Jersey, "This has been my happiest day in the Army." His Sergeant companions, George Groh, Chilton, Wisconsin; Al Caridi, Sharpsburg, Pa.; and Tony Matusek, East Chicago, Indiana would have dittoed Jim's entry. 1/Sgt. E. A. Foy, Cincinnati, Ohio, "I have now enjoyed the hospitality of the Jesuits from West to East."*

*Cpl. Jack Mordoff of Cincinnati and California spent the latter part of his leave on retreat under Father O'Brien of Chicago, giving vent to "Gee, I hate to think I'll have to leave all this in a few days!"*

*Father Wilkinson gave his first retreat to four Tommies, one of whom was a High Church Anglican. Comments Father Wilkinson, "It's an Army of saints."*

*Lance Corporal Emile Sukey, Ottawa, Ontario, of the R.C.A.F. made his first retreat at St. Mary's. On the afternoon of the first day he requested his retreat master, "Don't water this down—give it to me straight!"*

*Wrote back a New Jersey Sergeant now stationed in Calcutta: "At St. Mary's I had a splendid time. You will never really understand how good it felt to be in such a clean, wholesome atmosphere for a change."*

*Here are a few lines from a Corporal's letter, "Just got orders to return to the States. So I won't be able to get up to St. Mary's for the ordinations in November. Guess the next time I'll see St. Mary's will be as an S.J."*

HUBERT SCHMIDT, S.J.



These are healthy, happy Mayan Indians of British Honduras.

# The Race Against Fever

William J. Moore, S.J.

Sickness and lack of  
medical care is decimating  
Indians in British Honduras.

**B**IRTHS 36, deaths 66. Those are the 1945 vital statistics which Father John M. Knopp, S.J. collected at the South-Maya Indian village of San Antonio, in the Toledo District of British Honduras, where he took up permanent residence just as the year was coming to an end. The new pastor realized immediately that bodies as well as souls needed revitalizing. Smaller villages near San Antonio had similar bad records. Rio Blanco: births 15, deaths 34; Pueblo Viejo: births 10, deaths 12; Crique Trosa: births 2, deaths 8; Crique Lagarto: births 2, deaths 4.

The Maya Indians among whom Father Knopp will work have had for a long time a bad health record. The year 1938 was especially ominous. The British Honduras Annual Medical and Sanitary Report for that year stated: "The death rate of the Mayan Indians in this District is alarming. The total number of deaths recorded among the Indians is 217 for the year 1938. Considering that there are about 2,000 Indians living in this District, this figure is about 10.1% of the total Indian population of the District. Compared with the birth rate which is only 128 for the year 1938, it is obvious that the race has decreased by about 4.5% during 1938. . . . It is regrettable that the death rate among the Mayan Indian races should always be so high. . . . Should this state of affairs continue, the race will be in danger of extermination."

Sickness affects both the economic and spiritual life of a people. Health problems, therefore, are of vital

interest to Father Knopp and to all the missionaries in British Honduras. A man burning up with fever wants to lie quiet in his hammock all day. He can't work in his corn field, bleed chicle or cut mahogany. A woman trembling with malaria can't go to Mass. Children who are a prey to hookworm are sluggish in school and indolent about church-going.

Malaria, the great scourge of mosquito-ridden countries, is the arch enemy of the poor in British Honduras. Father Knopp found that "fever" was the greatest single cause assigned for death in San Antonio and vicinity. The same might be said of scores of other places in the colony. The Winthrop Chemical Company, makers of Atabrine, recently made a gift of 2,000 tablets to one of the missionaries. The company's booklet, *Malaria*, published in 1943, says:

No serious infectious disease is comparable to malaria in widespread geographic distribution, the cost exacted in human misery and life, and the stifling grip on economic and political progress. . . . The League of Nations estimated that in 1932 about 17 million cases were treated. This represents only a small fraction of the infections which occur in most years. In India alone, which has about 360 million inhabitants, there are constantly present at least 100 million cases, of which less than 10 per cent are ever treated. The yearly death toll from malaria in India varies between 1 and 3 million.

Every bush missionary has experienced at times the wish that he were an expert carpenter, a good mechanic, a practical farmer, and skilled in a dozen other trades and crafts. Most of all he has wished that he were a combined doctor and dentist. In some villages almost every other house contains a "fever" case.

A FEW Jesuit missionaries to British Honduras have had an opportunity to devote some time to clinical work. The late Father Allan A. Stevenson attended the dental clinic at St. Louis University. Father John Krizek was well versed in the dentist's art. He and Father Stevenson are well known and fondly remembered in Toledo District for their tooth-pulling exploits in the bush. Father Clement A. Andlauer spent two months in clinical work at the St. Louis University Medical School before going to Toledo District last Fall to take over Father Stevenson's old territory among the Indians.

Protestant sects use medical aid to proselytize among Catholics in Latin America. British Honduras has not been exempted from this form of attack. At Benque Viejo, next to the Guatemala border, one of the Pallottine Sisters has been for years in charge of the government dispensary. The nearest government hospital is eight miles away. Benque is over 90% Catholic. The dispensary arrangement suited everyone—except the Church of the Nazarene ministers who invaded Catholic Benque about fifteen years ago. Recently the Nazarenes established a well-paid registered nurse in Benque. She operates a rival clinic. Naturally the Nazarene nurse making her rounds with free medicines and promises of blankets does not urge Catholic mothers to send their children to the Catholic school, since the Nazarene minister is building a new school as a Protestant wedge to be driven into the heart of this Catholic town. Father Anthony Kuenzel S.J., of Benque, wishes that he had Spanish translations of John W. White's book, *Our Good Neighbor Hurdle* (Bruce:

1943) to distribute among his flock. The book would aid in putting the people of Benque on guard.

Generous-spirited Catholic doctors are interested in helping the missions. Medical students at Marquette University inquired last summer about aiding the missionaries in British Honduras after their graduation. A medical officer in the Marines told Father E. J. O'Donnell S.J. that he intends to practice in a mission country such as the Philippines or British Honduras. But doctors can't live and support a family on spiritual zeal. The Jesuit superior at Belize has wracked his brain trying to figure out how the mission could aid such doctors financially. The people don't have the money. Nor have the Fathers. Who has?

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Most Rev. William A. Rice, S.J., D.D.

Death came suddenly to Bishop Rice. At 8:00 p.m., April 30, 1946 Father Zimmerman, returning from the Cathedral, passed the open door of the bishop's room. He heard a low groan and decided to enter the room. The bishop, seated next to his desk with his back to the door did not reply to Father Zimmerman's greeting. Instead he silently leaned his head on the desk. Startled, Father Zimmerman called to Father Sontag, who was in the next room. The two fathers suggested that His Lordship rest in bed. Bishop Rice raised his head, then stood up. Scarcely had he arisen when, his strength failing, he sank to his knees. The two priests caught him before he fell and gave him absolution. The nearest physician, Dr. Perez, arrived in five minutes, but Bishop Rice had already departed this life. It was the eve of the First Friday of March. A servant boy told the community later that the bishop had mentioned the possibility that he would spend the day of the Sacred Heart in Heaven.

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In some villages among the Maya Indians almost every other house contains a "fever" case.



# Book Reviews

## Guerilla Padre in Mindanao

By J. Edward Haggerty, S.J.

It is not possible for us to write impartially about Father Edward Haggerty, S.J. or his book. When he came back from Mindanao to New York he became part of our family at Jesuit Missions for several happy months. It was here that the notes on scraps of paper and the copy-book diaries of his experiences written in the hills of the Philippines he loved, became the book, "Guerilla Padre," Catholic Book of the Month choice for March. The long quiet evenings we sat here in the heart of New York, listening to his deep voice as he created for us the mood and color and personalities, the heart-aches and eventual triumph of his people in Mindanao, over 10,000 miles away, are unforgettable memories. You can enjoy the same story in his account of the loyalty and heroism of priests and people of our mission in the Philippines.

No one who loves the missions will want to miss the book. No one who has any admiration for the unique loyalty of the Filipino people can afford to miss it. It is not a story of war but of people, and action; in its field, one of the truest tributes to our people in the Philippines. It is only an incidental reason for buying the book that Father Haggerty is now back at Cagayan, where he once watched his college explode, trying to open a school once more this summer. Read it for its magnificent story. There is no other book like it on the war.

Longmans, Green Co., New York. \$2.75

## Chungking Listening Post

By Mark Tennien

By the wisdom and foresight of Maryknoll Superiors, with a bit of the luck that Maryknollers richly deserve, and through the abundant protection God gave His missionaries in China's tragic war, Father Mark Tennien was in Chungking, pro-

visional war capital of China, for the war. He calls his vantage point "Chungking Listening Post." It is an apt title if you will remember one important fact the title does not suggest,—Father Tennien was not content just to listen. He was the center, the moving spirit of what was in effect world wide activity, and every mission organization which had members in China at one time or another was indebted to him for his assistance. "Clear Everything thru Chungking," his first commission, was more than faithfully carried out.

The fascinating, sometimes charming, sometimes deeply moving, always inspiring story Father Tennien tells is the fruit of his opportunities, unequalled by any other missionary in the Far East, to know what was happening to people on the China missions and to be able to help them. It is full of people, and the love of people. It is hard to see how you can ever forget chapters like "The Diary of Father Moritz" or "The Mystery of the China Sea," or, in fact, the book "Chungking Listening Post."

Creative Age Press, Inc., N. Y. \$2.50

## The Jesuits in Old Oregon

By William N. Bischoff, S.J.

Mr. Bischoff, a Jesuit Scholastic now completing his theological studies at Alma College, has sketched the Jesuit activities in the Pacific Northwest, the old Oregon country, from 1840 to 1940—a fruitful century that saw the Mission of the Mountains grow into Catholic maturity. He outlines the work begun by the great organizer, Fr. De Smet, and carried on by the tireless missionaries, Joset, Mengarini, and Ravalli, from the request of the Indians for blackrobes to the present day. While the Indian missions in Montana, Idaho, Washington, Wyoming and Oregon form the bulk of the book, such developments as the rise of the Spokane Mission and the

growth of Gonzaga University are not overlooked.

Students of Old Oregon history will welcome Mr. Bischoff's biographical notes on the missionaries, his carefully edited notes on the chapters and the bibliography of archival printed material.

Caxton Printers, Caldwell, Idaho. \$3.00

## Mitri

By Daniel Sargent

This is the story of Prince Demetrius Augustine Gallitzin, the Apostle of the Alleghenies and Western Pennsylvania. Born a Russian, educated as a free thinking Frenchman until the time of his mother's conversion when he was removed to Muenster, and finally sent to America to tour the country, he offered himself to Bishop Carroll as a student for the priesthood under the direction of the Sulpicians. With perhaps overemphasis of his financial difficulties—of which there were many—Daniel Sargent has given us a richly documented portrait of the Pastor of Loretto who when he arrived in the Alleghenies of Pennsylvania in 1795 had a score of Catholic families in his charge but when he died in 1840 counted 7,000 baptized Catholics under his care. It is a record of achievement of the Catholic Church in rural America as well as a portrait of a saintly missionary of the first half of the XIX century.

Longmans' Green & Co., N. Y. \$3.50

## Three Saints for the Incredulous

By Robert Holland, S.J.

The three saints are St. Gregory whose prayers moved a mountain, St. Scholastica whose prayers brought rain and St. Paul the hermit whose grave was dug by lions. This artistic brochure is fittingly illustrated by sketches of LeRoy H. Appleton. It is a work of art that adds another laurel to the wreath of the Fordham University Press.

Fordham University Press, N. Y. \$.60

# Apostolate of Prayer

Mission Intention for May, 1946

## CHRISTIAN CHARITY TOWARD ALL NATIONS

**T**HAT some men are born to rule and others to serve is not a new doctrine, but our twentieth century has seen this false theory systematized into a philosophy of life that would exalt one nation over lesser nations. Such a philosophy of life can but redound to our ruin and shame. To what lengths it has led Germany and Japan and Italy we have seen with our own eyes. What it will bring to Soviet Russia and the ever more vocal Moslem states remains yet to be seen. There is no super-race, no super-nation. There is only one law that transcends the boundaries of race and color, creed and nationality. It is the universal law of charity. This universal love of mankind because of the brotherhood of all men has been the most potent weapon of the missionary in winning souls to Christ. And why? Because as St. Paul told the Corinthians: "Charity is patient, is kind; charity feels no envy; charity is never perverse or proud, never insolent; has no selfish aims, cannot be provoked, does not brood over an injury; takes no pleasure in wrongdoing, but rejoices in victory of truth; sustains, believes, hopes, endures to the last."

Because they are motivated by the love of God in the love of their fellowmen regardless of his race or nationality the missions of the Catholic Church today stretch from the Alaskan tundras eternally white to the equatorial isles always green. Wherever he has gone the missionary has become "all to all that he might gain all" for Christ. Well did our armed forces learn this during the war. In Alaska they found the Sisters in parkas becoming Eskimos to win Eskimos to Christ with an all embracing love; in the Solomons, on Guam and amid the ruins of Saipan they found the missionary surrounded by his flock rejoicing in its simple joys and bearing with it its hardships and crosses, because he was impelled by love of God. They realized the truth of the statement of Benedict XV more than a generation ago that the missionary was "the minister of that religion, which, since it embraces all men . . . , is a stranger to no nation"—words almost repeated by Pope Pius XII in his Christmas allocution last December: "The Catholic Church "is supranational because she extends the same love to all nations and peoples; she is also supranational . . . because nowhere is she a stranger." Wherever the troops landed with their weapons of death there the missionary had made his conquest with the weapon of charity.

It was Pope Pius XI of blessed memory who declared that the very "name Catholic, that is universal, shows that the Catholic religion belongs to all nations and embraces all people of the whole world, and from the will of its Divine Founder there can be no distinction



An ordination group at Shanghai where candidates for the priesthood study, pray and are ordained together, and later work together as missionaries, though they come from the United States, Mexico, Canada, South America, China, France, Spain, Austria, Hungary, Italy, Ireland and Portugal.

of origin or race." To manifest this universal love of all races Pope Pius XII at the beginning of his Pontificate at the very tomb of St. Peter consecrated twelve missionary Bishops among whom were Asiatics and Africans as well as Europeans and Americans; and more recently he elevated to the College of Cardinals prelates from China, Australia, and Africa as well as from the Near East and the two Americas. But vain will be his efforts in establishing peace through a Christlike charity unless like our Divine Founder we as Christians embrace all nations with a universal love manifesting to them in a postwar era the consuming charity of Christ.

Anthony G. Schirmann, S.J.



# AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## SAIPAN

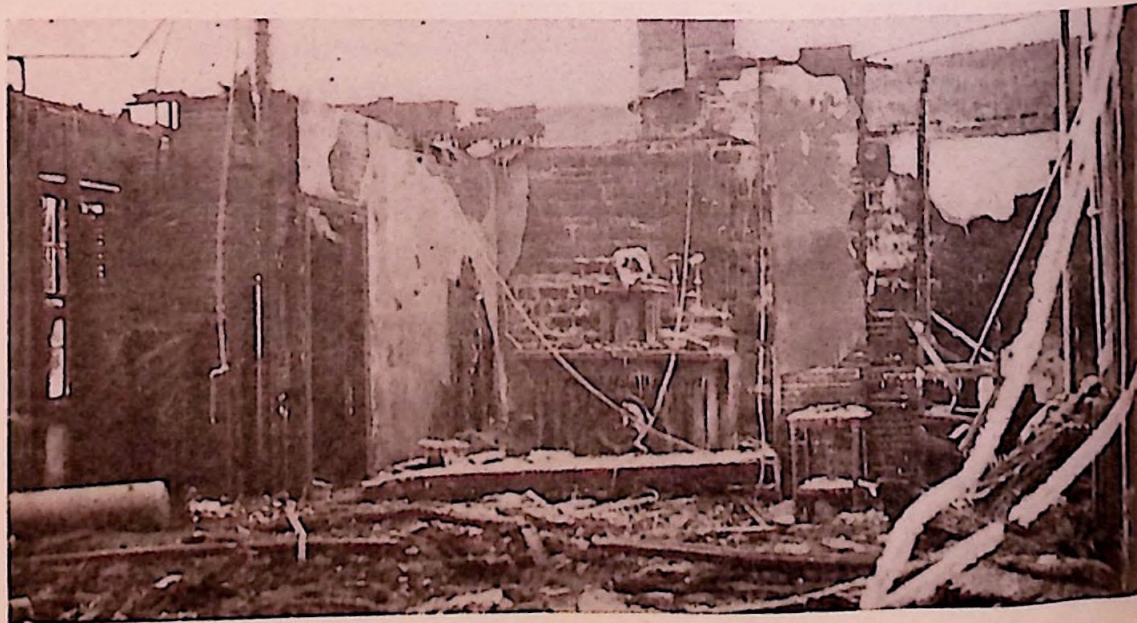
*Rev. Vincent Kennally, S.J. (Visiting the Marianas, Marshall, and Caroline Island groups to determine mission needs).*

I suddenly found myself early in January being sent from the Novitiate in Manila out into the vast expanse of the Pacific ocean. Father Berganza, S.J., former superior of this mission, was to guide me on a visitation of the Islands. He had been held for six years by the Japanese in Tokyo. In one month I had been able to see Saipan, Truk, Ponape, Einewetok, Kwajelin, visit Guam, and return to Saipan. In that time I traveled over 4,200 miles by plane, and 400 from Truk to Ponape on an LST, and yet was able to see only six mission stations. The Palaus and Yap are yet to be visited. They have no priests there now because the four Spanish Jesuit priests and two Brothers were

killed by the Japs. Last year another Brother was killed at Rota. Father Pons, former superior of the mission, died at Rota last year as a result of privations suffered during the war.

Let me say here a word of deep and sincere appreciation for the courtesy, cooperation and thoughtfulness of the Navy and Marine officers who assisted me throughout the visitation. The Spanish Jesuits and the Sisters in our missions all tell me that the Navy and Marine personnel have gone out of their way to help us again and again. The situation is not completely ideal, but if there are exceptions to the general rule, it is because some of the men simply did not understand the needs of the missions, and the lives of the natives, and thought that all they need is medical assistance and education by way of free movies (Hollywood's worst). Almost every one of them here would do anything to help the Fathers, and especially the

All that remains of the large church in South Alaska at Skagway after the fire. Damage was estimated at \$60,000. The parish was in charge of Father Edward Gallant, a secular priest who volunteered to work in Alaska.



Sisters, but our motives and our mission purpose they have not yet grasped.

The chaplains have been wonderful to us everywhere. One in particular deserves high praise, Father Moerzka from the Cleveland diocese. He turned over his tent to Father Berganza and myself while he himself moved into B.O.Q. During the whole time he took care of our meals, arranged for Mass, took us around the island to see the other chaplains, and assisted us in every way at what must have been a great inconvenience to himself.

## CHINA

*Rev. Eugene Fahy, S.J.*

After our release from internment we were called upon to do a number of things for the thousands of American servicemen stationed in Shanghai. They had been so good to us that we could hardly refuse them anything. Many of the soldiers and sailors wandered out to Zikawai and asked to be shown around the mission. These are the men who are going to talk for us or against us when they get back to the States. There are two sides to every picture, but unfortunately it seems that most of the servicemen come in contact only with the bad side of the countries they visit, and it is sometimes difficult to counteract those bad impressions. The missionaries almost universally have made a magnificent impression on the servicemen, thank God, and the men who have come in contact with non-Catholics as well as Catholics praise their work and sacrifices spontaneously.

Father Lesage was the last of the chaplains to leave the civilian concentration camps—and went directly to the insane asylum, not for treatment, though, but to make his annual retreat in the quiet surroundings of the German Brothers' hospital some miles outside Shanghai. Fathers Murphy and Pope were the first American civilians to return to Nanking. They have been busy there ever since. Father Murphy preaches every Sunday in English, French and Chinese. Father Wagner joined them after his chaplaincy in one of the camps, and together they are running night classes as well as day school; giving private lessons, and teaching English in a government school.

One of the missionaries wrote in to us recently that Red soldiers were billeted in one of the district churches, one of them sleeping on the altar had a horrible dream. He felt that he was being strangled to death, and awoke in a cold sweat. There were no marks of any kind on his neck, but two days later he died. The soldiers are no longer interested in that church. There are no more reports of soldiers having wild dreams.

The Irish Jesuits in Hongkong have more applications for their school than they can possibly accommodate. In fact all our schools are overcrowded. In Hautes Etudes in Tientsin they are now trying to accommodate



Father Philip Olinger, S.J., reunited with his mother at home in New Jersey after 15 years, a missionary, ordained in China.

1330 students in a building which before the war served 140. Chabanel Hall at Peking is still crowded with the Scheut Fathers from Mongolia who were interned there.

John Brennan and I just came back from a call outside the city. I was sorry that some of the servicemen could not see this good side of China. In the district about Kou Ka Tang there are nearly 100 families. 275 people received Communion at Mass that morning. Including community recitation of prayers and the sermon preceding High Mass, the majority of those people were in church for at least three hours, and were loath to go when the service was over.

## INDIA

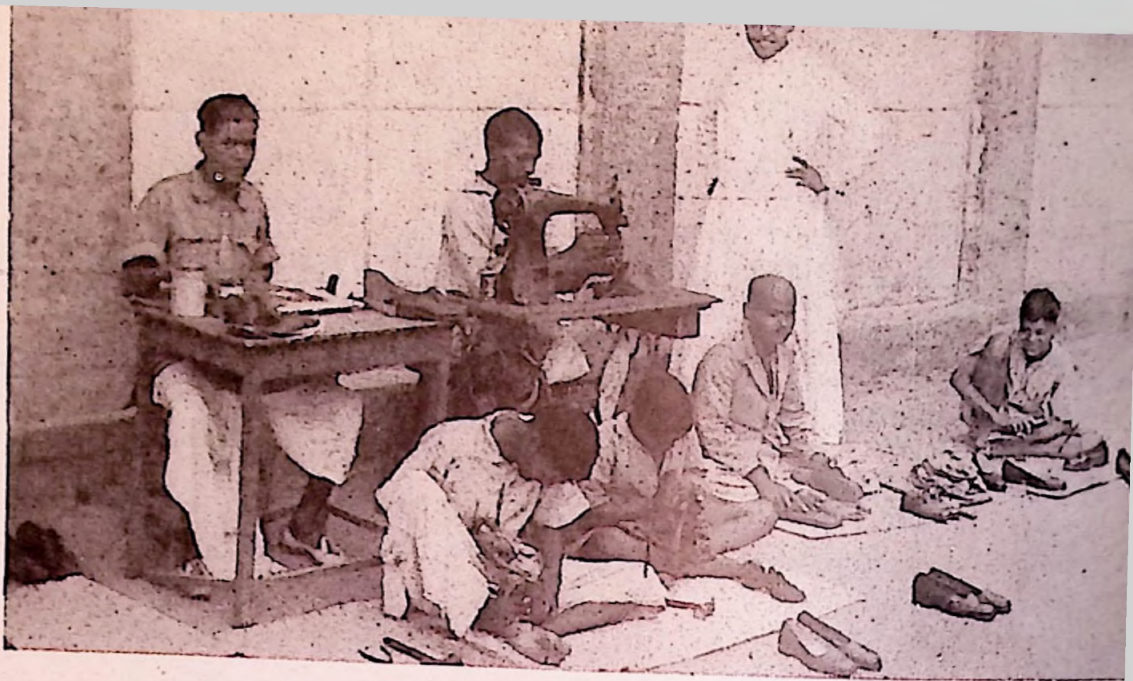
*Bhagalpur District*

*Rev. Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.*

After six months at Marpa with Father Farrell I'm back among the Santals (a different group from our Santal Parganas), in a new mission started about two years ago from Latonah by Father Mann, S.J. It is quite a place. I have a three room mansion. The middle room has no eastern wall at all. There are no doors, no windows. The walls are of split bamboo



(Left) Father Paul W. O'Brien, S.J., was royally welcomed back to China as the first California Jesuit mission Superior.



house of the school teacher and his family is gone. Half way up the hill the school is leaning at a crazy angle down hill. High on the hilltop is the church. The zinc is off the front and the rain comes pattering down on the pews, and fills the holy water font at the front door. The glass is blown out of the windows, and the front gable hangs precariously more or less in place. At present the church is being used as a school. My house is a comical sight, leaning on two broken concrete posts. The floor is sunken, and collects the rain. I had to knock a hole in it to let the water out. The wall of one room is blown in, and the pieces of it are stored under the house. The thatched roof is partly blown off, and the whole house looks as though it were just awaiting the right moment to fall.

There have been several interruptions. First a man came in to ask what was the matter with the moon. I examined it carefully as far as I could, and there seemed to be a partial eclipse. Soon there were shouts around the village, beating of pans and an explosion of fireworks. According to legend, the dog had hold of the moon, and unless they chased the dog away, something dreadful would happen. Then a man came in with a bad tooth and in great pain. I tried to persuade him to go to Punta Gorda, but he said he had to work and can't get away. Then a man came in for quinine for his daughter who is seriously ill with fever. A young man entered with an infected leg, with pain in the armpits already. Two others came from Rio Blanco five miles or more away, bad colds. Tomorrow they'll walk back home with cough medicine. That's the way they come. There is so much to do for these people that I hate to think of taking out time for reconstruction work. Their plight calls for more than half-measures, and San Antonio's resources are such that we'll be lucky if we can afford even half-measures.

loosely woven and plastered with mud. The roof is thatched grass,—grass is growing in every room in the damp earth. Rats and mice have honeycombed the place with holes, and they amuse themselves at night by running up and down my bed and chewing holes in my clothes. A few days after I arrived some boys chased a huge cobra into one of the rat holes under the building. It will probably stay there until next Spring, when I must remember to be careful.

The whole country here is sandy in the region of the "Mad Kosi," a river which science has not been able to control. It changes its course whenever it pleases. Just now it is almost forty miles away. Next year it may be flowing through this yard.

I found two of my old friends awaiting me here, Father Morrison's old cook, Jacob, from Poreya, and his wife, Elizabeth whom I baptized as a little girl many years ago at Godda. She is a product of the Sisters' school of Gokhla. I must offer a deserving tribute to those old German Sisters and their work in that school before they moved elsewhere. They took those little pagan girls, ten or twelve years ago, and educated them so well that today they are outstanding even in communities where people have been Christians for generations.

## BRITISH HONDURAS

*San Antonio*

*Rev. John M. Knopp, S.J.*

San Antonio is new to me. I have just arrived. Stop me if I write too much about it, but there is so much to tell. It was badly hit by the hurricane last Fall. The

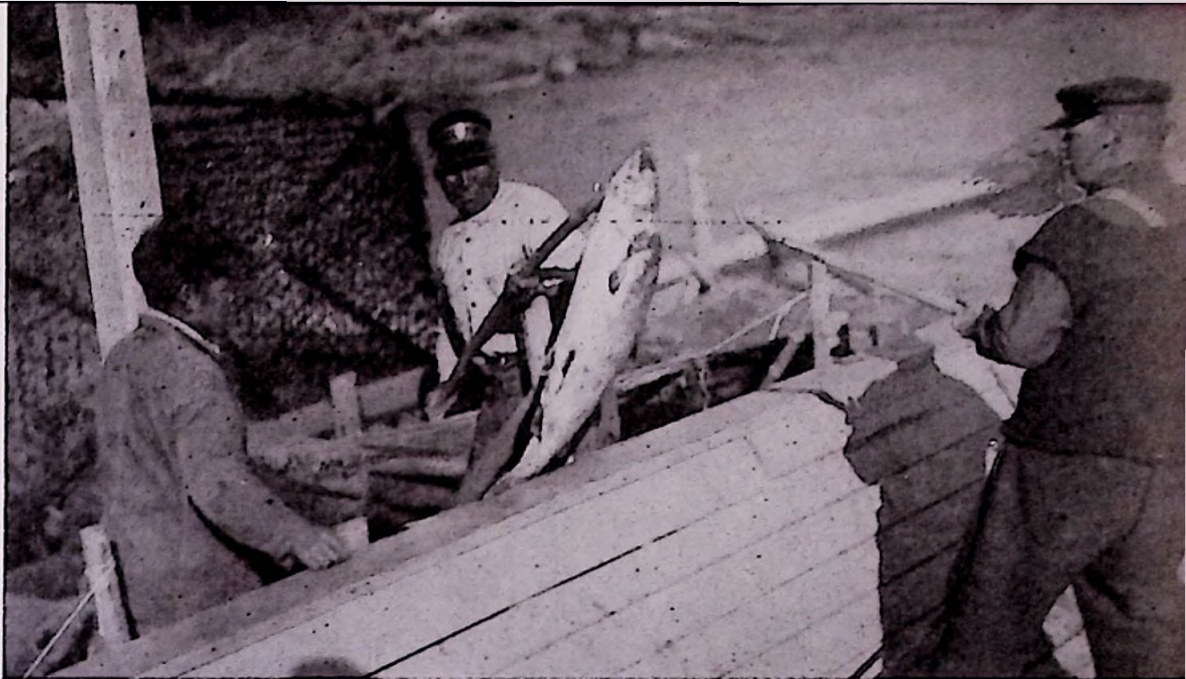
## IRAQ

*Rev. Vincent A. Gookin, S.J.*

Yesterday the Chaldean Bishop conducted a small church (service), across the river for the Catholics there. He sang the Mass in the crowded little church

(Left) Father Gregory has improvised a small scale "shoe factory" for the people of the leather working caste at Barh, India.

(Right) Brother Murphy unloading a king salmon. For thirty years he has been a missionary brother in Alaska, and only twice gone "outside" to the States, each time for medical care.



with two of his priests to help him. One of them, a very holy priest, preached to his people in Assyrian. I can recognize a few words of that language. There were many Communion, and surely if the Lord ever came down to the poor, He came yesterday. It is amazing how the poor will give from what they have to build their church. But it is such an effort for them, life is so poor for them. Yesterday they put on their best, and had their children all shined up, and made a great day of it.

I have been praying lately for the priests and religious in the Baltic and Balkan countries who are suffering a persecution for their faith, and cannot have Mass, most probably. Over 200 have been killed in Yugoslavia, and many are in prison, and many others have not been heard from, bishops, priests, religious and Catholic people. It is an outrage, but some day God will end it. All I can do now is pray for them.

*John L. Mahoney, S.J.*

Father McCarthy is back at Baghdad College, and Fathers Hussey and O'Neil are taking his place at St. Thomas School in Basra. Father McCarthy was having some difficulty trying to take away from Basra the supplies he had acquired. There was only one thing to do—hire a freight car,—which he did. How he ever put all the things in one freight car is beyond us. When it arrived it contained whistles and Chinese checkers, a complete dark-room developing outfit (a gift from a Jewish soldier), and five tons of lumber. Most of the articles were gifts and presents and leftovers from the army camps where our Fathers did chaplain work all during the war without any pay.

## ALASKA

*Akulurak*

*Rev. Segundo Llorente, S.J.*

Thanks for your help toward the Alaranak school. I have finally arranged for a teacher at \$450 a year. That's not much for a teacher I suppose, but you can see it's a huge sum for a missionary. The residence in which I live was condemned ten years ago. I must

put up a new one. We are two priests here, and we do need some place to keep us warm during the bitter cold winters.

Brother Alfred Murphy went to the States for some medical care, finally. That is not an important news item until you realize that he has been *thirty years* consecutively in Akulurak, and has only been back to the States once in all that time.

Rev. Father Robinson, our Provincial, has spent a few days with us. It was a thrill for him to watch the little Eskimos arguing, singing, playing, and praying in their strange guttural Eskimo language. Father Robinson could understand a few words such as "handballuk," "row-boatuk," "twenty fiveanrluk," and many others, for sometimes they start a word in English and finish it in Eskimo, but he had to admit, though he is a better than average linguist, that it is difficult to memorize the "Hail Mary" in Eskimo when just "full of grace" is said this way: "l-o-a-r-n-r-o-r-l-a-e-n-a-r-a-l-u-t-n." He praised the community life of the Eskimos here, and coming from a Doctor in Sociology, that praise is worth something. At the end of his visitation, we had a program in his honor in our Akulurak school where there are 93 boarders and 17 day scholars. In return he entertained them with a talk, and then addressed them in the sign language for deaf-mutes in which he is an expert.

*Hooper Bay*

*Rev. John P. Fox, S.J.*

By the time this reaches you I'll be back where I was seventeen years ago when I began my missionary work in this section. Brother Wickart has been called to Juneau for work there. The native community of Sisters had to be disbanded. The white Sisters have gone back to their own community. The government school is closed, and the principal and his wife have resigned. As I am a lot older I find it harder to rough it now than when I first came here. I'm getting along the best I can by myself with the help of a fifteen year old girl who teaches catechism for me, and a twelve year old girl as organist in my church. Horace once wrote, "Levius fit patientia quidquid corrigere est nefas."

# COMMUNICATIONS

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Dear Father:

I am quoting below a paragraph from a letter I just received from a friend of mine in the Coast Guard. He is on a small island in the Philippines; and his description of the devotion of the people to their Faith, even in the absence of a priest, impressed me very much.

" . . . We are on another island here in the Philippines. The island is small; however, we are close to civilization. . . . It has coconuts and bananas but a typhoon destroyed most of the coconut fruit some months ago.

The island is wholly Catholic. At first I could hardly believe that they could be so united in religion. They had a priest before the Japs came; however, he had to leave or was taken away. The Japs had no regard for their church and used it as a supply house; but, as for the people, three-fourths of whom speak English, they did not bother them but placed a blanket of terror over them. They observe all "days of obligation." The church is modest, but it is all there from the candles to the Stations of the Cross. On Sunday they recite the rosary and all the other prayers, led by one of the villagers. At night just after supper you can walk on the village street and hear in house after house voices raised to Mary and to God. Every night one family sings their prayers in the village and each one takes its turn. Yes, Father, they are very interesting people."

Sincerely in Christ,

J. P. F., S.J.

Dear Father:

Enclosed is a donation of ten dollars which I received as a gift from one of my nieces. I am almost eighty years of age and I am dependent upon a pension for my support. When I read of the terrible sufferings of our dear nuns and our missionaries and their great needs, it almost broke my heart. I decided that I could do without this gift and I trust it will help some of the missionary priests and nuns.

Wishing you God's blessings upon your missions, I am  
Sincerely yours,

Mrs. A. R., Cincinnati, Ohio

Dear Father:

I want to thank you for the last issue of "JESUIT MISSIONS." I know that I didn't subscribe myself. So it must have been sent to me through the kindness of some relative or friend who has in mind the good of the boys in the service.

I don't want to bore you with the usual story about having enjoyed your magazine. But I know you will be pleased to know that after having read it, I left it around for the boys to browse through in their off-moments. It is incredible how much they like to sit quietly and read—even for a few minutes. I suppose it is the only way they can balance the tension under which they spend most of their waking hours.

By the way, I happened to overhear a comment made by one of them as he picked up "JESUIT MISSIONS." Maybe you will be interested. "Gee, I didn't know there were such things as Jesuit Missions."

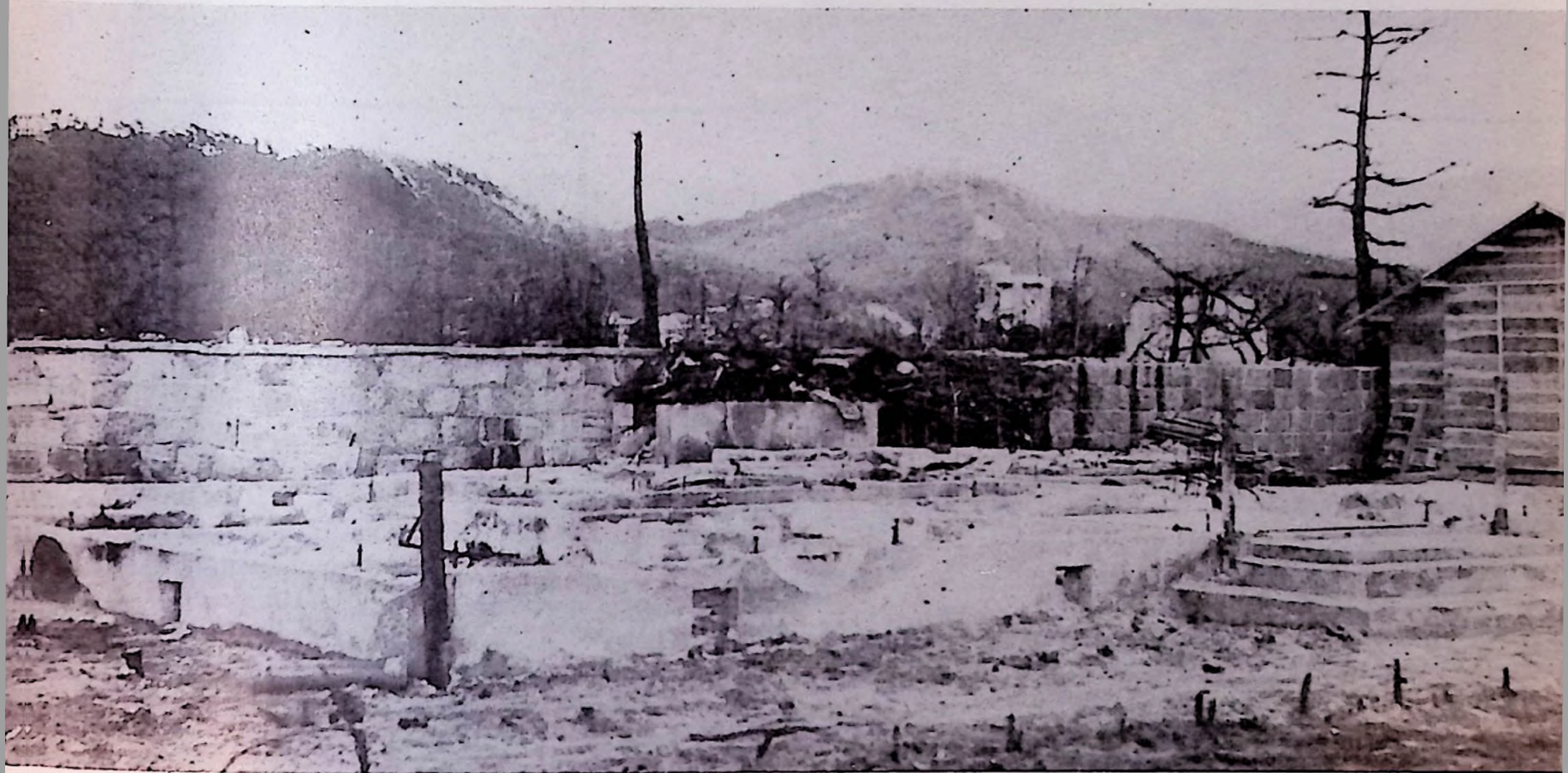
CAPT. J. E. G., Ch.C., U.S.A.

LET'S

ERECT A

SHRINE AT

# Hiroshima



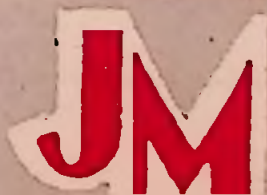
## *What Man Hath Wrought*

This was a Catholic Church in Hiroshima. That wooden shack to the right is the temporary chapel there today. An American-made atom bomb, dropped by American Airmen on August 6, 1945, demolished this flourishing mission church. The story was told by Father Siemes, S.J., in *JESUIT MISSIONS*. *Time* printed it, called it "an extraordinary document." *United States News* quoted it and editorialized, "Let's Rebuild Hiroshima." A News Agency in England cabled for it. A Protestant Church Conference in America resolved: "Let's Rebuild Hiroshima."

This is a Catholic Mission. Let us build, where we have destroyed, a memorial to the men who have fallen in World War II on the place where the climactic fury of its violence brought the war to an end. It will cost \$50,000.00 to rebuild the Shrine at Hiroshima as a memorial to those who died that 130,000,000 Americans might have peace. *JESUIT MISSIONS* readers alone could do it if each reader would send a donation to:

**Hiroshima Memorial Fund, Jesuit Missions**

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## Editorial

### What Did It Profit?

**P**ur Christ's question "What doth it profit a man if he gain the whole world . . ." another way: "What doth it profit a man if he lose the whole world and gain a soul" and apply this question to the North American Martyrs. They "lost" the whole world that was theirs. France, their homeland, they lost when they left it. Europe, which needed them and awaited them, they lost when they came to the American wilderness. Family, friends, religious companionship, language, culture, even the good they might have accomplished at home, were "lost" when they dedicated their lives to the American Indians in Canada and New York State. The simplest comforts of life, the most elemental things, like kindness and gratitude, and some success and security, even life itself they lost in the end, in the brutal, frightful, agonizing end they had to face. All this they lost in the hope of saving savages' souls in America.

What did it profit them? Eventually even their Indians were lost, or at least practically disappeared as a people in that land they once owned. And the vast majority of those Indians they hoped to save lived and died as pagan savages despite all the charity and zeal and heroism of saints. What did it profit? The answer comes straight from the depths of our faith, from the grateful heart of our Mother the Church, from the lips of Our Holy Father the Pope—Kateri! Kateri Tekakwitha, the little Indian girl from Auriesville, N. Y., the fruit of their labors, the flower they

planted, now Venerable, soon to be Blessed, and, please God, one day to be canonized a Saint of the Universal Catholic Church. One day little Chinese girls will take her name and ask her protection in God's court of Angels, fathers and mothers in India will teach their children about her and place them under her care, and missionaries in the South Pacific will build chapels named for her, and in American cities and towns, shrines will rise in her honor, and in Rome itself there will be altars to God bearing the "savage Indian" child's name, "Kateri," as proudly as they do now the names of the great Catherines of Sienna and Genoa. Kateri made it all worth while, even if she were all that the martyrs had to show for their martyrdom.

Actually a great many Indians were won for God besides Kateri, Hurons and Algonquins, especially. Any one of them, even a last minute savage soul's conversion, would have made eight martyrdoms profitable.

The Church is not satisfied with one soul. The Church must plant the Church—self-sustaining and indigenous—in every mission land. But an individual missionary must be willing to lose all if he can but win for God in Heaven a single soul on earth. God does not ask him to go to nice people only, cultured nations only, appreciative races only. Human souls—any soul, every soul—anywhere—everywhere—that is his commission. The American Indians were not an attractive people, but today there is Kateri rightfully among the aristocracy of Heaven. That is more than we can yet claim for any known white girl, or Catholic girl, or cultured girl born in North America in the past 339 years. And while we are considering the profitableness of the missionary effort to the Indians, let us not forget that the eight martyrs who came to America as missionaries to save "savage" souls, all became saints themselves in the process.

# Next Month

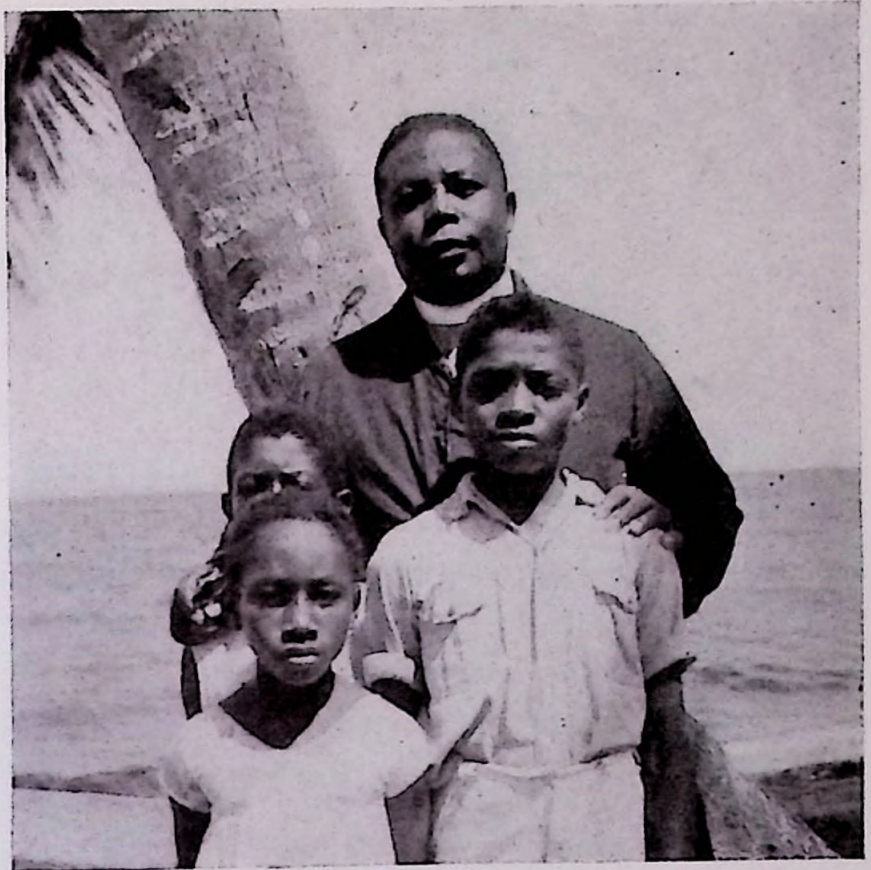
Unavoidable delays prevented the publication of the story of our mission in China for the March issue. Watch for it next month. Of the three great missions of the Church, Africa, India and China, China is the biggest and most important today.

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Suddenly and without any warning, one of God's giants was stricken and died in British Honduras on March 1, 1946. Most Rev. William A. Rice, D.D., Jesuit missionary Bishop of Belize, is gone. He left behind him the solid foundation of Baghdad College and of the Iraq mission, a vigorous upswing in British Honduras since he became its bishop, and everywhere, in Europe, the Near East, North and Central America, a host of friends. He was a giant in every way. Next month his story will appear in these pages.

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From China, we'll go to Ward, South Carolina, and from Bishop Rice to Father Patrick A. Ryan, S.J. This time it will be Father Ryan's account of the mission he is opening in a small Carolina town. But some day we'll have to tell you about Father Ryan. He'll be seventy-two this year. 50 years ago, he was teaching in California, over 25 years ago he was Dean of Loyola University in New Orleans. Continuously since 1927 he has been associated with *Jesuit Missions*. Even when he was Superior in El Paso, Texas, where they made this lovable Georgia gentleman an honorary citizen *in perpetuum*, his name was never removed from our masthead. Five years ago he became our very active associate editor again, and took as his territory the United States from southern Florida across the southland to California and northward through all the Western States to northern Washington and Montana. At 67 years of age he loved it! And was welcomed affectionately everywhere in turn! And thrived on it! And we thrived as a result. Now he's opening a new mission in the South. You'll have to know Father Ryan.



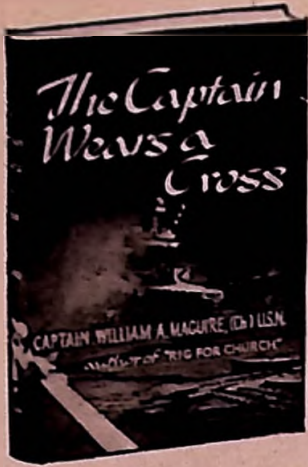
## That Will Be the Day . . .

*. . . When native-born priests on every one of our missions are numerous enough to care for their own people! That will be the day!*

*. . . A good start has already been made. In every single one of our missions native-born priests are already working among their own people. Not enough yet, but the number is growing. One in Alaska, two at least among the Indians, two in British Honduras (Father Lalin, above), five in Jamaica, several each in Iraq, Ceylon and China, dozens in India, and almost hundreds in the Philippines. You'll do something to help them?*

*. . . Some are Jesuits. But many of them are diocesan priests who have no religious order in back of them to ask your help. Their people are so poor, they are unable to support their own priests. This appeal is for those diocesan priests. It costs them, on the average, a dollar a day to live. Thirty dollars would support a native-born priest for a month. Three hundred and fifty dollars would enable a native-born priest to live and work for Christ our Lord among his own people for a whole year! We can help them if you help us.*

ALASKA and AMERICAN INDIANS: Rev. Francis J. Kane, S.J., 3220 S. E. 43rd Avenue, Portland 6, Oregon; BAGHDAD and JAMAICA: Rev. Thomas J. Feeney, S.J., 137 Newbury Street, Boston, 16, Massachusetts; BRITISH HONDURAS and AMERICAN INDIANS: Rev. Vincent Erbacher, S.J., 4511 W. Pine Boulevard, St. Louis 8, Missouri; CANADIAN INDIANS: Rev. Paul B. Brennan, S.J., 2 Dale Avenue, Toronto, Canada; CEYLON and SOUTHERN HOME MISSIONS: Rev. Edward T. Cassidy, S.J., 4133 Banks Street, New Orleans 19, Louisiana; CHINA (Nanking, Yangchow and Shanghai): Rev. Cyprian L. Moore, S.J., 55 West San Fernando Street, San Jose 21, California; CHINA (Suchow): Rev. Louis Bouchard, S.J., Case Postale 611, Quebec, Canada; INDIA: Rev. John A. Kilian, S.J., Rev. John S. O'Connor, S.J., 1110 South May Street, Chicago 7, Illinois; PHILIPPINES: Rev. William F. Masterson, S.J., 51 East 83rd Street, New York 28, New York; PHILIPPINES and SOUTHERN HOME MISSIONS: Rev. John C. Baker, S.J., Calvert and Madison Streets, Baltimore, 2, Maryland



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