

*September 1946*

# JESUIT MISSIONS



*On to Auriesville - 1646*



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## This Month

	Page
THANKS TO THE INDIANS . . . <i>Calvert Alexander, S.J.</i>	170
ORIENTAL MISSION TO LATINs . . . <i>Joseph Venadt</i>	173
POTLACH . . . . . <i>Segundo Llorente, S.J.</i>	174
A NICE PIG AFFAIR . . . . . <i>Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.</i>	176
OLD NAIL AND LITTLE SPIKE . . . <i>William J. Klement, S.J.</i>	178
MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS . . . . .	181
KINGSTON HAS A BIG HEART . . . <i>Francis J. Osborne, S.J.</i>	182
ROCKY MOUNTAIN RIDER . . . . . <i>Robert I. Bradley, S.J.</i>	186
APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER . . . . .	188
BATTLING THE TERMITE . . . <i>Quirinus P. Leonard, S.J.</i>	188
AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS . . . . .	190

## CONTRIBUTORS



Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.

■ Father Bertram E. Ernst, S.J., of Patna, India, is well known to our readers from his articles on the Santals—an aboriginal people of the Patna Mission who have endeared themselves to all missionaries who have been fortunate enough to work with them by their simplicity and total freedom from Hindu caste complications.

Recently transferred to a Hindu area in Patna, Father Ernst has been consoled by the presence there of one Santal family and his faithful Jake and Elizabeth. He describes a local celebration in "A Nice Pig Affair".

■ Father Francis J. Osborne, S.J., arrived in Jamaica in August, 1939. Since that time he has been stationed in Kingston at St. Ann's parish, first as assistant and for the past four years as pastor. It is our misfortune that his responsibilities and busy round of activities give him little time for writing.



Francis J. Osborne, S.J.

In search of one who could give us a brief account of the growth of the Catholic Church in Kingston, it was natural that we should turn to Father Osborne. He is in a position to know, and

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ing, if possible, your address label. Duplicate copies cannot be sent. The Post Office will not forward copies unless you provide extra postage.

**COVER**—St. Isaac Jogues made three trips to Auriesville—once as a captive, once as an ambassador of the French and finally as a missionary. On this occasion he was accompanied by St. John Lalande. They had expected a favorable reception but, unknown to the two missionaries, the Indians, in violation of their treaty, had gone on the warpath. Our staff artist, Father Andrew W. Vachon, S.J., in this scene has caught the unnatural stillness that attended their arrival in Mohawk territory. It was the calm before the storm, a moment of peace before torture and martyrdom.

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JESUIT MISSIONS, September, 1946. Vol. 20, No. 7. Published monthly, September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by the Jesuit Mission Press, Incorporated. Editorial Offices, 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Publishing Office, 116 Main Street, Norwalk, Conn.; in the interest of home and foreign missions attached to the North American Provinces of the Society of Jesus. Subscription price, \$1.00; six years, \$5.00; Canadian and Foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second class matter, at the Post Office, Norwalk, Conn., under the act of March 3, 1879. Acceptance of special rates of postage provided for in the act of February 28, 1925, paragraph 4, section 412. Postal Laws and Regulations, authorized January 14, 1927.

his name has been too long absent from our column. It is our hope now that somehow or another he will find time to send us an occasional article relating his experiences in one of Kingston's poorer (financially) and wealthier (spiritually) parishes.

■ **Father Segundo Llorente, S.J.**, (his very name is music) is Spain's gift to the mission of Alaska. His own gift for writing has been an invaluable asset to the Esquimo village of Akulurak. In a recent letter he wrote:



Segundo Llorente, S.J.

"I send some articles to Cuba, Buenos Aires, to Bogota, Colombia, and to Bilbao in Spain; and it is the trickling of little checks that keeps our children with rosy cheeks and broad smiles." (Reading his letter we were reminded of another Alaskan missionary, Fr. Paul O'Connor, who last month wrote of the joy of working with the children.) In reply to our request for stories, he has sent us "Potlach" and several others which we hope to print in the near future. After reading his account of an Alaskan party, we know that you will be looking for the name, "Segundo Llorente" in future issues. It carries with it the guarantee of satisfaction.



William J. Klement, S.J.

■ **Father William J. Klement, S.J.**, who writes about "Old Nail and Little Spike", has a strong streak of iron in his own character. Ordained to the priesthood in April, 1943, while a prisoner of the Japanese in Shanghai, he went through more than two years of this internment, and under

normal circumstances would have been entitled to a rest. However, he was assigned to Yangchow in a war-torn, Communist-infected district where living conditions turned out to be much tougher than those he experienced as a Jap prisoner. A fellow-Californian Jesuit, who visited him recently, found Father Klement in the best of health and spirits, despite the poverty-stricken hut in which he was living and the tension occasioned by 'Red activities.



*Your help, please!*

*For a very effective phase of  
missionary activity*

*Cooperatives — Credit Unions*

Unless you are familiar with the theory of cooperatives and credit unions, you may well wonder why their development has such an important influence on the success of the missions. Aptly, their purpose has been expressed by the adage: "Help them to help themselves."

Obviously, the improvement of the social status of any people has an effect on their moral standards and general well-being. Cooperatives help the whole man—body and soul.

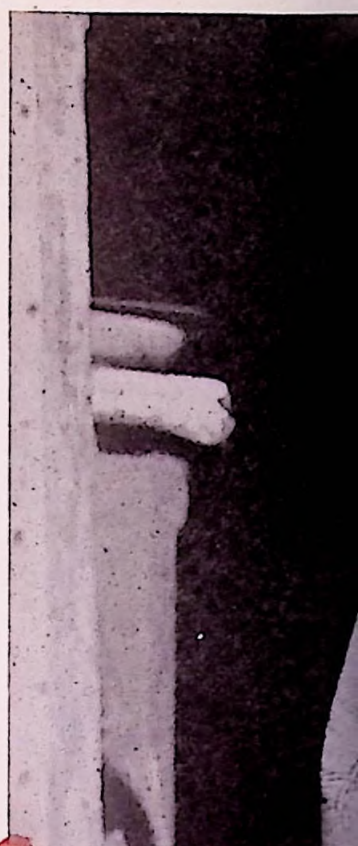
For five years Father John P. Sullivan, S.J., has pioneered in the development of the cooperatives and credit unions in Jamaica. His organization is now in a position to become the center of cooperatives for all the islands of the British West Indies. It may well be a situation where opportunity knocks but "once".

Resources are needed immediately. Your financial cooperation will bring these plans to realization and will also give a guarantee of permanent success to all the missionaries laboring in the British West Indies.

*Send your contributions to:*

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

# Thanks to the Indians



**I**N our celebration, this Fall, of the 300th anniversary of the martyrdom of America's first canonized Saints—St. Isaac Jogues, St. René Goupil, and St. John de Lalande—we should not omit a word of gratitude to our American Indians. We Catholics of America are deeply indebted to them. For it was they who brought to this country not only these three early missionaries, but all the many missionaries in our pioneer history. To the Indians is due the inspiring fact that the roots of Catholicism are deep in our native soil.

Beginning about twenty years after Columbus discovered the New World in 1492, many kinds of people came to America. Some were explorers, some adventurers, some in search of gold and fur, some fleeing from persecution. But the missionaries came for only one reason, to convert the Indians of America. The souls of these aboriginals were the magnet that drew hundreds of them—Dominicans, Franciscans, Jesuits and others—who in their search for new tribes became not only missionaries but some of our greatest explorers.

Long before the first English settlement at Jamestown in 1607, they were saying Mass, baptizing Indians, erecting chapels in Florida and Virginia. Before the Pilgrim Fathers landed at Plymouth, they had penetrated with Coronado into Arizona, New Mexico, Oklahoma, Texas and Kansas. In their zeal for these Indian souls they opened pioneer settlements in Maine and Maryland; and while the English Protestants were still perilously clinging to a few rough towns on our Atlantic seaboard, they were opening up missions for the Indians in practically all of our great Middle Western states as far west as the Mississippi River. Indeed, in the first two hundred years of our land's recorded history, Catholic missionaries, in their effort to convert the American Indians, had labored, and many had shed their blood in almost every state of what is now the United States, with the exception of the then still-unexplored Northwest.

This was the great period of the planting of the Faith in the United States. It is true that many of these early Catholic settle-

*Calvert Alexander, S.J.*



ments and missions for the Indians later ceased to exist, or were taken over by white settlers of another faith. But no upheaval of subsequent history could alter the fact that during this period our country, from coast to coast, was baptized and consecrated to Christ, and that the roots of Catholicism had been deeply planted in our soil. The Indians were in a great measure responsible for this. The missionaries who planted these seeds of the Faith in the wilderness of Michigan or Florida or California made their incredible journeys, endured the hardships because they desired to bring Christ to the original inhabitants of this land—the Indians.

What surprises us somewhat today in examining the plans of a typical Catholic missionary to America, like St. Isaac Jogues, is that his dream was to build in this country and Canada a Church that would be an Indian Church, composed of the native Indian tribes and nations. There was no thought of dispossessing the Indians of their land and establishing a Church for the white Catholic settlers. Today, 300 years later, if you stand on the Hill of Torture at Auriesville where Jogues labored and died, or beside the river in downtown Chicago where Marquette first said Mass, you will find millions of Catholics, and the Church firmly established. Yet it is not an Indian Church, but a Church of white men.

**W**HAT happened to this dream? In the three hundred years that followed this period of the planting of the Faith, millions of white settlers from Europe streamed into our land, forcing the Indians ever westward, and determining for all time that America was to be a nation of displaced Europeans. The Pilgrim Fathers belonged to this class of European immigrants no less than the 38 million Germans, Irish, Italians and Poles who poured into America in the hundred years between 1815 and 1915. They were not natives, but they constitute today what we know as the American nation. There were millions of Catholics among these settlers, and it is they who comprise the Catholic Church in Illinois, New York, or California, in territory which the missionaries had staked out for Indian Catholics.



It would be interesting to know what St. Isaac Jogues and his companions, who are celebrating in Heaven the 300th anniversary of their martyrdom, think of this transformation of the Church in the United States from an Indian Church of their early dreams to a Church composed preponderantly of whites. They are, of course, delighted that the soil on which they shed their blood should have, over the centuries, produced such a rich harvest of 25 million Christians. But what about the Indians whom these early missionaries loved so dearly, and for whom they worked and died? Do they find today among American Catholics the zeal for the souls of these people and the progress in their conversion which they have the right to expect?

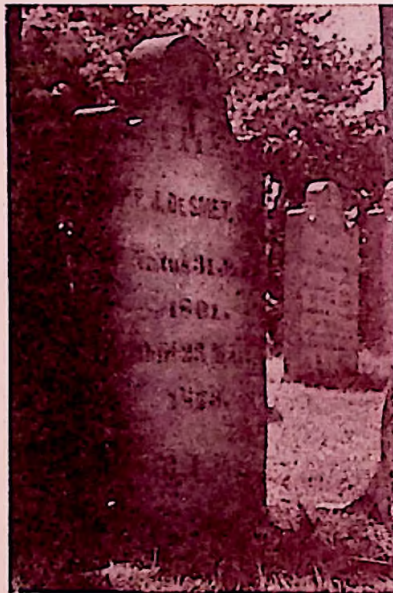
Let's look at the record. There are in America today (including Alaska) about 360,000 Indians: Of these 100,000 are Catholics. About the same number are Protestant, and the remaining 160,000 are presumably pagan. Thus, less than one third of the total population has the true faith. Whether this is a good or a poor showing, it is not because the Church has neglected to provide the Indians with missionaries. A total of 212 priests, 71 brothers and scholastics, and 552 sisters are working among the 100,000 Catholic Indians. They are doing excellent work in the face of great difficulties, one of the greatest of these being the rather low level of interest in the work of converting the Indians that exists among the large body of American Catholics today. It is to be hoped that the Tercentenary of the Mohawk Martyrs this year will be the occasion of increasing this interest, and of bringing to light the heroic work that is being done for the Indians by religious and diocesan priests, and by the members of many religious institutes of women.

**T**HE glamour that surrounded this apostolate in the early days of our country's history and during the opening up of the Northwest in the last century has departed, but the hard humble work has remained. The Martyrs would be proud of their successors in this field. They would be proud, too, of the fact that many religious orders who came to this country to convert the Indians centuries ago are still engaged in the same work. Outstanding among these are the Franciscans and the Jesuits. They were the leaders in the movement to convert the Indians over 300 years ago. And today, after the passage of three centuries, when the nature of their work here has so notably changed, they are still the leaders in the number of priests and brothers they have laboring among these same Indians in the far-West and Alaska.

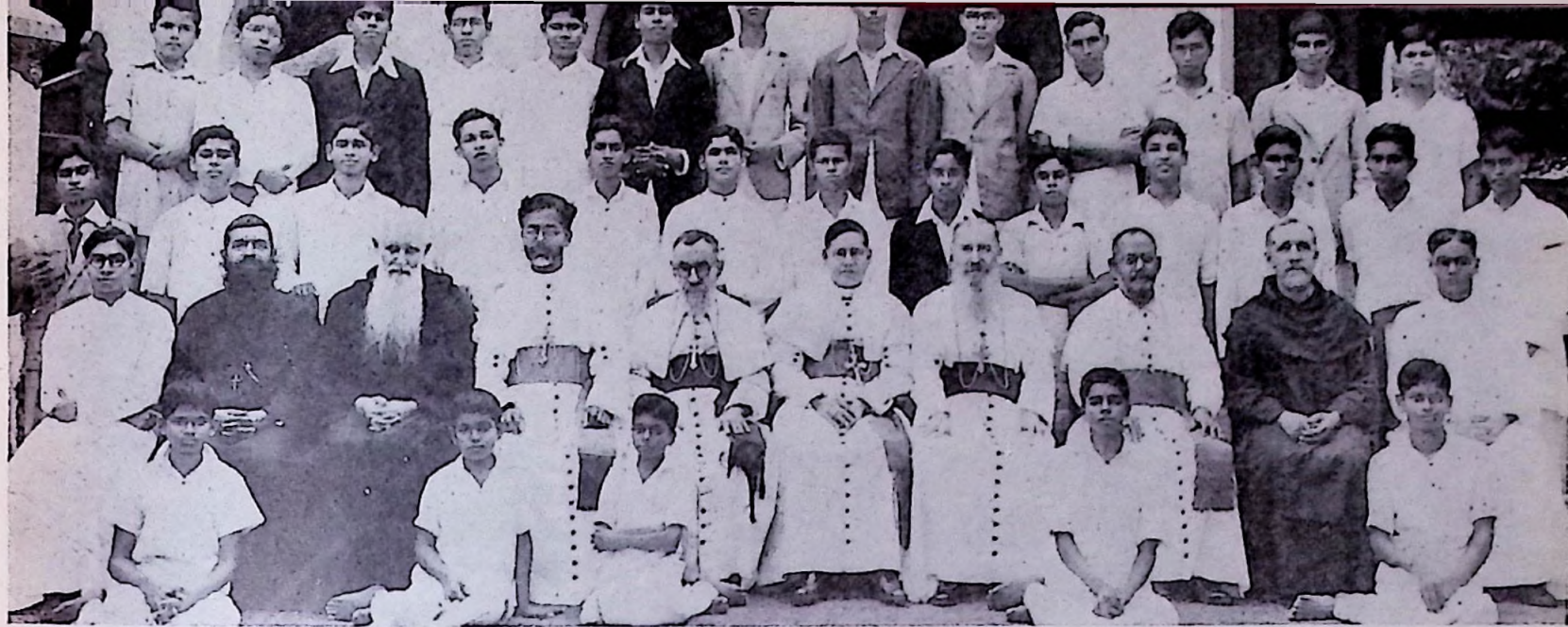
The mention of Alaska brings up an interesting historical development which shows even more pointedly how it was the Indians who brought it about that much of our country's earliest history was Catholic history. A little over a century ago, the only considerable portion of the United States which was more or less unknown territory was the Northwest. French explorers had visited it. Lewis and Clark, on a commission from President Jefferson, had explored some of it. Trappers and fur traders had worked throughout it. But it was still definitely a land of pagan Indians. Then, thanks to the Indians again, a remarkable event occurred which brought it about that the earliest Christian history in the Northwest would be Catholic.

**E**ARLY in the 19th century some Iroquois Indians from New York, descendants of the early converts of the Jesuit Martyrs and their followers, migrated to the land of the Flat Head Indians in the Rockies of Montana. The wonderful stories they related of the Catholic religion taught to them by the Black Robes so impressed the Flat Heads that they decided to go to St. Louis to ask that Black Robe missionaries be sent among them. In 1830 a delegation from the nation made the long and dangerous trip to the Mississippi. Five years later, another delegation was dispatched, to be followed in 1840 by still another. This time their request was granted. The famous Father Peter De Smet, S.J., returned with them, and began a missionary saga that in brilliance and scope compared favorably with the exploits of the French and Spanish missionaries of an earlier day.

The story of the missionary foundations and journeys of De Smet and his followers is too long to be told here. Suffice to say that it resulted in the first permanent planting of the Faith in Alaska. In 1877, after Archbishop Seghers had surveyed the situation in the wild Alaskan territory, he asked for priests to work among the Esquimos and Indians there. His first volunteers were two Jesuits from the Rocky Mountain Indian missions founded by De Smet. Today Jesuits from these same Indian missions still labor in Northern Alaska, the last place in American territory where the original inhabitants of America can now walk about more or less freely. The Church in Alaska is still predominantly an Indian and Esquimo Church. Present indications are, however, that with the influx of white settlers, its history may follow the pattern of the United States. If it does, we will again have the Indians to thank that the white Catholics who migrate there will come to no strange or unbaptized land.



The grave of Father De Smet, S.J.



The entire Latin Hierarchy of Malabar pose with the boys of St. Joseph's Mission Home, all members of the Syrian Rite. Students change rites when they join dioceses or Religious groups beyond the confines of Malabar.

# Oriental Mission to Latins

*Joseph Venadt*

WELL established tradition teaches that Saint Thomas, one of the original twelve, landed in the district of Malabar, India in the year 52. Many centuries have passed since he laid down his life in confirmation of the truth he taught, and though our country still remains mission territory, the seed he planted has never died. Southern India today can claim a greater percentage of Catholics than any other section of India. It is no cause for wonder then that Catholics of the Malabar District should find a special call and a challenge in the memorable words of Pope Leo XIII. With keen insight into the conditions in India and a prophetic vision so characteristic of him, this venerable Pontiff long ago said, "O India, thy sons shall minister unto thy salvation." "Saint Joseph's Mission Home" is one of Malabar's efforts to confirm these words of the Vicar of Christ.

St. Joseph's Mission Home was begun in 1937. In 1942, the fourth centenary of St. Francis Xavier's arrival in India, it became a canonically erected institution under the protection of His Lordship, Rt. Rev. Dr. Bonaventure Arana, O.C.D., the Bishop of Vijayapuram. The purpose of the school is to recruit candidates for the priesthood who will labor in other sec-

tions of India where the need for priests is so acute. Young men who are qualified are given two years of intensive training in Latin and English. At the end of this time, during which also their vocation is tried, the students are ready to enter a major seminary or the novitiate of some religious order if this is their calling. Already, within the short space of its existence, the influence of St. Joseph's has been far-reaching. About 150 young men have left the institution for work in various parts of India. Some have entered the Capuchin, the Carmelite and the Salesian orders; several as members of the Society of Jesus are laboring in the districts of Patna, Calcutta, Calicut and Ahmadabad.

A remarkable feature of the work of St. Joseph's Mission Home is the example of cooperation between rites which it affords. Though the Mission Home is subject to the Bishop of Vijayapuram who is of the Latin Rite, the Rector, Rev. Father Vellaringatt, and all of the faculty are members of the Syrian Rite. The students also belong to the Syrian Rite. Upon completion of their two years course, the graduates transfer to the Latin Rite since all the various mission dioceses in which they will labor beyond the confines of Malabar are Latin. In its own way the school is thus another manifestation of the Universality of the Church as Latin and Syrian unite in the interest of Christ's kingdom.

WITHOUT endowment or any certain source of financial support, the school has had to struggle along since its inception. Despite the many and great difficulties of the past few dark years, the Home has succeeded in fostering more and more vocations. The Rector, Father Vellaringatt, who has devoted all of his priestly life to the interests of the missions, long since has learned to place all his trust in Divine Providence. Somehow or other, St. Joseph, Patron of the Home, pays all the bills and the school manages to continue.

# Potlach

Segundo  
Llorente, S.J.

*An Alaskan Party Is  
No Lost Weekend*



**L**AST week we had a potlach in Akulurak. What is a potlach?—a rather difficult question to answer, but let us try.

More than a month ago the citizens of Akulurak, Alaska, 140 strong, including the babies and orphans in our schools, decided to have a potlach. The ten men who run the village proper called a meeting to determine what people from nearby villages would be officially invited. It was decided that the potlach would take place on the full moon of the next month, a very plain and visible date. A few days later, two teams were sent out before dawn to inform the invited ones that they had been chosen among others to attend the potlach. These emissaries were also to ask what the guests would prefer to eat upon their arrival for the potlach. That evening when they returned, it was announced that the universal choice was boiled rabbit and fresh blackfish.

Immediately preparations for the potlach began. The hosts would have to entertain the guests with songs, dances and gifts, many gifts, the finest gifts, gifts that would include anything, everything for which the guests might ask. At the same time the guests were not idle. They had to prepare songs with words asking for fine, definite things from their hosts. The idea is that Akulurak's folks had to have so many gifts and of such precious quality that all the visitors would return to their home envious of the riches of the Akulurakers in contrast to their own dire poverty—even misery. Of course, the Akulurakers were supposed to shoulder all the expenses alone; but many friendly neighbors moved into the village proper two weeks in advance. With them they brought gifts which they were not supposed to bring but without which they were not supposed to come at all. While they waited

for the great day the newcomers assisted in the composition of the many songs that would be needed, though this help also was not strictly "according to Hoyle."

Finally preparations were complete. Everybody was ready. Teams were again sent out, this time to tell the invited ones that tomorrow was the day. Quickly the honored guests gathered at an appointed place and were led to Akulurak by the messengers, a long string of sleds in Indian line keeping pace with the leader. As soon as they were seen coming, while yet at a great distance, two men were sent to ask them what they would eat upon their arrival. In chorus the answer was given, "Boiled rabbit and fresh black fish." The two replied that unfortunately there was not a single rabbit in town and not one fresh fish had been caught.

"Why are there no rabbits?"

"They have gone to the Kaiyuh mountains."

"The Kaiyuh mountains are far away."

"So are the rabbits. For they know the skill of the men of Akulurak in hunting."

There was a significant silence which we might charitably call "a polite pause."

"And there are no fish in the Yukon river?"

"There are no blackfish."

"What happened?"

"Most of them were frozen. There are a few in Norton Sound and off Cape Romanoff."

Again a silence. For the outstanding characteristic of our Alaskan blackfish is its capacity to revive after being frozen for a long time. They are small but important in the line of food, and any desertion of the Yukon river for the salt waters of Norton Sound has a ring of heresy about it. Finally the guests—all stopped while the parliamenting was going on—declared that they would eat nothing else, and that the



Akulurakers had better have that food ready even if they had to dig to the center of the earth to find it. The two ambassadors had hardly returned with this answer when two more men were sent out on the same errand. In this way eleven couples were sent, one after the other, to ask the expected arrivals what they would eat. Eleven times the answer was the same, and eleven times the messengers warned there were no rabbits and no fish. Why all this? For but one reason. In the meantime the women of the village were frantically preparing the boiled rabbit and the fresh black fish. They wanted to have it ready the minute the guests landed. The idea is to kill time while the pots boil desperately. Eskimo humor is not our humor, but it is nevertheless a source of very great amusement to them. Again the guests are not supposed to bring any gifts, but they are not supposed to enter the community house without gifts, yet they have been officially invited to that community house, an invitation they are not free to decline. Eskimo humor has solved the riddle. Guests simply bring the gifts they are not supposed to bring so they may enter the house which they could not enter without gifts.

Meantime and at long last the food is cooked and the guests are permitted to arrive. Immediately they are served steaming rabbit and boiled fresh black fish. Then, the house packed to the door, the hosts welcome the guests with a dance and songs. The guests acknowledge these greetings also with songs and a dance. Thereupon all depart and scatter through the village. The first part of the festivities has ended, but the Potlach has only begun.

At night a pile of presents is heaped in the center of the community house: fish traps, snow shoes, a hammer, two axes, cloth, a dish pan, a hunting knife,

(Left) Preparations for the Potlach demand the active cooperation of every citizen. (Right) A leisure moment in the off-season when Potlach memories add to present joy.

a box of bullets, a carton of cigarettes, a carton of Velvet tobacco, flour, tea, sugar, chewing gum and more tobacco, skin boots, and so on ad infinitum. When he wants something, each one must sing a song the words of which are very carefully chosen to ask for that very particular thing and no other. Finally, on the second night the desires of all will have been satisfied and the supply of presents exhausted. However, there is more to come.

THE next bit of action will not bring the same amount of joy or pleasure to all, but it must take place before the curtain comes down on our potlach. George has been getting drunk all too often; Pete beats his wife too much; Joe is stingy when one calls on him; Jim is too hard on the dogs to the point of beating them with chains; Jack steals everything he sees; Tim has ill treated the little orphan nephew he adopted last year; John is lazy and Tom never gets up in the morning. Poor fellows! There is a song for every one of them. That song tells each one to "cut it out" and see to it that next year no song has to be made for their correction. The culprits stare at the floor in shame. Each one is silent. This is Eskimo discipline, the most democratic I have ever seen or read about.

With the singing of the last song of correction the festivities are at an end. Farewells are exchanged and the guests, loaded down with presents, depart. No doubt, as they find their way home they look forward to the next Potlach when they will have the opportunity to prove themselves no less prodigal with their gifts than the citizens of Akulurak.

# A Nice Pig Affair

Bertram E. Ernst, S.J.

*The Way to a Pagan's Heart—  
A Hairless Pig and  
Eighty Pounds of Rice*

TINKONUA has had its first Catholic celebration. I was a bit doubtful at first about holding it because there is a great deal of unrest in India today. The local people bring me constant reports of the threats of Congress workers to drive us out but, of course, when I talk to any of these workers they deny it. However the threats have their effect. I think a good number of Santals here would like to become Christians but they are afraid both of losing caste among their own people and of being persecuted by the Hindus. These fears may be idle ones but disorder and violence are never far away, so I had to really ponder my celebration.

There are practically no Christians in Tinkonua except one family from the "Mare Disom" (Santal Parganas), and Jake and Elizabeth and two other Christian boys from Purnea who are working here. But, with a feast day approaching, I couldn't disappoint this loyal handful by having nothing at all. Besides, there are a few catechumens; I decided to celebrate.

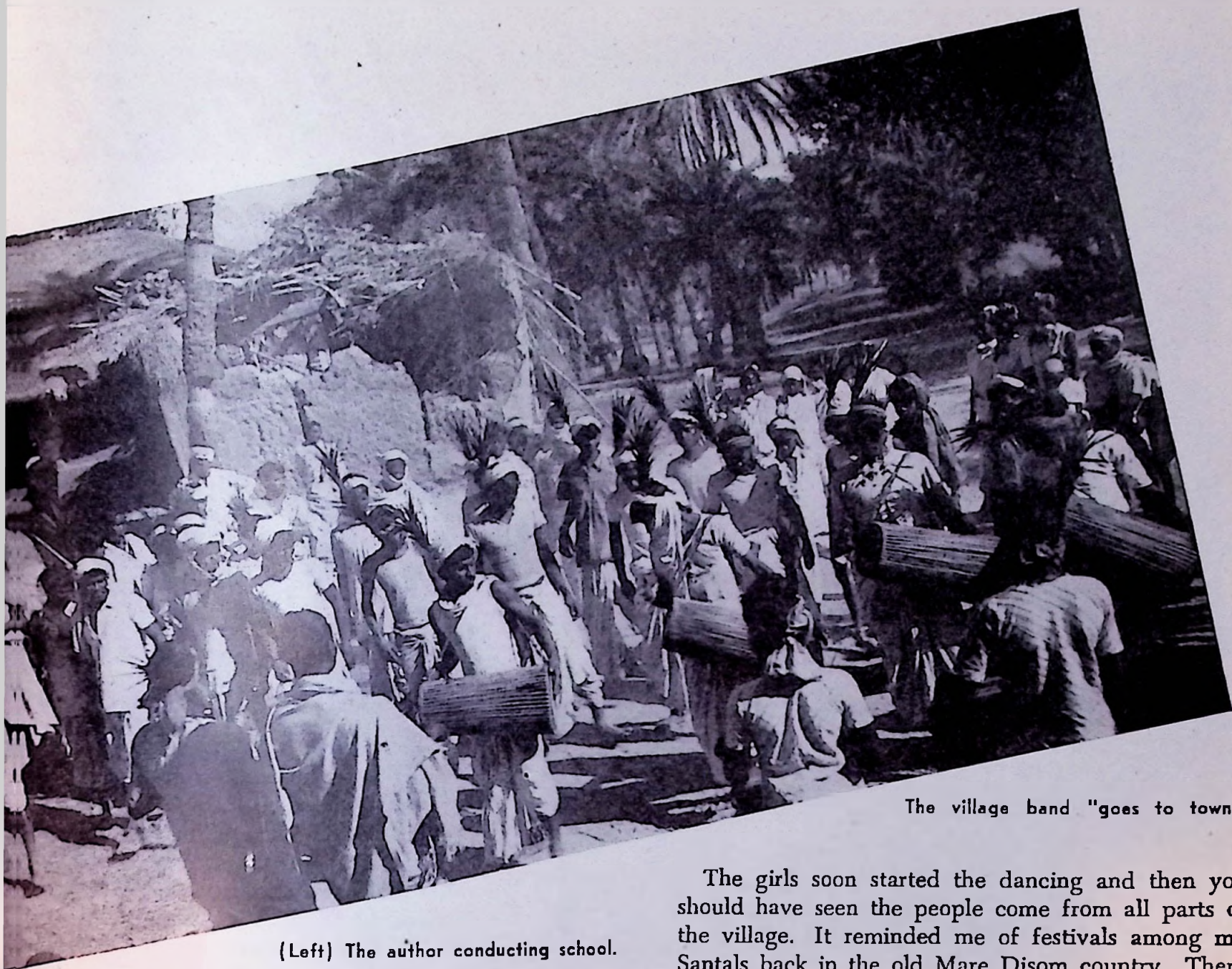
First we indulged in a little interior decorating. We got five or six women to come in and give the floors and walls of our huts a fresh coating of mud, followed by a coating of cow dung. Then we opened one side of our shed which serves as a school house, a church on Sundays, and a sleeping place for visitors and catechists when it is not too cold. The boys brought some branches and the fresh leaves of these covered up some of the rough spots. Jake and Elizabeth did the rest with paper flowers and chains.

For the refreshment of the body, I got one of our pagan Porcars busy. First of all, Amin got earthen pots and cups, together with banana leaves for plates. Then in the village he found a pig for twenty-five rupees. When I went to his house on the day be-



fore the feast, I began to doubt if there would be any celebration. For Amin's family told me that he was helping to tie the pig in order to send him alive to the mission. A few minutes later Amin appeared in person, holding a few frayed bits of rope. He reported two men slightly wounded in the struggle to tie the pig, and our feastday pork now enjoying its liberty in the village. As I have no gun here, Amin suggested that the pig be speared and brought in dead. This idea interested the villagers for it meant a bit of practice during the off-season. In their wild pig hunts in which they indulge quite frequently, they ride buffaloes in among the pigs and spear them from the buffalo's back. Off they went and an hour or two later to the mission Amin came with the dead pig loaded on his bullock cart. When it arrived it was a hairless pig for the hair is worth a few rupees, but I imagine the villagers earned their reward.

THERE were not many at Mass the next morning for with all the local agitation against Christianity, most of our catechumens had failed to show up. After Mass we started a fire and made tea. A good number



(Left) The author conducting school.

The village band "goes to town."

of village children appeared on the scene and of course we included them in our feastday tea. I am not sure whether it was the children who spread word of the Christian celebration, or the inviting fragrance of roast pig on the Bhagalpur breeze, but as the porker and the rice were approaching their climax, some of the older people gathered around our fire. A group of eight or ten girls around sixteen or seventeen years of age came from across the road with their grandmother. They are relatives of our pagan porcars.

The old lady is a hard one to handle. She fights with her grandson because he says he is going to become a Catholic, and when I invited her to eat, she briskly informed me that she doesn't eat meat. Many of the Santals here have become Hinduized to that extent. The girls said that they had come to dance at our festival. They didn't look averse to eating, but the old lady was keeping a stern eye on them. Afterwards I heard that they had eluded her and gone to the cook's house with Elizabeth to enjoy a good dinner. The old grandfather is a fat, jolly ancient who likes to come here on the sly and visit whenever he can escape the watchful eye of his spouse.

The girls soon started the dancing and then you should have seen the people come from all parts of the village. It reminded me of festivals among my Santals back in the old Mare Disom country. There are some rather good musicians among the boys and although their melodies may not conform to our ideas of music, nevertheless I find them really pleasing. The singers paid tribute to the occasion by soon swinging into the Christian songs which they knew. The hours really flew by with singing and dancing.

WHEN dusk came I hung out the gas lantern, and the entertainment went on. The catechumens who had been afraid to come before began to realize that they were missing something. A good number of them gathered up enough courage to overcome the risk of being outcasted later, and shared in the banquet. Once they had taken the first step they carried on heroically. In fact, they ate up nearly a maund (80 lbs.) of rice and most of the pig. A good percentage attended the Rosary and night prayers while a few even braved the cold to spend the night.

So the affair of the pig served the very purpose that I wanted it to serve. It helped to break down some of the fears and prejudices which have been keeping many of them away from us. It was just the kind of celebration that the Santals like. Tinkonua saw its first Christian feast day and liked it.

# Old Nail and Little Spike

William J. Klement, S.J.

*A Spike,  
Straightened on Time,  
Makes a Good Little Nail*

“**W**HY he can't even write the character for NAIL!” So would the Chinese express the equivalent of the American, “He can't even write his own name.” For the character NAIL is the simplest possible. It is the picture of a nail with the point bent over. For no reason at all this thought flashed through my mind at my first encounter with Hsiao Ting.

It was my first morning at Lungtai. After Mass I had ventured out to the church compound where I was greeted by the smilingest little shaver that ever was. With the customary stiff bow he saluted me, “Holy Father.” I promptly asked his name. Were I not such a greenhorn I would first have asked him if he had eaten his breakfast, the polite thing to do over here. Good natured enough to overlook my breach of etiquette, he told me that his name was NAIL and that his papa was the hired man about the place. Back in the States, to prefix ‘Old’ to a name might be considered abuse, but in China a servant prides himself if he has gained enough

(Above) Little Nail, his father and a friend. Babies are frequently used as counter-balance to the object to be carried. (Below) Smiles come easy when Father approves his dog.



of the master's confidence and esteem to be called 'Old.' Since our hired man is Old Nail, I instinctively called the youngster Little Nail and the name has stuck ever since. It is a natural combination, 'Little' rhyming with 'Old' in Chinese. Now it is 'Lao Ting' and 'Hsiao Ting.'

I was soon to discover that I had a problem on my hands, in fact a problem child. The boy's mother had died some five years before and the child has been running wild ever since. His dad is a very frequent communicant and a militant Catholic. He would be a militant anything. It is one of his short points. He hasn't the slightest idea of how a boy should be brought up. Father and son are inseparable and that is not good, for the little fellow tags along with his Dad when he is with his old cronies. The boy has spent too much time also with the soldiers, all too numerous in these parts nowadays. Though he is only eleven he smokes with his Dad, a common practice in rural China. Toddlers of three years pick up discarded butts and puff on them with as much dexterity as an old timer. I have tried to put a stop to Little Ting's smoking and "apparently" I have succeeded since I promised to send him to the Salesian Trade School in Shanghai.

As a matter of fact, I have noted a great improvement in his conduct since he has been receiving Holy Communion frequently this last month. Before that time he had not even bothered to attend Sunday Mass—about the only time he did not tag along with his Dad—and had forgotten how to go to confession. Then, I had thought his case hopeless, humanly speaking. But our Lord is already silently working His wonders of grace even though there is still a long, long way to go. The kid can't get down to serious work as do the other children of his age and condition in old China. He has had his own way too long and complete liberty has made him a bully. He is always the leader in mischief even among some older than himself.

RECENTLY, on one of my missionary excursions, when his dad was "poling" my Mass kit and things, he tagged along—on the sly, for the first thirty miles, or I would never have permitted it. Though he was an extra mouth for my Christian hosts to feed, he made himself a welcome guest in short order. He's the winningest, captivatingest little devil I've ever met. For this reason I wanted to take some snapshots to show him off to you. But I have not dared to bring my camera along with me to my present station at this time. The "professional" photographer had to have his victims pose for his antiquated camera and it was fatal to the smile I wanted to catch. It was *Little Nail's* first photo. He was camera shy or at least unnatural but perhaps you will be able to penetrate behind this difficulty and see through to that smile, for I hope to win you too by it.

Naturally speaking, he is a little devil. I can see most clearly that he is running fast not only to uselessness and crime but especially to his spiritual doom, unless he is checked and checked very soon. Supernaturally, he has a soul and the salvation of that soul makes me anxious. I can see that it is now or never that the change must be made. His lack of manners, responsibility and seriousness would have him turned out of the ordinary orphanage after a day's trial. His own spirit of liberty would cause him to run away from such a place even before he was turned away. I am hoping that my good friends, the Salesian Fathers, can find room for him. This bent "Little Nail" must straighten out at once. If it is older and more rusty it is sure to break in the process.

## Next Month

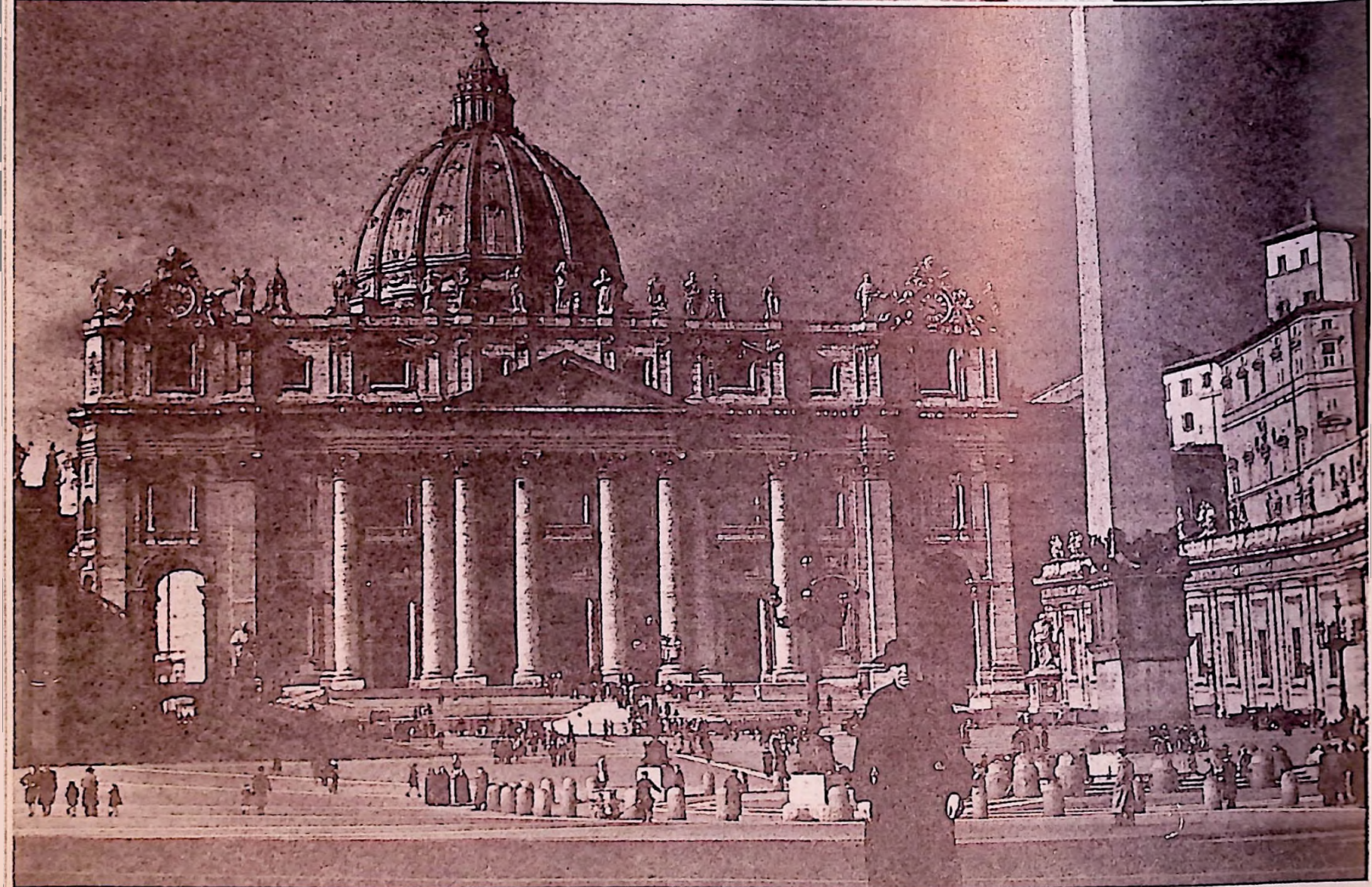
Three items necessary for any missionary activity, in the order of their importance, are the Grace of God, personnel and financial backing. Catholics of America will be asked in a very special way during the coming month to do their part in securing these three needs. The Pontifical Society for the Propagation of the Faith each year during October sets aside a special day, Mission Sunday, to remind each one of his obligation to do his part in spreading the Kingdom of Christ. Ever mindful of the first Missioner's word, "Ask and you shall receive", and His injunction, "Pray ye the Lord of the harvest that he send laborers . . .", we must all do our bit through prayer to secure God's Grace and an increase of personnel for the missions. Mindful, also, of the present condition of the world, we Americans, more fortunate than our fellow Catholics in other sections of the globe, should realize the need to increase, even to the point of sacrifice, our financial support of the missions. We mention all this not by way of exhortation, but simply as a reminder, knowing that readers of JESUIT MISSIONS will respond most generously to the call of Mission Sunday.

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The contributions that American Jesuits are making in supplying the second need—Mission Personnel—will be indicated in our first article next month. That the zeal and energy which animated the North American Martyrs and the other early Jesuit missionaries is still alive and active today is evident in the number of men who have been assigned to our various mission fields.

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The recent tragic death of Father Martin J. O'Gara, S.J., reminded us that we had on hand a very interesting account of an incident which occurred while he was serving as Chaplain in the C.B.I. theatre. Don't miss his story of the bombing of a Leper Colony; you will enjoy it!



(Above) Most Rev. Richard J. Cushing, Archbishop of Boston, blesses the plane, Our Lady of Hudson Bay, at the East Boston airport. It is one of more than twenty planes that "Wings of Mercy" has donated to the missions. Father Aloysius Cartier, O.M.I. (left), will use the plane to deliver supplies to the remote missions of Northern Canada. (Religious

News Service.) (Below) Father Walter J. Miller, S.J., in St. Peter's square, Rome. A member of the New York Province, he is now stationed in Rome, attached to the Vatican Observatory at Castel Gondolfo. An astronomer of international renown, Father Miller is the author of the article on the comet, "Timmers," which appeared in last month's JESUIT MISSIONS.

# MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

THE RECENT CANONIZATION OF ST. FRANCIS XAVIER CABRINI emphasized the Catholicity of the Church. When she died she left 67 institutions—one for every year of her life—and her nuns were at work in eight nations in North and South America and Europe. The work of her order has now extended to Africa and to China. Mother Cabrini was a true missionary, an international figure of the international Church.

THE CHURCH IN CHINA, where missionary activity dating back six centuries has brought the Catholic population to almost four million, has been raised in many sections from mission status and given its own Hierarchy. Twenty metropolitan provinces, each to have its own archbishop, and 79 suffragan sees were set up by a recent decree. His Eminence Thomas Cardinal Tien, first Chinese Cardinal, will head the new Archdiocese of Peiping as the first Archbishop of the new national Hierarchy.

BISHOP JOHN F. O'HARA OF BUFFALO AND BISHOP MICHAEL J. READY of Columbus have arrived in Japan on a mission of inspection of the situation of the Church in that country, particularly with reference to postwar problems of reconstruction and the development of missionary personnel. They are making the journey at the request of the Holy See and with the approval of General Douglas MacArthur in Tokyo and of the War and Navy Departments. In an interview in Tokyo the Supreme Commander expressed the wish that the Catholic Church do all it can to help the Japanese. "The people of Japan are lost and bewildered, their own pagan religion having failed them. Christian missionaries must fill this vacuum for the honor and glory of God before extremist groups exploit it to their own advantage," said General MacArthur. In connection with this, it is interesting to note that for the first time in Japanese history a Catholic has been named to a cabinet post. Dr. Kotaro Tanaka is the new Minister of Education. The family of the Japanese Prime Minister, Yoshida Shigeru, is also Catholic, and the Premier himself keenly appreciates the magnificent work accomplished by the Church in Japan in the educational field and in medical and social aid.

THE REV. WITMAR FARRENKOPF, BENEDICTINE MISSIONARY PRIEST from Bavaria, Germany, is reported to have been brutally slain by Russian soldiers at his rectory in Hoi Ryeng, located in Soviet-occupied northern Korea. The reputed killing occurred last November but communications are so restricted within and from the Soviet-occupied zone that the news of the tragedy was only recently re-

ceived. Another Benedictine in the Wonsan Vicariate died of a heart attack when Soviet troops, for the second time, descended upon his dwelling.

THE PROVINCE OF UPPER CANADA announces its first venture in foreign mission work. Heretofore the fathers of the Upper Canadian Province have confined their missionary activity to the difficult fields of Northern Ontario. Now they will aid the Jesuits of the South Belgian Province in the mission of Calcutta, India.

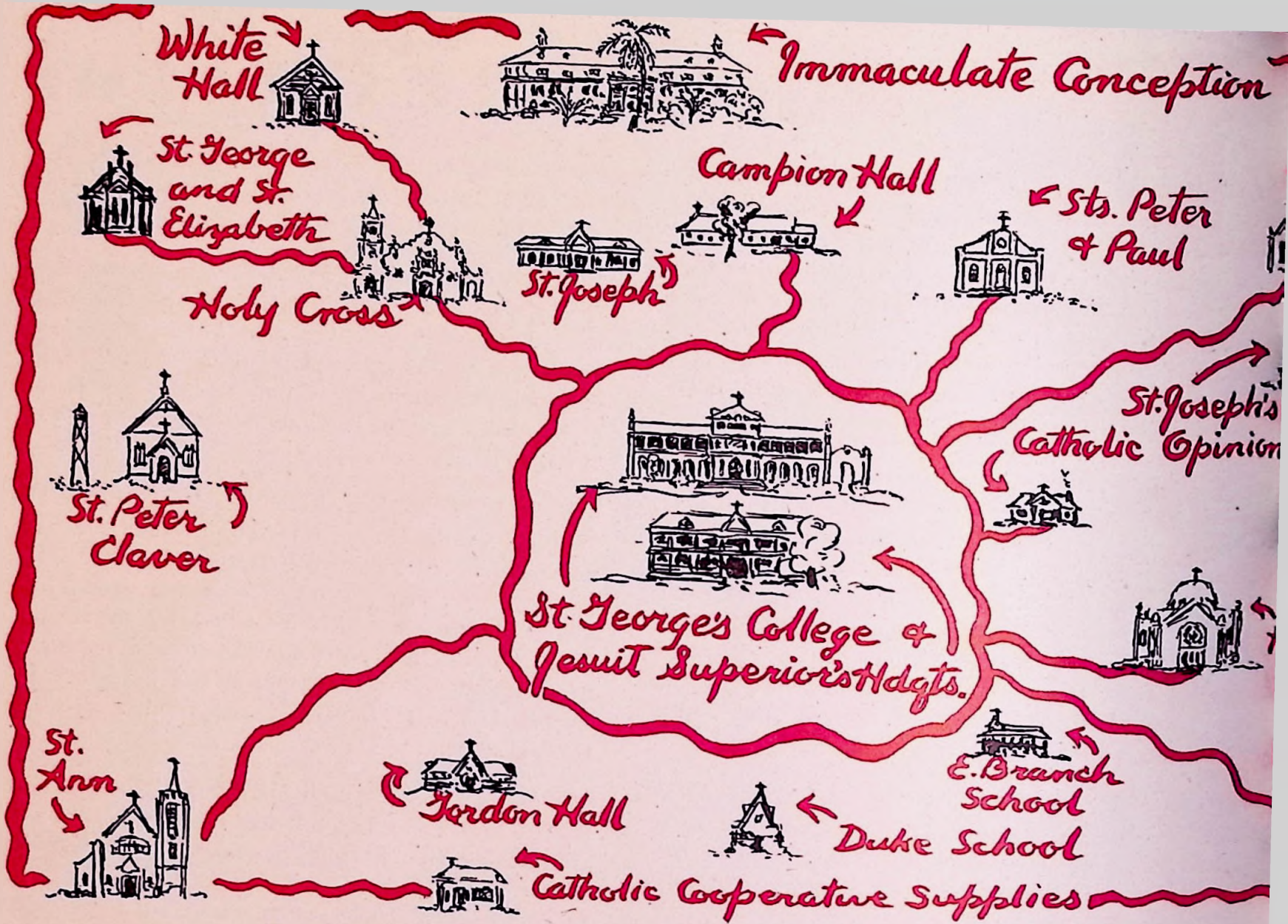
THE MARYKNOLL FATHERS HAVE BEEN ASSIGNED by the Holy See to the direction of a new mission field in Tanganyika Territory, Africa. This territory has been separated from the established Mwanza Vicariate which is staffed by the Dutch White Fathers. It is just below the equator, embraces the northern part of Tanganyika, and borders Lake Victoria. This is Maryknoll's first venture into the Dark Continent.

FROM ALASKA COMES NEWS THAT FATHER FRANCIS MENAGER, S.J. was recently flooded out at Bethel. The Kushokwim River overflowed its banks and the Church at Bethel as well as the residence were completely inundated. At Akulurak they are eagerly awaiting Brother Benish who is studying to obtain an amateur radio license so that he can operate the short wave set at the mission.

BISHOP DAMASE LABERGE, O.F.M., NEW VICAR APOSTOLIC of the Vicariate of the Amazon, Peru, is leaving Canada shortly to take up his new duties covering a large jungle area in the heart of South America.

CANONIZATION CEREMONIES set for September 22, will add two more Jesuit names to the Church's calendar of Saints. The priests who will receive these new honors are—Bernadine Realino, a parish priest who labored in Italy and died in 1616, and John de Britto, who spent 16 years on the missions of India and was martyred in 1693. Madura, the section in which St. John met his death, is today one of the most Catholic districts of India.

BISHOP BERNARD J. SULLIVAN, S.J., has resigned and has been transferred to the Titular See of Alicarnasso according to a dispatch which has been published just as we go to press. For twenty-two years Bishop Sullivan has labored in the mission field of Patna, India, the last seventeen years as Bishop of that district. He leaves to his successor a flourishing mission whose population now includes 30,000 Catholics cared for by 76 priests and 156 religious.



# Kingston has a Big Heart

*Francis J. Osborne, S.J.*

**T**HE disastrous earthquake of 1907, which shook Kingston to its very foundations and leveled to the ground the Cathedral on Sutton Street, ushered in a new era for the Church in Jamaica.

If the congregation had its way, the Cathedral would have been reconstructed on the old site. But Bishop Collins, S.J., a former President of Fordham, was a man of foresight. He would rebuild the Cathedral on a new site about a mile away from the old one. The people objected, saying that he was building in the country, too far from the center of the city. But Bishop Collins knew what he was doing. In his wisdom he saw the growth of Kingston in the direction of the new Cathedral site, and he determined to build there. Today if you walk down North Street you realize that his judgment was correct for you look in vain for any trace of country. The entire district has been built up.

When the Cathedral was finished, it stood as the largest and finest in the West Indies. Towering above

all else on the Liguanea plain and standing out against the background of the lofty Blue Mountains, the building with its copper dome, massive walls and large rose windows presents a striking appearance. The building covers an area of 12,600 square feet, and cost \$150,000. (To construct it today would cost many times that sum.)

After the erection of the new Cathedral, it was deemed advisable to construct the principal Jesuit residence of the Island at Winchester Park where St. George's College was located. The Superior, Father Harper, S.J., put his hand to the work and a very substantial brick building was erected. The Bishop and Fathers took possession on July 9, 1910.

Using the Winchester Park residence as a base, the Fathers worked throughout the Kingston area. Every morning one would go to St. Anne's in the western section of the city to work among the very poor. In the eastern side, Holy Rosary parish demanded another Father's attention. In the northern

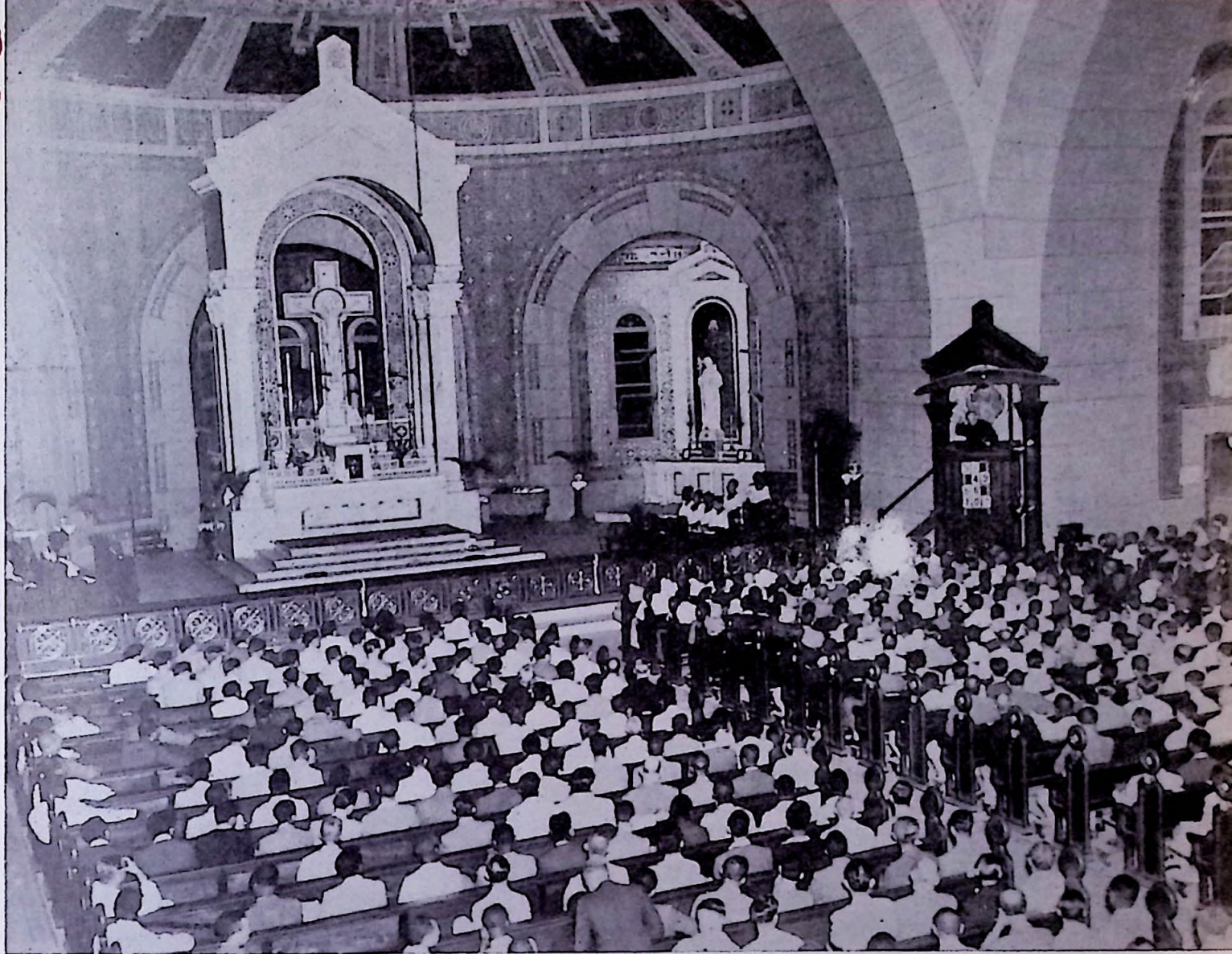
St.  
Theresa

St. Theresa  
Hospital

Alpha

Trinity  
Cathedral

St. Anthony  
Rosary



THE CATHEDRAL OF THE MOST HOLY TRINITY AT KINGSTON CROWDED DURING A MISSION FOR MEN

part, known as St. Andrew, was established the parish of the Holy Cross, while to the east of Holy Cross was the Church of St. Peter and Paul.

A GREAT step forward in the development of the Church came when one by one the Fathers ceased to live at Winchester Park and took up residence in their respective mission stations. For it is always a milestone in the advancement of a mission station when it can have its own resident priest. He now lives among his people and can minister to their needs and settle their difficulties at first hand. There is also a greater sense of responsibility, the missionary is now on his own and somehow he must manage to live, and to increase his flock.

St. Anne's in the western section of Kingston was the first to have a resident priest. Here the third largest Catholic church in Jamaica has been erected together with a rectory and two schools. In the eastern section of the city Holy Rosary developed so rapidly that a priest had to be sent there to live. The wisdom of such an action can be seen today by the phenomenal growth of this parish. In the northern section called St. Andrew, the resident priest built a church of Spanish Mission style which is the most beautiful church in Jamaica, and in size is second only to the Cathedral. Two years ago another

church was built by this same pastor of Holy Cross. This was placed about one and a half miles from the main church and given the name of St. George and St. Elizabeth. Holy Cross also takes care of another station known as Whitehall and the Fathers stationed there also say Mass at a place called Cross Roads. For some time the priest who served St. Peter and Paul lived at Holy Cross. A few years ago he established his residence near his church. From this time a most remarkable development has taken place in this district,—so much so that he soon had to have another priest aid him in his labors.

ONE of the most important factors in the growth of the Church in Kingston has been the Catholic School. What a far cry it is from the day when four Franciscan Sisters stepped off the boat, to inaugurate Catholic elementary education in Kingston having the grand sum of sixty-two cents as their total wealth! Today they have schools not only in Kingston, but also in many other parts of the Island.

St. Anne's parish in Western Kingston began with the establishment of a school. The Franciscan Sisters have labored for over fifty years among these underprivileged children until today they have twelve hundred children housed in two buildings. In 1943 His Lordship, Bishop Emmet, S.J., erected in this



Besides his "home" parish where he resides during the week each missionary has in his charge three or four outlying stations which he visits on Sundays and holy days to say Mass and minister the Sacraments. Very few of these missions can boast of a church as imposing as St. Peter Claver's (left). The tower, whose bell summons the faithful for services, is considered an essential at all stations.

parish the finest elementary school in the entire Island. Eight hundred pupils are on the roll. This school has been the object of many congratulations from the Department of Education and every important visitor to the Island interested in education is shown this building by the Director of Education.

Near the site of the old Cathedral the Franciscan Sisters conduct a school for boys and one for girls. These have a total of 2,000 pupils. The Fathers attached to the Cathedral manage these schools.

**F**IVE years ago the Franciscan Sisters purchased the Constant Spring Hotel, the largest hotel in Jamaica. It soon became a High School both for boarders and day students. So wide has its reputation grown that it now attracts students from South America. At Cross Roads, these Sisters conduct another elementary school and this also is crowded.

One of the most important works is the training of native teachers. For this purpose the Franciscan Sisters conduct St. Joseph's Training College. In the Government exam this past year, the school outranked all other training colleges in the honors the pupils received.

If there is one institution that is well known not only in Kingston but also throughout the Island of Jamaica, it is that called "Alpha." Everyone at one time or another has heard the name whether it be in connection with the famous industrial schools, one for the boys and one for the girls, or the classical and commercial high schools which rank with the best in the Island or the Motherhouse of the Sisters of Mercy where many a Jamaica girl has entered the Religious life. The Sisters of Mercy also conduct elementary schools, two in Kingston and others scattered throughout Jamaica.

Some twelve years ago a native Sisterhood was formed. The Motherhouse was established in Kingston. From a small nucleus this has now grown to more than thirty members. There is a growing de-

mand for these Sisters as teachers. Already they conduct four schools in Kingston and several more in the country. We are looking forward to great results from these Sisters because being natives, they can come in closer contact with their own people. The forming of a native Sisterhood was a long step forward in the advancement of the Church in Jamaica.

St. George's College is the Jesuit Secondary School of Jamaica. It has grown in numbers so that it now outranks all other Secondary Schools. A classical course preparing students for the Cambridge Senior examinations is offered. Recently emphasis has been placed on Chemistry, Physics and Biology. These departments have their own special teachers and have given the school a very high reputation. The Extension School at St. George's has been an added feature in making Winchester Park an important Catholic educational center.

**W**ITHIN the past three years the Social Services have been given a great impetus due to the personal interest which Bishop Emmet, S.J., has shown for this needful work. At Gordon Hall a Social Center has been opened. Here a Domestic Science training school and an employment bureau are meeting a great need.

The need for Credit Unions is seen from the fact that our Catholics were falling into the hands of the loan sharks who were charging as high as 120% interest. Now every Parish has a flourishing Credit Union and the people have been snatched from the evils of usury. About a month ago the Catholic Co-operative Supplies Co. was opened on King Street, in the very heart of the business section of Kingston. Here Catholic books, rosaries, medals, etc. are sold.

In closing we must not forget to mention our Catholic Hospital, conducted by the Dominican Sisters from Blauvelt, N. Y., and the Catholic Press which turns out a weekly known as "Catholic Opinion."

## Heroes of the Cross: An American Martyrology

By Marion A. Habig, O.F.M.

This is a revised edition of Fr. Habig's "Heroes of the Cross" which first appeared in 1939. To it has been added an Appendix of ten chapters giving a catalogue of American Un canonized Martyrs from 1544 to 1921 arranged chronologically and according to dioceses; also a brief sketch of Fr. Francis of Bassost, Fr. Juan de Padilla, Fr. Christopher Plunkett, Archbishop Seghers of Alaska, Fr. Leonard of Chartres, the Martyrs of Central America and two Franciscan Tertiaries of Mexico. Besides being a noteworthy accession to our small library of American Missionaries it should be a stimulant to the rightful pride of all Catholic Americans whose land has been watered with martyrs' blood. As Bishop Gannon remarks in the Preface: "May (the American people), by the example of the Holy Martyrs of America, lift up their heads and turn their eyes toward the sky of God, the source of all strength, goodness, patriotism, and the end of all glory."

St. Anthony Guild Press, Paterson, N. J. \$2.50

## Our Neighbors the Koreans

By Florence D. David

Sister Mary Just of Maryknoll (Florence D. David) has offered to young readers an introduction to Koreans in another volume of her World Horizons Series. The chapters while brief are packed with factual data, and each chapter is supplemented with a reference list calculated to rouse further reader interest. Korean Christianity, the concluding chapter of the booklet, traces the history of Catholicism in Korea from its 18th century beginnings to its modern development today. Of special interest to Mission guilds will be the map of Korea showing the sections of Korea allotted to the various Catholic mission

societies, the total number of Koreans in each section, and the number of Catholics in the same areas.

Field Afar Press, New York. \$35

## Personality and Successful Living

By James A. Magner

Personality is not veneer, it goes deeper. There is a spiritual basis for successful living involving the relations of man to himself, to his neighbor and to his God. If any one of these is out of harmony personality suffers. Father Magner in his book shows us how to bring to its full flowering our Christian personality by viewing it in its component parts and applying the principles of Christian morality.

Bruce Publishing Co. \$2.75

## More About Fatima

By Rev. Montes de Oca, C.S.Sp.

This is a translation of da Cruz's volume "Le Prodiges Inouï de Fatima" of which 200,000 copies had been sold at the time of the translation. It is an orderly and unctuous presentation of the Apparitions of Our Lady, her Message and the Pilgrimages to Fatima where Our Lady of the Rosary appeared to the three children at the Cova da Iria. It is an earnest appeal to all Catholics to hearken to the message of Fatima showing from the quotations of Popes and Saints that the message of Fatima is not a novelty but simply a renewal of spirit in the Church by devotion to the Immaculate Heart of Mary, through penance and through the Rosary.

Newman Bookshop, Westminster, Md. (Price not listed)

## The Life of Father Pro

By Rev. M. D. Forest, M.S.C.

Hailed as a martyr of Christ the King at the time of his execution in Mexico on November 23, 1927, devotion to Father Miguel Pro, S.J. has not waned with the passing years. This latest biography while emphasizing the human side of Fr. Pro

does not fail to impress on the reader the fact that in spite of his happy go lucky attitude Fr. Pro was made of the metal of which saints are made.

Frs. Rumble and Carty, St. Paul, Minn. (Price not given)

## Climbing Up to Heaven

By Henry Brenner, O.S.B.

Like "The Art of Living Joyfully" and "The Courageous Shall Conquer," in 28 chapters the author has given twenty-eight or more stepping stones by which to climb to heaven. A text, a reflection, an anecdote from daily life, a fable or well known tale that we heard long ago—and the point is driven home. Those who can snatch only a morsel of spiritual food while riding the bus, trolley or subway will find this series on the Christian virtues wholesome and palatable. Those who have more time for contemplation will relish these offerings.

Grail Publication, St. Meinrad, Ind. \$1.00

## A Factual Survey of the Moslem World Today

By Samuel M. Zwemer

The most valuable portions of Dr. Zwemer's brochure (to Catholic readers) are his compilation of statistical tables and his history of surveys and estimates for, as an authority on Islam, he gives us as accurate figures as are obtainable on the present numerical extent of Islam. Chapter 5 on "Unoccupied Areas" reemphasizes what was stressed by Pope Pius XII in his Mission Intentions of the Apostleship of Prayer for 1945 that the cessation of the war may mean the opening of so-called closed countries to the Gospel of Christ.

While Catholics can not endorse all of Dr. Zwemer's remarks on "A United Christendom and Islam" he is deserving of our gratitude for the tribute he pays to the work of the Jesuit Fathers at Beirut and the White Fathers in Africa.

F. H. Revell Co., New York. \$75



# Rocky Mountain Rider

*A Lone Rider*

*Still Roams the Range*

*At the Age of Eighty-one*

Robert I.  
Bradley,  
S.J.

**T**HE old Rocky Mountain Mission of the Society of Jesus has long since come of age. It has developed into the two Provinces of Oregon and California, which now serve the vast regions of the Far West with nearly a thousand Jesuits. But the century-old roots of this great establishment are still flourishing in the soil of the original foundations—the Indian missions. And tending the missions still are many of the surviving veterans, the “second generation” of Jesuits on the Pacific coast, the direct heirs of De Smet, Nobili, De la Motte, and Cataldo. Many of these old Fathers on the missions came from Europe to give their lives to the young, pioneer Society working among the Indians, and are still there. One of them recently celebrated his sixtieth anniversary as a Jesuit, Father Louis Taelman.

The West was just beginning to open, the Civil War was over, and Father De Smet, aged after thirty years of missionary labor, was mediating for his Indians with the United States Government, when, across the world, in a tiny Belgian village, Louis Taelman was born. When he was fifteen he left home for the Apostolic School at Turnhout. Father Cataldo, the Superior of the Rocky Mountain Mission, on a begging tour of Europe, stopped at the school. He spoke of the needs of the missions; young Louis saw his opportunity, and offered himself for the work. He



was accepted by Father Cataldo, and received into the Society of Jesus, September 26, 1885.

Father Taelman came to America as a Novice, began his studies for the Priesthood at Woodstock, Maryland, continued them at St. Ignatius Mission, Montana, and on June 29, 1898, was ordained. After finishing theology and tertianship he was at last ready for the work he had come to the New World to do—bring Christ to the Indians. In 1901 he was sent to St. Xavier's Mission among the Crows. Here, south of the Yellowstone River, in the great cattle country of the Big Horn, he worked for four years among the descendants of the braves who fought Custer. For another four years he was at St. Ignatius, the magnificent mission of the Flatheads, in the heart of the Rockies. Then, after a term as President of Gonzaga University in Spokane, he began the rounds all over again. First, he returned to the Crows in eastern Montana; in 1924 he was back in the midst of the "shining mountains" of western Montana. Finally, since 1940, he has been working among the Spokanes and Kalispels in northeastern Washington, with his base of operations at Mount St. Michael's Scholasticate.

For the past five years a certain red Chevrolet sedan has been a common sight on U. S. Highway 195, going north from Spokane. It is an old timer's new way of getting to his missions. Past the "new" West with its freight yards and refineries and high-tension power lines, and into the "old" West—of the dense forests, distant peaks, and deep river canyons—he speeds along. About fifty miles up the line, he turns off the main highway, and bumps out across a range of hills. It is near nightfall when he finally stops—on a flat, empty stretch of prairie. Black against the red evening sky is a single frame building, with a cross on top. There are no lights, no sounds—except for the rustling of the wind along the tumbleweed, and the far-off cry of a coyote. It is very lonely. Yet it is the center of his flock; out there among the hills and along the dry creek beds are the shacks of his people, his Indians.

Father's mission life is not easy. It is hard, hidden work. It has an abundance of difficulties that would discourage the stoutest. There is the poverty of his people who, for the most part, live on worthless land. There is the anxiety caused by the continual drifting of the Indians. They roam about seeking to gain a



Father Louis Taelman, S.J. (above), still rides the range (at the age of 81) in the interest of his wandering Indians.

(Left) Father Joseph Cataldo, S.J., christened by his beloved redskins, "Kauilks Metatcopnin," lived 62 years with them before he died in 1928 at the age of 92.

living by helping whites with their harvest work. There is the occasional misunderstanding with an itinerant preacher. There are the inroads of the white man's vices—his fire-water, his divorce. There is disease. Doctors are far away; the Indians are poor and helpless. But greatest by far is the feeling of waste and futility at the scarcity of the faithful, the number of mixed marriages, and the frequent, apathetic neglect of the Sacraments. "See that shack over there?" he says, pointing to a wretched little hut beside the road. "Well, that old lady there is ninety-five years old, and she has been away from the Church for sixty years. I see her again and again, and all she says is, 'too late, too late'."

To help remedy this latter condition, Father Taelman conducts vacation schools. Together with two Sisters of Providence, he stays at each of his three main stations two weeks every summer. He lives in the sacristy of the church, while the Sisters occupy his regular room. Every morning he drives out to round up the youngsters, spends all the hot, dusty day teaching them the Commandments and Sacraments, and in the evening takes them back to their homes. Rather difficult work for a man of eighty! But this is his heart's work—he is reminding his poor Indians that they are not entirely forgotten.

And his great consolation, outweighing all the sorrows of the life, is the way in which the faithful part of his flock responds to this offer of Grace. From the white Host of the Mass, lifted up against the bright altar-painting of an Indian Madonna, there flows into the hearts of the kneeling adorers—clear-eyed boys and girls, bent old squaws, and rigid chiefs—the same treasures of Love that once filled the soul of Juan Diego of Guadalupe or of Kateri of the Mohawks. But even more, the deepest joy of Father's missionary life is right within him—for his heart is a faithful, priestly copy of the Heart of Christ.

At the Jubilee celebration at the Mount, last September 27th, Father Taelman told his hearers—Fathers and brother Missionaries, the Scholastics, and representatives of all the neighboring tribes in full regalia—that His Excellency, Bishop White, who had called him specifically to the mission fields of the Diocese of Spokane, had assured him that he was good for another twenty-five years at least! Perhaps Father Taelman believes that prophecy. And when his congratulators saw him, the following day, hustle back to his missions, on one of the constant trips that boosts his mileage to over 1500 miles a month, they were perhaps more inclined to believe it too!

# APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

Mission Intention for September, 1946

## AN INCREASE OF LOVE FOR THE MISSIONS THROUGH TEACHING, WRITING AND PREACHING

**A** PRIEST, who had established quite a reputation for himself as a beggar for the Missions attributed his success to what he called the "perpetual cycle of correspondence." Missionaries in the field kept in touch with their representative at home; he placed the mission stories before the people; and the friends of the missions moved by these stirring accounts sent their gifts and offerings to the missionaries who in gratitude for the assistance given began the cycle all over again. But the war stopped practically all such communications. Reports from Priests, Sisters and Brothers to their superiors at home had to be discontinued from the regions in the war area. Letters to and from the missionaries were intercepted or returned to the sender. For the most part the "perpetual cycle of correspondence" was broken. The voice of the missionary, more burdened than ever with work, became hushed at home.

The cessation of war has meant the renewal of the "cycle of correspondence": but it means more than that. A new era of propaganda has dawned. Stay-at-home apostles must make use of every means at their disposal to tell the story of the missions. Colored movies and talkies must supplant motionless stereoptican views. Audiences will want to see the missionary and his flock assembled at prayer, at work, and at play. Preachers must be found to carry the story of the missions to the Sunday pulpit so that all may learn of the growth of the Church in mission lands. Mission congresses and conventions—so fruitful in prayers and financial aid—must be held again to demonstrate the various phases of mission work. The story of the missions today must be presented in word and picture.

The greatest portion of this work of making the missions known naturally falls on the shoulders of the Ordinaries of dioceses who through the Society for the Propagation of the Faith and other missionary organizations make the missions known in their respective dioceses; but no small amount of the burden is borne by the Catholic laity united in Catholic Action groups, seminars and sodalities. That those who can do most to forward the work of the missions will not fail to avail themselves of every advantage of the pulpit, the lecture hall and the printed page we pray this month.

ANTHONY G. SCHIRMANN, S.J.



## Battling

Arsenic

Without Lace

**A**NYONE who has lived in the tropics or subtropics, between the West and East Indies in either direction, knows about the battle that must be waged against termites. Moreover, any missionary who has spent a few years in those regions knows to his own bitter, and at times painful experience, what that battle means.

If he lives in any fair-sized Mission that is equipped with wooden buildings, he has ocular proof of the termites' work day after day. A negro carpenter, repairing our school, once told me: "The termite is the carpenter's little white friend." (The wood-lice we were then fighting are white). The floor of the church may look innocent and solid, 'until some day somebody's foot goes through. A Pallottine Sister in one of the Mission convents in British Honduras badly bruised and almost broke her leg when she suddenly crashed through a board in the floor of her room. If you see a priest, brother or workman going around with a broomstick poking at walls, joists, door-jambes or ceiling, don't think he is looking for some Spanish treasure stolen and hidden away by English pirates. No, he is tapping, tapping to uncover the work of the elusive termites; for they can devour the inside of a board without leaving a trace on the outside.



(Left) Father Joseph Kemper, S.J., veteran missionary.  
The author (center) in front of old San Antonio Church.  
(Right) The author smiles obligingly for the photographer.

# the Termites

*Quirinus P. Leonard, S. J.*

Or if you should see a tropical missionary hurrying across the mission-compound with a bottle of arsenic and a spoon, don't think that he is about to administer a poisonous potion to some benighted native. No, he is going to follow the accepted way of starting a colony of termites on its death march. By breaking a hole in the tough crust of the nest and putting in a small spoonful of arsenic he will start the little insects on a dog-eat-dog process that will end with the extermination of the whole nest, if all goes well; for arsenic makes them taste sweet to each other. A few days later the remains of the dead will begin to tumble out. If he cannot find or get at the nest itself, he will look for one of their tunnel-trails, made to about the thickness of window sash cord, carefully open a little hole and inject some of the arsenic. This will ultimately have the same effect, but it is not so certain and takes longer. The nests are frequently built under the flooring or between outside and inside walls, and if the boards are torn out before all are dead, new colonies may be started.

The truly efficient way to terminate termite troubles is not to have any. That means to build in such a way as not to harbor the unwelcome guests. Some native woods, like mahogany, santa maria and rose-

wood, are less susceptible to termites, and science is eagerly seeking an anti-termite wood-preserver, but stone and concrete seem to be the most accessible materials that cannot be destroyed by the little nibblers. However, to build mission schools, churches and residences in stone or concrete is expensive, and even where missionaries are provided with the means, the problem of obtaining suitable labor always remains a serious one. Termites destroy from within, and hurricanes from without, but buildings of stone or concrete are relatively proof against both. Since the hurricanes of 1941, 1942 and 1945 in British Honduras, several of the churches, schools and smaller buildings have been erected in stone or concrete (especially at The Boom, Corozol, Sarteneja, San Narcisso and Stann Creek).

IN the native huts one frequently sees a termite nest as big as a bushel-basket hanging under the gable of the thatch roof. From it the tunnel trails will run in various directions on the round sticks that form the construction of the house. When the work of the termites has progressed far enough the house often collapses of its own weight. In the woods where God placed them, the termites do great good by reducing fallen trees to pulp and adding a rich humus to the tropical soil, but they do untold harm to the wooden houses constructed by man, and until missionaries have sufficient funds and skilled labor to build their churches and schools with concrete and stone, they will have to spend part of their meager funds and precious time in the termite battle.



# FIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

### *Ateneo de Manila*

Father McCarron and Brother Duffy are now in charge of the reconstruction of the Ateneo at Padre Faura. The auditorium and the main building (except the azotea, roperia and kitchen) are in ruins. Construction work is being carried out on the former site of the Physics and Biology labs. and on the West Parade. The main entrance will be on Dakota St. Principal structures are 13 modified quonsets which will make 26 classrooms, 24 x 28 ft. each. A large hut, 40 x 100 ft., will serve as chapel for 400 students. One of the Technology buildings is being altered to accommodate individual rooms of 26 members of the community, plus the community chapel and recreation room. Another building will be partitioned into refectory, kitchen, storeroom and additional rooms. The garage will be used for this purpose as well as for a storeroom and utility offices. Commencement for both regular and abridged courses is scheduled for Sunday, June 23rd. Classes will be resumed on July 8th. To date, total registration in the College is 112, in the High School, 563 (with a waiting list of 44), and in the Grade School 312. Only day scholars are being accepted.

### *Zamboanga*

With the west wing completed, the Ateneo de Zamboanga now has 13 classrooms. Registration has begun and classes will be resumed on July 1st. Four of the former lay teachers have returned. Brother Lloret is cutting down the shell-clipped palm trees in order to provide greater area for athletic fields and parade grounds. Bomb craters on the campus are being filled.

### *La Ignatiana*

### *Rev. Joseph I. Stoffel, S.J.*

April 23 was an important day in the political history of the Philippines. The man who is to be the first president of the Philippine Republic after July 4 of this year was elected on that day. All Military Police were alerted against the possibility of violence at the polls. All American military personnel were confined to quarters from 5:00 p.m. on the eve of election day to 10:00 a.m. the day following. Except for going to the polling place to cast their ballots, the Scholastics were warned not to be abroad lest someone find himself between machine-gun cross fire and get shot. The "Wild West" of the roaring '40's has nothing on the Philippines these days. A Communistic organization called the "Hukbalahops," well equipped with carbines hand grenades, machine guns, etc., has gained complete control of two provinces by means of terrorism, kidnaping and murder, frequently clashing with Military Police in open battle. In the city of Manila armed gangs battle either the police or one another with machine guns, grease guns and hand grenades, and there is a murder or kidnaping practically every day. Railroad trains and passenger buses are frequently held up by armed bands and the passengers robbed, sometimes right in the city and in broad daylight. The ammunition is, for the most part, stolen from the American army. As I lie in bed at night sometimes I hear shooting in the neighborhood,—possibly guards at the coconut warehouse next door shooting at pilferers. The sounds remind one of Fourth of July celebrations and it is hard to realize that the noises are those of people seriously shooting real bullets at one another. This twin transition period from war to peace and from



Father Demetrius Zema, S.J., Rector of the Tertianship at Auriesville, imparts his blessing to departing Jesuit missionaries who have since returned to the Philippines.

dependence to independence is a very interesting period in which to live in the Philippines. I really wouldn't want to miss it.

I have now used up all the money we had in the bank and have enough cash on hand to carry the house about four or five days. I appealed to the Mission Superior's office and they sent me 500 Pesos (\$250.00) which will last less than two days; it was all they had. If some money doesn't come from somewhere soon, my job of finding breakfast for the community is going to require a lot of ingenuity. However, Divine Providence always takes care of us. Yesterday when the novices moved to Novaliches, it left me with nobody to take care of our pigs, since that was their job. Yesterday afternoon a young man came to see if I would sell some pigs. I arranged to sell him 15 for 1710.00 Pesos (\$855.00.) This saves me the expense of hiring a caretaker and buying feed and postpones the financial crisis as well. And it was no sacrifice sale because the money will buy about 175% as much food as the pigs would have supplied had we slaughtered them. This is because they are breeding stock, which is very scarce. I saved one good boar and sow as the nucleus of a future piggery at Novaliches. Meanwhile, it is amusing to see the community calmly going about their respective duties blissfully unaware how close they are to a prolonged penitential fast by force of necessity. They will probably never know, for St. Joseph will come along just in the nick of time, as he always does. However, that confidence doesn't entirely relieve the anxiety (or the responsibility) of the Treasurer in the interim!

Even at this late date there are still sections of the Japanese army at war in the Philippines. The *Manila Times* tells of a group on Lubang Island (a small island off Luzon near Manila Bay) which has finally surrendered. There have been fierce battles with them for months, for, although short of food, they have plenty of ammunition. Finally, a high ranking Japanese officer who is now a prisoner of war succeeded in persuading them to lay down their arms. But they still refused to believe that the war is over until they heard the radio broadcasting from Tokyo. When they



300 years of ever increasing missionary activity separate Bishop Bernard J. Sullivan, S.J., of Patna, India, and the Mohawk Martyrs before whose altar the Bishop stands.



(Left) Very Rev. Vincent Kennally, S.J., superior of the mission which includes the Mariana, Caroline and Marshall Islands, has just completed a visitation of most of the mission stations under his charge. Very Rev. John G. Linehan, S.J. (above), was recently appointed Superior of Trincomali, Ceylon.



finally realized that Japan had lost the war some of them wanted to commit suicide.

## IRAQ

### *Baghdad College*

*Rev. Leo J. Guay, S.J.*

"Life on a Sponge" could serve as a good title for our present living conditions in Baghdad. We usually expect water to come from above by way of winter rains or more or less horizontally through a breach in the bund or dike. Actually water, and plenty of it, is coming up from the ground, so that our athletic field and many other parts of our grounds and many large portions of Baghdad are sopping wet and thick with mud. The three rivers have had a long sustained flood condition, but fortunately there have been no breaks in the bunds to endanger the greater portions of Baghdad. To save the city, however, it was necessary on two or three occasions to break the bunds above the city and let the water flow out into the desert where it destroyed many spring crops and some sheep, though the damage was slight compared to the damage that would have been had the city been flooded. At one time over 300 square miles were flooded.

The breaking of the bunds relieved the situation around the city, but the river was still very high—only a few inches from the top of the bund, and that is two or three meters higher than the level of the land in many places. Certainly the water near Baghdad College has been at least a meter and a half higher than our land. That head of water has been exerting a pressure on the water below and has forced it through the porous land to seep out of the ground on the city sides of the bund. Hundreds of mud houses have collapsed. As far as we are concerned it has not bothered

us much except to cause a little muddiness and the overflow and seepage of our sewerage.

For the last three months Fr. Rector and Fr. Guay have been making a study of the Water Table, i.e. the level of the water below the surface of the ground. They dug two deep holes and inserted two marked rods on which they could observe the height of the water level at any time. The original purpose of the study was to find out how deep we may dig for a sirdab in a new building without danger of water seeping in. We have come to the conclusion that we can not dig at all.

I should correct a statement I made above. The seepage did cause us one more bit of trouble. The main electric line from the street to the school was underground. The seepage short circuited the line and the school was without electricity for more than a week. It was necessary to dig up the old cable and I believe that they will string the new one on poles. It is not often that Father Rector is wrong, but he met his Waterloo when they were seeking for the old cable. Father Rector thought that the line was buried under the main pathway into the school. An old Arab in a soiled dishdasher said he had helped to dig the original channel for the cable and insisted it was in the garden. They dug where the old Arab directed and found it. In the process of digging the Arab got a little mud on his already soiled dishdasher and now Fr. Shea is afraid he will demand a new one.

Snake in the Grass! The flooding of the desert has driven the snakes from the desert to our vicinity. Finding most open places already occupied by flood dis-

(Left) Father Gerald F. Heffernan, S.J., editor of "Catholic Opinion," published in Kingston, Jamaica, has been granted a leave of absence to complete further studies in Journalism at Marquette University in Milwaukee.

(Right) A group of children pay close attention to one of the Fathers during catechism class at Pueblo Viejo, British Honduras. Walls and flooring offer an easy solution to the problem of climate and local heat waves but present another difficulty during the annual rainy seasons.



possessed. Beduins, one snake decided to make his temporary abode in the boys' toilet. Various witnesses give conflicting testimony as to his size, ranging from one to two meters in length and from three to eight inches in diameter. One boy states positively he has seen a snake with two heads. Had he insisted that both heads were lively with darting forked tongues I might have disbelieved him, but he gave a very good description of the snake as being quite small with one shriveled head with closed eyes and mouth, though the other head was large enough and lively enough.

Since the founding of Baghdad College our cooks have done their work on more or less unsatisfactory oil stoves. Fathers Shea and McCarthy recently went to Habaniyah and there acquired a large range from the small surplus of supplies left over after the departure of most of the American soldiers. This was carried home on one of our open buses which the two Fathers took turns in driving.

Recently Fathers McDermott and Guay on an errand to the city found themselves delayed while the servant went into the ice factory to buy some ice. The Fathers decided to visit the factory and see the works. Father Guay diligently explained all the parts and the principles of ice making, while Father McDermott gravely nodded that he was taking it all in. The next day the management came to the college to inquire how much Father McDermott was willing to pay for the factory. They just could not conceive that any one might be interested in the works for the sake of science. They still think that our denials of interest are just a shrewd mask for clever bargaining to lower the price. They will be back again.

The Scientific Society—The lecture program went through very successfully and the boys have learned how to apply some of the principles of Mathematics, Physics and the other sciences. Our telescope has been working splendidly. As finally set up, the spheroid mirror was left unsilvered so that we might better observe

the spots on the sun. We have made quite regular observations and have counted as many as twenty-three sun spots at a time. Even with an unsilvered mirror, we have been able to see very clearly the craters and mountains of the moon, Venus in full phase, Saturn with its rings, Uranus, and Jupiter with its four largest moons. We have had evening picnics so the boys of the scientific society and the boarders and some of the neighbors might see the sights of the heavens. The telescope has caused some comment, yet remember, Arab scholars were among the first astronomers.

We also set up a very nice weather observation station and for one month we made daily observations of the maximum and minimum temperature, the dew point, relative humidity, atmospheric pressure, rain fall, wind direction, and approximate velocity, condition of the sky, weather, etc. Besides, we had a continuous record of temperature and pressure recorded by our thermograph and barograph. Fortunately the barograph was kept in the lab. All the other instruments (or most of them) were kept in a weather bureau shelter on the roof near our telescope. We were very proud of it. Then came the catastrophe. Three weeks ago, at six o'clock in the evening we had a hurricane. It knocked down many palms and brought ruin to our weather station, overturning it and damaging all the instruments. However, the Boy Jesus must have grabbed them into His arms at the last moment, because even the most delicate instrument was not totally destroyed. The shelter was knocked apart, and was surrounded by plenty of broken glass, but a few months work in spare time should enable us to repair most of the damage. Both the telescope and the weather station made a good impression on visitors. It was one of those trials that God sends us and we very likely deserved it because of our pride. At any rate, it will leave something for us to do next year.

Next year we will silver the mirror and try to observe some of the more distant sights of the heavens.

# COMMUNICATIONS

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Dear Father:

While reading the April issue of *JESUIT MISSIONS* I was attracted by the advertisement for Altar Missals. During the war I lost someone who was very dear to me and I have been searching for some way in which to cherish his memory. After reading the article on the Altar Missals I realized that the purchasing of such a Missal would be an ideal memento. I realize too, that nothing is so meritorious for the Holy Souls as the offering of the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass.

Therefore, Father, I am enclosing my offering for the Missal and also the name of the friend in whose memory I am purchasing the Missal. I would appreciate it if you would send it to one of your missionaries in the Philippines as it was there that he made the supreme sacrifice. Please remember him in your Masses and prayers.

Sincerely yours,

M. F. T.

Dear Father:

It is now my privilege to enclose one dollar in payment of one year's subscription to your publication, *JESUIT MISSIONS*. I am doing this in full confidence that your mission paper will bring me every spiritual help and blessing.

Wishing you unlimited success in all of your glorious labors and praying for the continued health of both body and mind for your priests and brothers, especially in those parts of the world where climatic conditions are most severe, and trusting that Almighty God will most abundantly bless your indefatigable labors in the noble work of bringing souls to the knowledge of the Divine Love of our Blessed Redeemer.

Sincerely,

S. J. O'N.

Dear Father:

I was given the enclosed for my birthday and I have been saving it for something special. Well, helping *JESUIT MISSIONS* is special enough for me or anyone. With my continued prayers and good wishes for your success, I am,

Sincerely yours,

B. C.

Dear Father:

While reading *JESUIT MISSIONS* this morning my eye caught the advertisement for the Stations of the Cross. I am enclosing a money order for \$35.00—the whole week's salary of my husband—for my sick boy's intention. He is now fifteen years old and has been suffering from epilepsy for the past three years. I ask you to place these Stations under his name for he needs plenty of prayers. With strong faith I hope that God by the merits of the Precious Blood of Jesus shed along the way of the Cross will grant my son a miracle.

You may send my Stations to China. I favor this country as many of these people were pagans and I have a feeling that their prayers must be very precious in God's eyes.

Sincerely yours,

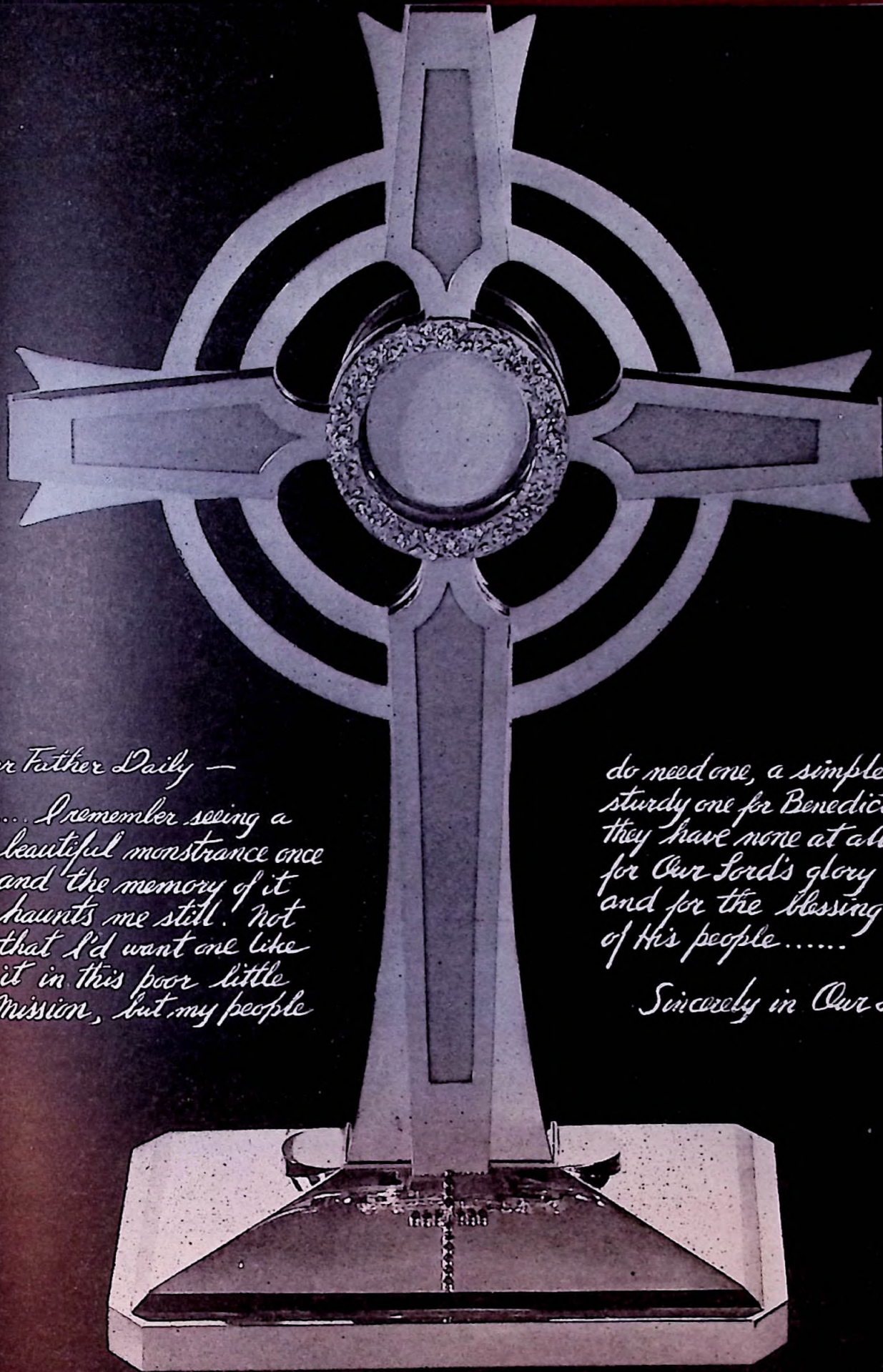
Mrs. G.

Dear Father:

Several weeks ago I was very anxious to receive a letter and promised St. Francis Xavier five dollars for the Philippine Missions if I received the letter the next day. That very afternoon I received the letter and it gave me great joy as I had not heard from . . . for over a month. My heartfelt thanks to St. Francis Xavier for the joy he brought to me and my family.

Sincerely yours,

N. G.



*Dear Father Daily —*

*... I remember seeing a beautiful monstrance once and the memory of it haunts me still. Not that I'd want one like it in this poor little mission, but my people*

*do need one, a simple, sturdy one for Benediction, they have none at all for Our Lord's glory and for the blessing of His people.....*

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## Editorial

### In the likeness of Saints . . .

**D**URING September the focus of the Tercentenary celebration of the Mohawk Martyrs will be Auriesville, New York. Three hundred years have passed since Father Isaac Jogues, Rene Goupil and John Lalonde consecrated with their blood the soil of New York state. In those three centuries a nation has grown to manhood, to a mighty power that has not sprung full-bodied from greatness but has grown surely and richly from the small yet intensely human qualities of the soul. It is almost as if God had decreed that He would not create man again but in a far country would mold him anew from the homely virtues that ennoble mankind. There would be a simplicity and directness in this new people, a strong flavoring of human things that were not less human because they were God-given. It almost seems that 300 years ago God looked down upon our country before it came to birth and decided to form it to the characteristic virtues of the men in it whom He loved the most.

Do you remember when our American boys were sweeping through Europe a short time ago? No regulations against fraternizing could keep our troops from making friends with the children. Every place our forces went they showed an affection for the youngsters which surprised and puzzled the people of those countries. They could not understand these tired, dirty, fighting men who still had time to stop and make a child laugh with gladness. It is a distinctive American trait. I wonder if the Master Designer when He wove it into our character did so for the

sake of Rene Goupil who had died beneath a tomahawk because he had taught a child to make the sign of the cross?

There was a day in the outpost of Quebec when John Lalonde listened to a small, quiet priest describing frankly and honestly the sufferings and dangers of life among the Indians. He may have heard the brutal and repellent words that told of loneliness, privations, torture but what mattered to him was what he saw and felt. This man before him, with his mangled fingers and scarred body, this man who quietly predicted, "I shall not return," awoke in Lalonde an idealism that would carry him up fearlessly the twisting path of torture to death on a Mohawk hill. Is there only a chance resemblance in the quiet courage of American youth who have gone forth to battle for an ideal that the world does not yet fully understand?

And what of Isaac Jogues, the priest, ordained to sacrifice, and making of his own life another Calvary? Is not part of our heritage that deep, unwavering selflessness, so human because so Christ-like, which burned whitely three centuries ago in the dark wilderness of New York? Why then does the world in its need turn to America? It is not a material thing alone but the recognition of a spirit native to our character.

**G**od in His providence has molded America to a certain design which does not correspond to any other. Affection, courage, selflessness are its distinguishing threads. Why did He do it? Was it because those human qualities lend themselves most readily to the incandescence of Christ's love? Are not they the fundamental virtues of any missionary? Would it be that God is asking America to play the leading part now in the building of His kingdom on earth? Three hundred years ago the seed perished; will the beauty it brought forth give of itself for Him?

CLEMENT J. ARMITAGE, S.J.

## Wanted

In British Honduras, where mission work is on the move, books in Spanish are needed. They can easily be obtained from South America. Father John T. Newell, S.J., and Father Castillo, a secular priest of British Honduras, now have a social center open every evening for night school, library, recreation room and discussion forum. In one month 400 books were loaned out (a record for the colony!). Besides books, they need eight dozen folding chairs for lectures and overflow audiences at public discussions. If you would like to help these zealous priests, send your donation to Jesuit Missions, 962 Madison Ave., New York 21, N. Y., and mark it: "For Father Newell, S.J., British Honduras".

+

San Jose Seminary in the Philippines is scheduled to open on June 24th with fifty new seminarians. Tuition will probably be 700 pesos per year, if not higher. Prior to the war, the tuition was only 300 pesos. Father Gampp, the Rector, ordered one hundred desks for the study hall. Each desk cost 30 pesos. The desks are quite simple and also rather small. Before the war, the same type of desk could have been purchased for about 5 pesos each.

+

A very worthy seminarian has been in the hospital for some time. The bill has amounted to the very sizeable sum of 300 pesos, or \$150.00 in American money. It is simply impossible for the Seminarian to pay this money; hence, any help sent to the office of JESUIT MISSIONS for the Seminarian very definitely will merit extraordinary blessings.

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You may also send any contributions to the seminaries of the Philippines to: Jesuit Philippine Bureau, 51 East 83rd Street, New York 28, N. Y.

+

May we repeat our exhortation, printed in this column last month, for your support of those organizations which are collecting food for the starving in India. You may send your donations to: Patna Mission Service, 1110 South May Street, Chicago 7, Illinois.

## Thank You

To the readers of JESUIT MISSIONS we have been asked to express the cordial and prayerful gratitude of the thirty-two Jesuits who left our shores during the month of June for the Philippines. In the June issue of JESUIT MISSIONS we requested help to defray their traveling expenses. The response was indeed extremely generous and, hence, most deserving of our appreciation.

At the bottom of this page are listed the Procurators for the various missions. Each one of them must face the problem of sending forth missionaries to their respective territories. The total will most probably reach ninety-five before the end of September. Perhaps you would like to assist the Mission Procurator in your area to send Jesuits to foreign lands. Do write to them and tell them of your prayerful and generous interest in their work.

The American Jesuits have been asked to assume new mission territory, hence, you will soon be receiving first-hand reports from American Jesuits in Saipan and the adjoining islands, also from a new section in Central America and India. Expansion means expenses. We know that you will gladly help us to carry on this work by sending occasional contributions to our Mission Procurators.

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. Theodore A. Ray, S.J., 4133 Banks Street, New Orleans 19, Louisiana; CHINA (Nanking, Yangchow and Shanghai): Rev. Pius 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.

# Tercentenary

of the

## Mohawk Martyrs

Feast Day

September 26th

Pamphlet

Novena Booklet

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