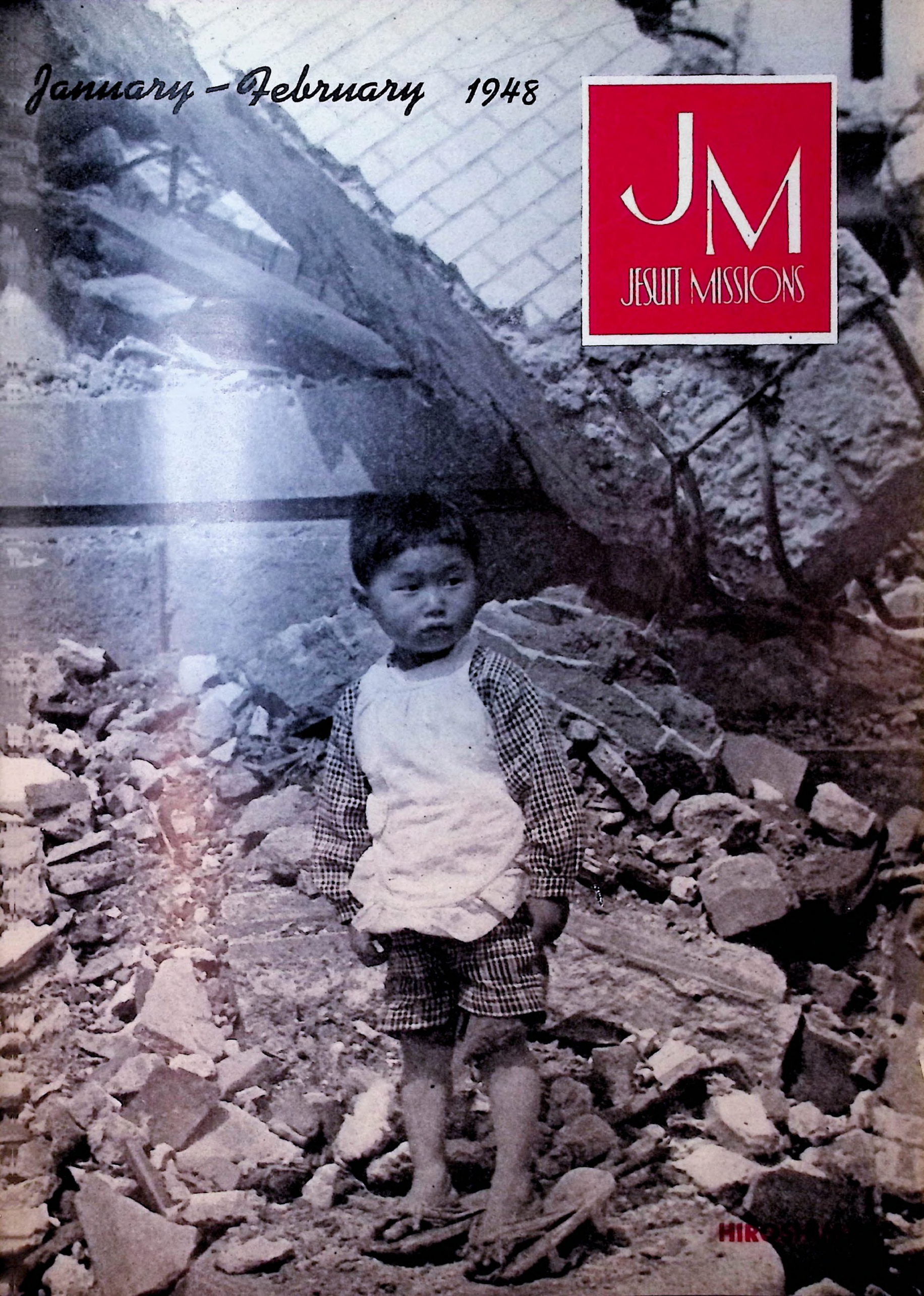


*January - February 1948*



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January-February, 1948

# JESUIT MISSIONS

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**COVER.** You might be puzzled, too, if you stood in the ruins of all that your fathers believed in. This little Japanese lad, as he stands amidst the rubble of Hiroshima, is typical of the Japanese people today. The destruction of their empire and their age-old beliefs has left them confused and questioning. American Jesuit missionaries are now in Japan with the answer to the question that concerns eternal life.

**CHANGE OF ADDRESS?** Send change of address or other communications to JESUIT MISSIONS, 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y.

Change must reach us at least five weeks before the date of the issue with which it is to take effect. Send old address, with your new, enclosing if possible your ad-

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## CONTRIBUTORS

■ Do you appreciate interesting and inspiring reading? If you do, then turn to page 2, where **Father Edmund A. Anable S.J.** gives us a few ideas of what it means



Edmund A. Anable S.J.

to be an Alaskan missionary. The personality about whom his story centers is the heroic Father LaFortune S.J., recently deceased. Father Anable is well qualified to speak of heroism. Though he would no doubt deny the quality in his own case, still it is a fact that he knows from close to ten

years of personal experience why Pope Pius XI called Alaska the most difficult mission in the world. Picture a storm lashed Alaskan tundra and the furred figure of a lone traveller coaxing his team of huskies into the face of the blinding snow and you have a scene that has provided inspiration for many an adventure story. There is nothing fictional about it for Father Anable. It has happened much too often on his trips to his mission stations.

Father Anable's mission vocation is fairly unique. By rights he should be in the Philippines, that being the mission of the New York Province. Perhaps it was due to the influence of such men as Father LaFortune, of whom he writes, or it may be that, coming from Utica, N. Y., he developed some strange love for snow and ice in his youth. Whatever the reason, one day found him transferred to the Oregon Province so he could be near the Alaska of his dreams. Right now he is located at Fairbanks. Father Anable is a writer, too, as his article proves. We hope to hear more of him in the future pages of *Jesuit Missions*.

■ Father Charles J. McCarthy S.J. paid out the handsome sum of \$103,500 to send us the tragic account of the Communist persecution of the Trappist monks at Yang Chia P'ing. But the story is worth every Chinese penny paid in postage. It is a story that the whole world should know, this new and bitter chapter written in the blood of men whose only crime was that they loved God with a depth and purity that is beyond our ordinary human understanding. We regret that our limitations of space prevent us from publishing the full account so painstakingly prepared and so graphically described by Father McCarthy.

■ Richard M. Brackett S.J., of Weston College, has written a timely article on St. John de Britto, whose feast day we celebrate for the first time this February. This is required reading, especially for the mothers of all missionaries.

■ Father Robert I. Burke S.J., once of Dorchester, Mass., and now of Jamaica, B.W.I., has been a long time in coming "into his own." From the time he entered the Society in 1932 he has been mission-minded. At the Shadowbrook novitiate he conducted a mission exhibit which has never been surpassed. During his studies in philosophy at Weston he ran the Mission Stamp Bureau. There was a time when he was assigned to study history at Boston College and



Father R. I. Burke S.J.

later to teach it there that we feared he might be side-tracked from his first love. But back at Weston for theology he headed the Missionary Academia and we breathed a sigh of relief. Then after tertianship he set out for Jamaica, and this is his story.

**NOTICE**

*Owing to the paper difficulty it has been necessary to combine the January and February issues into a single issue.*

JM



Dear Friend:

Soon the Department of Internal Revenue will mail statements for the payment of your Income Taxes due in March. It is perfectly in accord with the law to deduct 15% of your income for donations given to charity. Thus, your mission gifts of last year can be deducted from your statement.

On your desk there may still be a few bills from the department stores and gift shops listing Christmas purchases. In view of these pending payments this may not be the most opportune time to suggest donations--and yet it may.

In checking your personal accounts you may discover that you have a surplus and you may care to send the whole or a portion of it to the missions. In sending such a gift, in fact, any gift to JESUIT MISSIONS I will gladly furnish you with a formal acknowledgment for the amount received and the purpose for which it was given. It would be wise to keep this for a reference in case your statements are questioned.

The assigning of 15% to charity is not unpatriotic. Unless these charities are supported the State would have to underwrite their expenses.

I hope that you will keep the 15% idea in mind throughout the coming year and trust that our missionaries may be the recipients of your charity.

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,

*Osman A. Ailey*

# Unto the End



*Edmund A.  
Anable  
S.J.*



**F**ATHER LAFORTUNE is dead! These words will mean very little to the majority of the readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS*, but there are some whose hearts will be saddened by the realization that Father LaFortune is no longer here with us. There are some who have at least a slight idea of what Father LaFortune has meant to the people of that part of Alaska between the Yukon River and the Arctic circle.

Away back in the year 1903, the last boat of the short summer season deposited upon the gold-flecked sands of the beach at Nome a short, stocky, husky little man with light blue eyes, an ever-present smile, and a firm craggy jaw.

This little man was Father LaFortune, arriving

to be a missionary in the icy unknown Northland. There was so little about him that appeared distinguished that his fellow Jesuit priests, who met him in Nome upon his arrival, earnestly advised him that the country would be too hard, that he wasn't large enough and tough enough to endure the cold and the trail and the loneliness. He wasn't large enough and tough enough! How the angels in heaven must have chuckled when they heard that remark, for through the years Father LaFortune has seen his fellow Jesuits in Alaska, one by one, lay aside their snowshoes and their sleeping bags, and go back to God as they ended their missionary careers. And he, the little, the mighty man of God kept on in his humble, quiet way, working and praying and teaching God and His Most blessed Mother to a people who had never heard Their sweet names before.

A one time professor of St. Boniface College, a holder of a Doctorate in higher Mathematics from the Sorbonne, a priest of God, he soon found that higher mathematics were of little value when he faced the Eskimo of the Seward peninsula. And so the five-foot Jesuit priest laid aside his mathematics and spent his days in the little smelly and crowded cabins and shacks of the Eskimos, listening for the various delicate inflections which distinguished one guttural from another, memorizing and repeating and steeping himself in that hardest of all languages, Eskimo. The brilliant mind which had triumphed over the intricacies of number and symbols soon mastered the more important work of learning Eskimo. When he had reached that stage, the life work of Father LaFortune began, the Apostolate of the Eskimo.

Weary miners; sinking shafts through the frozen muck, became used to seeing a string of dogs emerge through the dusk of the early winter afternoons and hear the cheery voice of the little French Canadian priest as he sang one hymn after another, pacing the miles of the trail with his hymns and praises to God and to Mary. Eskimo faces, huddled in little cabins, would light with a smile as they heard the cheery voice of their Aguylerita, their priest, halting his dogs before their doors.

The faces of a few whites even now grow serious as those who knew him in those days still relate how, time after time, he would halt his dog team a mile or so from one of the trail-side roadhouses (stopping places for travelers on the trail), and how he would dig into the side of a snow bank and there spend the night because he didn't have the price of a night's lodging. And how the owners of those cabins would be angry when they learned of this, for with money or without, Father LaFortune was welcome in any cabin in the country!

Year after quiet year, Father LaFortune worked

in his chosen field, and especially did he work in the summers with the people of King Island, who would come to Nome in their skin boats. The time came, in 1927, twenty-four years after his arrival in the country, when Father LaFortune decided that he would henceforth live with these people on their rocky island.

1927 and now 1947. For these twenty years Father LaFortune has lived, on a little island two miles long and half a mile wide; an island completely cut off from the world by the floating ice pack from October to June; an island so steep and so rocky that when one first views it, it appears impossible for a human being to climb its sides.

There on that island, in addition to his other work, for twenty long cold years, Father LaFortune taught catechism, four hours a day, week in and week out, to men and women and children. Every member of that little Eskimo community has been baptized by the hands of this little zealous priest. He has performed every marriage, he has buried every one of their dead. He has been their guide, their counsellor, their inspiration.

Of his previous work on the mainland, it would need a book if one were to attempt a description. His building of a mission school in honor of Our Lady of Lourdes, at Pilgrim Springs; his heroic work when the dreadful epidemic of influenza swept the country in 1918; the numbers he nursed in the hospital at Nome, after the Sisters had gone back to the States; the nights he hitched his dogs after a long day's work and made his way to Eskimo villages where every inhabitant had died and had lain unburied for weeks, and in some cases even months, until this little man came and wrapped them in a blanket and gave them Christian burial; of the hundreds of names he entered in the baptismal and marriage records.

But one cannot write of these. There is too little known, since Father never spoke of those days and nights of such repulsive labor for the poor of God. But one can write of his labors on King Island, for these have become famous despite his own reticence.

Christ the King Island, the Eskimos call it now, for it is just ten years ago since Father Hubbard and his little band of explorer companions brought to King Island a bronze life-sized statue of Christ the King, and with the help of the Eskimo people hauled it to the topmost rock where it stands anchored in concrete, with arms outstretched, overlooking the village hundreds of feet below.



The writer of this article had the privilege of visiting King Island this summer, and after strenuous climbing reached the Church and Father's house, some three hundred feet above the breaking water below. What a lesson in poverty and humility awaited me, as I entered the home of the Shepherd of King Island! A room twelve feet long, eight feet wide, with a very small table, two old kitchen chairs, a two-burner kerosene stove set on two small boxes, and a shelf nailed on one wall, holding five books! At one end of the room was a double-decker bunk, four and a half feet long, where for twenty years Father LaFortune slept, doubled up like a jack-knife as it was too short for even his small body.

For the past two months, Father LaFortune has been in the hospital in Fairbanks, where the Sisters of Charity of Providence have vied with one an-

other in caring for the seventy-eight year old Apostle of the Eskimo. And this care has been made doubly hard because Father was constantly worried that he was putting the good sisters to trouble!

There as he waited for death, his worn and weary mind began to wander, to wander back into the past years. What a lesson there was even in the vagaries of that worn-out intellect! Because even in that weakness, Father LaFortune was still living for his people. *He had to take to the trail tomorrow. He must get to this village to say Mass; he must get to that village to teach Catechism and to get the youngsters ready for their First Holy Communion!*

At last that intellect is at rest. The mathematics and the Eskimo language are no longer needed. That beautiful deep voice, which so delighted to

sing the praises of God, is stilled. Father LaFortune is dead. He is dead after seventy-eight years of life; after fifty-eight years of being a Jesuit; after forty-four years of the hardest possible kind of a life; after twenty years of isolation on a bit of rock in the Bering Sea.

The little man for whom life in Alaska would be too tough, has at last gone back to God. He outlived every one of the famous old timers, the tireless Robout, the famous Jette, and Treca and Keyes and Luccessi, and he has now gone to join them before the throne of God.

But there are those who think that the work of Father LaFortune is just beginning. There are those who, without wishing to anticipate any action of the Church, are very definite in their belief that God is going to give proof, incontestable proof that Father LaFortune's Eskimos are not going to be forgotten. And the prayer of Eskimo and white alike is not for Father LaFortune, but *to* Father LaFortune.

May he rest in peace.



(Above) Christ the King Island in the Bering Sea, where Fr. LaFortune labored.

(Below) The village of his flock, with the church (upper right) crowning the cliff.



*Alfonso I.  
del Marmol  
S.J.*



The procession in honor of Our Lady of Lanka held in Ceylon last year.

## Our Lady of Lanka

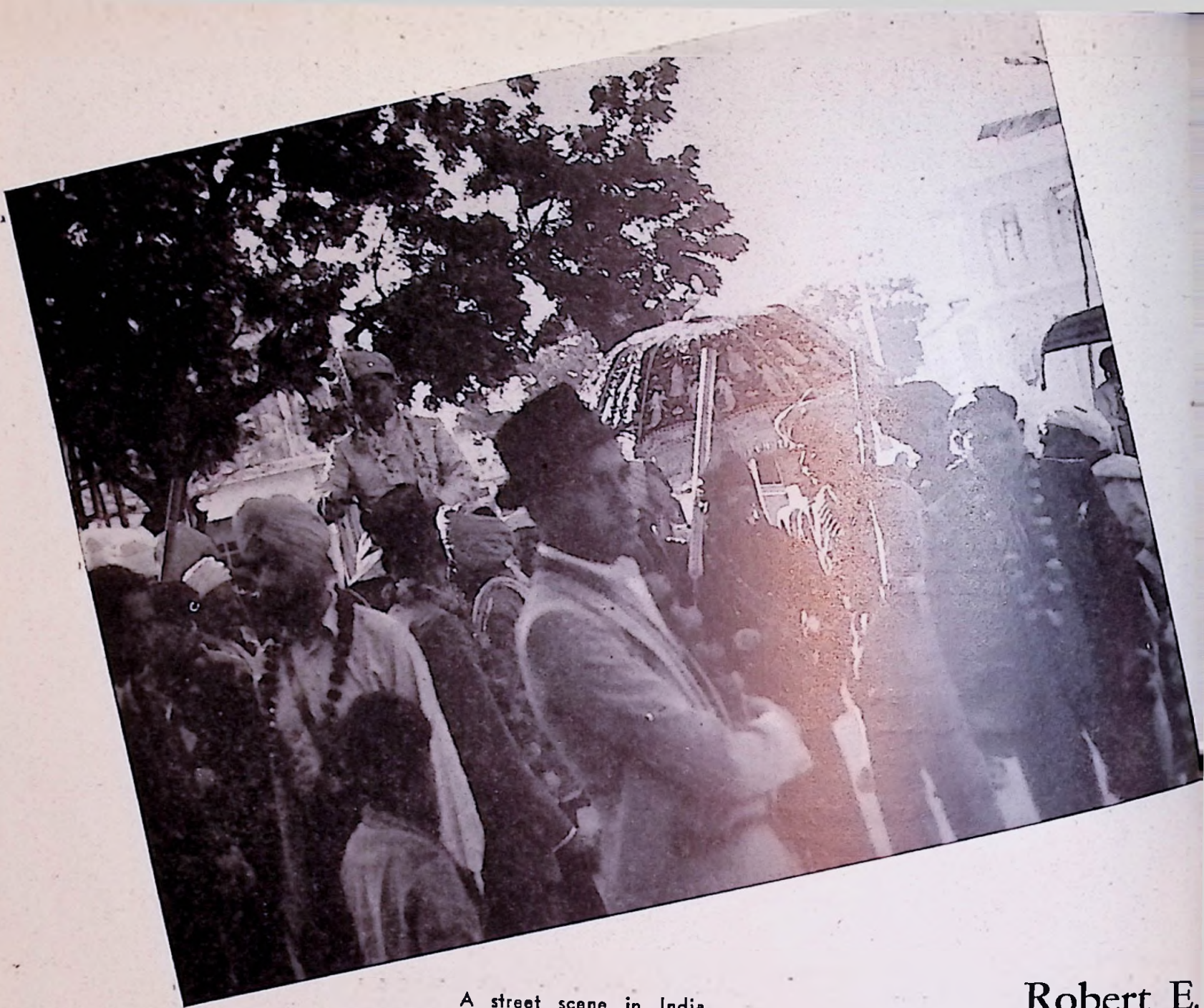
NINETEEN hundred and forty-seven will be memorable to historians in years to come for many things. To the Catholics of a little island south of India it marks a turning point in the history of their Faith. Four hundred years have passed since the seeds of that Faith were planted there in Ceylon, since the labours of a rebirth in Christ began. God has been watching with loving care the increasing ranks of the followers of Christ. As companions of Jesus they become His own children and partakers of the heritage that has come to them through Jesus. The heritage of being children of Mary, of claiming the Motherhood of God's own Mother would not be denied them. And so at last the Church has proclaimed officially and everlastingly that Our Lady shall be known and invoked by these new children of hers as Our Lady of Lanka.

Mary's name was first enthroned in Ceylon when a fort sprang up on the first beachhead established there by the Portuguese some four hundred years back. The new faith grew and flourished awhile until its roots had taken a firm hold among the brambles of paganism. Miracles shored the tender seedling for a while. Then the tree was left alone to test its strength in the stormy blasts of persecution. The Dutch succeeded the Portuguese. Persecution ran its day and so did the Dutch. There followed a new dawn in which the Faith was seen strong and staunch, ready for a new growth in the spring. Looking back, the Church could claim as witness to her growth the preaching and miracles of a canonized saint, the blood of some 600 martyrs mingled with that of a Royal Prince whose tomb became the center

of many conversions. Church steeples had been toppled but the foundation stones had only settled more firmly.

That Mary should then be proclaimed solemnly the Mother of Lanka was the natural culmination of this history of Lanka in which her children proved themselves worthy of such a mother. However, the events that directly provided the occasion for this step took place during World War II. It was a little more than five years ago. Japanese aggression was having its day, and Ceylon lay in its path. Its rubber resources, its strategic location, its superior harbor were all highly desirable objectives. With loving faith and trust the Archbishop of Colombo made a solemn vow to the Mother of God asking her to protect the children under his care. Mary graciously accepted the offer; Ceylon was spared the horrors of warfare on her own soil.

On February 15th, 1947 Mary was proclaimed Queen of Ceylon, and invoked for the first time as Our Lady of Lanka. Ceylon was orphan no longer. Our Holy Father, Pope Pius XII, has been pleased to grant this title of Our Lady of Lanka as a result of the request made by the Archbishop of Colombo. That was the beginning of a new era. On that day thousands of Catholics all over Ceylon joined together in grandiose celebrations and pledged their fidelity to their Queen. And some day not too far distant on a spot already ordained, the Archbishop's vow will see its ultimate fulfillment in a new Basilica to Our Lady of Lanka, a focal point to which Mary's children of the golden island of Ceylon will turn for strength and consolation.



A street scene in India,  
crowded and disordered.

Robert E.  
Ludwig  
S.J.

# MAGI of Taregna

*The way of St. Paul  
can still be used  
to bring the sincere  
into Christ's kingdom*

**W**HEN I came to Taregna at the beginning of the year to open a new mission station in Patna Mission, I tentatively dedicated it to Our Lady of the Epiphany because my arrival was close to the feast of the Epiphany and also because the word Taregna, meaning 'the starry host' in Hindi had some remote connection with the star that drew the Magi "who found the Child with Mary his mother." (Mt. 2/11) I trusted that many other "Wise Men" would also be attracted and make the same wonderful discovery.

Due to political unrest at the time, it was not advisable nor profitable to do much touring, so I adopted the next best course and modelled my activ-

ties after those of St. Paul as narrated in the last two verses of the Acts, "And he remained in his own hired lodging and received all who came in to him, preaching the kingdom of God, and teaching the things which concern the Lord Jesus Christ."

I did not have to wait long before school boys, farmers, a bank manager, theosophists, Arya Samajists, Hindus of every caste, and Mohammedans began coming in. The catechetical chart pictures on the walls invariably set the wheels of conversation going and many a person heard the sweet names of Jesus, Mary and Joseph for the first time. A lengthier account of Christ, the cross and His Church was reserved for a subsequent visit. Some came out of mere curiosity, others to argue, and a good many, who were sincerely interested, to learn more about the True Light of the World. The first one to be enlightened by that Light was a young Dossad caste lad of 21 who became a member of the Mystical Body and received St. Aloysius as his patron on June 21st. Since then there have been 17 wise men. There are others on the way, but prayers are needed if they are to circumvent modern Herods.

Medicine has been a powerful magnet drawing people from the neighboring villages. Although we could not cure all who came to us, we have managed to ease many a pain and relieve various fevers, ills and aches, mostly through the use of homeopathic doses and some salves and ointments graciously given by U. S. disbanding units at Gaya. One attraction is an almost specific scorpion cure which most of the fathers know. Merely by making crosses on a person's arm the excruciating sting caused by the scorpion is mitigated and in most cases entirely expelled. To work such a cure on a person gives one the consolingly happy sensation Our Lord must have experienced as He touched blind, bruised and broken bodies and saw them immediately made whole and sound. A young Hindu lad who has been most helpful in dispensing medicine and interpreting the language of the people from the more distant villages, thought I had worked some wonderful jadu (magic) and when my catechist jokingly told him that I had recited the "Our Father," he immediately began memorizing it.

Undesirable visitors have also come. One night I was awakened by a rattling sound and found a crouching figure at the window trying to force the door rods. A shout that must have been heard at least half way around the world awoke the neighbors for miles around—all except my catechist who snored on in blissful innocence. Several nights later a poison-packing krait snake slid in the same window and lay partially concealed along the frame. I still feel a rippling of chills up my spine when I recall that I had put my hand directly over him in opening the shutter. He was soon dispatched.

In September a record-breaking flood turned my house into a Noah's Ark bringing me about 20 visitors—all refugees of the kumhar (potter) caste, whose mud houses had fallen or were in danger of falling. We carried one old lady on a cot through shoulder-deep water. I had placed a Sacred Heart badge on the floor and when the water reached that level one of the boys who was beating off snakes and rats at the entrance, shouted out, "Father, pani thum gaya." ("Father, the water has stopped rising.") We breathed a prayer of thanks but were still not out of the woods—or water, for the swift current kept beating against the house and I feared it would undermine the foundation. We spent a sleepless night, the people weeping quietly whenever another house went crashing down, for their sole possessions were literally being liquidated. The Sacred Heart saw us safely through and the following day the boys fished from the windows.

On October 31st a much more severe, man-made calamity struck Taregna. Ever since the occurrence of the communal riots in Calcutta and Bengal, where the Mohammedans are in a majority, the Hindus in Bihar had been in a state of angry tension. Suddenly the smouldering fire burst into flame and spread throughout Patna, Monghyr, Gaya and Bhagalpur Districts, always just a little bit ahead of the military. Here in Taregna close to 100 men, women and children were killed. The Mohammedans fled, and their houses were looted and plundered. For a week the injured and refugees were passing through to Patna. There is a calm now, but whether it is a calm of peace or the lull before the real storm no one can predict.

I like to believe that one of the original Magi came from somewhere near Taregna and that he must be praying that his descendants raise their eyes to Heaven and see the star of justice and peace—the Light that enlighteneth every man who cometh into this world.

**A missionary in India halts on the plain to watch a troubled sunset, symbolic of the new day ahead for the young country.**





Fr. Joseph Lion S.J. with Brother Joachim in Peiping.

# China

## CALVARY

Charles J. McCarthy S.J.

Nothing was said about the year 1939 when the monastery fed 1,000 people of the region two meals a day during a period of terrible drought; nor about feeding a whole village for months during the recent war. Nor about the eight memorial tablets presented to the monastery by the people for outstanding help in time of crisis. Two of the tablets had been presented by the Communist county chief.

At midnight on July 8th, mobs of people from the villages pounded on the doors of the monastery. They snatched away all the blankets, clothing, and furniture that was moveable, everything they could lay hands on. Even women were in the crowds that invaded the cloisters. The Trappists knelt in prayer for their despoilers.

Then came the trials. No one knows how many of them there were. At each, the monks were violently beaten with clubs. Once Father Seraphim was brutally beaten he cried out, "K'o lien!" "Have pity! have pity!"

"This is the time for revenge, not pity," the judge screamed at him.

There was a peculiar similarity between their sufferings and the Passion of the Prince of Peace. The only defender they found was Maria Chang, a woman catechist. She was tied to the post of a candelabra and beaten savagely about the head and across the back until she fainted. After the beating they threw a festive banner across her prostrated body and dragged her from the chapel.

Father Chrysostom was beaten so cruelly that two fellow Trappists tried to help him. 74-year-old Brother Paul threw himself at his side to take the blows raining down. He was rudely thrown aside. Finally all were condemned to death.

On the night of Tuesday, August 12, the march of death started. Each monk was loaded down with supplies for the Red soldiers. Like pack animals they scrambled over narrow trails all night and next morning till they reached Chang Ko Chauag.

82-year-old Brother Bruno was the first to die. His brothers were not even allowed to hold a Mass for the repose of his soul. After three days they were

"**F**ACILIS transitus de cella ad coelum," the father of Trappists, St. Bernard, wrote, "From the haven of a monastery to heaven is an easy trip." This is the story of some of his sons, lovers of peace, whose peace the world has always loved; it is the story of men of peace set on by the brutal warlords of Chinese Communism.

In the early morning hours of August 29, 1947 the Trappist Abbey of Our Lady of Consolation at Yang Chia P'ing was destroyed by fire; by late October 14 Trappist priests and brothers had died under Communist persecution. Brother Joachim, one of the 72 Trappist monks of Yang Chia P'ing, told the harrowing tale of persecution.

On July 1st two of the Brothers were summoned to a People's Court at Hsin Chuang, a little village north of the monastery. The Brothers were charged with having oppressed the people, and as penalty were obliged to give up a number of cows and goats.

In July, Father Seraphim and Father Chrysostom were summoned to trial at Lichia Wantze, a village to the south; both are young men, Chinese. The people had been well rehearsed. And the accused were allowed no defense.

"The monks have been guilty of collaboration with the Japanese," the prosecutor shouted. "Do you agree?"

"We agree!" the people shouted back.

"For this," the prosecutor shouted, "they must give their furniture to the people!"

More Communist-prepared charges were read. One man received monastery property because his parents had been frightened by foreign troops who came to China during the Boxer Wars.

marched back to Yang Chia P'ing. Here they were handcuffed, and when handcuffs were lacking, their wrists were tightly bound with wire. During these days, Brothers Clemens and Philip died.

"Not from beatings, not from hunger," Brother Joachim said, "but from grief."

On August 28th they were dragged on the start of a 100 Chinese mile march into the steep mountain country. Rain in torrents lashed at the prisoners, and the wind blew so strong they could hardly stand. The strength of the older Trappists was failing; they had nothing to eat but dry cereal; they were lodged in pig-pens. The younger men made litters to carry the infirm.

Father William, 70, died at Ma Lai Tsun on September 6th. He was being carried and on a mountain trail the carriers slipped; his head broke open from the fall. At Teng Chia Yu where they stayed 25 days, the sufferings were terrible.

Wrists bound with wire inflamed and broke open; the cold was intense, the rain beat down on them; they had virtually no food. There were more "trials" and more beatings; Father Seraphim was "tried" 20 times. They had their hands wired behind their backs, and had to eat like animals.

Eight died at Teng Chia Yu. The first was the Frenchman, Father Stephen. Then Father Alphonsus. Father Alphonsus had been Fr. Albert L'heureux, S.J., missionary in China for many years.

"That man died peacefully," a guard told the monks, "he looked like the other Man in your chapel on the figure-ten frame." The figure ten in Chinese is a cross.

About September 14, 65-year-old Chinese Fr. Aemilius died; and in the next three weeks he was followed by Brothers Conrad, Jerome, Mark, Aloysius Gonzaga and Bartholomew. They were buried in shallow graves, and at night the dogs came to tear their bodies apart.

There was more suffering for the Trappist lovers of peace: their monastery had been set on fire, and the Communist official Li T'ui Shih brought three to view the ruins: flames had consumed all except the stables and the chapter room.

"Yang Chia P'ing is destroyed," the Red soldiers said, "and before long there will be no Catholic Church in our territories."

By the end of September the tragic drama began to disintegrate; five Brothers were released, and then seven more. For some reason the death sentence of the People's Court was forgotten. On Monday, October 13, Brother Joachim and six others were sent away. Brother Joachim's crime was that, in meditation, he had prayed God to rid China of the Communist armies, and to strengthen Chiang Kai-shek.

"If we find you in another seminary," the Red official told the young men, "We will kill you."

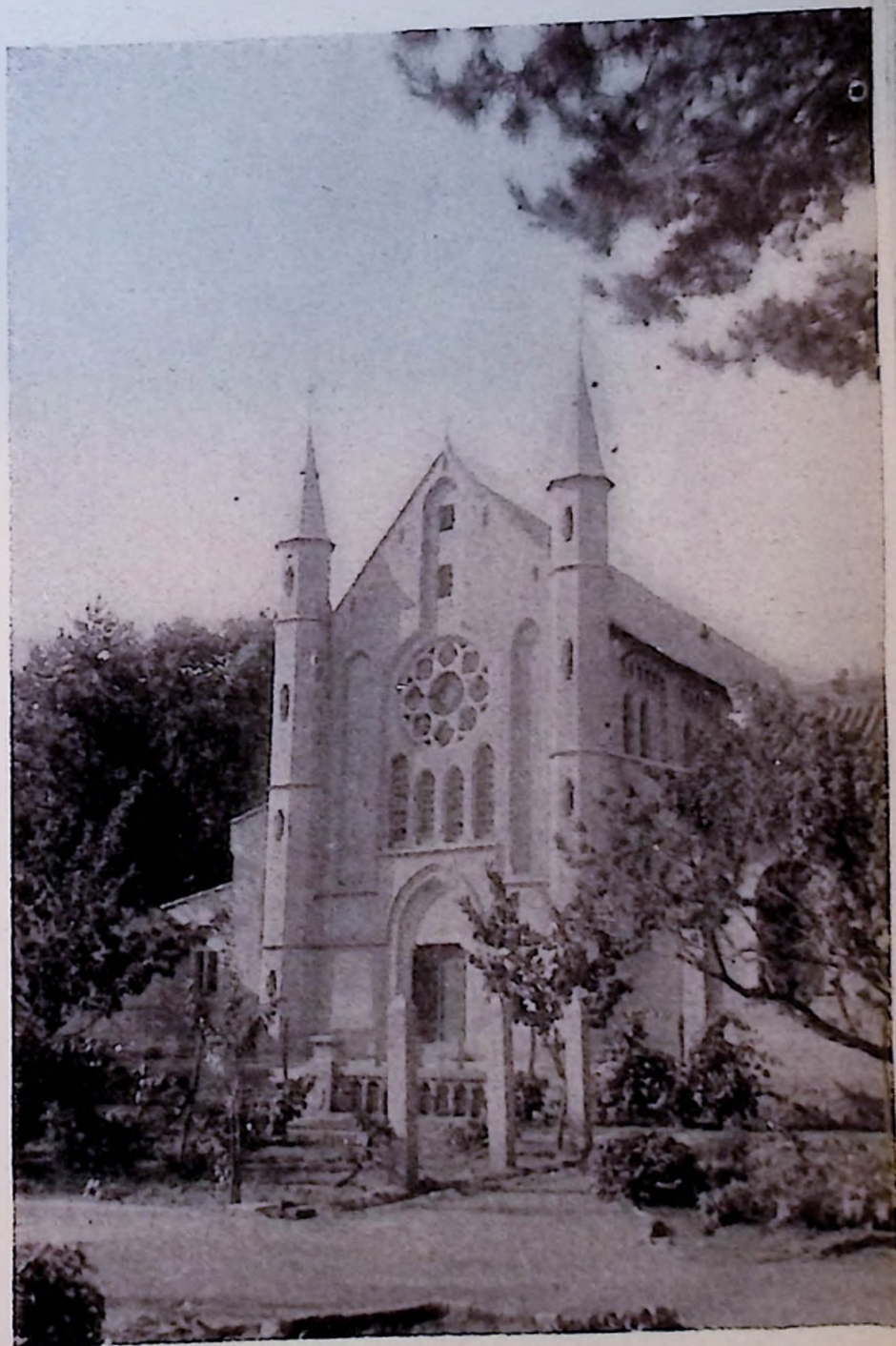
They had to cross the no-man's land between Communist and Government troops, with the ping of machine bullets surrounding them. Late at night, October 18th, the eve of Mission Sunday, they reached Peiping and the Marist Brothers' school.

On the night of October 13th, Father Antonius Fan died; on the 18th, Fr. Augustinus Faure followed. On October 26th fifteen of the Brothers were released. And they reported increasing brutality.

The fate of twenty-seven Trappists is still in doubt. One, Father Michael, is very near death; Fr. Seraphim's thumbs were wired behind his back, his big toes wired together, and a third strand bound thumbs and toes so that he cannot stand.

For 64 years Yang Chia P'ing was a reservoir of Grace for the China Mission. Now it lies in ruins. Its monks scattered or dead. May God in His mercy, and in their own wonderful reservoir of Grace in heaven grant the Trappists of Yang Chia P'ing a new home to continue their prayer for China!

The chapel at the Trappist Abbey of Our Lady of Consolation in Yang Chia P'ing before its burning by Communists.



Robert I.  
Burke  
S.J.



The school children of Alva with their new pastor, Father Burke. (Below) The newly renovated St. Boniface Church in the town where an old promise was kept.

## RAINBOW *in Alva*



*“WHEN is Fadder coming?”* That question has been bandied about the Dry Harbour Mountains for months. It finally got its answer last June, for then Alva, which for years on end had been an out-mission served from Brown's Town, was given a priest of its own. But behind the coming of the priest is a long story, and the chief story-maker is Father Raymond Sullivan, who has been pastor of Brown's Town and its assorted stations for fifteen years. He is known to readers of *JESUIT MISSIONS* as the active and zealous father and founder of the Holy Name Homestead.

Alva has a curious history. It began as a mission station sometime in the 1860's when Father Woollett bought the property, the center-piece

oot an old coffee plantation that had a history extending well back into slavery times. A stone taken from the old mill and inserted in the foundation of the new convent bore the date "1824." Alva in Father Woollett's time was the centre of a large settlement of German Catholic immigrants, and the new mission was appropriately dedicated to Saint Boniface. Fr. Manuel Loydi, a secular priest and former Carlist soldier in one of the Spanish revolutions, succeeded Father Woollett and he it was who built a small fortress on the hill and called it Saint Boniface Church. Its stone bears the date 1884. In those early days, and well on into the present century Alva was a thriving Catholic centre, populated largely by the white Germans. The Sisters of Mercy ran a school, and all the older folk remember them with deep gratitude and genuine affection.

Sometime during the first decade the Sisters were withdrawn, and Father Eracrick, who had succeeded Father Loydi after the latter left for South America, moved his residence to Brown's Town, as a larger town with even greater possibilities. So Alva went into decline. The Catholic population fell off, and white people gradually became a minority. The mission was handled from Brown's Town, and through the efforts of tireless missionaries during the years that followed, the depleted ranks of Catholics were filled with devoted blacks. But Alva never got beyond its status as a dependent mission, chiefly because there weren't priests to spare.

When Father Ray took over the area the buildings at Alva had clearly seen better days, and he set to work with the high and secret hope that one day Alva would bloom again. He was sure it would; so he planned wisely and broadly. He built a home that was really a home for some lucky priest who would one day occupy it; he built an eight-room convent, sure that the Sisters would return; he enlarged the school to accommodate the growing number of youngsters. That left only the Church which was still Father Loydi's fortress, slightly the worse for age. While building at Alva Father Ray discovered that Columbus had been stranded for a year or so in and near another of his missions at St. Ann's Bay, and that in all likelihood the first Mass ever said in Jamaica was said there. Plans for a National Shrine rapidly took shape in his mind and captivated his imagination. Alva's church was postponed for a while, and the dream of a National Shrine at St. Ann's Bay was worked out into a breath-taking reality. Today it stands as the most beautiful Church in all Jamaica.

He had told the people of Alva, when he left them to work on the Shrine, that they would not be forgotten, that one day he would come back and build a Church that would make a fitting home for the Eucharistic Christ in their midst. That would

have to wait the day when a priest would be sent to his assistance.

That day came late last year. I was sent out to Brown's Town, and fell in love with Alva and its sister mission, Murray Mount. Father Ray interrupted the execution of another of his great missionary dreams, the Holy Name Homestead, to keep his promise to the people of Alva. For several months he spent long, hard days, gave lavishly of his energies and resources towards completing his work on this holy hill. It was discovered that Father Loydi's fortress, weather-beaten, aged, still possessed the primary qualifications of a fortress,—it was strong. We talked it over, and decided to remodel the old Church rather than build an entirely new one. The building was re-roofed; its walls were repainted outside and refinished inside; a new ceiling was hung to cover the rafters; the old sanctuary and sacristy disappeared completely.

We planned to reopen the Church on June 8th, the Sunday following the feast of its titular, St. Boniface. It meant we had to work rapidly. The six months involved flew by and we discovered that to finish before the Bishop's arrival for ceremonies, we would have to work through the last two nights! The electric plant was overhauled and put into use, and all Friday night until 4:00 A.M. Saturday carpenters, cabinet-makers, painters and plasterers went at it. And the next, too! By Sunday morning everything looked shipshape. You never knew that the paint was still wet on the doorways unless you made the mistake of brushing against them.

Before 9:00 o'clock the people began to assemble. At 9:30 the Bishop arrived in company with Father Superior, Fr. John J. Sullivan and Fr. Anable. At 10:00 the ceremonies began with the blessing of the Church by His Lordship. The first Solemn Mass anyone here can remember was sung, and Pontifical Benediction followed a graceful talk by the Bishop. Then we were invited to a dinner prepared by the devoted women of Alva.

In the afternoon the crowds dispersed; His Lordship got into one automobile and drove off; Father Superior and the others followed him in another; and I was left to pack away the vestments.

They remained a long time unpacked. I sat on the porch reviewing the glorious day and trying to see what lay at the other end of the rainbow that shone so brightly over Alva. A promise had been kept and the people of the little town had their own church at long last.





*Nowhere in the world is hospitality more respected or more graciously given than among the Arabs of the desert. Here Shaikh Mohammed Al-Subail, paramount chief of the Beni Tamin tribe, whose lands extend from Baghdad on the Tigris to Fallujah on the Euphrates, offers a feast of feasts to Father Edward F. Madaras S.J., the Rector of Baghdad College. Please notice that the author of the famed "Al Baghdadi" is also indulging in a little cheating by using a spoon in place of bare hands.*

## MISSIONS MAKE THE NEWS

THE JAPANESE BISHOPS in the first joint pastoral ever issued by the Roman Catholic Hierarchy of Japan called upon all Catholics in the nation to cooperate actively in combating the physical and moral ills of the country. Specifically they urged the faithful to "curb the black market," to combat the flood of immoral films, books and magazines "which were poisoning the souls of our youth." They warned against "clever agitators who are not thinking of labor welfare but of class hatred and revolution" and urged more priests and Catholic laymen to enter actively into the field of guidance and help in behalf of workers.

SIX JAPANESE GIRLS were ready to enter as postulants when four Poor Clare nuns arrived in Tokyo from Valley Field, Canada, to found the first

monastery of their order in Japan. Pending the arrival of the nuns, the six postulants had been preparing for the religious life as Third Order members.

CHRISTIANS OF PAKISTAN were given new assurances that they will be guaranteed full freedom to profess, practice and propagate their faith. These promises were given at an interview granted by Ali Jinnah, Governor General of Pakistan, to Dewan Bahadur S.P. Sinha, speaker of the Punjab legislative assembly.

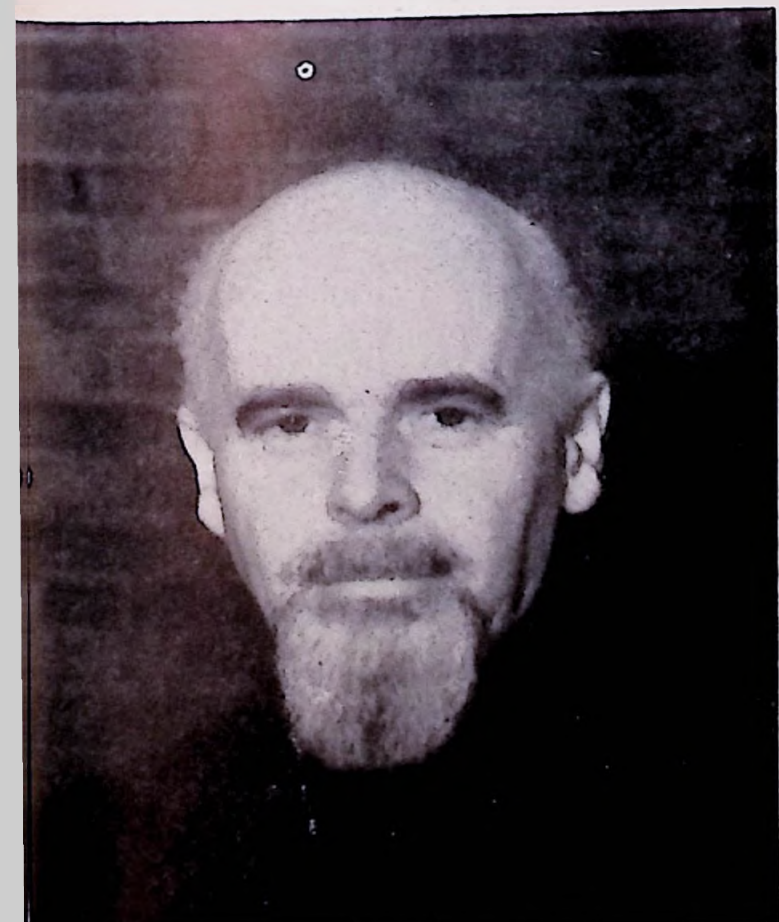
BISHOP JOSEPH GHANIMA has been elected Patriarch of Babylon of the Chaldeans with the title Joseph III. At the present time there are about 72,000 Catholics of the Chaldean Rite, most of them living in Iraq, Iran and Turkey.

**HOLY CROSS MISSION, WIKWEMIKONG**, on Manitoulin Island, possesses a rare treasure, a 3,580 page dictionary translating the Ojibway Indian tongue into English. It is the work of Father Ferard, Jesuit from France, who came to Canada in the early 1860's. He spent twenty years completing the three volumes which are priceless.

**THE CONGREGATION OF THE ORATORY OF ST. PHILIP NERI** of Rock Hill, South Carolina, has been made a Congregation of Pontifical right. It has become the only missionary congregation in the entire Oratorian institute and is the first to be established and canonically erected in North America. The Rock Hill Congregation has the care of five counties in North Carolina, in an area about 3,500 square miles with a total Catholic population of 300.

**MOHANDAS K. GANDHI**, Hindu leader, in a statement made to the press paid tribute to the Catholic missionaries in India. "Look at the Roman Catholics and the Jesuits and what they have done for the advancement of education," Mr. Gandhi said. They carried on their work against heavy odds and brought it to a high pitch of accomplishment. Or look at the missionaries who came early in India and the schools and colleges they started."

Fr. Francis W. Anderson S.J., former Baghdad missionary, Director of Catholic Education in Transjordan, Secretary to the Apostolic Delegate of the Holy Land, and now Washington representative for JESUIT MISSIONS, begins this month a regular column. (right)



## Come, follow me

No doubt we have often wished that Saint Matthew had been less sparing of detail concerning the identity of the Wise Men, from the east. The Evangelist leaves us to conjecture their names, their number, the exact region of their origin. Oftentimes in Baghdad, when the stars seemed close enough to be touched, I felt that the golden journey must have had its beginning there.

Yet, the Wise Men emerge as very clearly defined personalities. Saint Matthew may not have satisfied our curiosity for the details, but he certainly does not fail us in revealing the essential significance of the episode.

These men, strangers in the Kingdom of Judah, Gentiles, were the chosen instruments through whom the Incarnate Son of God first manifested Himself to the non-Jewish world. They were our representatives, and worthy representatives they were. Men of unassailable faith, of staunch fidelity to the inspirations of divine grace. Men keenly aware of the spiritual character of the Infant King's sovereignty over this world. They were humble men in spite of their high station. They had that lofty moral courage which is the mark of the truly humble, the courage to pursue a spiritual goal despite the cynics. In Herod's world it was considered smart to be sceptical of spiritual values, an attitude still cultivated by the worldling. But the Wise Men were not disheartened by the indifference and unbelief of the worldly wise. Above all, there was no abandoning their goal because it was not the popular trend of the times. How often on that same road to Bethlehem have I asked for the grace to be the Other Wise Man!

"He came unto His own, and His own received Him not." But the Wise Men, aliens in Judah, came in search of Him. Their true greatness is revealed only when "entering into the house, they found the Child with Mary His mother, and falling down they adored Him." This was no mere act of courtly protocol. Their adoration was an act of divine homage, a complete and spontaneous acceptance of the Child as their Eternal Lord. They recognized their God and "falling down they adored Him." This is the climax and the very essence of Saint Matthew's message.

Would that we could forget for a while our labored prayers for temporal favors and in the spirit of the Wise Men fall down in selfless adoration before the God of all love and power and beauty Who, in Himself and for Himself, is so infinitely adorable!

FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.



Andrew W. Vachon Jr.  
and John M. Maher

A conception of February 5, 1597, when at Nagasaki the Church in Japan came of age. Here three Jesuit native born Japanese and twenty-three others first shed their blood for Christ.

# INTO THE RISING SUN

**In Japan there is a race against time for eternity**

**T**HREE hundred and fifty years have passed since the crosses of Japan's first martyrs were raised on the hill outside Nagasaki. The blood that flowed from the pierced hearts of the three Jesuits and their companions marked the beginning of a trail unparalleled in the glorious sweeping forward of the Church. A decade before the Mayflower dropped anchor at Plymouth there were over a million Catholics in the Land of the Rising Sun. In the years to follow the number of those who died for their faith reached over 200,000. No people in history have given so many martyrs to God as the Christians of Japan.

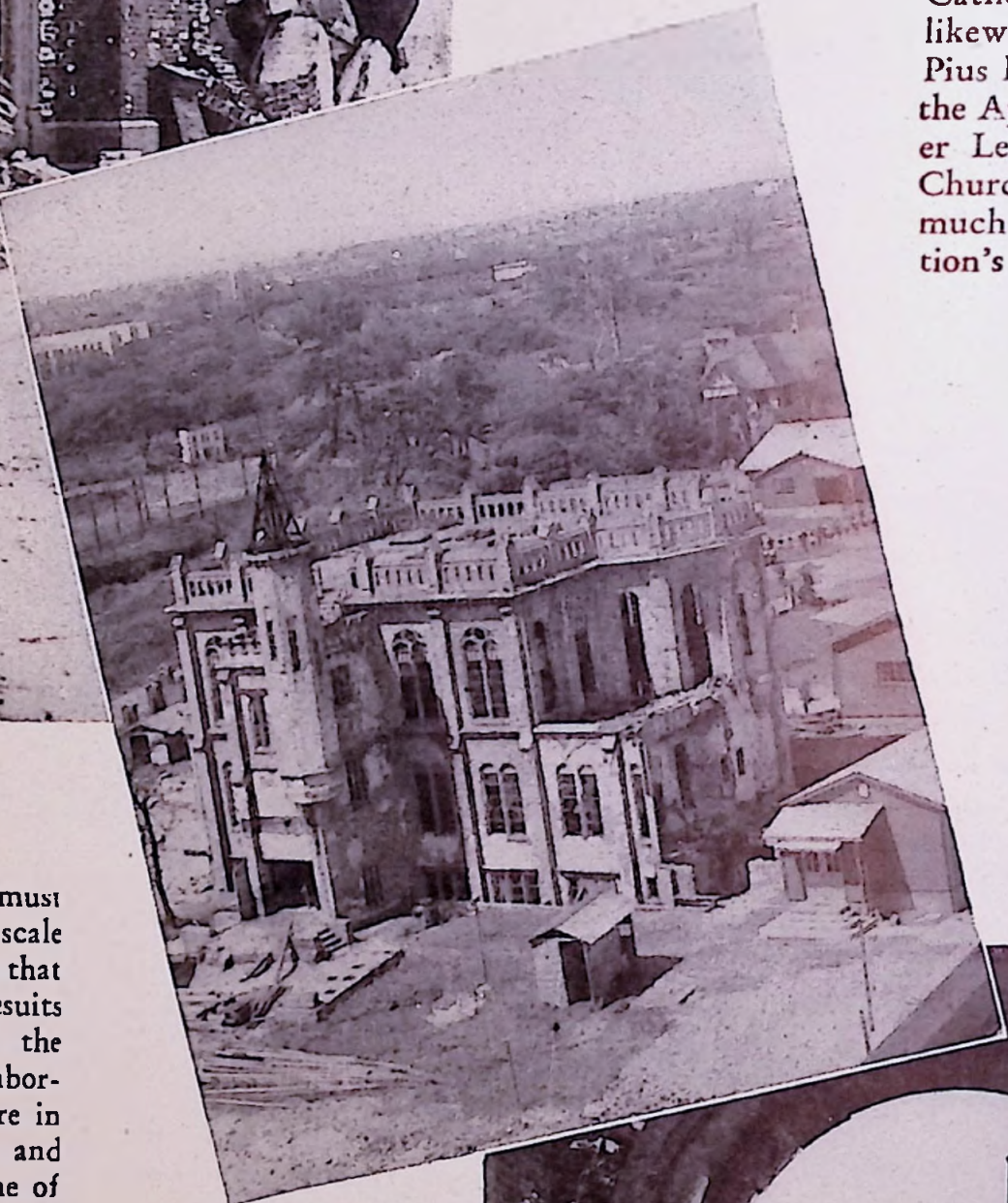
Two hundred years later when the curtain of isolation was again lifted the missionaries were amazed to find thousands of Japanese who had preserved their Catholic faith from one generation to another despite the fact

that they had had no priests. The present Jesuit Superior of Japan, Father Hugo Lassalle, in speaking of the character of the people, has said, "There has always been and there still is in the Japanese people a sort of interior affinity with Christianity, solid qualities which are found only in the true Church. It was not by chance that St. Francis Xavier placed his highest hopes in the conversion of the Japanese to Christianity."

During the past year American Jesuits have set out for Japan to aid their German brethren who have held the mission over a period of years despite great difficulties. For the first time there is no governmental opposition to Christianity. A people whose blind faith in tradition has been shattered now look to the true God. A nation is on the verge of conversion. The crosses on the Nagasaki hill have attained fulfillment at last.



Two and a half years ago the cities of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in Japan became symbols of the new destruction. Yet these cities were the center of the Catholic Church in Japan. Here (top and bottom) we see the ruins of the church in the district of Nakamachi in Nagasaki, the spot where the first martyrs of Japan laid down their lives. Yet not only in these cities did the Church suffer. The Catholic University in Tokyo was also bombed, while the school for Catholic girls (center) likewise suffered. Pope Pius has expressly asked the Apostleship of Prayer League to keep the Church in Japan very much in the Association's prayers in 1948.



But the Church in Japan must rebuild on an even grander scale in view of the opportunity that lies before Her. American Jesuits have gone to the aid of the European missionaries now laboring there. The following are in Japan at the present time and around them may evolve one of the most glorious periods in the history of the Church:

- Rev. John Forster S.J. (Oregon Province)
- Rev. John R. Hughes S.J. (New England Province)
- Rev. Robert Keel S.J. (Missouri Province)
- Rev. Daniel F. McCoy S.J. (New York Province)
- Rev. John J. McKechney S.J. (Chicago Province)
- Rev. Aloysius J. Miller S.J. (Maryland Province)
- Rev. Charles A. Robinson S.J. (Missouri Province)
- John E. Blewett S.J. (Missouri Province)
- Thomas M. Curran S.J. (New England Province)
- William J. Everett S.J. (Chicago Province)
- Robert J. Forbes S.J. (Maryland Province)
- John Slater S.J. (Oregon Province)
- Bro. Francis Masui S.J. (Oregon Province)



# APOSTOLATE OF PRAYER

Mission Intention for January, 1948

## THAT THE CHURCH BE BETTER KNOWN IN JAPAN

Although there are in the whole of Japan fifteen ecclesiastical divisions, we must not picture to ourselves fifteen dioceses like Chicago, Boston, New York or Brooklyn. In all Japan there are only about 108,000 Catholics. This is a very insignificant number when we recall that during the war years alone there was an increase of Catholics in tiny Uganda in Africa amounting to 210,000 souls. This number becomes even more insignificant when we remember that over half, some 54,500 Catholics dwell in the diocese of Nagasaki. These for the most part are descendants of the seventeenth century Japanese Martyrs. The remaining 54,000 Catholics are scattered among some 76,000,000 Japanese, for the most part pagans. If all the Japanese Catholics dwelt in one community they would not even constitute one small city. After three and a half centuries the Catholic Church is too little known in Japan.

With victory in Japan the Catholic Church has been given greater freedom. But several difficulties now beset the progress of the Church. The A-bomb has destroyed vast portions of whole Christian communities; Catholic missionaries are carrying on in

temporary structures; the Japanese people still dazed from the war years are facing an economic crisis. Another difficulty too shows its head. With the arrival of the American occupation forces on Japanese shores came the American missionaries, many of them members of Protestant sects. There is danger that the Japanese may not distinguish between Protestant Christianity and the truth of Catholicism and may judge the true Church by tenets of false Christian sects.

But there are hopeful signs too. During the war years Japanese soldiers came in contact with the true religion of Christ in China, Indo-China, Burma, the Pacific Islands, and especially the Philippines. From contacts with Catholics in these lands the sincere seeker of truth in Japan will seek that only Church which recognizes the Supreme Pontiff as the Vicar of Christ on earth.

Three hundred and fifty years have elapsed since the watering of Japan with the first blood of her Martyrs. The hour to grow into the stature of Christ is at hand. Pray that a vast army of Catholic missionaries will make known the Church in Japan.

Missions Intention for February, 1948

## THE SPREAD OF CHRISTIANITY IN INDIA

No Asian topic has occupied greater space in American newspapers during the last six months than the clashes in India, disturbances caused chiefly by opposing Hindu and Moslem factions in the Dominions of India and Pakistan. In view of these upheavals we naturally ask how the Church will fare in the new India? Will she enjoy civil rights and hence full freedom of Catholic life and practice, freedom to explain her doctrines and make converts, freedom to carry on the works of her apostolate? Since of its 400,000,000 Indians only a little more than 4,000,000 are Catholics, they constitute a minority group in India. Will full civic rights be granted to Catholics? Much depends on the good will of public administrators and on public opinion shaped chiefly by educated Indians.

At present the outlook is hopeful. For the most part those who guide the destiny of India have not shown themselves hostile to the Catholic Church. The false though greatly revered dictum of the ancient Indian rulers that the Christian religion is something foreign to India has been amply refuted. Today of her 4,818 Catholic priests, more than 3,000

are Indians and of her Bishops fifteen natives have already become members of the Catholic hierarchy. One of the deputies of the Constituent Assembly of the Congress is an Indian Jesuit, Francis X. D'Souza, rector of the College at Madras.

Since July we have seen that the chief problems of the new India have their origin in the age-old jealousy between Hindus and Moslems and the exaggerated spirit of nationalism fostered by both parties. The desire of both sides to see their own group of followers increase and the opposing faction decrease has turned India into a bloody battleground where hate is taking deeper roots in the hearts of men. It will take long years before this unfortunate beginning is forgotten by the protagonists. Again, this jealousy and strife may cause serious difficulties for the Church in India, especially during these early months of independence. For the Church has dioceses and missions in the dominions of India and of Pakistan. Catholics the world over should beseech the Prince of Peace that an exaggerated love of country will not be a stumbling block to the Catholic Church in free India.

# Firebrand of India

Richard M.  
Brackett  
S.J.



**I**N the dim, flickering light of a votive candle in the spacious Cathedral of Santa Maria, Lisbon, knelt a young noblewoman, Donna Beatriz Pereira de Britto by name, praying before an image of St. Francis Xavier. Bitter grief filled her heart, for in her royal home lay her ten year old son, sick unto death. "Oh Father St. Francis," she implored with all the intense fervor of a sorrowful mother, *"through your powerful intercession before the throne of God spare the life of my child and I solemnly promise that I will do whatever God asks of me in return. Only restore health to my son and I will dedicate him to you."* Her prayers were answered. Her son miraculously recovered. Little did she know, however, that her son was literally to follow in the steps of Xavier, his patron, to the very land in which the great Apostle of the Indies and the first Jesuit missionary labored, to become the "chosen vessel" carrying the flame of love and truth to the far off harvest fields of magic India.

Born exactly three hundred years ago on March 1, 1647, John de Britto belonged to one of the noblest families of Portugal. At court he won the favor of all. A brilliant future awaited him in the service of his kingdom. Six short years, however, after his fatal illness he shocked the royal family by applying for entrance into the Society of Jesus and he became a Jesuit novice on December 17, 1662. Armed with the spiritual conviction acquired from the usual month's retreat in the noviceship, John attacked his studies at Lisbon, Evora, and Coimbra with a new zeal, a new fire. His success in studies, especially in Philosophy and Theology, marked him for one of the professorships in a Portugal university but again, like Xavier, the learned University of Paris scholar, his calling lay in the foreign missions and he set sail for India on March 15, 1673, arriving at Goa with twenty-four fellow missionaries after six months on the perilous seas.

Now a priest, John de Britto was assigned to the Madura mission post, a vast field numbering eight million souls. The caste system was one of the severest barriers that missionaries had to hurdle in India. Sixty years earlier the brilliant Jesuit Father Robert de Nobili succeeded in breaking through the barrier. He would become like the people he wished

**'This February the feast-day of a great missionary and martyr is celebrated for the first time since his canonization last June**

to convert; he would abstain from meat and fish; he would, in a word, become a Brahmin, as far as manner of life and dress were concerned. Not only did he live as a Brahmin but Father de Nobili was able to surpass the Brahmins, manifesting a perfect acquaintance with their literature and music. Using the same missionary technique Father de Britto became a Swami, a less highly esteemed caste but one allowing him to reach the social outcasts of Madura. Donning a bright orange colored Swami robe, de Britto assumed the outward appearance of a "guru," a teacher learned in the law. Living in a hut, he mastered their languages with remarkable swiftness and won acclaim for his versatility in refuting their pantheistic philosophy. Such a life requires tremendous spiritual strength and continued fasts and abstinence from meat and fish brought down the grace of God necessary to the conversion of such a people. The spiritual power obtained from prayer and contemplation now worked wonders as the missionary converted many of the Swami caste who forsook the worship of the pagan god Brahma and asked for baptism.

During this time Father de Britto, who was never of robust build, undertook many journeys around the territory of Madura in southeast India, seeking new converts. Deep into the jungles he went on foot, evangelizing the natives while bearing the torture of wearing the Swami robes and wooden sandals in a climate not far removed from the equator. In the season of Lent, 1677, three thousand souls received the sacraments from his hands. Not all was success, however, for the missionary who was gradually becoming accustomed to the dangers of snakes and wild beasts in the jungles. While attempting to spread the gospel in the territory of Marava, John de Britto and a few companion disciples were severely tortured and narrowly escaped martyrdom at the hands of pagan priests for refusing to sacrifice to the pagan god Shiva. The missionaries were freed and John de Britto subsequently went to Portugal to convalesce after his excruciating torments. The efforts to retain him in Europe were in vain and late 1690 found him once again on the high seas in the direction of Goa.

Early 1691 saw John de Britto once more labor-

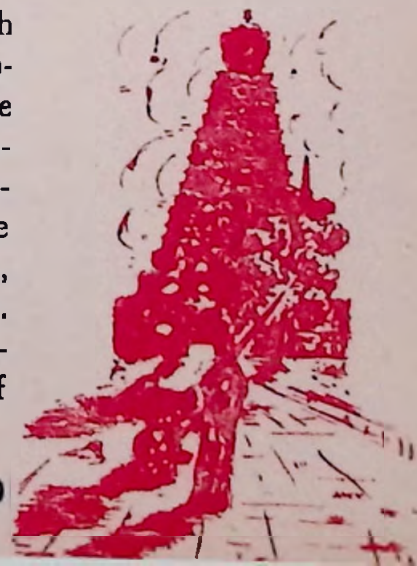


The church at Goa where lie the bodies of Francis Xavier and John de Britto.

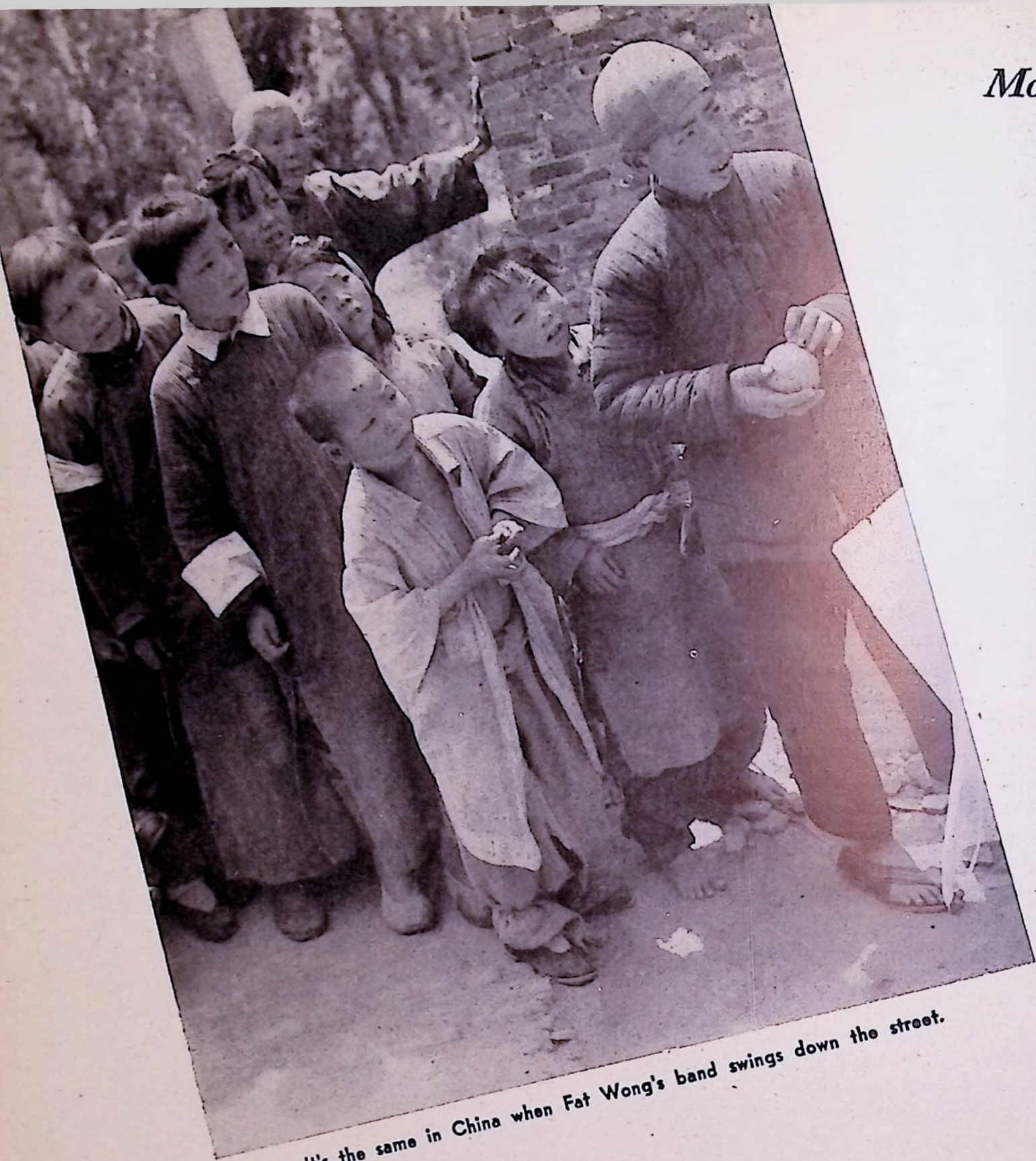
ing as superior of the Madura mission. On one journey taken at this time it is related that the Jesuit baptized twelve thousand persons. In Marava he visited his former mission posts, converting a very noble prince named Thadayathevar. Since the prince had married several times it was necessary for him to dismiss all but the first wife. One of his ex-wives, however, was the niece of the Rajah of Marava and of course, through her machinations she incited the hatred of the Rajah for the missionary. An intense search followed in the neighboring villages and finally Father de Britto was captured. Dragged to Ramnad, the capital of Marava, the martyr-to-be appeared worn and ragged before the richly clad Rajah. Upon refusal to worship Shiva, he was found guilty of instructing others to overthrow the gods of India and consequently was sentenced to death.

At sunrise on February 4, 1693 the martyr was led out to a small, sandy hill beyond the Indian village Oriyur and beheaded by the swift stroke of a long glittering sword. The news spread rapidly and soon reached Lisbon where a solemn high mass was sung in the Cathedral of Santa Maria. To the amazement of the sorrowing congregation, the now aged mother of the martyr appeared in the rich robes of royalty to joyfully celebrate the entrance of her son into the heavenly court of his King.

Holy Mother the Church has set her seal of approval upon the heroic life of John de Britto, and today the body of the Portuguese martyr lies in the mission church at Goa, India beside that of St. Francis Xavier, his inspiration and guiding flame of zeal and love.



*Morgan J.  
Curran  
S.J.*



*It's the same in China when Fat Wong's band swings down the street.*

## *Fat Wong* MARCHES ON

**F**AT WONG was not in Kao-yu a day before he came to the Church like every good Catholic to see the Shen Fu.

"Father," he said, "what you need is a band for your church, and I shall be the leader."

Fat Wong's mind, as afterwards discovered, was always struggling with some great problem, and invariably creating some scheme. His ideas naturally

ran along musical lines, and having had some experience playing in bands in Honan and Shanghai, he began to long for the day when he would be marching in front and directing a band of his own. The Father was not too much convinced of any crying need for a band in the church, but to humor Fat Wong he told him it would be a good idea. But first he prudently asked, "How much—er, capital,

would this venture require?" to which the light-hearted Wong replied, "Capital? Why, no money is required since the band will support itself. All I need is a room in your house. The instruments I have brought along and the players will be recruited from among the boys of the town. Besides playing on feast-days at the church and on special occasions in the school, we shall support ourselves by playing, for a fee, of course, at joyful weddings and sad funerals. Don't you see, it is promising?"

The pastor did not exactly see, but he realized that here at least he had someone who on Sundays could play the organ that now stood silent in the back of the church. He gave the desired permission, and band-leader Wong moved in. Wong's trunk produced not only the instruments, but light blue uniforms as well, and blue caps with army insignia. Soon Wong, the captain, was marching along the streets and around the great walls of the town before a troupe of bleating, blasting youths in uniform. They accompanied brides in their gaily ornamented chairs to their new homes; they preceded coffins to their final resting places outside the walls; they made merry many an entertainment in the school, and they thrived on holiday parades.

The business prospered. It was great face for a Chinese to be married to the tune of a sixteen-piece band, and in the funerals sixteen blasting, trumpeting, booming youths could more effectively scare away the evil spirits who might venture too near the bier of a pagan, and most of Wong's work was with pagans. So things went along smoothly enough for Wong for a time; but nothing goes smoothly for long in China.

It happened that a cousin of Wong's friend Huang was to be married in Hsing Hua about sixty li north, and of course Wong went at the invitation of his friend to the marriage; but not with his band. The troupe of boys lived at the church and Wong shared his room with one of them, one who was an old friend of his, named Hsieh. The day after Wong's departure, his room-mate said he received a letter from Wong telling him to send him his trunk and other things to Hsing Hua. The Shen Fu, house boy and band boys all thought this strange. Was Wong leaving them? What would happen to the band players? A couple of days later Wong returned to the surprise of all except one, the one who had de-

parted. The Shen Fu said, "But Wong, we did not expect to see you return."

"Why?" asked the puzzled Wong.

"Because you had all your things sent to you in Hsing Hua— what was the meaning of that?"

"Meaning of what?" asked Wong. And then the light suddenly breaking, he cried, "Do you mean to tell me that my trusted room-mate took all my things, and you let him go away with them? Oh, why did I ever go to Hsing Hua! It is all Huang's fault. He asked me to go. He will help me to find this fellow, Hsieh!"

Huang, his friend, didn't agree with Wong that it was his fault, but because Wong was so broken up about it he volunteered to accompany Wong to Ningpo, south of Shanghai, where Hsieh's family resided. But there, at the address they had, the peo-

ple denied any knowledge of a Hsieh. Either they had the wrong address or the family Hsieh had moved away.

Wong was disheartened. There was nothing to do but return. Back in Shanghai he visited the Sisters of St. Joseph's Hospital. He told them his story. With genuine feminine intuition, one of the Sisters saw Wong's difficulty and gave him the solution.

"Look here, Wong," she told him, "You are now a man of thirty-eight. It's time you were married.

You say your room-mate stole all your things. But if you had a wife, this would not have happened. Now, here we have Theresa who is almost your age, and unmarried. She shall be your wife!"

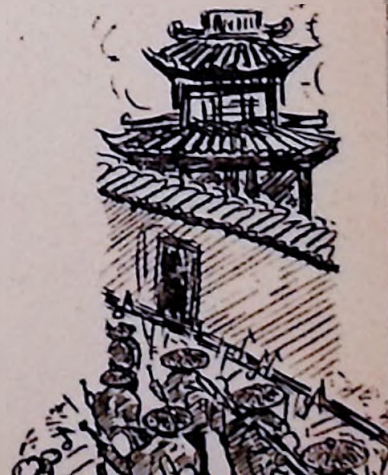
Several days later Wong reappeared at the Father's house in Kao-yu. The Father came to the parlor to see the familiar Wong and an unfamiliar woman. Wong with beaming face explained

"God's ways are not our ways. You see, I set out to catch a thief, and I come back with a wife! The Sisters always know best—I can't argue with them."

And now the Wongs are a happy family. They live a block away across the fields in back of the church and Fat Wong's band goes marching on.



The author and the usual mode of transport.





had excellent success driving *them out*. He blessed the girl, and got a nurse for her; actually she was suffering from the after-effects of wartime malaria. The cure wasn't quick enough for the family, and next day the girl's sister came to see him.

"Can I borrow your mule?" she asked shyly. "I want to get a remedy for my sister."

He had an idea something was wrong, and questioned her vigorously.

"Father," the sister said at last, "we want to borrow your mule to bring down the witch doctor from the mountains. He'll cure my sister!"

## Backfire

THEY were drafting the "List of Fundamental Rights" for the new India, and one concerned religion. "Conversions by coercion or fraud or undue influence" were banned. Some enemy of the Church proposed an amendment "*or conversion of minors under the age of 18.*" Everyone was stunned, for many of the conversions in pagan countries are made in the mission schools. While the missionaries held their breath the law was challenged, and finally at vice-premier Sardal Patel's suggestion it was dropped. Now some Indian states which already had such legislation must abandon it if they are to be admitted to the Union of India. And the Holy Spirit continues to find stepping stones for the spread of the Kingdom.

## Who Said That?

FATHER Joseph Connell conducted the English examination for the youngsters entering Baghdad College. Use the word *HOUR* in a sentence, demanded one of the questions. "Hour you?" wrote one of the Baghbabies. The same question asked them to use *GROUND* and *APPLE*.

"I ground with my friends," was an answer.

"Apple football all the time," was another. Try it with acute French accent!

Father Connell sent in this amazing list of the religions of the 478 youngsters at Baghdad College.

Uniates		Orthodox		Non Christians	
Chaldeans	170	Nestorians	8	Moslems	111
Syrians	50	Jacobites	5	Druzes	1
Armenians	17	Armenians	79	Jews	4
Greeks	9	Greeks	2		
Maronites	1	Russians	1	Protestants	3
Latins	17				

In case you are interested in what we are—we're Latins. All the Uniates are just as Catholic as any one of us. The Orthodox are Schismatics. Clear?

## Persecution

"TELL this story to your friends, and get them to tell their friends," wrote Father James Thornton from Nanking. It's about Father Antonio, O.P. a missionary in the Shantung and Hopei provinces of China, areas controlled by the Com-



(Above) Fr. Joseph Donohue of Jamaica, out on the road. (Below) In Baghdad proteges of Fr. Robert Sullivan practice.



## AFIELD WITH AMERICAN JESUITS

munists. His parish had 2,000 fine Catholics, and though he was not permitted to have the regular food of the "workers," he managed to keep life together for three years on black Chinese bread. Then one morning he awoke to find "*Crush the Catholic Church*" written in huge letters across his chapel.

He wasn't worried for himself but for his 15 Chinese nuns; officials ordered them to join a communist social organization. As soon as the officials left, he and the Sisters went into a hurried conference. The Sisters were all for defying the threats, and courting open martyrdom. They actually cried when this plan was vetoed. Then they demanded that the priests escape. "You are far more vital to the work of the Church than we are," they said. Nothing could persuade them to leave.

And now the fifteen Sisters have donned regular Chinese dress and are living in groups of two and three with Catholics of the neighborhood, and again the Church has gone underground. If caught they will be killed, and they know it; yet they go out to teach daily.

"Pray," says Father Thornton, "pray for those wonderful heroic women. Pray for all of us." I think we will, Father, I think we will.

### Cooking Department

FATHER Lochboehler in the Philippines offers some culinary advice. "Boil rice to a certain consistency and you have plain boiled rice. Boil it a little more, thin it out, and you have *lugao*. Add some chicken and you have *pos-pas*. Boil a certain rice briefly to keep it solid and sticky, roll it into sticks, wrap it in banana leaves and you have *malikit*. I myself fry it."

Aren't you glad that these Chinese lassies belong to Christ? The three of them are in the Sisters of Charity school in Peiping. George Donohoe S.J. of the California Province was kind enough to send on the picture which was snapped by Fr. Litvong S.J. It's a sight to warm the heart of any missionary.



## WANTED

Typewriter:—

For years, Father Paul O'Connor of Hooper Bay has kept *Jesuit Missions* supplied with Alaskan stories. In submitting his last article he mentioned that his typewriter is now "on the rocks." Once you become accustomed to typing articles and letters if you pick up a pen the thoughts simply don't flow. Father O'Connor is no exception. We would like to guarantee you his refreshing stories by supplying him with a new typewriter. For \$85.00 we could send him one. If seventeen of our subscribers would send us \$5.00 he will have a new typewriter.

• • •

Pamphlets:—

Father Thomas Cannon of the Ateneo sent a request for a long list of pamphlets. We have the titles here at the office. Most of the pamphlets are 10¢. It would help him with his catechetical work if we could supply immediately a dozen or two pamphlets.

• • •

G. K. Chesterton:—

If you are looking through your bookcase and you find a copy of G. K. Chesterton we can use it for a priest in India. He expressed a special preference for the life of G. K. Chesterton by Mazie Ward. This is a Sheed and Ward publication priced at \$3.00. *Jesuit Missions* will be glad to take care of ordering and forwarding the book.

• • •

Cassocks and Surplices:—

Every mother is very proud when she sees her son in a Church procession wearing a well laundered white surplice and red cassock. The mothers of many of our Altar boys on the missions see their sons in processions, however, when their cassocks are not of the best. The Brothers and Sisters on the missions have a way of making the cassocks last for years but, eventually, they do have to be replaced. Cassocks cost \$8.00 and surplices \$3.00. By your charity you could add much dignity to the Altar boys on the missions.

# POPE of the Reunion

John J.  
Keegan  
S.J.

*The Church Unity Octave  
reminds us of the Pontiff who  
made union between East and  
West his most important task*



**I**N May 1917, on the occasion of the founding of the Oriental Institute, Pope Benedict XV proclaimed that the Church of Christ is neither Latin nor Greek nor Slavic but Catholic, that all persons are equal in her sight, that all occupy equal places before the Apostolic Chair. His successor Pope Pius XI, worked to accomplish the union of Latin and dissident Greek and Slavic. In fact he declared it to be the chief work of his pontificate, the undertaking that should characterize his whole reign. He was concerned with leading back to unity tens of millions of Eastern Christians who are so near to unity. They are Christians who profess the Catholic faith almost in its entirety, who have true bishops and priests and who are strengthened by valid sacraments.

Pope Pius himself headed the Oriental Congregation for the Eastern Churches, which, founded by his predecessor, Pope Benedict XV, is a special department of the College of Cardinals to deal with all that concerns the Eastern Churches and to form the beginnings of a policy towards those yet in schism. In the early part of 1936 he widened the authority of this Congregation, giving it exclusive jurisdiction in several countries of the Near East, in Egypt, Palestine, Eritrea, the northern part of Ethiopia, Syria, Greece, Bulgaria and Cyprus.

His Holiness Pope Benedict XV was responsible

also for the founding of the Pontifical Oriental Institute dedicated to the study of the history, theology, philosophy, liturgy and canon law of the Eastern Churches. He urged each bishop to send one priest to study at the Institute to prepare himself to lecture in the seminary on Oriental Questions. The purpose of this was to remove from the faithful and the priests of both Eastern and Western Churches a deplorable dissension resulting from mutual ignorance and contempt and from the prejudices which followed on the long division.

Under Pius XI a commission was set up in 1929 to consider the codification of Canon Law in as much as it concerned the Eastern Churches. It had taken fourteen years of intensive labor on the part of the commission of Cardinals and their consultors to form from the mass of documents and decrees of former Popes, Councils and Congregations the present Code which affects the Latin Church. Since there are eighteen different Oriental Catholic Churches, it may require thirty or forty years before we have the codification of Eastern Canon Law.

In 1922 plague-stricken and famine-swept Russia received the utmost of material aid from Pius XI. In 1930, that the priest and lay people of the Catholic Church might help in the work of reunion, he prescribed that the ordinary prayers that are said after every low Mass be offered for Russia. A special



The Baghdad Hierarchy Msgr. Maximus (Greek), Archbishop Narsis (Armenian), Archbishop du Chayla (Latin), now Apostolic Delegate; Father Alexander, Archbishop Jonghe d'Ardoye, former Apostolic Delegate, now in Indonesia; Father Madaras, Archbishop Qalian (Syrian); and Archbishop Ghanima (Chaldean).

in Esthonia and others in Poland. Quite recently the Slav-Byzantine Franciscans have founded two priories in this country, one near Stamford, Connecticut and the other at Sybertsville, Pennsylvania.

The Society of Jesus, which might appear most unadapted for a

movement in which the liturgy is bound to play a prominent part, has, nevertheless, come in for its share of the work. Though not blessed with a liturgical tradition, it has been told to encourage some of its members to develop a Russian religious spirit. As a result there are twenty-six priests in the Slavonic rite and about a dozen scholastics and novices in training. A novitiate has recently been opened at Galloro near Rome. A few of the Fathers are in the mission field mainly to care for Russian emigres and several are teaching in the Russian seminary at Rome which is entrusted to the care of the Society of Jesus. Jesuits also have a mission to the Slavs in eastern Poland and Rumania.

The attitude and spirit of this work of reunion was clearly stated by Pope Pius XI in an address to some Italian undergraduates in 1927. "Catholics," he said, "are sometimes lacking in a right appreciation of their separated brethren and are even wanting in brotherly love because they do not know enough about them. People do not realize how much faith, goodness and Christianity there is in these bodies now detached from the age-long Catholic truth. Pieces broken from gold-bearing rock themselves bear gold. The ancient Christian bodies of the East keep so venerable a holiness that they deserve not merely respect but complete sympathy."

It is evident from this short summary of his manifold activities with reference to the Eastern Churches that Pius XI, among the many other glorious names which grace his pontificate, is worthy to be called the Pope of the Reunion between the Eastern branches of Christianity and the Western.

seminary was founded in Rome for the Russians in 1929 by the generosity of the Lisieux Carmelites.

His Holiness was also the pioneer in a new movement to bring back to unity with the See of Rome the faithful of the East by the training of westerners who adopt the rite of the country to which they are to be sent. In a letter to Dom Fidele Stotzinger, Abbott Primate of the Benedictine Order, he invited the Abbots of the order to devote an Abbey in each country to this enterprise by not only having them adopt the Slavonic rite but by urging the monks to devote themselves to the study of the languages of the people, their history, their institutions, their psychology and their theology. The response to the Holy Father's call has been most satisfactory. About half the community at Amay-sur-Meuse in Belgium is Slavonic in rite and a guest there may attend the public office of the Church in either of the two rites, Latin or Slavonic. A start has been made in this country in the Czech Benedictine Abbey of St. Procopius in Lisle, Illinois. The Cistercians have begun in Jugoslavia on a large scale. The Redemptorists adopted the Slavonic rite in 1905. They have 150 of their subjects in this rite. A word of tribute must be paid to the Augustinian Fathers of the Assumption. Since their foundation in 1847 by the Reverend Emmanuel d'Auzon, they have striven to unite the dissident Churches of the Near East to the Holy See. The Dominicans, too, exercise a very powerful influence on both the East and the West from their center of study "Istina" now removed from Lille to Paris. The Capuchins have ten or twelve priests, of whom two, both Dutchmen, are already at work

# *“Said the Innkeeper...*

*I cannot take these poor;  
They do not pay:  
They brand the house, they bring disgrace;  
I had to send that pair away.”*

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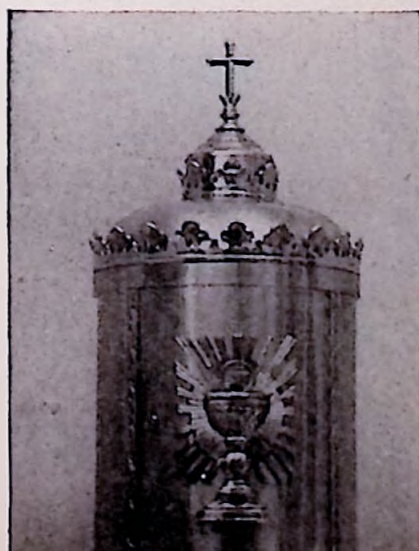
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*“In thanksgiving for our son, a priest.”*

*“In honor of Jesus Christ Who died for me.”*

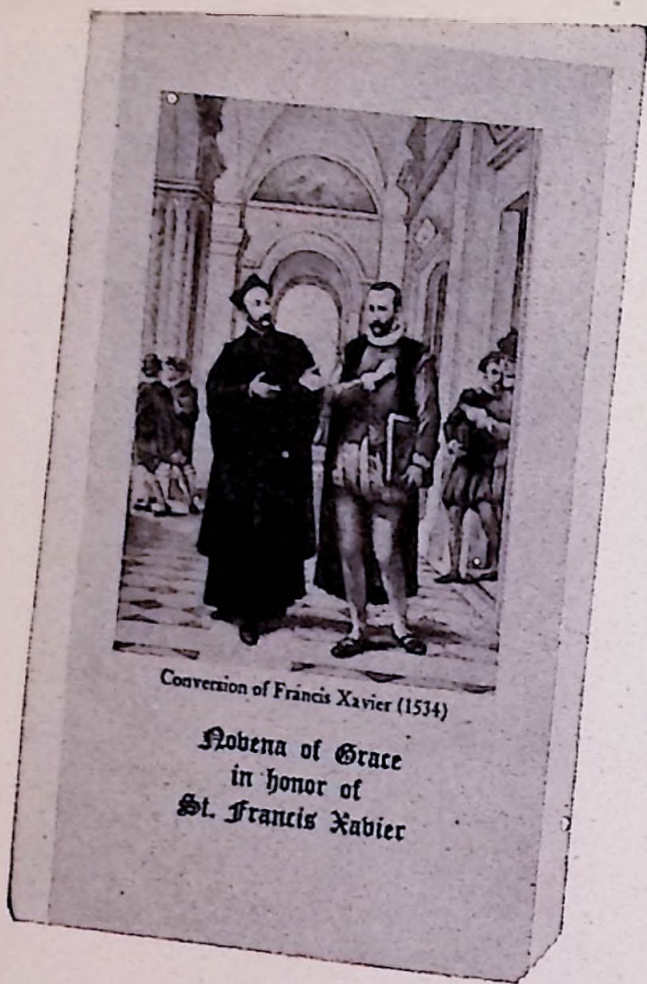
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TO EDUCATE 20,000  
PHILIPPINE YOUNG-  
STERS.



*They have practically no money.  
They have 60 bombed buildings.  
Every fifth child has school books.  
Libraries went with the war.  
Roofs, too.*

*Did you ever need an umbrella IN Church?  
Or try to study without books?  
Or teach school without a school?  
Or live in a tent all year?*

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**F**

OR many a missionary, his first thoughts of going to distant lands were inspired by the reading of a mission magazine. The thought of bringing God and His joys to the millions in China and the other parts of the world appealed to his young heart as it will to the brave young hearts of this present day, this day that is America's hour on the missions.

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