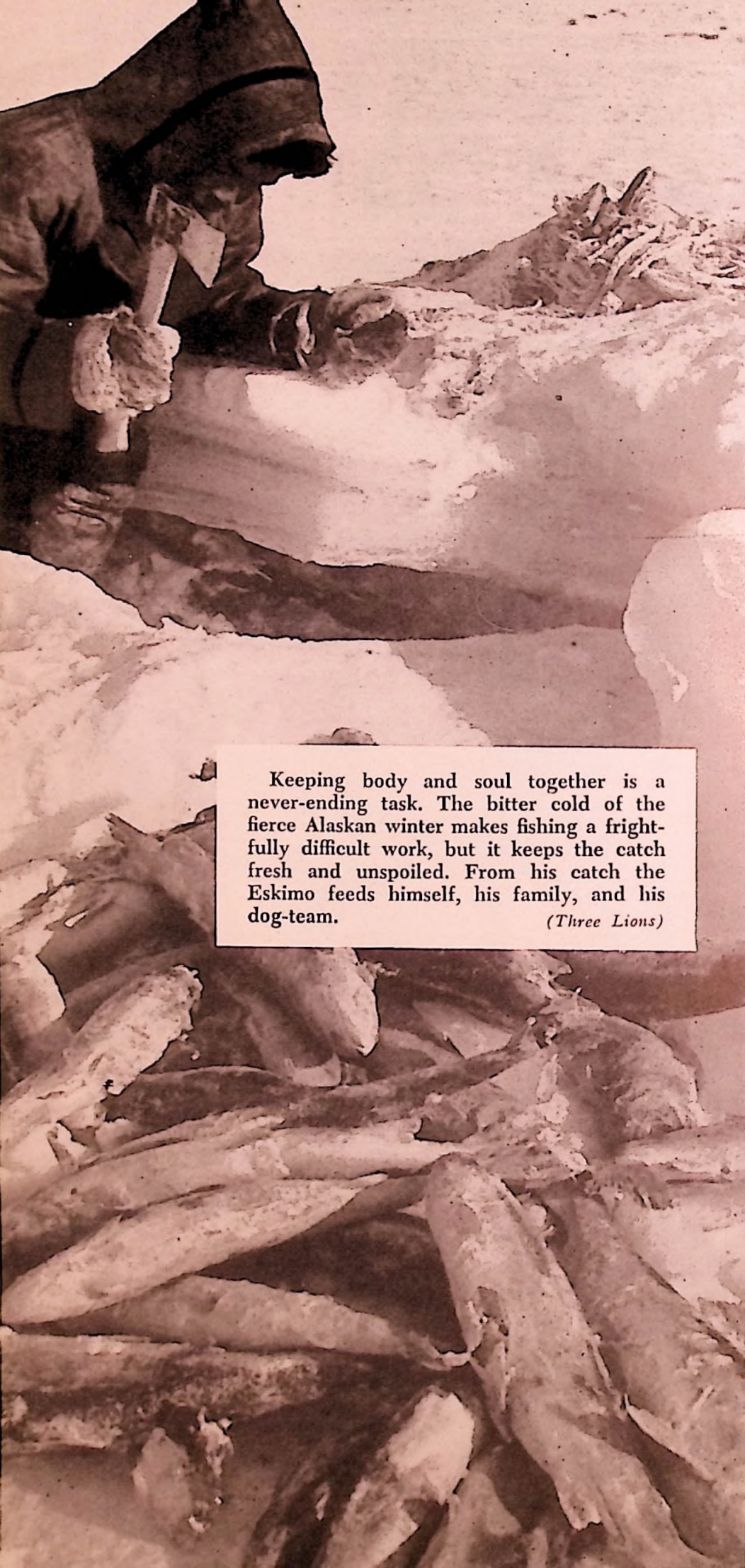


JESUIT MISSIONS



JULY - AUGUST 1953



Keeping body and soul together is a never-ending task. The bitter cold of the fierce Alaskan winter makes fishing a frightfully difficult work, but it keeps the catch fresh and unspoiled. From his catch the Eskimo feeds himself, his family, and his dog-team.

(Three Lions)

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JESUIT MISSIONS is published monthly from September to June; bi-monthly, July-August, by Jesuit Missions, Incorporated, 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 per year is \$1.00. Canadian and foreign, \$1.25. Entered as second-class mailing 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.

The Business Office of Jesuit Missions is at 962 Madison Avenue, New York 21, N. Y. Editorial Offices are at 45 East 78th Street, New York 21, N. Y.

MISSIONS

THE VOICE OF 1114 AMERICAN JESUITS

Vol. 27, No. 6

July-August, 1953

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MISSION OF THE MONTH Alaska

Alaska is a vast and sprawling land with a long fish-hook finger of islands stretching a thousand miles into the waters of the Pacific. If you superimpose it on a map of the United States and work it around properly, you will find that it is big enough to touch all the borders at one point or another. It is, moreover, one of the world's most richly endowed lands. Any mineral you name is there in abundance: it has oil, it has forests, it has fantastically fertile soil, its great rivers teem with fish, seal and walrus and whales, fur-bearing animals of all sorts abound in and around it.

To compensate for all these riches, the winters are incredibly severe, the summer short, enormous sections of the country covered by a swampy, spongy soil called tundra, great, volcanic mountains soar to heaven, and the world's biggest and most savage mosquitoes prowl like roaring lions seeking whom they may devour.

Here, in the northernmost American possession, Jesuit missionaries toil in what the Popes have described as "The world's hardest mission." Their toil is arduous and slow and hazardous. And against all odds they have succeeded, so that the future of the Church in Alaska looks good enough now for the Pope to have created a second diocese. May it go on.

THIS IS THE FORGETFUL TIME OF YEAR WHEN MANY people turn aside from their regular routine and escape to mountains or seashore for a brief vacation. They go eagerly, happily, and how often will the familiar words be heard, "A change of scenery will do us good."

But this is also a time of year for remembering. At airports, at railway stations, on the deck of ships scenes are taking place which will never be forgotten by their participants. Men and women say farewell to their dear ones and leave for the missions, also eagerly and happily with the deep happiness which sacrifice begets.

A change of scenery? As you read this issue notice how often the scene changes. Alaska, Pacific isles, the Far East, India and Ceylon, the Near East, the Caribbean—for how many American families will one of these places suddenly be of paramount importance, even as Korea is now for so many families of soldiers? Maybe at this time of year some things are well forgotten but let us not forget the men and women who are leaving for the missions and the all-important work of Christ's kingdom.

Cover: JESUIT MISSIONS is popular with the GIs in Germany. Hans Juergen Thieme, who took the picture, writes that he passed three times, and snapped the photo without the subject being aware of it, so engrossed was he in his reading.



THE TRAIL

THE BEGINNINGS of the Church in Alaska were small, the pioneers hardy. The future is hopeful, but much remains to be done.

THERE WERE THREE PERIODS IN THE EARLY Christianization of Alaska. The first Christians to land on the Alaskan shores were the Russian Orthodox. This was less than thirty years after the signing of the Declaration of Independence, when in 1794 Catherine II of Russia sent the Archimandrite Ivasof, eight priests, and two laymen to Kodiak Island.

In 1903 the Russian Orthodox could count in its fold three orphanages, sixteen parishes, totaling 10,225 members, and thirty small schools. To this day in Alaska you can see the wooden-framed onion-topped Russian Orthodox churches.

The second period in the Christianization of Alaska was that of the Protestants, who came in the 1870's and 1880's. Various sects established themselves along the Yukon and Kuskokwim Rivers, and along the coast as far as Cape Prince of Wales and Point Barrow.

Almost simultaneous with the period of the Protestants was the Catholic period of evangeli-

Upper left: Winter makes everything white and cold and desolate. Alaska is not very populous. Lower left: Fr. Paul Deschout prepares for a cold jaunt on dogsled. Lower right: the work of the Church is never finished. Souls need more than spiritual things, and a road leading to the church is an absolute must. Right center: Protestant services, using Common Service Prayer Book. Upper right: an Orthodox church.



zation, which began in 1872, when Bishop Clut came and remained a year. Father Lecomre came, too, and labored at St. Michael's until Bishop Seghers was assigned jurisdiction over the Alaskan Territory in 1874.

Soon afterwards he invited the Jesuits to co-operate in this apostolate, and he was with Father Tosi and Father Robaut when he set out on the ill-fated journey of 1886,

IS BLAZED

LAWRENCE HAFFIE S.J.

heading for the Yukon River. On the trip he met his death, shot by his guide, a man named Fuller.

His death, on November 28, 1887, was a tragic blow to Alaska. But the date marks a red-letter day in the Catholic evangelization of Alaska: for on that day a martyr's blood was shed.

To Father Tosi and Father Robaut, Bishop Segher's death was not the collapse of Catholic missionary hope and activity in the far North. On the contrary, they regarded it as God's imprimatur on their work.

Father Tosi realized at once that he could use at least twenty missionaries to carry on the work that had been started. So in June, 1887, he bade goodbye to Father Robaut and sailed for the States. When he returned at the end of that summer he came, not with twenty missionaries, but with two: Father Raguru and Brother Giordano.

This lack of mission manpower would have staggered ordinary men: the sheer vastness of the Territory, new languages to learn, strange customs, isolation, and practically nothing in the line of tools to work with.





All the world over men and women kneel for the blessing of a priest. Eskimos are devout and the children have good example.

But these four Jesuits never hesitated. The impossible was possible for them. So on September 21, the Mission at Nuklorovet was divided. Father Robaut went to Anvik. Father Raguru stayed at Nuklorovet. Father Tosi proceeded to Nulato with twenty dollars and the grace of God. The twenty dollars soon ran out. But God's grace was abiding, as we see in the subsequent history of the Alaskan missions.

These four Jesuits, Fathers Tosi, Raguru, Robaut, and Brother Giordano, had to hack down trees, saw logs, erect churches, eat rough food, and suffer isolation in order to establish the Catholic Church in Alaska. And the missionaries who came after them had to put their necks in the same yoke.

The first Catholic church in Northern Alaska was opened at Nulato in 1888: the work of Father Tosi and Brother Giordano. Under Father Robaut's guidance Holy Cross Mission was founded.

Help came. Fathers Muset, Treca, and Judge trekked the snowy trails in search of golden nuggets molded by the Divine Hand, the souls of men.

And still others came: Fathers Rene, Jaquet, Lafortune, Bernard, Monroe, Jette, Desjardins, Keyes. And Father Crimont.

The Mission grew. It had to, with men like these. A church "ten logs high" was built on Nelson Island. The mission of Akularak was established. The first Catholic church in Fairbanks was erected. The Faith eventually spread to all parts of Alaska.

These were the trail-blazers, these great men, who, like empire builders, carved out of the wilderness the foundation stones upon which the Catholic Church of Alaska today stands firmly and proudly.

These were the pioneers, the men of God whose vision was keen enough to penetrate beyond the immediate present and whose courage was high enough to make them certain of a glorious future for whose sake they could endure anything. It is easy in retrospect to see the vast importance and the greatness of their work. The wonder is that without that hindsight, they carried on.

Pope Benedict XV, in July 1917, appointed the Most Reverend Joseph Raphael Crimont as the first Vicar Apostolic of the Territory. With him the new period of Catholic mission history begins.

The Most Rev. Joseph Raphael Crimont, S.J., is largely responsible for the present flourishing state of the Alaska Mission. May he rest in peace.



Operation FEET

THOMAS F. HOLLAND S.J.

THE CAROLINES are South Sea Islands, but as everywhere, the lot of the missionary is the same: work, work, work. . . .



The Causeway on which this group stands is an important link in the missionary work in Truk.

WHEN THE SICK-CALL CAME AT 3:30 in the afternoon, the jeep-truck was down at the base, loading supplies, and the jeep with its trailer was at the Boys' School at Mapuchi, hauling cement for Brother Walter's construction job. So Father John Fahey had to hoof it. That is, he started off in a hurry across the causeway, heading for the neighborhood of the air-strip, the location of his dying parishioner's palm-thatched home. It fared to be a warm and long hike. Halfway across the much-used but little-repaired strip of earth and stone which spans the inlet near Tannuk, "Patere" Fahey was overtaken by a pedal pushing youngster who generously offered the use of his wheel for the remainder of the journey.

No, the devout Trukese did not die without the final blessing of the Church he loved so well. This was his reward and consolation. Spiritual satisfaction was enjoyed, too, by the little Father who could add this parochial work to an unusually busy day.

For in the morning, at St. Cecilia's girls' school he had taught his charming charges the inconsistent mysteries of English and the technique of typing. Later, at 10:15, he jeeped to the former Jap radio station for two more English sessions, chiefly grammar drills, which sap physical energy but promise a generous reward.

The reward? It will be the placing of a common medium of conversation for a group of Seminarists who in time will represent every major district in the Caroline and Marshall Islands Vicariate. Even sooner than we hope, the day will come when boys from Truk and the Mortlocks, Yap and Ulithi, Koror and Babethuap, Ponape and Likiep will sit together in the halls of Mapuchi, preparing to return to their own islands as priests among their people.

This is only a part of the day of one of the five dynamos who keep Tunnuk humming. Besides helping Father Kaime on Fefan and Father Hernandez on Tol, this powerhouse looks after a Girls' Boarding School, a Boys' Day School, a large parish, two

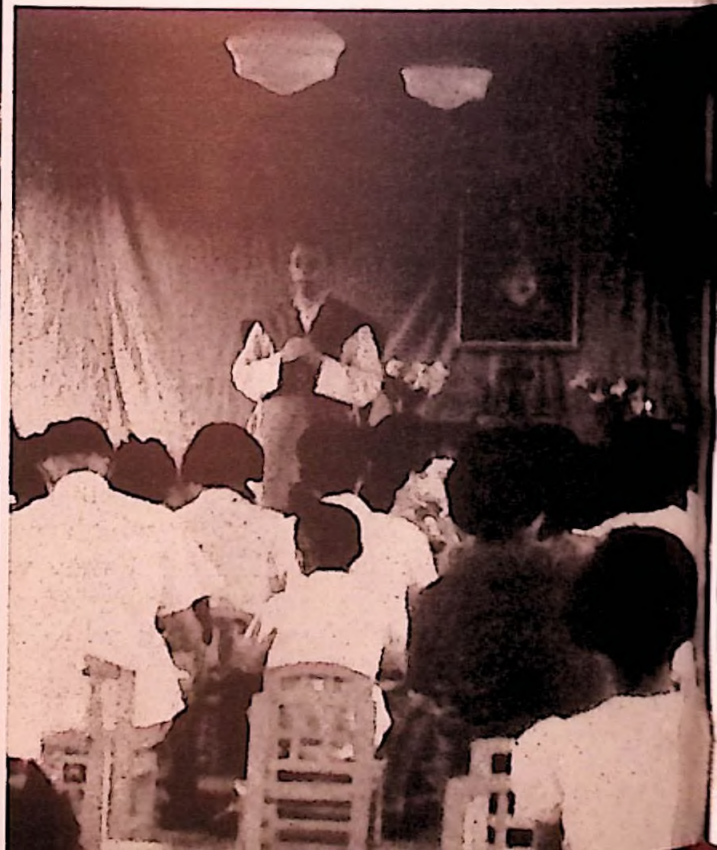
mission stations, a minor Seminary and the rest of the lagoon! Some of the islands on its rim are twenty miles from Truk, the hub of the mission and of the encircling reef.

How can all this work get done? The answer is: all that these priests and brothers do is only a part of what they would like to do. Their people in the outer islands, on this local rim of Christendom, deserve more than lay-instructors alone. They should have Mass, and the sacraments. They should have their marriages blessed and the oil of Extreme Unction to seal their last breath. These five, in the very center of the Mission, are dedicated and toil to the point of exhaustion but they are not enough. Yet the work *must* be done: it is the work of God.



Pictures play an important part in bringing religion to young and old alike. Children, especially, find them appealing.

The Holy Name and Rosary Societies of St. John the Baptist in Yonkers donated the vessels being admired by Frs. Foley and Shaules.



THE MARKET STREETS ARE FILLED WITH chickens and children, and vendors, in their cone-shaped Formosan hats. I make my way to the school and find a line already awaiting for confession, so that I barely have time to finish before Mass is scheduled to begin. The altar is fashioned from four kindergarten desks, but the congregation is devout. When I finish, I know that the socialists will take over and teach the children, preparing them for First Communion. The sound of our organ, and of the singing at Mass, attract the curious passers-by, who peer in the windows, and stand along the walls, marveling at the colored vestments and the gold chalice, astounded at a foreigner speaking Chinese.

I recall, with amusement, my first sermon, and the kindly parishioner who came up to me afterwards, and said: "Father, why don't you preach in English? They'd understand you just as well."

The people in Taipei, however, are good, and patient. So they come, every Sunday, to the Tsai Hsing Kindergarten where I say Mass, and listen to me preach in Chinese.

And the Church marches on: soon I shall no longer go to the Kindergarten: a new parish, The Holy Family, has been formed, and the pastoral needs of the people to whom I preached will be better attended.

Fr. Foley finds the language barrier something of an obstacle, but goes on anyway. Here he is preaching in Mandarin to his congregation.



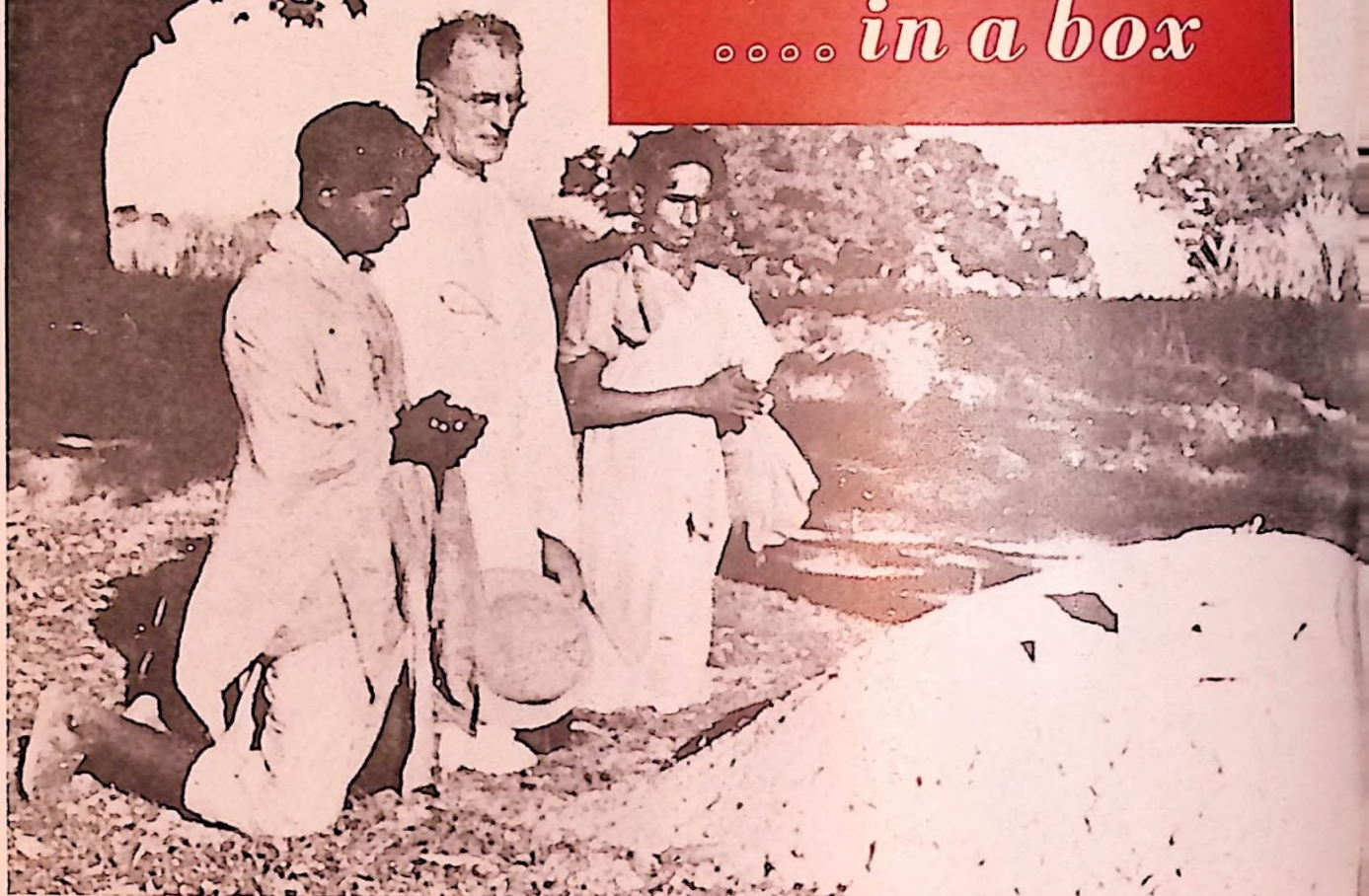
Mary T'ang leads a group of children in prayer. She and other devout socialists fervently hope that soon the faith she is teaching may reach China again.

When this picture was taken, Helena Chang and Marilyn Hsu were waiting to be baptized, but eager to have the youngsters they taught learn and love their faith.



BURY ME

... *in a box*



BERTRAM E. ERNST S.J.

The author, Fr. Bertram Ernst, visits the grave of Natthuni who set such a fine example.

NATTHUNI WAS NOT A BIG MAN, PHYSICALLY, but he had a tremendous sort of verve which was unusual. He had two sons, both Christians, and two wives, sisters, who were both rather old. He also had one of the most strident voices I ever heard, and he used it constantly. I suppose it was due to his extraordinary vitality. Anyway, wherever he was, he was always audibly there.

His family affairs were rather complex, too. He had married one of two sisters, and the lady—how she managed to stem his talking long enough to do so, I'll never know—persuaded him to marry the younger girl as well. He did so, but instead of bringing his brides back to his own village, he settled down with his in-laws, a mistake for which he paid dearly. It seems that villagers are by custom entitled to heap abuse upon an outlander settled among them, and since Hindustani is rich in vocabulary, Natthuni seemed

to be usually on the outs with the other villagers.

He had one son by each of his wives: fine young men, both of them, simple and honest and sweet-tempered, devoutly religious. When the younger one died, Natthuni took it very hard, and began to talk a little less, and think a little more. Eventually, he asked to become a Christian.

Unfortunately, he had one wife too many. Still, when he suddenly became gravely ill, and his surviving son, Thomas, appeared one night bringing his earnest plea for baptism, and his solemn promise to keep away from his junior wife if he recovered, I consented. His recovery was only partial, and it was plain that he was failing.

A couple of weeks ago, Thomas came again, reporting that his father was in a bad way. I found the old man quite silent, a bad sign. But he was quite conscious, and after I anointed him he spoke again:

"Bury me in a box," he said quietly, "like a Christian." He looked at me. "Make sure and come: these people are not Christian. And I don't know what they may do." He grasped my hands anxiously.

I agreed, remembering the melancholy procession, with the four bearers carrying the corpse lashed to two pieces of bamboo, the ceremonial washings, the pyre reducing everything to ashes which were placed in an urn, to be flung into the waters of the sacred Ganges. I recalled the Parsee towers of silence, with the great vultures waiting for the body to be placed on the open platform, and the terrible sight of their sudden disappearance from the wall of the open

A week later Thomas came again: his father was very low. Could I come and say Mass in the village for him?

A temporary altar was arranged in the tiny courtyard of Natthuni's house. Thomas brought out his father's bed and set it so close behind me that I could hardly genuflect. The two wives squatted beside the bed, Thomas knelt reverently, and several of the neighbors watched with a quiet and rather intense courtesy. Father and son received Communion devoutly, and after Mass I was shown the box, which stood in Natthuni's house, where he could see it.

As I watched, he reached out and stroked the wood. That night he died.



Christian funerals invariably make a deep impression on the Hindu pagans.

tower. No: Natthuni should not be cremated and sprinkled on the Sacred River. Nor should he be reduced to a bleached skeleton by hungry vultures.

"I want a couple of mirrors on my box," the old man said. "I won't see them, of course. But I think they might look nice to the people."

I came back next morning, and gave him Communion, which he received very devoutly, kneeling with the help of his wives.



Pious Hindu pagans cremate their dead and scatter the ashes in the Sacred River Ganges.

It was quite a funeral, all things considered. There were flowers and hymns, and a large number of the villagers to follow Thomas as he walked behind the four men who bore the box on their shoulders to the grave under a mango tree. I read the prayers in a loud voice, and the remains of Natthuni were covered with the good rich soil. He set a good example to our new Christians by insisting on a Christian burial. May he rest in peace.

Disedifying

In the Philippine Islands, too, *strange things are happening*. Or are they so strange?



"The Office must be read correctly, attentively, with devotion." (Is there a "z" in scissors?)

JOSEPH I. STOFFEL S.J.

ONCE THERE WAS A MAN NAMED RODRIGUEZ, (every nun knows his first name) who wrote a lot of disedifying stories, (all quite fictitious) which he collected together into chapters entitled "The foregoing doctrine is confirmed by examples" and put into a book called "Practice of Perfection and Christian Virtues." He has been praised for writing these fictitious disedifying stories. So I am encouraged to write a disedifying story, albeit true.

I am a priest, and therefore am obliged to recite the Divine Office every day. I once knew a priest who claimed that if he were to let his devotion run away with him he could finish the Divine Office in less than half an hour.

But it takes me fifteen hours. And that isn't because of ecstasies, angelic visitations or any such edifying causes. In my ordination retreat I resolved to start tomorrow's office today, which is called anticipation. I still cherish the resolution. But the melancholy fact is that I still start the day's office after the day's breakfast.

Laying my breviary gently and reverently on my desk after breakfast, I begin to make my bed, ready to be off to spiritual heights as quickly as possible. The phone rings. The principal of the parochial school wants to know whether I could be judge at a spelling bee to start at 7:45. It is now 7:50, so if I hurry fast enough I can make it, and I dash off, grabbing the breviary and leaving the



"The life of a priest is led with a certain dignified leisure that others will envy."

bed half-made. During the spelling bee I manage to sneak in two psalms, with some scruples about whether I have been attentive enough, and a guilty knowledge that there wasn't much devotion in it.

After rendering a decision on the spelling bee, which is fair or unfair by sheer accident, I make my way stealthily into the church and begin on the third psalm. (There are some thirty-four psalms in the day's office). And there I am stopped by an old lady who wants to arrange a Mass. Politely, I usher her out, and lock myself in the Pastor's office. Ten psalms later the phone rings again. My secretary wants to know have I ordered the mimeograph paper for the Parish Bulletin. I tell him it will be here in three weeks, and immediately type out a special delivery air mail letter ordering it.

STORY

Where was I when the phone rang? Three more psalms, and I remember that the outgoing mail box at the Post Office closes at 10:30, and a letter to the Superintendent of Schools must get off today at all costs. While my secretary is dashing off to the Post Office with the hastily composed missive, I take his place at the desk and get through four more psalms before somebody comes in to arrange a marriage. A couple of psalms later my secretary informs me that a funeral is waiting for me in the church. The rest of the morning is so filled with distractions that I cannot remember what they were an hour later. But I am aware that the clock

"A Priest will always have time to pray and meditate and read without interruptions. . . ."



is nearing noon, and there are still ten psalms to go. Long ones.

Now, I know all about the trick of hiding in the belfry right after breakfast and getting the Office finished while thus incommunicado. I have tried it: it is a snare and a delusion. You can hide from the door-bell and the phone, but not from your own thoughts, and the awareness that there will be no meat for supper if you don't tell the houseboy to get it *now* and that the car-

penter is at this moment sitting down, placidly smoking his pipe while waiting patiently for you to tell him what to do next, and while you are in the belfry reading your Office you are paying the carpenter for loafing, which won't do at all.

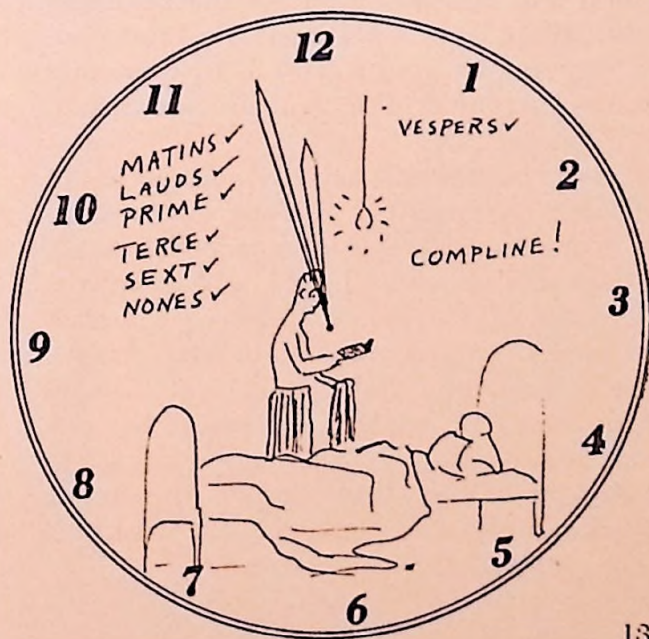
For that matter even getting to the belfry has its pitfalls. As you pass through the office the mail is on your desk, and you firmly refuse to look at it. But the top letter has the Bishop's return address, and you *have* to look at it before taking refuge in the belfry. Three hours later you are still ransacking your files for the answer to the Bishop's letter.

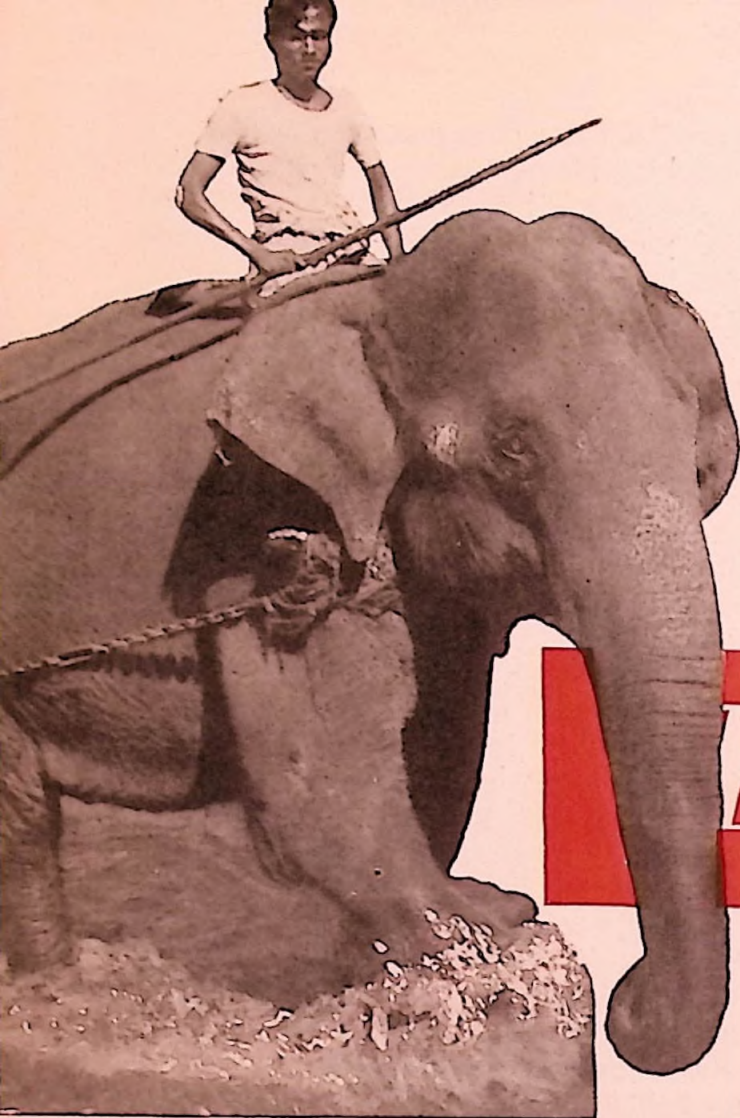
We always have bananas for lunch. But before I've taken the first bite, the doorbell rings: the school principal with a discipline problem in tow, who is no longer a problem to the school three minutes before I have to dash over to a catechism class. Problem as I dash: what is today's lesson? Yesterday I gave them a written quiz while I finished my Office, but do that too often, and they'll get wise. So I start to lecture, with an eye on the text, but I have to assign a written task, anyway, because my secretary calls the school office to say there is a sick call.

So, at 11:45 P.M. I have my pajama pants on, and am sleepily stabbing at the sleeve of the jacket when I remember: I still have Compline to do.

But I make it. When the clock tolls midnight, I sink into gratifying slumber in my still unmade bed. Office is done. Praise be to God for dappled things.

"Before retiring at a reasonable hour a Priest will have ample opportunity to anticipate. . . ."





South of Batticaloa the Great Tank of Bokkabedda has been repaired, to be used in conjunction with a new American-built dam intended to convert thousands of jungle acres into rice-land. For this purpose, the smaller Tank of Divulane was abandoned. And since Divulane is only seven miles from Friar's Hood, one of the highest peaks in Trincomalee, and school was in recess for a few days, we decided to climb the mountain.

Quite a trip it was. We knew that somewhere on the shore of the tank there was an irrigation bungalow. So we drove our van as far as we could near the tank, and just

Expedition

WILLIAM H. MORAN S.J.

Not every elephant is tame. . . .

ONE OF THE GREAT BUILDERS OF HISTORY was Prakrama Bahu I of Ceylon, who began his rule in 1153. It was his ambition, as it has been the ambition of many kings, to make his nation self-sufficient. And he set about it by vowing that no drop of water should return to the sea before it had first irrigated a paddy field. Before his death he had built 1470 great tanks for general use, and 300 more for the Buddhist priests; there were 1394 great lakes restored, and 960 smaller ones repaired; by damming streams, he built 534 water courses or canals, and repaired 3961 others.

But the bulk of this activity suffered under the relentless passing of days and nights; the ever-hungry jungle encroached steadily on dam and sluice and wall, and today the east coast of Ceylon is lined with a vast and almost completely uninhabited jungle.

Still, Prakrama Bahu built well. Today the government, anxious to increase the rice crop, is surveying the old tanks and reservoirs, and finding that, despite the jungle and the ravages of time, a little work can make many of them operable.

before dusk split into pairs to search for the tank and bungalow. First we followed a dry river-bed to a waterhole where a great lizard, like a striped crocodile, was bathing, but beat a hasty retreat at our approach. After awhile we abandoned the river-bed and followed an elephant trail through the jungle until we found the tank and the bungalow.

By the time we finished setting up camp-beds and mosquito nets it was quite dark, and the moon was just starting to rise. So we went out and walked along the bund which lines the tank's edge to see what was to be seen. About five hundred yards from the bungalow, to our right, there came the sudden rending sound of an elephant breaking branches off a tree. For one wild moment we thought of returning to the bungalow, but the thought of being pursued by an elephant for five hundred yards was not inviting, so we took shelter behind a sturdy sluice-gate, and listened while the elephant, with sounds of obvious satisfaction, plunged into the water and took a bath. From the other side of the tank other elephants trumpeted, and for a while it looked as if this was going to be a social evening for the pachyderms. There is no sound quite like the trumpeting of elephants in the jungle at

night to make one wonder. . . . Finally, the big animal departed, and we left the shelter of the sluice-gate and started along the bund again. Just to my right, something moved and caught my eye. It was a wild boar, and I gave the alarm by indiscreetly taking a crack at it with a shot-gun. I missed. But fortunately, it departed in peace, alarmed by the sound. So for breakfast we did not have wild boar: just eggs.

Mass was at four that morning, and afterwards, when I was getting breakfast, I was so startled by a shout to come out and see something that I spilled the coffee. Still, I managed to join them in time to see a herd of buffaloes, about 30 strong, climb up the bund and disappear into the jungle across the tank. A little later, when I was about to call them to come and get it, they called me again to watch a moose. I tripped over a tin pan, with disastrous results to the meal I had prepared, and missed the sight, and delayed our start for over an hour. Which was fortunate, as things turned out, because about a quarter of a mile along the trail we followed toward the mountain we came across a place where a herd of elephants had spent the night, and they had left only a few minutes before we arrived, so I heard no more about delays.

The worst thing about trying to climb mountains in Ceylon is thirst. We each had a big bottle of water, but it was so hot that it became immediately clear that it would never last us beyond noon. It was about 11 that we finally reached the slope of Friar's Hood, and looked up at its majestic height. The side of the mountain seemed to consist largely of enormous boulders, and when we looked up, thirsty and hot, we knew that a 2,000 foot climb that day was out of the question. Instead, we hunted around until we found a cave that gave us shelter from the sun, and had our lunch. But it wasn't a very enjoyable meal. We were so thirsty, and our mouths so dry, that it was rather difficult to eat.

So we headed back, stamping loudly through the jungle to let the elephants know we were coming, so they'd give us a clear path. Unfortunately, every other animal heard us, too, and that's no way to hunt. At one dry waterhole there was an elephant track so big that when I put both my size 12 D's in it, there was at least an inch and a half to spare in all directions. Now maybe I won't be ribbed about my big feet.

Come, follow me

THE GRACEFUL CONTOURS OF MOUNT Thabor's rounded summit rise in impressive isolation above the plain of Esdraelon in Lower Galilee. Its eminence commands a view of the towns that were the scenes of Christ's principal miracles—Cana, that saw the first of them, where "He manifested His glory and His disciples believed in Him": Naim, where He raised the widow's son to life and revealed His power over the grave: Capharnaum, beyond whose confines He fed the multitude with the foretaste of the true bread from heaven.

Thabor, then, was fittingly chosen as the site of Christ's Transfiguration. Less than a week before that splendid moment, Peter had made his glorious profession of faith in Christ's divinity. But the intervening days had brought discouragement and dismay to the Apostles. For after Peter's confession at Caesarea Philippi, Christ had begun the detailed revelation of His coming passion and death. His followers were scandalized at the prospect of their Messiah in suffering. They were stunned at His insistence that renunciation and the cross would be the livery of His true companions. This was not the sort of redemption they had hoped from the Savior of Israel!

So, to revive their courage, to remedy the prospect of suffering and reveal the glory of His ultimate triumph, Christ was transfigured on the heights of Thabor. The shining countenance, the gleaming raiment, the luminous cloud reflected palely the blinding splendor of His eternal majesty. And the thundering voice from heaven tells us, as it told Peter, James and John, that we should remember Thabor when the passion of Christ is renewed in His body through us, His members. FRANCIS W. ANDERSON S.J.

MARROGUI IS A GOOD CHAL-
DEAN Catholic name: it
means Saint Eugene,
which is the name of the reigning
Pope. But Eugene has a sinister
sound in what used to be the Turk-
ish East, for it reminds men of
Eugene, the Prince of Savoy, who
inflicted bitter defeats on the Turk-
ish Empire. So a man can call him-
self Sheríf, which, like Eugene,
means "nobly born." And thus he
gets the same result in heaven, with
no loss to his friends on earth. And
if he signs himself Mar Sheríf, his
name becomes definitely Christian,
since Mar means Saint, and still re-
tains its Arabesque flair.

We suspect that our boys like to
trick us with their names. August
Rashíd comes to us, and soon we
know his face. Then a couple of
years later Joseph Jibrán pops up
and begins talking about his brother
August in fourth high. "Oh, yes,"
he says, when we fail to remember
August Jibrán, "You know him,
Father: August Rashíd Jibrán."
Father: Rashíd; grandfather: Jib-



What's in a Name?

JOSEPH MERRICK, S.J

rán; family name: none. It's all
quite simple.

While it is disconcerting to have
two full brothers with different
family names, it is worse when they
enroll as Felix and Francis Fad-
houli and a few months later in-
sist that their names are Sá'ad and
Fáris Tessy. Their Arabic professor
had said: "Why use Felix when
Sá'ad means the same thing? More-
over Tessy is the name of your an-
cestor, and widely known whereas





Father Merrick, the author, and Fr. Thomas B. Mulvehill, with some of their students.



Music hath charms to soothe. Names come, names go, but when Fr. McDonough plays, all listen.

MISSIONARIES find strange difficulties everywhere. In Baghdad, for instance . . .

Fadhoúli is known to very few."

Both we and the government had to change everything, just as if they were men from Mars. Luckily, the government has put a stop to all that. Henceforth, what you call yourself at birth, (or rather, what your guardian calls you officially,) is your legal designation for life, at least in Iraq.

One can be an admirable Catholic, with admirable names of Saints, and still be admirably Arab, too. It may take a bit more

The author, whose name was always Joseph Merrick, puzzles over the spelling of "Fadhouli."

forethought on the part of a Catholic parent, but Júrjis and Jibríl and Mikáil and Yacúb and Yúsuf and Kéfas and Mansúr and Abdul Messíh will surely win over the angels and saints quite as readily as George and Gabriel and Michael and James and Joseph and Peter and Vincent and Gilchrist. For Grace, there is Na'amet, for Lucy, (Light) Nouria. Surely little Rosie Rashíd Jibrán will smell as sweet or waste some of that sweetness as deftly in the desert air if she exhaled under the lovely title of Sayyida Werdi Rashíd Jibrán. One of these days you'll make a pilgrimage to these holy and Biblical lands. When you find that your Catholic guide calls himself Ibn Yamín you'll find he is really Benjamin, and that his wife Amína is Constance in an oriental setting. Khálid, his son, is obviously Athanasius, (immortal.) When Emmanuél, Miriám, Fátima and Isa come forward to greet you they need no translator, for their names are redolent of the heavenly Jerusalem. Jesus and Mary bring them there.



Japanese Kids

W. J. EVERETT S.J.

Two Japanese dolls. The one on the right is only a toy; the other one is one reason why missionaries sacrifice so much and feel it worth the trouble. Countless children like this one have never heard of Christ . . .

IT WAS A COLD BLEAK EARLY MORNING IN December, and I was kneeling, alone and shivering in the little second-floor chapel of Hiroshima. Some time before, while dressing, I had heard what seemed to be drums beating in the distance, but I paid no particular attention to the fact. Now again, but much closer this time, I heard them. Unmistakably drums, and voices, faintly chanting some strange song. Then they were under the chapel window, beating rhythmically, and the voices, children's voices, were clear: "Inoko, Inoko, Ino . . . Ino . . . Inoko." Like a slow-motion and very devout football cheer.

I got up, went over, and looked out the window. Below me were some twenty little Japanese boys and girls, between the ages of six and twelve, I should say, who, under the guidance of two men, were making this early morning pilgrimage to their god Inoko

along the sleepy streets of Hiroshima. A few of the children carried drums, but most of them were grouped in a circle holding ropes about ten feet long, all of which radiated from a huge wooden block in the center. By pulling the ropes in unison, they would make the log rise and fall back with a loud thud in unison with the drums. From the window above it looked like the mad dancing of a great bloated spider.

Slowly, the procession moved down the street and out of sight, and my heart ached as I turned back and knelt in the chapel alone. It was a cold morning that day in December, the coldest of the year so far, so the parishioners at Mass that day were few—just the "old faithfuls" that you find in every Catholic church at Mass each morning all over the world. And among them there were no children. There were no children in here, in the warmth and light of the

Tabernacle. But out there in the cold early morning, being initiated for the first time, perhaps, into some pagan rites were twenty children. How many million others, I wondered, in all Japan, are there out in the darkness and the cold?

I remember a fellow Jesuit missionary standing with me at one of the religious-civic carnival festivities, the Matsuri in Kamakuri. We were watching the great crowd of men and children who were pulling the heavy *omikoshi*, the shrines of the pagan gods, through the streets up to the temple. "You don't mind so much," he said, "seeing the older men shouting and singing, carrying those darn things on their shoulders. They don't know any better, and probably think they're doing a good thing. But to see all those innocent little kids lined up like that learning to drag along that *omikoshi* like a bunch of little donkeys—that breaks my heart."

Oh God Who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," reveal Thyself to these little ones of Japan who are standing outside in the darkness and the cold of night!

How much more consoling my little friends of the grammar school fourth grade, the "Pine Tree Class." (The Japanese, being not so practical as Americans, but more

poetic, rather than call the classes by a number, like 4A, prefer names like *Matsu*, *Ume*, *Sakura-Gumi*: Pine tree, Plum, Cherry class, etc.) I met these youngsters, twelve of them, coming out of the same second-floor chapel one afternoon around four. We began talking, and I found out that they came every morning before school, and every afternoon after it, on their way home. I asked if they were Catholics, and they said no. Going to Sunday school? No. Why did they come to church? Because they liked to pray. As simple as that.

When they found out I was living in the little room next to the chapel during my short stay in Hiroshima, they came flocking in after their visit to Our Lord, asking me all sorts of questions, and singing for me the songs they had learned in school that day. And when I was leaving Hiroshima for Australia, they gave me a tin of Japanese tea to take with me, so that I should remember them and Japan. And now I cannot drink a cup of tea without breathing a prayer in my heart for my little *Pine Tree* friends, and for all the millions of little round-faced, beady-eyed kids of Japan.

The *Omikoshi* is heavy and ornate, and children are trained early to haul it through the street, in all sorts of weather.



OUT OF THE *Swamp*

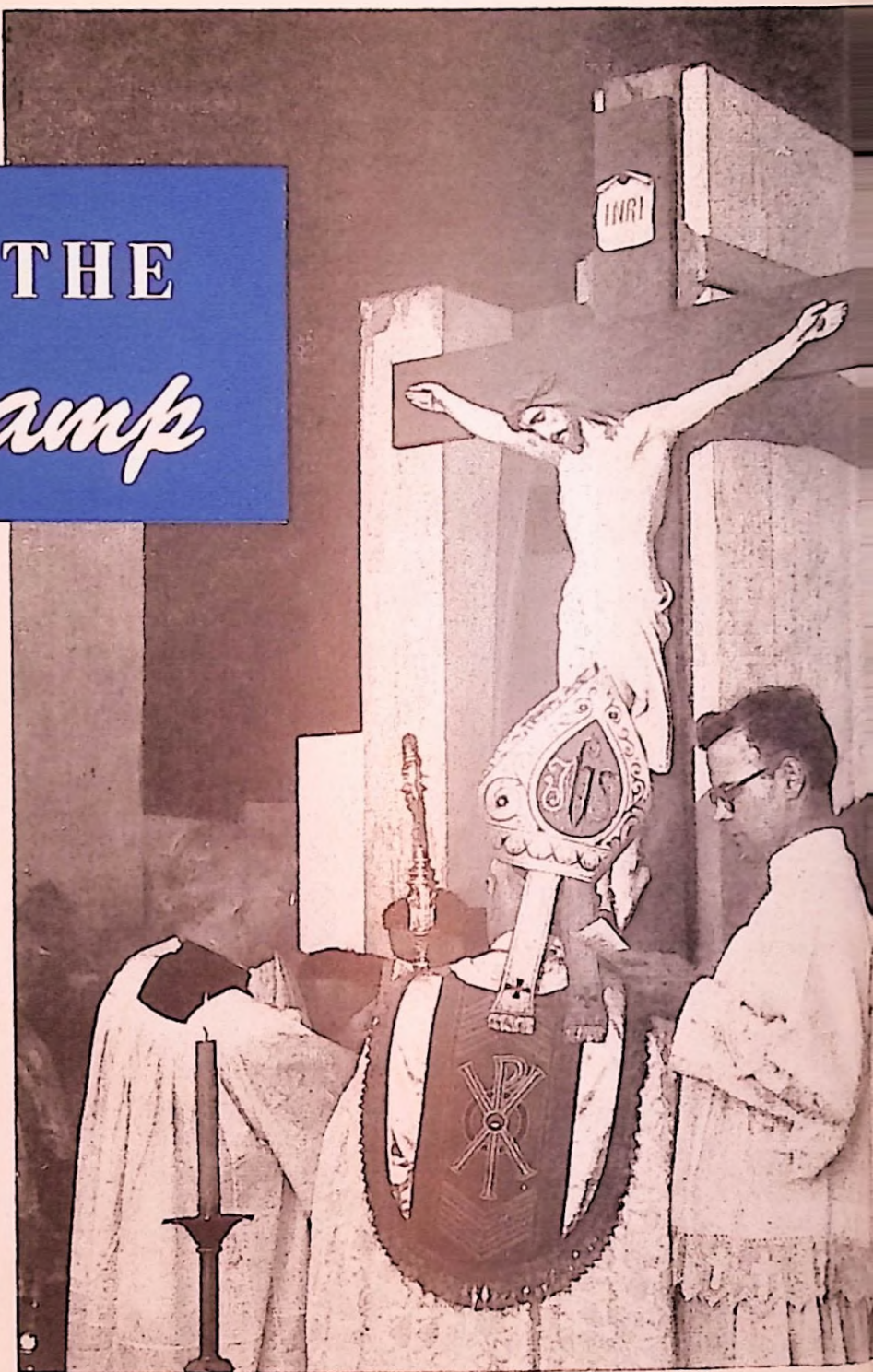
JOHN T. WHITE S.J.

OUT OF THE SWAMP A dream has taken form. It still is only an oasis fashioned out of human sweat and sacrifice, vivified with the blessing of God, and christened "Landivar." But it is definite, firm, reassuring; a redeemed pledge of loyalty, giving peace to the slumber of the men out on Cemetery Road who left their lives beneath the wind-shattered ruins of old St. John's College.

For twenty years little could be done about rebuilding the school. Plagued by the uncertainty of the depression and blocked by various obstacles, Father Marvin O'Connor and Bishop David Hickey planned and waited through the vigor of mid-life. They are no longer young men, so it was with a feeling of relief that they watched

the solid concrete walls rise out of the disheartening swamp. The college that they had carefully nursed through all the years between Loyola and Landivar in a little tin hot house was to flower again in the freshness of the sea breeze in the open country beyond the stifling congestion of Belize.

Landivar was formerly known as "Mama Jennie." It was just high enough to keep the river away from the sea, not high enough to be entirely free of swamp water, especially during the tides. There was, however,



A happy day in the life of Most Rev. Bishop Francis Hickey S.J., of Belize, as he blesses the crucifix in the new college.

one spot, filled in for a vegetable garden during the war, that is a few inches above swamp level at all times. To an outsider it wouldn't merit another look, but to one who had seen Belize grow laborious foot by laborious foot it was a marvel to behold. Father John Knopp kept an eye on it; and, when it became available, jumped ashore with the banner of St. John's College. About a year and a half ago "Mama Jennie" was baptized "Landivar," and Father Gregory Sontag moved in with a small crew of work-

... For years after a hurricane destroyed the College in Belize, British Honduras, the missionaries cherished a dream. Now

men and such building equipment as he could devise or assemble.

Since most of the buildings of Belize are frame houses perched high on stilts, no expert advice was at hand. For Father Sontag it was probe, test, build one, and see. Obviously it wasn't the kind of task one undertakes with relish or even confidence, but Father Knopp didn't lose his hair giving up easily in the face of difficulties. He encouraged Father Sontag by beginning at once to search out and gather the cement and steel needed to begin building.

Joseph Monima, a competent man who had built several mission schools for Father O'Connor, was placed in charge of the crew. He selected faithful old Henry Neil, Clement Peters, and Firmin Rosales for his foremen; divided his crew under them; and made each group responsible for one type of operation. They were to learn as they worked, and prove their worth by increased efficiency as the project went forward.

To know men like Henry Neil is to expect

Most Rev. Patrick Finbar Ryan, O.P., Archbishop of Port of Spain, Trinidad, delivers the dedication address at the new St. John's.

much of the workmen. He is tried and true. Formerly an employee of St. John's at Loyola Park, he had won a place in the hearts of all Jesuits. On the fatal day of the hurricane and tidal-wave back in 1931, he had rushed to the college to see what he could do to help

rescue the men beneath the ruins. The tidal wave that drove him away to seek refuge with Father O'Connor on top of the burial vaults, carried away his wife and all his children. When he made his way back to his home, he found nothing there but the swirling brackish water of the sea.

Father Sontag's tests proved accurate. The foundation and walls stood firm. By May, 1952, the walls were finished and awaiting roofs.

I have never seen a building operation run as smoothly as the pouring of the roofs on the eight classroom buildings at Landivar. Work began at six in the morning, and continued without interruption till the roof was finished. A hundred and twenty men worked in eight-hour shifts. The first roof took twenty-four hours to pour; the last eighteen.

Just one week after the forms and scaffolding were removed from the last roof, the buildings were blessed. St. John's College has moved out of the hot house in Belize, and the teachers and boys thank God, the workmen, and the benefactors who made Landivar possible.



THE POPE'S *Mission* INTENTION

JULY: That the press, radio and cinema serve the cause of truth.

WE ARE ALL CONSCIOUS OF THE EFFECT on our lives and daily actions of what we read in the newspapers or hear on the radio or see in the movies. They have helped to form our opinions, strengthened our convictions and, even, sometimes unconsciously guided our moral judgments. Too often we have been shocked to realize how these means of communication and entertainment have furnished so many with prejudiced notions and with examples of violence and crime unfortunately imitated.

Even so is their effect in other parts of the world. Our missionaries see their efforts to bring Christian morality and education to their people hindered so often by the films imported from supposedly Christian countries. Well might the would-be converts and the newly baptized ask: "Is this how Christians live and act?"

Conscious of the importance of the cinema in the missionary field, the International Catholic Film Office held an International Study Week on the Cinema in Mission Countries in April of this year in Malta. Encouragement in this endeavor came from His Holiness the Pope and the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith. The resolutions adopted by the group which included missionaries called "all men of good will" to be conscious of a "grave missionary responsibility," for greater vigilance "to prevent the production and exportation of questionable films," and for "all possible measures to secure the production and circulation of films which are likely to help the implanting and the development of Christian life in mission countries."

The establishment of a Catholic Film Center in each missionary country was strongly recommended. This Center would "give all possible help to those who wish to make use of the cinema in their apostolate, chiefly by setting up a central film library which would collect all those pictures which are best suited for that particular region." Finally, "that the work of

technicians in mission countries be entrusted only to missionaries who are seen to possess that aptitude and that talent to specialize in this field by appropriate studies; and that afterwards these missionary technicians be supported and helped effectively."

AUGUST: For the Church in Australia.

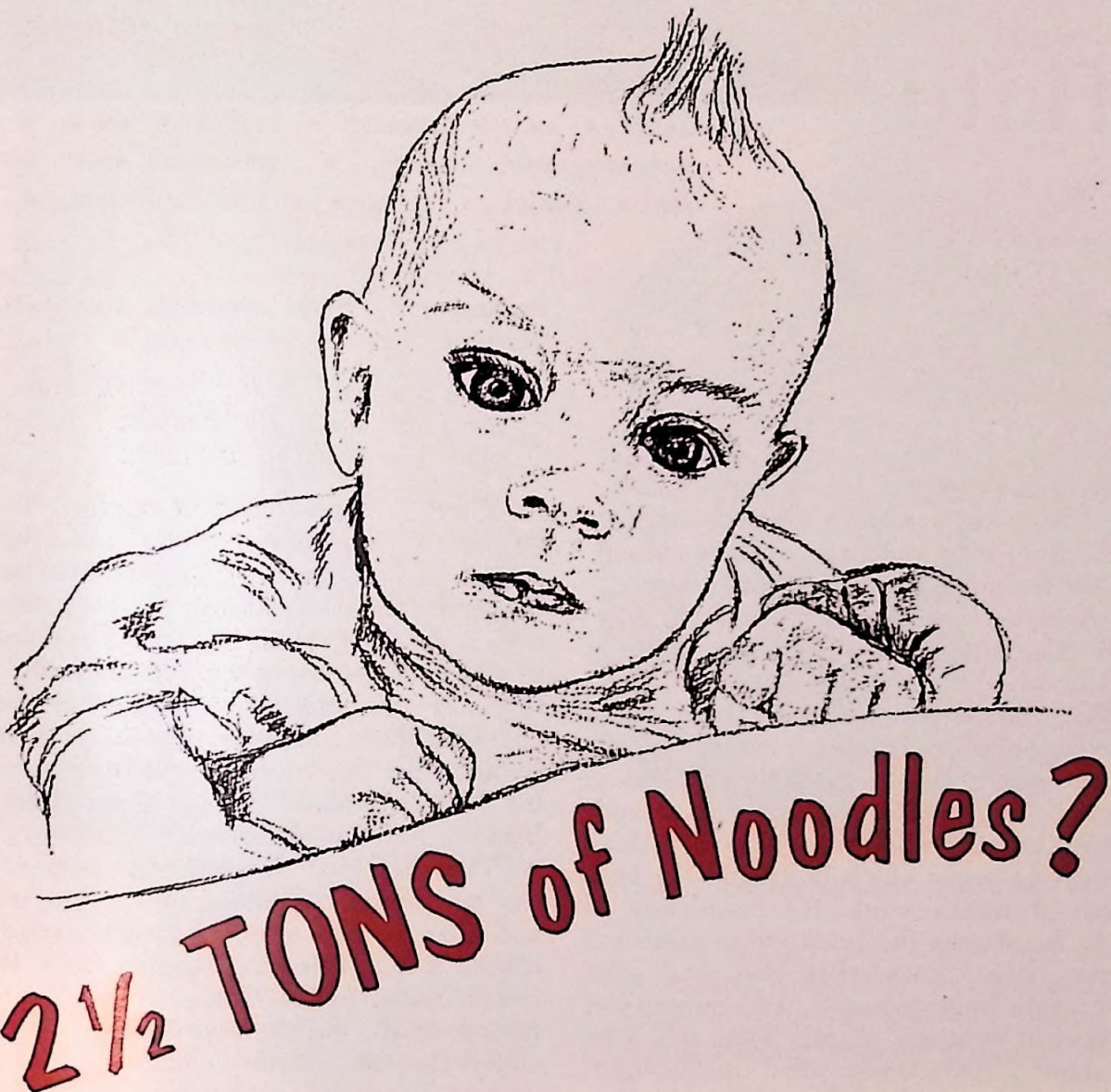
Though the hierarchy was established in Australia over 100 years ago, it is still counted as a missionary country. For one thing, this little continent is so vast in area that the Church cannot be said to be "present" everywhere. Then, too, the Catholics number about one and three-quarters of a million in a total population of almost nine million. There are 2,730 priests, 1,400 brothers and 11,600 sisters working in the 23 dioceses and archdioceses of Australia.

The greatest effort of priests and people has been spent on building up the Catholic school system. By the sacrifices of a "double taxation," that we know so well here, the Catholics of Australia support 1,492 primary schools and 343 secondary schools for a total of 261,387 pupils.

A new task imposed on the Church in Australia in recent years has been the care of large groups of immigrants invited by the government to provide workers for farms and factories. More than 600,000 have been admitted, about forty per cent of them being Catholics of the oppressed or crowded countries of Europe. The priests who accompanied them or were invited to care for them share their problem of overcoming the difficulties of a new language. Some, in their post-war wanderings, have gone through this experience four or five times. When their flocks are scattered over the great expanse of Australia, the shepherds must travel great distances almost daily.

Yet, there is great hope for the Church in Australia. Already it has sent our priests and nuns as missionaries to other lands of the Far East. We pray that the example of Australian Catholics and their apostolic and religious zeal will be a bright lamp of truth and of the Church in the Orient.

EDWARD S. DUNN S.J.



2 1/2 TONS of Noodles?

That's right, son. 200 hungry youngsters in the Boys' Home at Andreafski in Alaska eat 2 1/2 tons of noodles a year, among other things. And that's not all. They need:

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BUILDERS EVERYWHERE ARE A PRETTY BADLY harassed group of men. Only the problems are different in various places. In Jamshedpur, for instance, a builder has to start by getting somebody to make bricks for him, which is sensibly done right at the building site.

"The trouble is," says Mr. Hammett, a Jesuit scholastic, reporting from Loyola School, "that a good rain, before the bricks are piled, will reduce everything to a mud-puddle. Our man was almost ruined by three successive storms which destroyed the bulk of several weeks' work. It's fascinating to watch: he shapes the bricks from mud and Heaven only knows what else, and piles them into a huge pyramid, with supplies of charcoal at strategic places. Then when he has about 25,000 bricks piled up, he lights the charcoal, and the whole thing becomes a vast oven which goes merrily on for a week, at which time the bricks are baked, with a loss of six or seven thousand.

"It's a primitive sort of thing, but the bricks are fine. And once the pyramid is complete, it can rain buckets without damaging more than the outer layers, and leaving the bulk intact. We were blessed with

exceptionally good weather, too. God be praised."

Roads lead many places. Some are pleasant, some disagreeable. Now and again one leads to the past . . .

"There is a new road at Seaford Town," writes FATHER CHARLES EBERLE from Jamaica, "a fine one, leading past the beautiful new school. Yesterday it was used by a German lady to carry her little daughter to the doctor. A lovely child, burning with fever. Day before she had been rosy-cheeked: now she was sallow. It was typhoid. And this morning the bell was tolling for her when I awoke. Poor child. I'm burying her this afternoon.

"The road isn't finished yet. It goes past the school and disappears around a hill, and after a while stopped being a road and turned into a little path among rocks. It was rough going, too, and I marvelled, remembering. In the old days most roads were only called that by courtesy, and a man had to make his way, afoot or on horseback, if he wanted to get anywhere."

Science is wonderful, we all agree. But there comes a time . . .

FATHER O'LEARY, of Gomoh, is a slim, pleasant person whom his intimates, for some obscure reason, refer to as "Soup." He thinks a good many things are wonderful, and he



Jeeps and bricks and oxen and charcoal all play important parts in the days of missionaries in the field. The jeep, which is the latest, is also one of the most important contributions of industry to the work of the missions, enabling one priest to cover a far larger territory. Now if someone will invent a fool-proof jeep that never goes out of order, he will garner grateful prayers of all.



has a jeep which is his special joy. Never was thing of gold and diamond treated as tenderly as *The Jeep*. This, it should be said, is not a matter of sentiment, but of practicality. A missionary has to have mobility and whatever else may be said about jeeps, it cannot be denied that they are the nearest thing to a mountain goat science has yet devised. Certainly, a great advance over the ancient plodding ox-cart which seems indigenous to Asia. Besides, it is far more comfortable.

But nothing is perfect. And one day *The Jeep*, while on a return trip from an urgent sick call, was seized by a colic or cramp or whatever it is that affects adversely the mechanical innards of cars. There was gas in the tank, and juice in the battery, and all the parts seemed to be in their places, but *The Jeep* remained obdurate, and no amount of coddling, pleading and threatening would persuade it to start chugging merrily away again.

So Father bowed to the inevitable, flagged a friendly passer-by, and managed to find a yoke of oxen, which slowly and gloatingly dragged the recalcitrant machine back to headquarters. "At least," says Father, "no one told me to get a horse. And next morning *The Jeep* was purring like a kitten."



Holy Rosary Mission, South Dakota

He's about twelve, and the camera snapped him while he was listening with grave attention to what was being said by the teacher. He's a normal boy, maybe a little better-looking than the average, but with all the high dreams and ambitions which are the special property of twelve-year old boys all over the world. He's polite, looks, and is, quite capable of getting along with anybody anywhere, and there are probably thousands of schools in the country where boys like him get their pictures taken for year-books, wearing similar expressions.

But his name is Lloyd Running Bear, and he is a full-blooded Sioux Indian, which makes him a little different.

And his dreams do not concern ancestral herds of bison and elk and the great glory of his people. Lloyd Running Bear is listening to the story of the Passion in Catechism Class, and his ideals are bounded by the stars.



WHITE *for Harvest*

Jesuit Priests, in snowy albs, whiten sanctuaries as they are ordained for the Missions . . .



JUST BEFORE THE TREMENDOUS MOMENT at an Ordination Mass when the Bishop lays his hands silently on the head of the man who is being raised to the priesthood, all those who are to be ordained prostrate themselves on the floor before the altar and remain there while the choir chants the litany of the saints, asking them all to pray for the priest-to-be. In seminaries where a large number of men are or-

daind together, this immemorial act of humility works an astonishing transformation. One moment the sanctuary is an open space, where men in white albs, wearing white stoles, are kneeling at Mass, and the next instant, as they stretch out before the altar, the sanctuary has become a place carpeted in white, a field white for harvest.

And as they lie there, the choir interrupts the litanies, and the Bishop turns and in

sonorous tones reminds them of the fact that they have not chosen Christ, but rather Christ has chosen them, for he chants three invocations which are found in the Litany of the Saints only on that one occasion: "That you deign to bless, sanctify, and consecrate these elected ones . . ."

Every priest is, according to St. Paul, chosen, for no man would dare take upon himself so high a calling on his own. But a missionary priest is doubly chosen, for he has a vocation within a vocation: not all his fellow-priests are elected to go out and exercise their ministry in mission lands.

The fact that he is ordained for the missions means that God has exercised in his regard a double choice, and has laid upon him the need of responding with special generosity to the special dilection which God lavishes on him. The priest is burdened, always, with the knowledge that God's choice of him has set him apart, and laid on him the need of leading a life of special dedication in return.

The missionary priest, selected from the already-elect, faces a further dedication, and a further sacrifice. For if, as St. Paul teaches, a priest should be like Melchisedech, "without father, without mother, without genealogy," most of them can exercise their detached ministries among their friends, in their own land, in a familiar and friendly environment. But the missionary priest cannot do this: he must leave familiar things behind. It is his added burden to live among strangers, in surroundings to which he has not been used, usually involving a new language, and certainly making it necessary for him to learn new ways, to acquire taste for unfamiliar foods, to develop understanding for mental attitudes entirely alien and unfamiliar to every thing he has become used to.

It is a marvelous thing, and a mark of the unfailing love of God for all men that year after year young men whiten the sanctuary to take upon themselves the double yoke of the missionary priesthood.

In the Jesuit Seminaries in the United States, Bishops have looked down on the prostrate forms of young men destined to be priests in the Philippines, in Jamaica, in Alaska, British Honduras, India and Japan.

Their ordination is not an end: it is a beginning. Their splendid energies and talents will now be channelled into priestly activities for the saving of souls.

But a priest is not merely someone elected. He is chosen, says St. Paul, *to be the spokesman of men in the things that are of God*, to be their representative. So a missionary priest is selected to represent his fellows in the missionary activity which Christ has required from all the members of His Church. And therefore, he is not an independent and isolated person: he is the non-missionary's ambassador, and his being such puts an obligation on those whom he represents. They must support him; they must back him up.

How? Primarily, by their prayers. Not merely for the success of his toils, but for the fulfilment of his personal vocation to sanctity. In his normal and habitual environment, a man gets used to certain things, and knows how most easily and efficiently to cope with them. But in strange surroundings a host of new experiences rise up to plague him, and it takes tremendous amounts of grace to overcome the trials and tribulations of missionary work.

Prayers for the missionary priest, then, are not just simply works of supererogation: he has a right to expect them. And non-missionaries have the duty of saying them.

The powers and graces of the priesthood are the thews of the missionary priest who works in the fields. And those need the support of all those who do not work there: for the work belongs to all, and the result depends on all.

And the reward is exceeding great. . . .

Prayer For A Priest

O Jesus, Eternal Priest, keep Thy servant within the shelter of Thy Sacred Heart, where none may harm him. Keep unstained his anointed hands, which daily touch Thy Sacred Body. Keep unsullied his lips, purpled with Thy Precious Blood. Keep pure and unearthly his heart, sealed with the sublime marks of Thy glorious Priesthood. Bless his labors with abundant fruit, and may they to whom he has ministered be here below his joy and consolation, and in heaven his everlasting crown. Amen.



Korean artists whose work was displayed at the Holy Year Mission exhibit in Rome show the universality of Catholic art. Upper left: A Korean Scholar-martyr. Lower left: Blessed Peter Yu and his father, also a Blessed. Above: Korean concept of the Annunciation.

KOREA

Mission

THE FIRST PRIEST WHO EVER TRIED TO CHRISTIANIZE Korea was a Portuguese Jesuit, Father Gaspar Vilela. He revealed a plan of journeying from Japan to Korea in two letters written in Goa. Because of war and pirates, however, he could not carry out his plan.

Twenty years later one of his confreres, Father Gregorio Céspedes S.J., succeeded in landing on Korean soil. He was chaplain in an invading army of the Japanese Shogun Hideyoshi, who attacked Korea in 1574. Father Céspedes tried to contact the Korean people, but as part of an invading enemy army he found this extremely difficult. Still he managed to baptize a number of Koreans. In any case, he was the first priest ever to enter the "Land of the Morning Serenity."

In 1614 the faith was proscribed in Japan. The Jesuits, naturally, sought for some other land in which to work, and they sent to Korea a Korean lay brother,



originally from a noble family in Seoul. But this man, after seven fruitless years of trying to slip across the Yalu from North China, returned to Japan and died a martyr, one of the nine Koreans venerated among the Blessed Japanese Martyrs.

Throughout the seventeenth century other attempts were made to penetrate the Hermit Kingdom, all failing. The most promising one was made by a Korean crown prince, who was brought to China as a hostage by a Manchurian invader. He became a close friend of the great Jesuit missionary, Adam Schall von Bell, and asked him for a priest to accompany him on his return to Korea. There was no one available, unfortunately, so the crown prince started back accompanied by a selected entourage of Catholic chamberlains and court-ladies, and taking many religious books and articles of piety. Their plan was to convert the Royal House at Seoul. But the crown prince died and his Chinese followers were sent back to Peking in 1645. The time was not yet fulfilled.

Toward the end of the eighteenth century some of the Korean men of learning, impressed by "the learning of Heaven's Lord," which they found in a book called "The Truth of God," written by the celebrated Jesuit, Mateo Ricci,



Father Tobias Kim S.J., (left) is one of four living Korean Jesuits, none of whom is in Korea. He was ordained in Louvain, and wrote this article at Fordham, where he was studying for a degree before returning to Japan to carry on his missionary work there.

and in other books by the Jesuit scientists in the Chinese court, gathered to discuss ways and means. The doctrines explained in these books, which concerned Divine Providence, the soul, the virtues and vices, struck them so deeply that they decided to conform their lives to these Christian teachings. When one of the group was named secretary to the Ambassador to China in 1783, he was commissioned by his fellows to seek out the missionaries in Peking. The young man found Father Louis de Grammont, who gladly instructed him in the faith and baptized him, naming him Peter.

Peter returned to Korea, and in turn baptized his fellows. Immediately, they all began to spread the divine teaching. Thus the Church had its beginnings in Korea, a start unique in the annals of the Church. The faith was introduced without preaching, before mis-



Korean Madonna and Child with St. John the Baptist, a popular subject everywhere.

sionaries penetrated the country.

There followed a period of persecution and martyrdom, but Peter and his friends had done their work well, and constant appeals to Rome prompted Pope Leo XII to ask the newly-reestablished Society of Jesus to undertake a mission in Korea.

But after forty years of suppression the Society was still too weak and lacking in manpower to undertake a task so great and so arduous.

God moves in mysterious ways. St. Francis Xavier was frustrated in his efforts to reach China. And yet, his successors breached the great wall of isolation, and carried out his splendid plan of planting the faith in the heart of the Empire. And the great culture that they brought with them, their learning and knowledge of science, made them an ornament in the court at Peking, and were in a fair way to spreading the Church through the Orient by the dominance of Chinese culture. Xavier probably never thought of Korea. And his followers in Japan, kept out of the Hermit Nation, failed, too. But the books of the Mandarin Jesuits in Peking breached the wall they themselves could not cross and planted in Korea a faith that still flourishes.



The Business of Missions

WANTED

Dear Friend:

In multiplying the five loaves and three fishes, Our Lord intended to prepare the hearts of the multitude to accept the promise and, eventually, the institution of the Blessed Sacrament. That incident might be classified as a First Communion class.

It is the daily routine of our missionaries to gather children for instructions. After an hour or two, the children become fidgety; they begin to day-dream. If the missionary could interrupt the First Communion class and offer the children a glass of milk or perhaps some rice and fish and a cookie, they would be more attentive.

The American Jesuit missionaries need resources to feed conservatively five thousand children each day. They do not have miraculous powers but must rely upon your marvelous magnanimity in providing the food. Your gift may provide bread for just a meal but it will help prepare souls one day to receive the Bread of Life Eternal.

It will be our prayer that whenever you receive Holy Communion and especially Holy Viaticum, God may fulfill His promise, "He who eats this Bread shall live forever."

Sincerely yours in Our Lord,
COLEMAN A. DAILY S.J.

Bursting at the Seams

In Jamaica, Father Eberle is quite worried about his "Barefoot School" which is very overcrowded at present. The school, which is really a small chapel, is packed now with sixty-four children, all between the ages of five and eight. There will be thirty or forty more applicants for school next September. These children have been told they will have to wait and this has resulted in some serious cases of heartache, not only for the little children, but for the pastor. The religious instruction, the preparation for first Holy Communion and confirmation of these children will have to be postponed unless some generous benefactors help provide the means to expand the present school. Will you help?

Can You Match This?

A new dress for twenty-five cents? At the Catholic Mission, Buxar, India, the Sisters of the Sacred Heart make all their own clothes and all the clothes for the girls. Think what it means to be able to provide a girl's frock for only twenty-five cents, the cost of the cloth.

These same sisters need a new sewing machine. A new machine costs \$50.00. Full

JESUIT MISSION DIRECTORS

Alaska and U. S. Indians
Rev. Edmund A. Anable, S.J.
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Ceylon and Home Missions
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New York 28, N. Y.

or part payment for this necessary equipment would be greatly appreciated by the sisters and would give them more time for their spiritual duties—more time to pray for their benefactors.

"Meet Your Angel"

This is the title of a colorbook for little Catholics. These colorbooks help make learning catechism more fun and are especially useful in our tropical missions where warm weather makes concentration so difficult for young children. These books are priced at fifteen cents. If you commissioned us to send these books to the missions, you could be sure of the undying gratitude of catechism teachers who might be having a difficult time convincing young people that a religion class is more important than a cool swim or a fishing trip.

Sandesh

Don't be surprised if you don't recognize the word—it is Hindi for "The Sacred Heart Messenger". "The Messenger of the Sacred Heart" is published in Hindi but many of the Catholics in India are too poor to subscribe to the magazine. The Communists are making great propaganda efforts in India through distribution of their literature. We could counteract their evil influence by equal zeal for the truth, through the distribution of Catholic literature. Please help spread devotion to the Sacred Heart in India by subscribing in the name of some poor Indian Catholic. The price is \$1.00.

A Matter of Address

Following is an excerpt from letter of May 10th from Father John Newell S.J.

"Many thanks for the kind ad for old clothes; BUT, our mailing address is:

Very Rev. Pascual Decanio OFM
c/o Rev. J. T. Newell
Colegio Franciscano
Tegucigalpa
Rep. Honduras

"If the package comes direct to me it lands at a customs house, two days distant; four days on a mule necessary to go and claim the packages, besides telegrams getting dispensation from paying customs. Expense, time and agony! BUT going to above address, we pick them up at the Colegio with the greatest possible ease or they are sent to us by plane. So far two persons have written that they are acting on your ad."

Who WANTS TO BE *forgotten* _____?

NOBODY...

Everyone WANTS
TO BE REMEMBERED

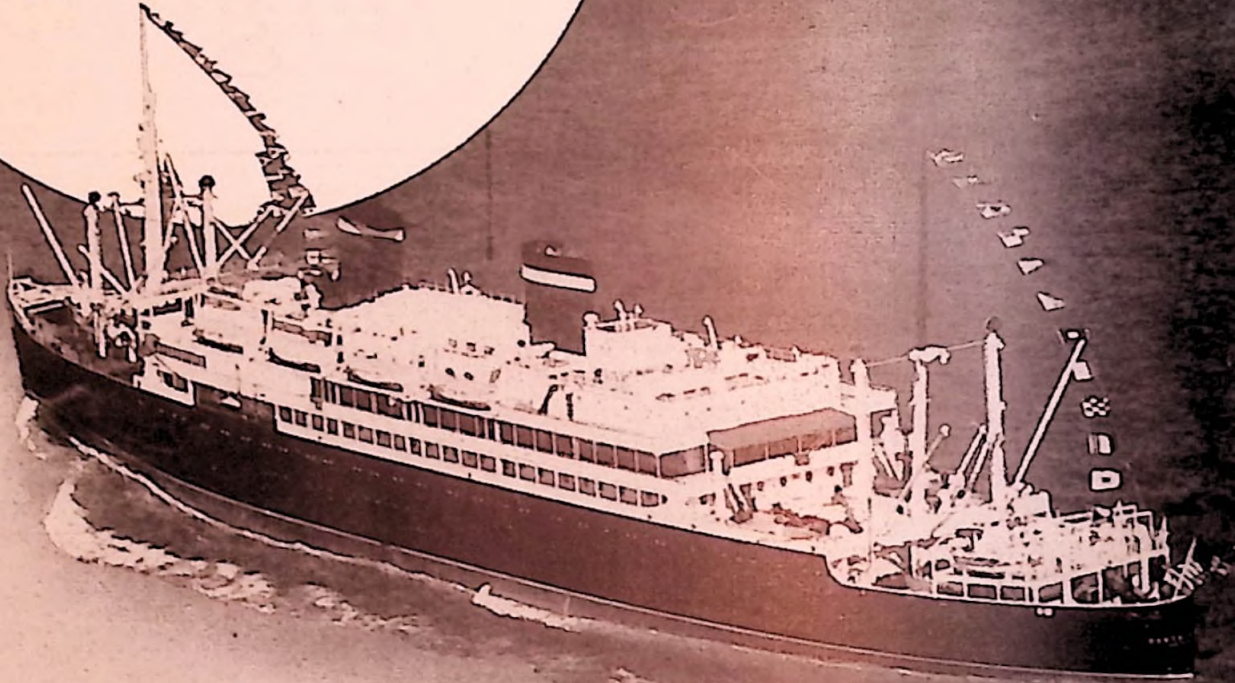
One way of making sure that you are not forgotten, but remembered daily in the Masses of Missionary priests is to remember JESUIT MISSIONS in your will.

The legal title is:

JESUIT *Missions, Inc.*

962 Madison Avenue, New York 21

Round Trip to EXILE



From Chinese prisons California Jesuits
came home to recover their health.

Now they depart again for Formosa
to rejoin their exiled China Mission brethren.

Will you share a part of the burden
of that 12,000 mile round trip?

Your donation of \$1.00 or \$5.00 or more
will help pay their Pacific passage.

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