



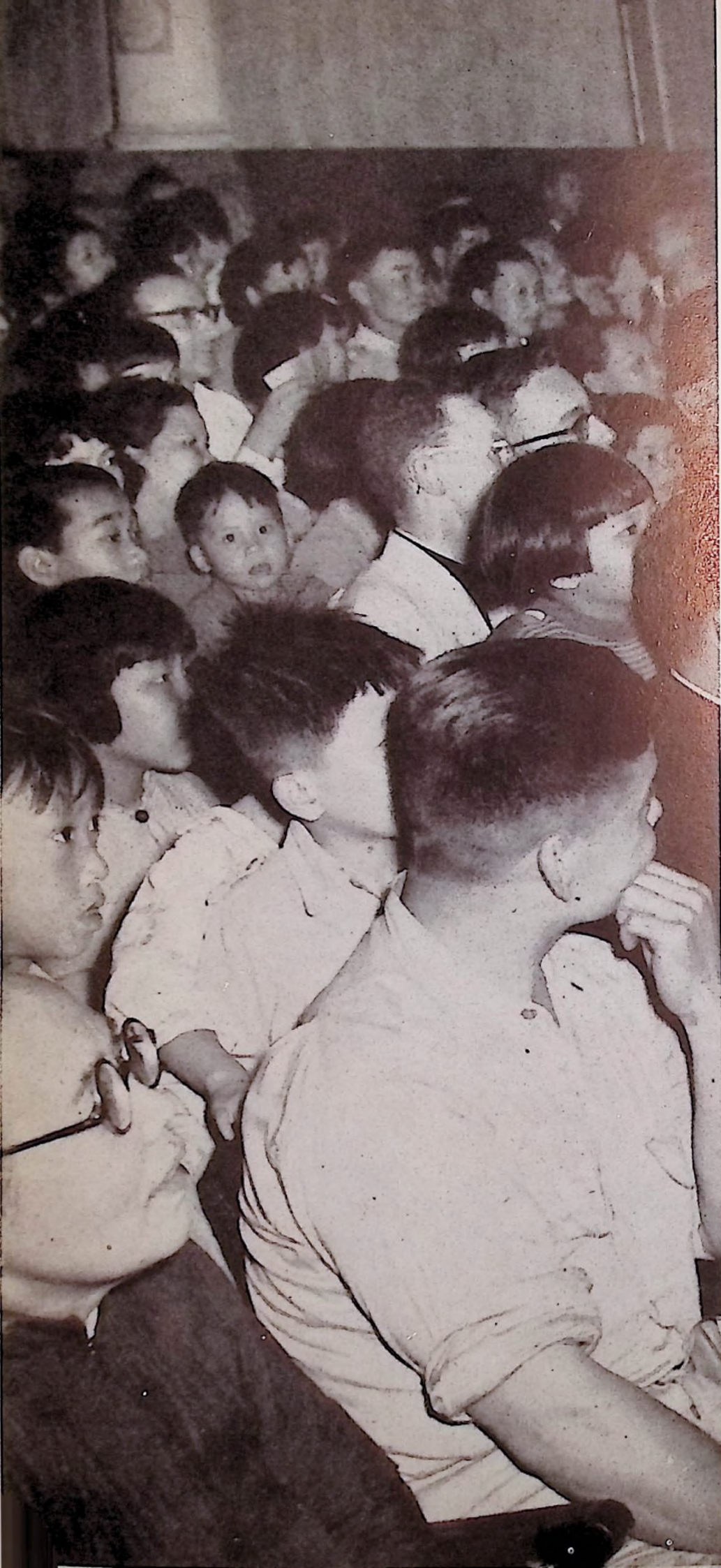
# JESUIT MISSIONS



*Sun, sand and  
the changing ARAB WORLD*



*June 1958*



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**Spellbound**, the audience at Hsinchu in Formosa (or Taiwan) watch the Passion Play presented by Clarke Trent S.J. at Eastertime. Father George Donohoe S.J. of the China Mission tells in his story on page 6 of the quick understanding and the deep devotion of the Chinese people, even those who are not Christians, to the sufferings of Our Lord. They see in His pain their own lives.



# JESUIT MISSIONS

*Voice of America's largest missionary order*

## THE CHANGING ARAB WORLD

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*The Arab world is a dark mystery to most of the West, its history little known, its traditions as vague as its once-veiled women. It has lain quiet behind the ramparts of Islamism but today the sun is bright again on its varied peoples.*

*The sons of Ishmael whose heritage was the tents of the wastelands are come of age and progress is their keynote*



## The changing Arab

**T**HE SUN AND THE SAND will always be there, as they have through the centuries, in this Arab world which stretches from the Atlantic across northern Africa to Egypt, the Arabian peninsula and Iraq. But not all things are timeless, as are sun and sand, and the peoples of this world have become restless.

It is an area of the earth that has been little known and, until recently, little desired. But then the sand gave up its flowing riches, the oil which would turn the all-necessary machines of our mate-

rial world. Suddenly it was a world that was wanted—and just as suddenly those same desires were born in its peoples.

The Arab world is changing, trying desperately to leap-frog the centuries of isolation and stagnation. Over eighty million people, three-fourths of them Moslem, are on the march into a new day and a new way of life. It is a world to be watched, to be aided, to be understood, to be prayed for. It is also a world to be wanted—but only in the sense of wanted by God.



Yesterday still remains in places like this furniture bazaar on Beirut's back streets.



But today with its shining cars is creeping in among black-robed women in Bells' Corner.



# world



Brass urns and pots are still the staple industry in the Bazaar of the Braziers at Mosul in northern Iraq. This most eastern country of the Arab world is setting a high example of how its riches can be used for the poor.

(Three Lions photo)

Test tubes are no novelty in the Arab countries for science has always been a specialty there. A student of medicine at the University of Beirut conducts a laboratory test. Arab women are emerging fast from harem days.

(Three Lions photo)

*The bridge that links Europe,  
Asia and Africa has become of  
supreme importance to a world  
that works and travels on oil*

During the month of June the Holy Father asks us to pray for this Arab world, that justice and peace may reign within its restless limits. There cannot be peace unless justice is first established and before the latter can reign the old traditions and hostilities must be removed. Wealth and blood have, through the centuries, made it a top-heavy social setup which cries for remedy.

Empty cupboards but filled arms is symbolic of the people of the Nile River. Egypt has always been a leader in the Arab world and recent happenings have emphasized that role.

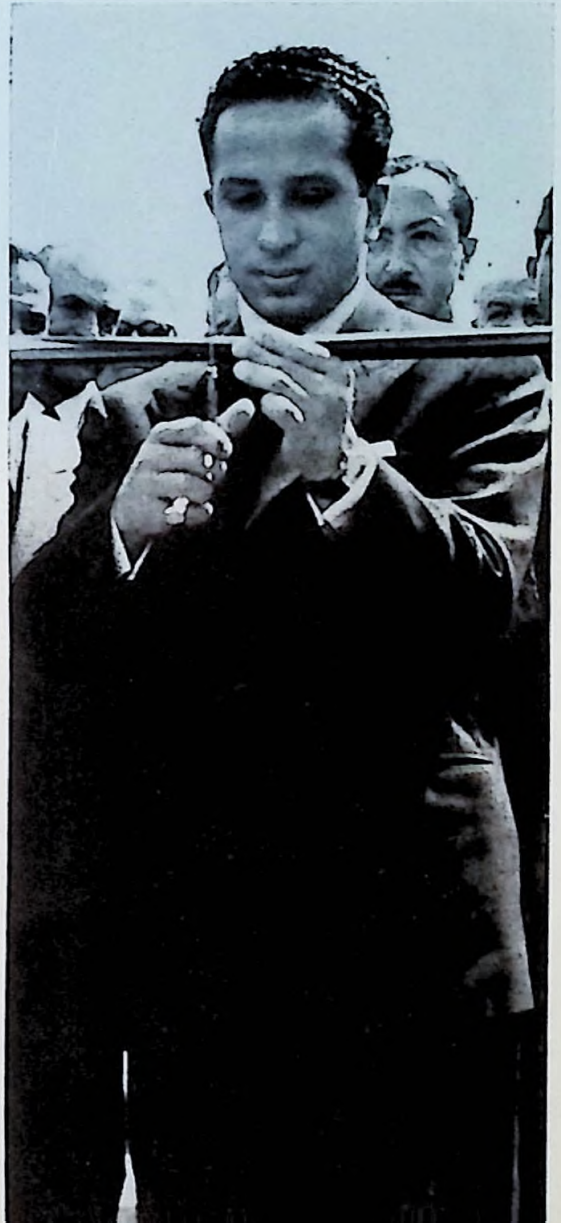


Rallying points for Arabs are their language and their religion of Islam, for the vast majority of them are followers of Mohammed. In one of the sacred cities, Kerbela in Iraq, a cloth merchant displays his wares. .  
(Three Lions photo)



Looking up and ahead are these recent graduates of the Jesuit college in Baghdad. Most of these men will do graduate studies.

His Majesty King Feisal II of Iraq cuts the ribbon opening the new Queen Aliyah bridge across the Tigris, another of many modern improvements.



GEORGE V. DONOHOE S.J.

# YOUNG CHINA AND THE CRUCIFIED

In Hsinchu, Formosa, Clarke Trent S.J. put on a Passion Play one Easter which was warmly acclaimed even by non-Christians. The role of Our Lord was played by an adult except for the scenes on the Cross which were taken by a boy. The audience reacted spontaneously with cheers when actor Longinus departed from his role and suddenly hit the jeering Annas on the jaw.



*“If I be lifted up, I  
will draw all things to  
Myself” is proven true  
today in the Far East*



To refugees from Communist persecution on China's mainland the meaning of the Cross and suffering is extremely understandable.

**F**OR YEARS I HAD HEARD from older missionaries of the strong attraction the Crucifix held for the youth of China—how the Sacrifice and the loving Heart of Christ called forth their compassionate sympathy and their generous return of love. In 1946 I joined the China Mission, and since then I have experienced at first hand that what the old missionaries said was so true.

“This is my friend, Father,” the laughing young student said, showing me a snapshot of his classmate from the mission school up country.

“But does he wear a crucifix openly like that?” I asked, staring incredulously at the crucifix plainly visible beneath the boy's open collar.

“Sure, Father. Up there all of us Catholic students wear our crucifixes like that.”

“But don't the political officers and the Communist youth corps make difficulties for you?” I asked, for I knew that just at that time the Reds were carrying on an intense slander campaign against the Church and “Catholic superstitions,” and that these courageous young new Catholics were bearing the brunt of it within the schools.

“Of course, Father. But what difference does that make?” was his reply.

The above conversation took place well over a half dozen years ago, in Communist-held Shanghai. Not too long ago I met that same young man in Manila, eyes sparkling merrily as before, only older now of course and the round boyish features lengthened into the firm lines of a strong young man. And he was clad in the white cassock and cincture worn by members of the Society of Jesus.

Since our conversation, he had travelled through 1,500 perilous miles of Communist territory, had crossed the Bamboo Curtain, overcome many difficulties, travelled to a foreign land and had entered the exiled Novitiate of the China Mission of the Society of Jesus—his crucifix still plainly visible.

The case I cited above is not unique. There are many others like this young man, many of his Jesuit classmates, like Anthony and Paul, whom I had met at Shanghai in 1949 when they were high school boys. They left Shanghai in straw hats and workers' clothes, selling cigarettes from a little junkboat on the Whangpoo River. But when their tiny

craft reached the mouth of the river it kept on sailing . . . right down under the muzzles of Communist guns . . . down and out into the deep—until it reached islands that were free. Today they, too, wear white cassocks and cinctures.

The story of the heroism of China's Catholics, and especially China's young Catholics, under the heel of Red oppression is well known. There are many, many others like the ones I have mentioned—many who had to stay behind.

I recall well a young university student friend who sacrificed his diploma and degree a few months before gradua-

tion, rather than compromise his faith. He has been in prison for a long time now, like the youngster who secretly wrote "Viva Cristo Rey" on the unmarked grave of Jesuit Father Beda Chang, leader of Catholic youth, after he had been denounced by the Red regime as a criminal and died at their hands—and like hundreds of others, the stories of whose courageous heroism would fill many books.

Before closing, I should like to tell you about John L . . . He is a lively, lighthearted youngster just going into third high here in Free China, on the island of Formosa. It was not easy for John to become a Catholic. There were almost no Taiwanese Catholics in Hsin-chu, when Father Schmotzer began to instruct him a couple of years ago.

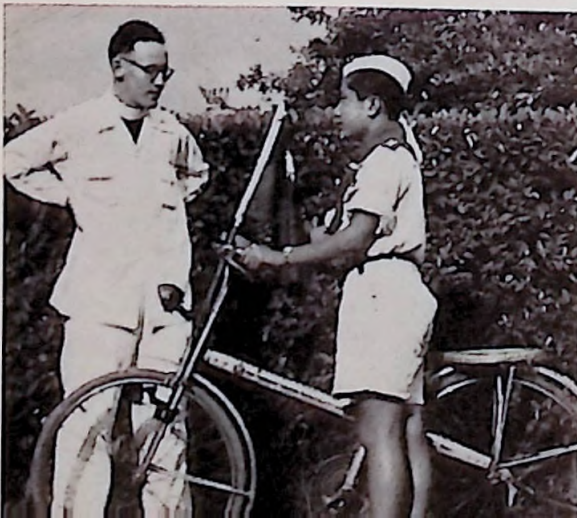
One day during recess period, three classmates, noticing the crucifix one of the Fathers had given him, asked John to let them see it. One of them grabbed it away and ran up the hillside with it, making disgusting and insulting gestures at the figure of Our Blessed Lord. "I tried not to get angry, Father," he said, "but something inside me told me to go and avenge the honor of Our Blessed Lord. So I went after them." One of the boys ran away but John sailed into the other two and, though badly pummelled and bruised in the free-for-all, he made the other two give back the crucifix and apologize for what they had done. John is an almost daily communicant and on Sundays teaches catechism to the small children.

And so it goes. Association with young people like these easily convinces a China missionary that his job is the best in the world, and he wouldn't trade it for anything the world could offer. "And I, if I be lifted up, shall draw all things to Myself," Christ said. Today in Free China we see the Divine generosity of the youthful Christ, powerfully drawing the hearts of China's young.



Time out for a lunch of cold rice and fish is taken by the author and boys on hike to Sun Moon Lake.

Youth problems are nothing new to Father Donohoe and his story reveals his pride and admiration in young China's great courage.



# Mission moments

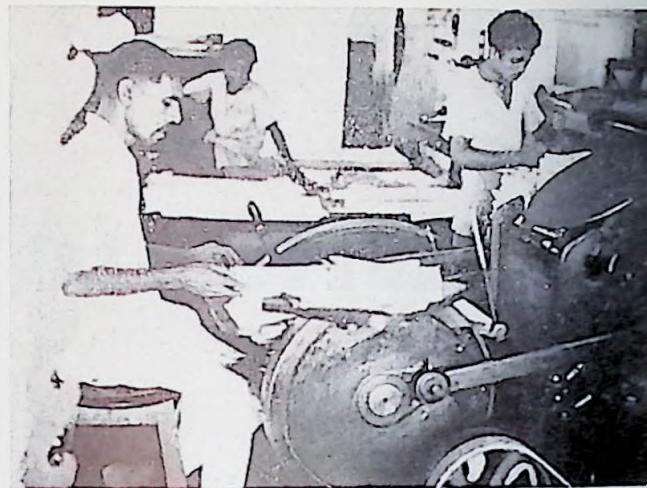
*A new bishop, an old book written in a new way, different glimpses at different worlds, are all part of missionary life*



**Coming** into office as Bishop of Belize, British Honduras, is Father Robert Hodapp S.J. He succeeds Bishop David F. Hickey S.J.



**Going** out of his temporary task of Diocesan Administrator of Belize is Father Marvin O'Connor, veteran Director of B.H. schools.



Hand setting of type was the old way ... Let it roll on the rotary and then...

*Mission Moments...*



Inner space is still important and at the Manila Observatory in the Philippines Father Doucette S.J. plots out the spot of a recent earthquake

All ears for the latest news are the people of Formosa who live on the edge of attack so Father Bourret S.J. and assistants prepare a regular Catholic program.

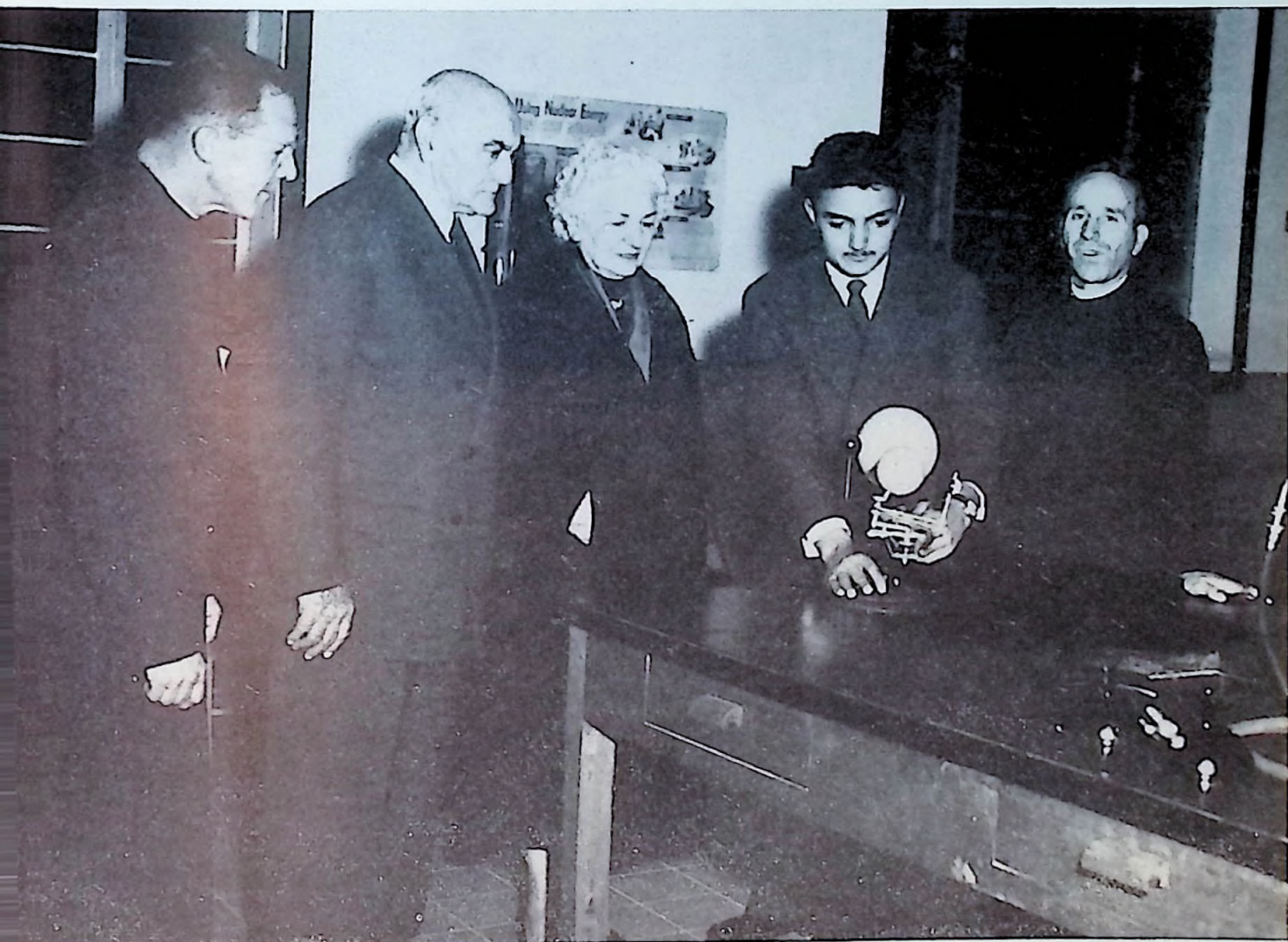




Check out by Father Barrett and aids.

**First Hindi** edition of the New Testament was recently published by the Patna Jesuits at the Sanjivan Press under the direction of Father John Barrett of Chicago. Written by Father Raphael Sah, one of the first Bihari Catholics to enter the Society of Jesus, this is the first Catholic translation in the national language of the Union of India. The New Testament is eagerly sought also by educated Hindus interested in Christianity.

**Magic carpets** in Baghdad take second place in interest to a model of the solar system at a recent Parents' Night at Baghdad College. The demonstration is put on by Ibrahim Hikmat for his father, H. E. Hikmat Suleiman, former Prime Minister of Iraq, and his mother while Father Robert Sullivan of Stamford watches and Father Sheehan keeps a wary eye on the camera.





Very Rev. Henry Hargreaves, the Jesuit Superior of the Mission.



Father Segundo Llorente who gave a real missionary retreat.

*When you don't see  
a fellow priest for  
a year or so it means  
a lot to have them  
together all at once*

## ALASKAN ROUND-UP



Bishop Francis Gleeson S.J.,  
Vicar Apostolic of Alaska.



Father Paul O'Connor, who supplied reindeer meat and welcome

**T**HE WORD HAD GONE OUT to the Alaskan missionaries from the Jesuit Superior, Father Hargreaves, that a general get-together was in order. On paper that sounds simple, especially if you add that the accommodations at St. Mary's are ample, plenty of reindeer meat is at hand and fish too. But to get 14 Alaskan missionaries together all at once during the winter is almost miraculous.

Bishop Gleeson and Father Conwell flew west from Fairbanks; Father Tom Cunningham came all the way from the North Pole where he had been working on the IGY. From the north also came Fathers Convert, Plamondon and

Astruc. Father Linssen of Nelson Island and Father Wood of Hooper Bay flew in from the west, as did Father Llorente who was to give the retreat. Father Hargreaves came from Bethel and Father Greif from Dillingham. There were so many planes that it looked funny to see Father Poole mushing in by dogsled.

Father O'Connor was the host and the gathering was so impressive that it reminded Father Fox of Holy Cross of the time when it took him over 13 years to get the Superior to visit his mission!

The retreat was grand, the discussions valuable, the planning practical. Then back to lonely nights and God's work



Father Cunningham, who has been on an ice floe "up North."



Father John Fox, veteran missionary well known to JM.



These are the 14 missionaries who met at St. Mary's to discuss mutual problems. Then they went back to their tiny villages, men of God living their lonely lives among strangers.



Father Convert works at Kaltag among the Yukon Indians.



Father Wood of Hooper Bay is also with the U.S. military.



## FOR CHRIST- AMBASSADORS

*Missionaries of the  
Maryland Province set  
out for their new  
mission in Burma and  
the road to Mandalay*

“FOR CHRIST, THEREFORE, WE ARE AMBASSADORS.” This was the text from St. Paul, chosen by Father McDonough, Director of the Society for the Propagation of the Faith in Philadelphia, for his sermon on the occasion of the departure ceremony of eight young Jesuit missionaries for Burma.

“As honored spokesman on this glorious day in the annals of Jesuit history, I am privileged to voice the unanimous tribute of respect that springs from the hearts of our priests, Religious and laity as these eight chosen sons of the Society of Jesus turn their steps to the distant Orient, to the fabled land of Burma.

“Words fall short and description fails miserably in the adequate evaluation of this sublime dedication. The perennial puzzle of the Christian Apostolate that sees young men formed into the sacred priesthood, through years of training,



Father Joseph Murphy, former Rector of Woodstock, receives his Mission Mandate.

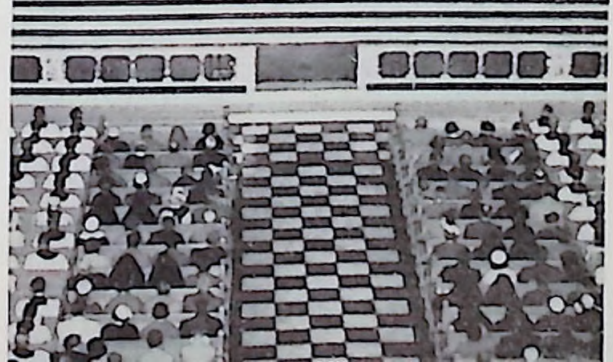
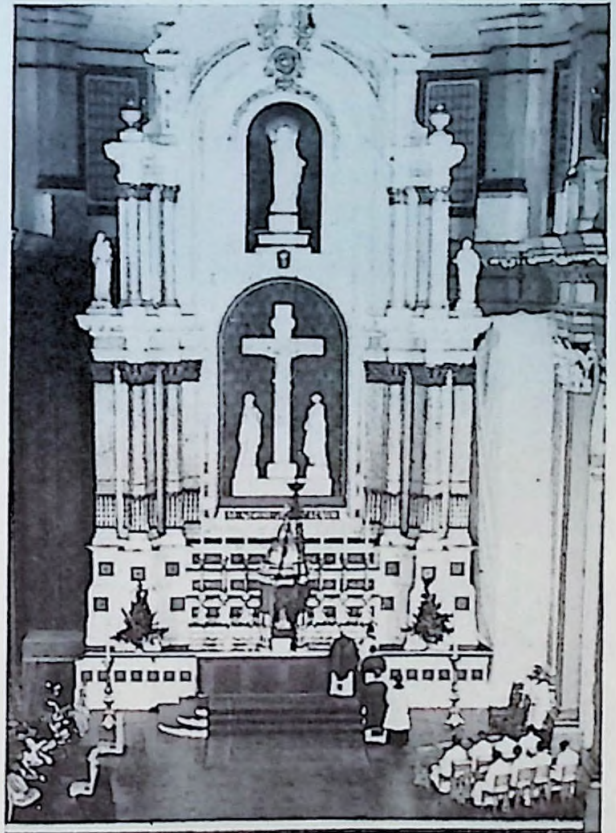
Archbishop O'Hara of Philadelphia is preceded into the sanctuary by officers of Mass.

Solemn Mass in Jesuit Gesù Church in Philadelphia with Monsignor Daly as Celebrant.

and then sent out to spend themselves on the fringes of humanity, still sees a materialistic and short-sighted world groping in complete wonderment. Perhaps even some of the elect find it difficult to understand.

"Only in the words of our Blessed Lord do we learn the all-embracing answer: 'I tell you truthfully, everyone who has forsaken home or brothers or sisters or mother or children or lands for my sake and for the sake of the Gospel, will receive now in this world a hundred fold, and in the world to come everlasting life.'

". . . Reaching out to souls has always been the holy business of the followers of Ignatius . . . Through four centuries of apostolic labor, Jesuit missionaries have carried the torch for Christ to the capitals of the world, to the remote and countless villages of the Orient. They have explored the unknown, they have





Rev. Father Martin McDonough, Philadelphia's Propagation of Faith Director.



Archbishop O'Hara with departing Jesuits (l. to r.) Farren, Laschenski, Murphy, Keenan, McCreesh, Niznik, Peacock and Fischer. These men will conduct the Regional Seminary for the training of the Burmese clergy at the request of the Holy See and bishops.

probed the mysterious, and even gambled with the Pearl of Great Price, that the aim of their saintly and adventurous Ignatius might find fulfillment: 'Ad majorem Dei Gloriam.'

... St. Ignatius insisted that the Jesuit vocation was basically a missionary one. And facts stand by this assertion. Today the Society of Jesus is the largest missionary order in the Church. More than 6,000 Jesuits are working for Christ in the mission areas of the world. To you, so intimately conscious of the spirit of St. Ignatius, this is not news. To many it is a great revelation, but readily understandable in the light of the Society's Constitutions, where

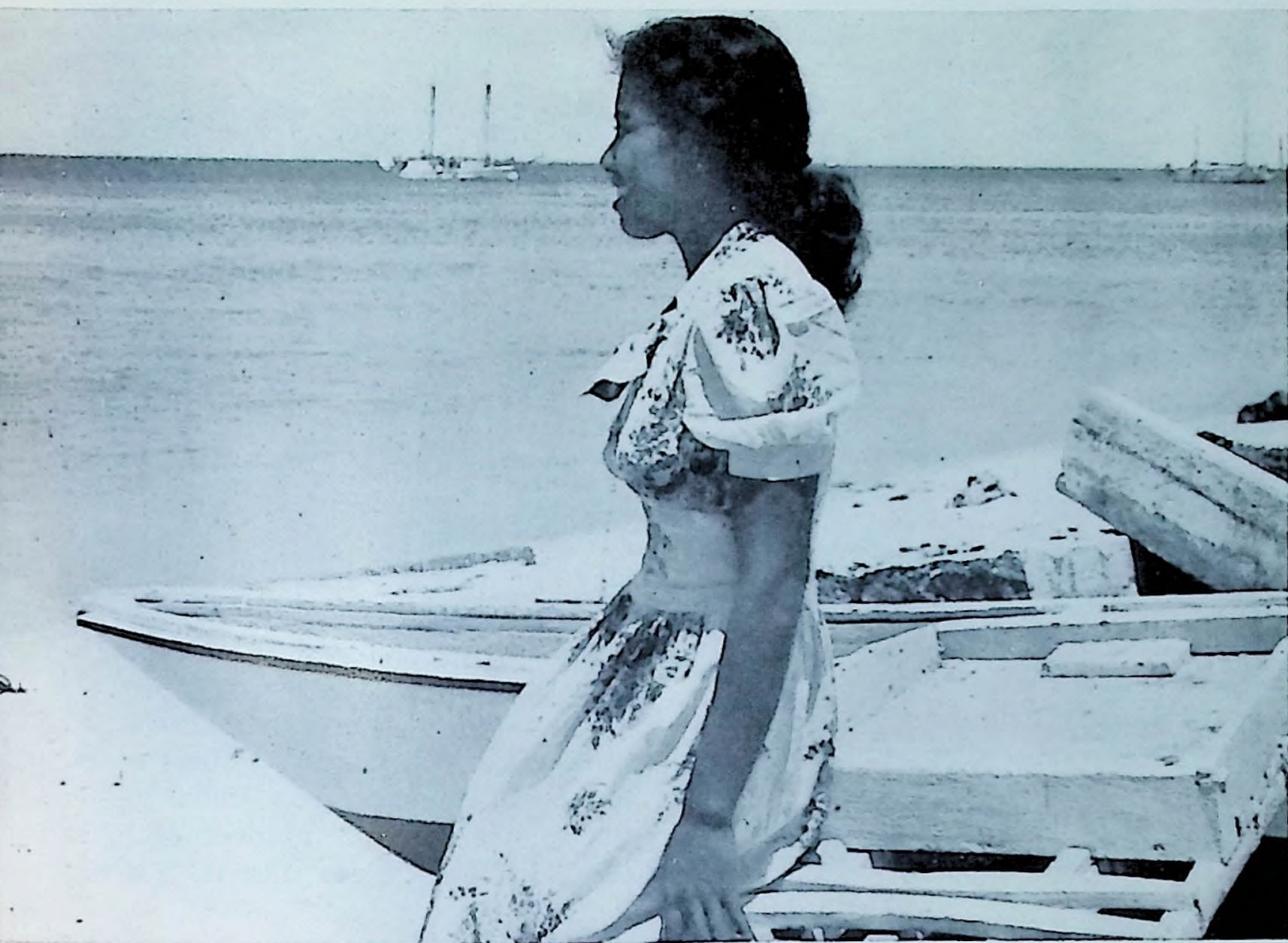
we read: 'It is our vocation to travel to various places and to live in any part of the world where there is hope of God's greater glory . . .'

"As all the world knows," continued Father McDonough, "St. Francis Xavier was the first missionary of the first missionary order. His Oriental career, brief and brilliant like a flare, signalled to a host of others the way to realize the dream of St. Ignatius. Even before Xavier died on Sancian Island, short of his great goal of China, Father Anthony Criminale, the first of a long line of Jesuit martyrs, helped write the history of the Indian mission in his own blood.

"And still the work goes on as through a series of deaths and Resurrections in sorrow and in glory to bring to men everywhere the sweet yoke of salvation in Christ. The Church has dreamt of a world for Christ ever since the days she was born from the pierced heart of the Saviour on Calvary, and her whole history has been the record of her heroic efforts to accomplish this regaining of the world to God through Christ . . .

"The time has now come for us in America to fill in still more the ranks of the 'Heralds of the Gospel' in ever increasing numbers; to pick up the blessed echo of the centuries and carry it to the distant valleys, so that all men in every place might know from our lips and from our lives that 'Christ is the new life that is to build a new world, the head of a new humanity.'

"As part of the 'Church Mission,' my dear missionaries, you now share the universal apostolate of the Faith with the chosen legions of missionary priests, brothers and sisters who serve in the front lines of spiritual combat. You join ranks with the great missionaries of Christ from the beginning even until now. And you begin in a broader way to feel the full impact of that driving command of the Lord 'Go ye into the whole world!'"



## Women must weep . . .

**I**T IS A TERRIBLE THING to see a woman with empty eyes watching an empty sea. But it is worse in those moments when the pain stands there, naked and alone, as the anguish in her heart breaks through her tightly-held feelings, like the long combers rolling over the jagged reef into the quiet lagoon.

Konto and his crew had sailed out of Jaluit, heading for Kili, thirty miles away. Then the typhoon had struck, ten fear-filled hours of raging seas and roaring winds. The next day the broken mast of Konto's boat floated into the lagoon and word came from Bingelab that half of the ship had washed up there. But what of Konto and his men? No one

of us knew for sure; no one of us had words of any meaning for the woman who waited on the beach, alone and silent, with her eyes forever searching the western seas.

. . . High above, a Navy plane circled and swept down into the lagoon. An outrigger streaked in dangerously close, there was a moment's exchange, and then it was racing for the shore. The message was for one alone, who waited apart—Konto was safe on Kili, with the others—and all at once a woman's empty eyes were filled with tears, and birds soaring, and flying fish flashing in the bright sun.

THOMAS C. DONOHOE, S.J.



Disciple of the "saint" and destined to be his successor some day, this old man sits patiently in an alcove by the main entrance of the Hindu temple.

**T**HE HINDU TEMPLE of Ram Tikdi lies on a small hill about three miles from our Jesuit college at Poona, India. It was not yet nine in the morning when five of us ascended the hill and passed through the main entrance in the enclosure wall. A notice in Hindi read, "Put shoes aside!" so we removed our shoes as a half dozen pair of curious eyes watched us. Five cassocked Jesuits were not a common sight!

Three or four sadhus (holy men) were going about their various duties. A professional temple-singer was chanting verses from the Sanskrit Upanishads, to the accompaniment of the tablas (drums) and the tamboora, an elongated stringed instrument which gives only four notes.

Soon our attention was drawn to the main temple where a number of brass bells of different sizes started to clang

## THE TEMPLE ON



RICHARD E. LANE-SMITH S.J.

loudly, and this clanging was kept up for a good ten minutes. It was the time of the daily morning puja or sacrifice, and while the bells were being rung and a turbaned Sikh beat on a big drum to the same rhythm, the officiating priest performed the rites. He went from image to image, holding in his left hand a bell which he rang incessantly, and in his right an oil lamp with many tapers which he moved to and fro, round and round, up and down, before each image. Outside the front door was a small marble carving of a cow which received the same rituals. When the priest had finished, the drum and bells ceased, the singer stopped his chanting, and the morning sacrifice was over.

With the end of the sacred rites, the Sikh came forward and introduced himself. His name was Sant Singh Khalsa;

he was previously in the Indian Sappers and Miners, and had been to England as a "Bevan Boy" on a course of engineering. Back in India, working under the rays of an unusually hot sun, his head was affected and he had become quite insane. In one of his mad fits he jumped down a deep well, and would have drowned but for the miraculous intervention of the Hindu sadhu, reputedly a saint, who lived in this very temple.

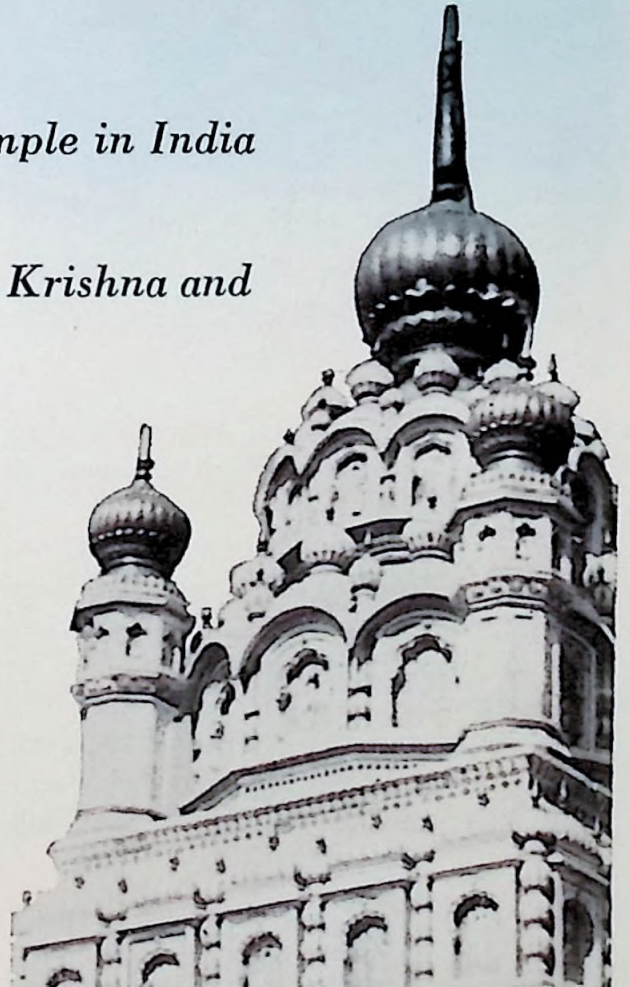
The "saint" came to this hill 35 years ago when it was bare and barren, and decided to sit there and pray. People came to ask his advice and they found he was a gifted sage, and a miracle-worker. His fame began to spread, and people came from far and near to consult him. Their piety led them to raise sums of money with which they built first a shelter for the guru, then a shrine,

## THE HILL

*Rare is the temple in India  
which is dedicated to a living  
man and not to Krishna and  
Shiva and the other deities*

Smiles from Sant Singh and a one-armed pilgrim greet Father Dietrich of Jamshedpur and a Spanish and two Maltese Jesuits.

Ram Tikdi became famous as a shrine because of one sadhu praying there alone.



*the saint  
on the hill...*



**Leopard skins** for carpets are not the regular thing at the Poona theologate so Father Dietrich was intrigued by it and promptly joined the one-armed sadhu for a talk-fest.



**Sant Singh** shows the visiting Jesuits the temple treasures—the Holy Book of the Sikhs and other sacred images.

**Uncertainty** is the little worm which eats at the Indian soul and which explains in part the tendency to multiply gods.



and as the years passed and more alms were received, Ram Tikdi evolved to what it now is.

It was ten o'clock when we got into our shoes again and made our way down the hill. The hour we spent there had proved quite interesting, and I've no doubt that it was as interesting for Sant Singh and the sadhus. Maybe one day we shall go back to meet the saint who lives in the temple on the hill.

“What shall I give to  
the Lord for all that  
He has given to me?”

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Gratitude to God for the Faith which we have received is something that we all feel within ourselves. It is accompanied, too, by a strong desire to do something to express this gratitude. “What will we offer to the Lord in exchange for this divine gift?” asked Pope Pius XII in a recent letter. His answer is simple and clear. “The missionary spirit,” he says, is the first impulse of our gratefulness—the effective desire to share our Faith with others who have not received it.

There are many ways in which Catholics can and do give expression to this missionary spirit. The first and most complete is the response of those we call *missioners* who give their whole lives to this work in the far-away places of the world. For the vast majority, however, who must remain at home, the best expression of this missionary spirit is to become a *co-missioner*.

A *co-missioner* is one who, although separated by many miles from the mission fields, yet works *with* the missioner in the tropics and in the cold wastes of the northland by offering *regular* prayers and *regular* contributions to assist in the work of sharing our Faith with others.

Many co-missioners are needed to help our Jesuit workers. Do you want to become one? Write to any of the names listed at left and state your desire to become a co-worker with those who labor in India, Belize, Alaska, Baghdad, Korea and other mission areas.

JOSEPH D. WADE S.J.

# THE UNFAILING PROMISE



*A missionary in Central America  
puts his trust in a divine  
promise and sees it fulfilled*

**F**ATHER, I ADMIRE YOUR ENTHUSIASM but I must say that I do not think the men will respond." Ignacio is not a man to say things lightly. He has held high office in the Honduras government, has been mayor and even governor of the district, and today is a highly respected lawyer.

Our argument was on a topic familiar to every missionary in Latin America and other places—how to get the men to come to church. On this particular occasion I was emphasizing the promises of the Sacred Heart and I wanted everyone to be in church on a future date so we could make the promises all at once. Ignacio was doubtful.

"Father, I know my people. The men will have too much shame to profess that much religion so publicly and especially at two o'clock on a Sunday afternoon! They will be lying in the park then or at the poolroom or beer parlor."

"But, Ignacio," I answered, "the Sacred Heart has promised that the priest who preaches devotion to His Heart will move the most hardened and indifferent

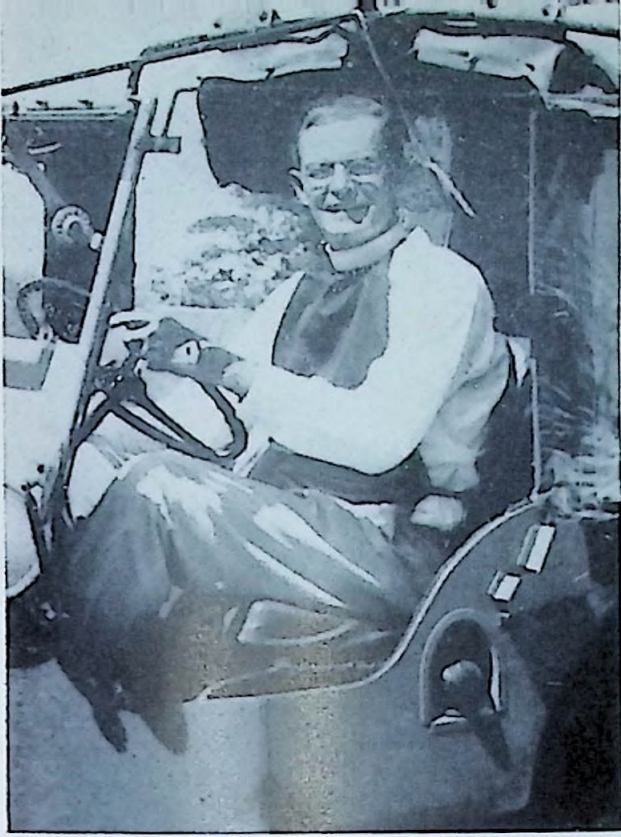
souls. This is not theory; this is a promise!"

"That is all very well, Padre, but we must take things as they are. This is a practical world; we cannot expect the miraculous. However, if you can get the men to make the promises then I will be forced to admit that it is miraculous."

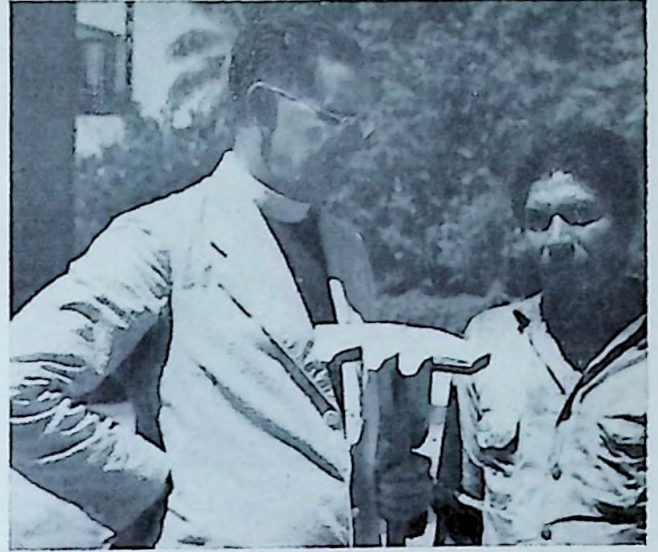
Six weeks later I again visited Ignacio. "Padre, I am amazed. I do believe some men are going to take those promises after all. But strike while the iron is hot. Get them now. If you wait, they will surely lose their enthusiasm."

"Ignacio, if this is a natural enthusiasm due only to the way I have presented the ideas then it can easily pass in a few days. But if it is a result of the promise of the Sacred Heart, then it will not pass. I will wait six more weeks."

Finally, the great day was near. I went to the church and knelt before the Blessed Sacrament and said, "Jesus, I have kept up my confidence all this time. I have told the people that you will not fail. But, tomorrow is the great day. Are you going to bring the people



**Father Wade**, who once called the Texas-Oklahoma border home, is now in Yoro.



**Chase 'em down** is the only way to get the men to church, says the missionary.

here?" I knew in my heart that the Sacred Heart would not let me down.

The next day was Sunday. At the two Masses I reminded them that we would have the promises in the afternoon at two. Leaving church Ignacio said, "What an hour! Nobody will come at that hour. I will be the only one here. Poor Father is going to be terribly disappointed."

At one o'clock and at one-thirty and at two o'clock I had the bells rung. The people began coming, slowly and from all sides. Looking toward the Blessed Sacrament I said, "Thanks, Jesus, you have not let me down, nor have you let yourself down."

It took me two hours to administer the promises to all. Ignacio was waiting for me outside the church when I finished the last of the promises. "Padre, I am thrilled to death. It is a magnificent triumph. And did you see those men in the group, old Tomas, the reprobate, and that scoundrel Pancho? Padre, this has been a big day in my life, and I am going to be faithful to my promise to the end of my days."

**Stubbornness** is the strategy to be used with a man who knows true stubbornness.





Father Gallagher of Detroit, veteran missionary of Patna in India.

*Take a child who has no home  
and a missionary who has a  
truly Christ-like heart and  
put them together beside  
the Ganges — and once again the*

**C**HRISTMAS PRESENTS received at Patna are usually unique. But last year we received a different one indeed. It was delivered by a messenger from a nearby police station and the "Christmas card" read: "I am sending you an orphan girl of two years, orphaned by her mother and abandoned by her father. She is very sick. I hope you can take care of her."

We have absolutely no provision here at Koath mission for taking care of little ones, but I knew this was a "gift" from Divine Providence on Christmas and so we thankfully accepted our pathetic-looking little "package."

And she was a sight to rend one's heart. You, in America, often hear the



Binai Kumari, the little girl who provided

## Indian love

expression, "Just skin and bones" but few of you ever see a child that is just skin and bones. And this little orphan girl was. I took one look at her poor little wasted body and just couldn't stand it. So I took her over to neighbors and asked the women to bathe her.

An hour later when I saw her, loving hands had given her a bath, a rub-down with mustard oil, and a clean shirt. Her hair had all been cut off because it was full (and I mean full) of nits.

As the police officer had said, she was sick . . . very sick. Among other things, she had a frightful dose of worms. And her eyes were so clouded over that I could not help but think how blessed she would be if she did not go com-



solvable problem in Koath, with Agatha's mother.

## call charms the heart

pletely blind. She was so weak and anemic that she couldn't walk, she couldn't stand, she couldn't even hold her little head up. She was too weak to really cry. When food was given to her she'd gulp it down and look for more. At first she didn't sleep at night—just kept on whimpering. But once we got rid of the worms she slept soundly. Her tummy was upset most of the time but after a period of regulated diet and medication she got over that too.

For a short time things went quite well but then it became a big problem to find someone to look after our little "Christmas gift." The women who had helped had their own homes and big families to look after. I finally decided

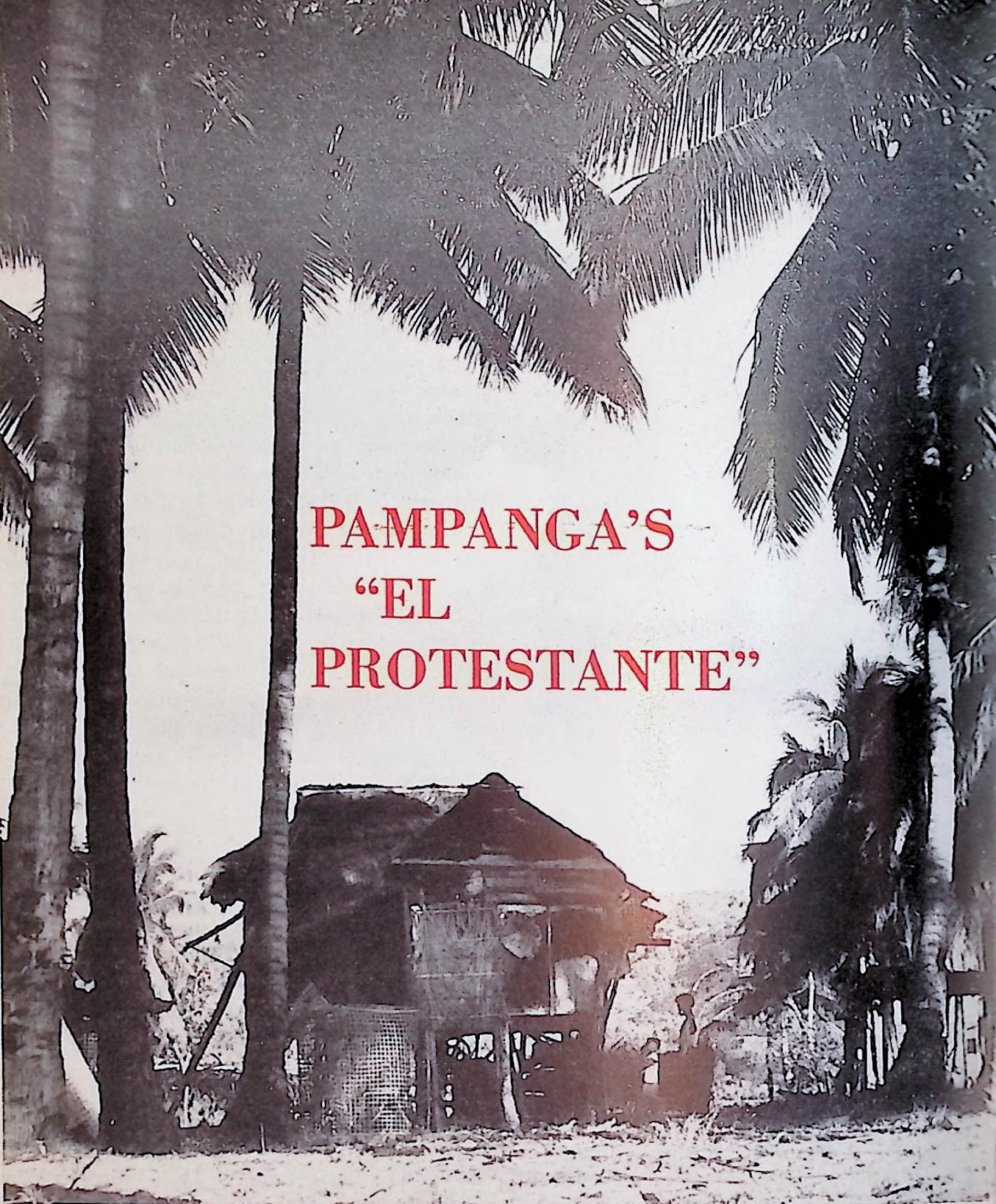
to kill two birds with one stone. In one of our villages there's a Catholic widow, Agatha, whose four sons are away and she has only her little daughter Clara with her at home. So I sent word to Agatha, offering her and Clara free food, and free clothing for the Corpus Christi procession, if she would come and take care of our little orphan. Agatha and Clara came and things went better. We named our little "gift" Binai Kumari, which means Benigna in Hindi (I named her after my own sister who is a missionary nun in Puerto Rico).

Agatha looked after little Binai Kumari well until our Corpus Christi procession was over. Then she came to me and said she wanted to go home to harvest rice. Our people do this harvesting on shares for the land's owner and the only rice that some of them get is the percentage they earn in this way.

So I had to let Agatha go. But what about Binai? I finally agreed to give Agatha Rs. 10 (\$2) a month to cover the cost of Binai's food. I am to supply her clothes, blanket, etc.

Agatha modestly mentioned that she would like to have a calf to raise so that some day they would have milk in the house. So right now I am trying to figure out a way to buy her a cow with calf so that little Binai can have fresh milk right now when she needs it so badly. A cow with calf will cost me \$10 . . . for that price we won't get a blue ribbon Jersey cow but we will get a cow that gives milk.

Divine Providence sent our little Binai to us last Christmas and we are trying to do our best to take care of her. "Whatever you do to these, the least of My little ones, you do to Me." What consoling words. Perhaps on her first anniversary with us little Binai will be able to talk well enough to whisper at the Crib her own word of thanks to the Christ Child. I'll let you know how she spends her first anniversary with us.



PAMPANGA'S  
"EL  
PROTESTANTE"

*Half a century ago a Filipino lost his faith  
and now a New York Jesuit who had not been born  
at the time comes to him in a Pampanga barrio*

**O**VER A YEAR HAS PASSED since my arrival at my mission in the Philippines. And it has been one of the happiest and most fruitful years of my life.

Not long ago I tackled a new task—a parish mission in Lubao, in the Province of Pampanga. I had given missions in the United States but this was my first in the Philippines, so I started out with a certain amount of trepidation and wonder. But the people were so receptive that after the first session I felt “at home.”

Each day, between mission talks and confessions, I went about the town visiting the sick and those who had been away from Church for sometime. But I should like to tell you especially about one old gentleman.

One day, as I was talking to a group of teenagers, an old man approached me.

“Are you an American?” he asked.

“Yes,” I replied.

“Would you kindly visit my home?”

And he gave me his address. I told him I would be delighted to do so. After he left us, the teenagers said, “That’s the ‘Protestante’ of Pampanga.”

Shortly afterwards I went to visit the old man. He greeted me cordially and introduced me to his family. His house was filled with grandchildren.

He told me he hadn’t been inside the Catholic Church in 50 years and that his reason was because, “The Spanish Friars never talked about the Bible. All they did was talk from their hearts and never from their heads.” After he had finished his rather long speech, I told him he couldn’t very well know what was going on in the Church since he hadn’t been there in 50 years. I asked him if he knew that two Filipino priests were now in charge, and his answer was that they were no different from the Spaniards—that the only ones who were any good were the Americans.

So I told him quite frankly that he was snobbish and prejudiced in approv-

ing all things American and rejecting things Filipino and Spanish. He smiled and said: “You see why I like Americans? They tell you straight from the shoulder what they are thinking. I like that.”

We talked awhile longer and I invited him to attend the mission that afternoon. At first he refused, since he hadn’t been inside a Catholic Church in 50 years. But then he asked if I was going to talk on the Bible. I told him a good deal of what I would say was taken from Our Lord’s own words as recorded in the Bible. This interested him, and suddenly he jumped up and said: “I’ll go take a bath and be there.”

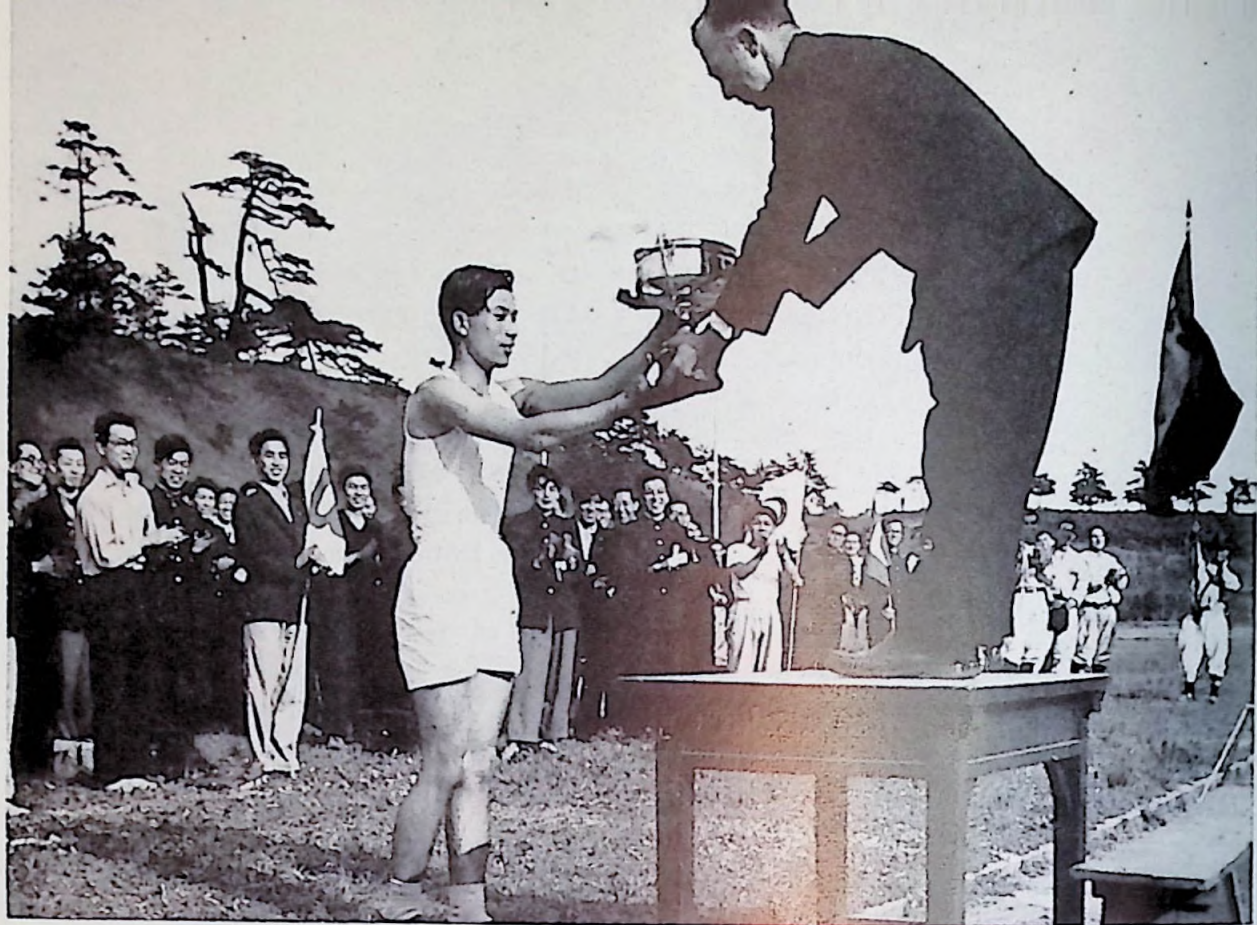
I had been talking about 10 minutes that evening when I saw the old gentleman enter the church and walk down the aisle—right down to the very front pew. Heads turned and whispers went through the congregation. Later I learned how shocked the congregation was to see “the Protestante of Pampanga.”

After that he attended Mass each morning during the mission and came to every talk—and always he would walk right down the aisle to the front pew. His wife and children were overjoyed for they had prayed the rosary all through the years that he would one day return to the Church.

One morning, towards the end of the mission, he came into the sacristy and asked me to have dinner at his home that night. And what a dinner it was. He again showed his “Americanism” by serving steak, mashed potatoes, peas and pie a la mode. “There will be no rice today,” he said with a twinkle in his eye.

You can see the influence of one Protestant American missionary of 1907—an influence which lasted 50 years. It was profound and almost indelible.

The old gentleman is now back in the Church, and attends Mass regularly. The hundreds and hundreds of rosaries offered by his family and friends were heard by Our Lady of the Philippines.



Father Hughes of Boston, well known to JM readers, presents trophy at Sophia University.

## IN THIS LAND OF SUICIDE

**J**APAN IS THE COUNTRY OF SUICIDE, where statistics show that every day sixty people take their own lives. But frequent as they are, it is seldom that a foreigner has personal experience of one.

My experience of one came a little over a week ago. I was called to Sumida Hospital because a young fellow had been brought in, unconscious, and was calling my name. A nurse and his older sister, also in college, were standing by the bundled-up and still half-conscious form in the bed. A few questions to the nurse indicated that he had tried suicide with an overdose of sleeping pills. I spoke to him, the sister told him that the "sensei" he had been calling for

was here. His eyes were too clouded to recognize me but he knew my voice.

To me it was almost unbelievable. That this should be young Ohara, one of the nicest and most serious fellows I had in the best class in the year, did not make sense. What could have happened? Gradually amid sobs and shudders, the whole story came out.

Young Ohara was the "chonan," the oldest boy, on whom, next to the father, rested the responsibility of the home in the Japanese order. His mother was constantly quarrelling with his grandmother. He and his two sisters lived with the feuding women, and the quiet, worrisome Ohara, try as he had for so many

years, never succeeded in ameliorating the relationship between the two. He thought and planned, discussed and pleaded, but ever the same bickering, until finally this, coupled with other worries, led him to think that his life, and the only thing he really was responsible for in life, was a failure and that if he could only die, it would not only give him a "new start with a new heart" (his own words) but might also shock the warring pair into reconciliation. Now, he had failed even in this, and so we had much convincing to do to bring him to accept life again, but he finally came to agree.

But what really staggered me was this actual collision with what we should know so well, namely the complete absence of even the slightest ideas about after death. He had no feeling of guilt, no recriminations about personal sin, no fear and confusion about punishment or even the hope of a reward. All that any-

one could infer was a vague hope to begin again with a "new heart."

I stayed about an hour with him alone at the bedside, talking, quieting him and trying to assure him that we wanted him with us in life. But I just could not help marvelling at this complete blank about the after life, this seeming contradiction of what we prove in philosophy and theology. That there exist and right here in this so highly organized nation of over 80 million people, so many (even the majority?) to whom the four last things are not even a faint suspicion, is well nigh unintelligible.

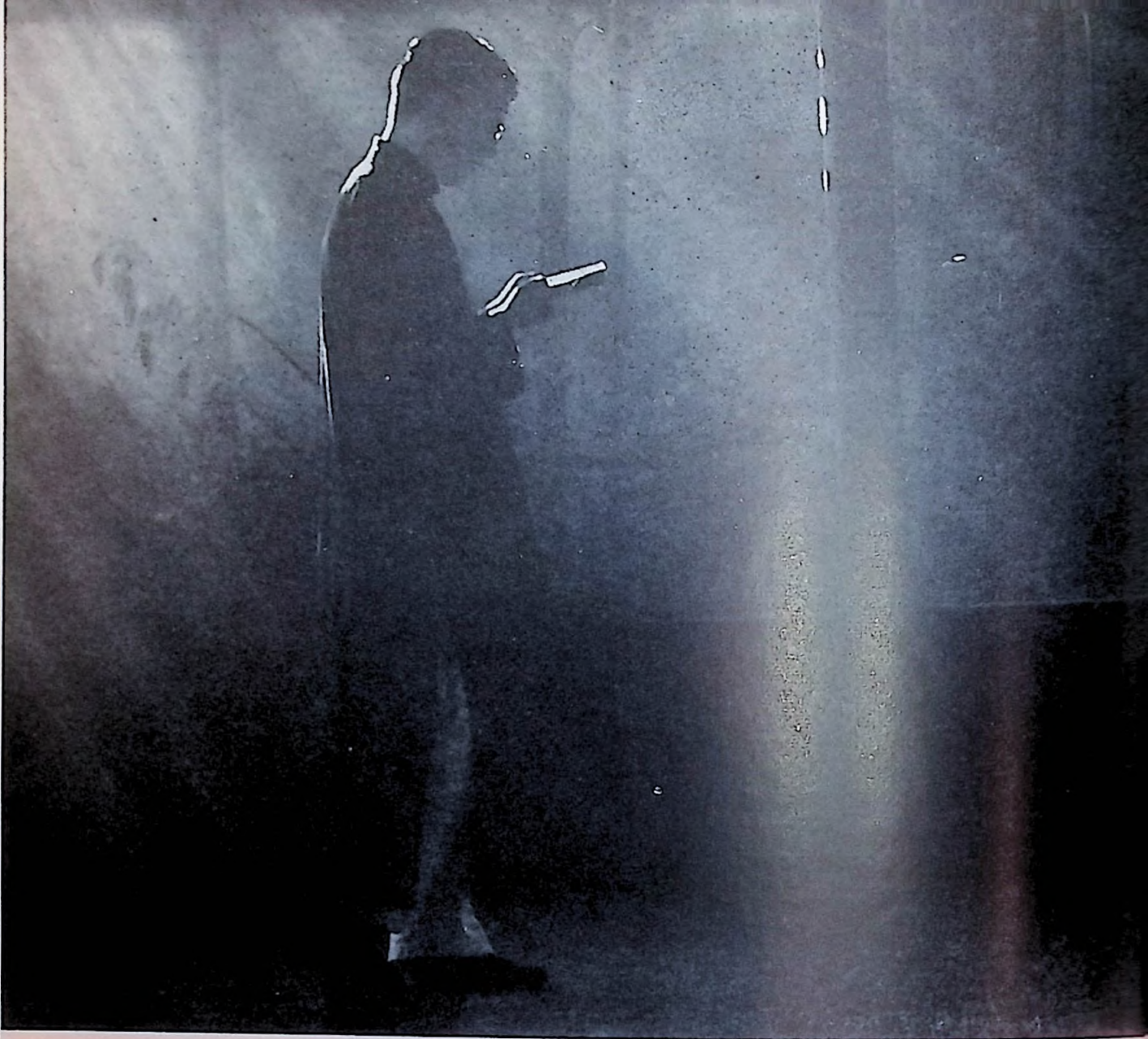
To dwell too long on facts like these dazes one. Thinking Japanese do not deny them, in fact they illustrate them with examples. But to the mind of the missionary keeps constantly recurring the words of the angel to the disciples on the first Ascension Day, "Why stand you here idle . . ."

JOHN R. HUGHES S.J.

**Problems beset** Japan's youth on every side and Leo Seo and Yoshiya Negishi of Sophia know it is good to have someone who will listen and understand their troubles.

**Death is far distant** at this moment when Sophia's Dean of Men, with familiar smile, is with his boys.





**T**HE ANCIENT MISSIONARY makes a career, almost, of quoting from papal encyclicals on the missions. For quite a while now he has been concentrating on Pope Pius XII's most recent mission encyclical, *Fidei Donum*. But just the other day he jumped back a bit to 1951 to quote from *Evangelii Praecones*.

"His Holiness," said the Ancient Missionary, "keeps reminding us of the connection between love for the missions and the true Christian spirit. To be a true Christian, ultimately, means a good deal more than fish on Friday and Mass on Sunday. It means a deliberate and lifelong pursuit of holiness.

"Let me read to you just this one in-

stance. The Pope said: ' . . . the sacrifices made by the Christian people for the salvation of the unbelieving will blossom into precious fruit by revitalizing their own faith; and their growth in holiness will be in proportion to their active interest in the holy missions.'

"Anyone who works for the missions on the home front," continued the Ancient Missionary, "soon realizes that the best Catholics in the country are the ones who love the missions most. They don't need to be pushed and prodded to pray and sacrifice for the frontiers of Christ's Kingdom. Even without very much instruction they seem to *know* that the missions are different, that they are



# Window on the Mission World

*The Pope says our growth in holiness will be in proportion to our active interest in the work of the missions.*

not just another charity, to be aided or ignored as one pleases. They know that the missions are, and must be at the heart of their Catholic life.

“The great thing that they may not recognize immediately is the fact that their devotion to the missions is not all giving. It is gaining, too, because the warmth and love they are extending to others comes back to them. The more they sacrifice for the missions, the stronger is their own faith. To put it very simply, the more you love and work for the missions, the holier you are likely to be, whether you know it or not, whether you sense it or not.”

The Ancient Missionary is indubitably

right. It is one of our privileges here in the office to meet many grand Catholics who are enthusiastic supporters of the missions. Up until now we had taken it for granted that they loved the missions because they were good Catholics, because they were holier than the average. Now, reflecting on the Holy Father's words, we can see that they are better than average Catholics, and actually holier, precisely because of their devotion to the missions.

The Ancient Missionary had one final word. “I tell my priest friends,” he said, “that the easiest and best way to make their people fervent is to teach them to love the missions.”

From letters we have gleaned the following items:



## Wanted for Jesuit Missionaries

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**This Is Certain**—no one can remain unmoved after reading "Indian Love Call" on page 24. The pathetic story of the starving baby who was rescued by Father Gallagher at Koath, India, should be an unusual event. Sorry to say, though, Father Gallagher is just one of many missionaries who are witnesses to terrible poverty and starvation which they are helpless to relieve because of lack of funds.

Please help Father Gallagher to support little Binai Kumari.

Support for one month \$ 2.00

One cow ----- \$10.00

**The Bishop of Jamaica** has carefully analyzed his yearly expenses. For example, the cost for altar supplies, hosts, wine and candles is \$2.02 a week. Would you help Bishop McEleney with a gift of \$2.00 for weekly chapel support?

**Free Mahogany** is available to Father McCormack in Corozal, British Honduras, for construction of badly needed pews for St. Francis Xavier Church. Father is very grateful for the free lumber but he hasn't the money to pay for the carpentry and varnishing. The cost would come to \$10.00 a pew. Would you endow a pew in British Honduras?

**Six Pillars Are Left** of the school at Champatia, India. The loss from this fire probably has not saddened the pupils too greatly and the outdoor classes must be fun. Father Wieman knows he'll need a roof for the building during the rainy

season. The roof would not be too expensive—it's a small building—so your gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00 would be a big factor in Father Wieman's plans.

School Roof ----- \$50.00

**One of the Finest Charities** any place in the world is care for the aged. Recently, a refuge for the elderly has been established in Ceylon by the wonderful Little Sisters of the Poor with the encouragement of Bishop Glennie. The Bishop would appreciate it very much if his encouragement were financial as well as verbal. At present the Home cares for 28 men and 22 women whose daily support would be 25 cents each. If you could help—

Daily Support of Aged ---- .25 each

**This Is Not March** but we know you won't mind if we mention St. Patrick. In a very poor section of Kingston, Jamaica, the Church of St. Patrick is nearing completion under the able direction of Father Eberle. This missionary may have a German-sounding name but he exhibits the famous "Faith of the Irish" in building a church when his Sunday collection is 70 cents, from a congregation of 150. As Father says, "The prospects of payment of the debt are not so good at this end."

This statement is no indication of lessening of Faith. It hints, though, of some anxiety which could be relieved by some financial help from the U. S. Could you better the Sunday collection with a gift of \$1.00 or \$2.00?



**THE PATH OF HOLINESS...** has its own beauty in June. In many mission fields it means the priesthood, the crowning glory for men dedicated forever to the cause of Christ.

Would you be willing to help these priests who serve their own

people? There is no job more important (nor more expensive) than the training of these men

who follow **...IN HIS FOOTSTEPS**





## CLOSE TO HIS HEART

Our Blessed Lord told St. Margaret Mary that the spread of devotion to His Sacred Heart would belong especially to the Society of Jesus. Jesuits in mission lands fulfill this God-given task with your contribution.

## WON'T YOU HELP?

JESUIT MISSIONS  
45 E. 78th St., New York 21, N.Y

