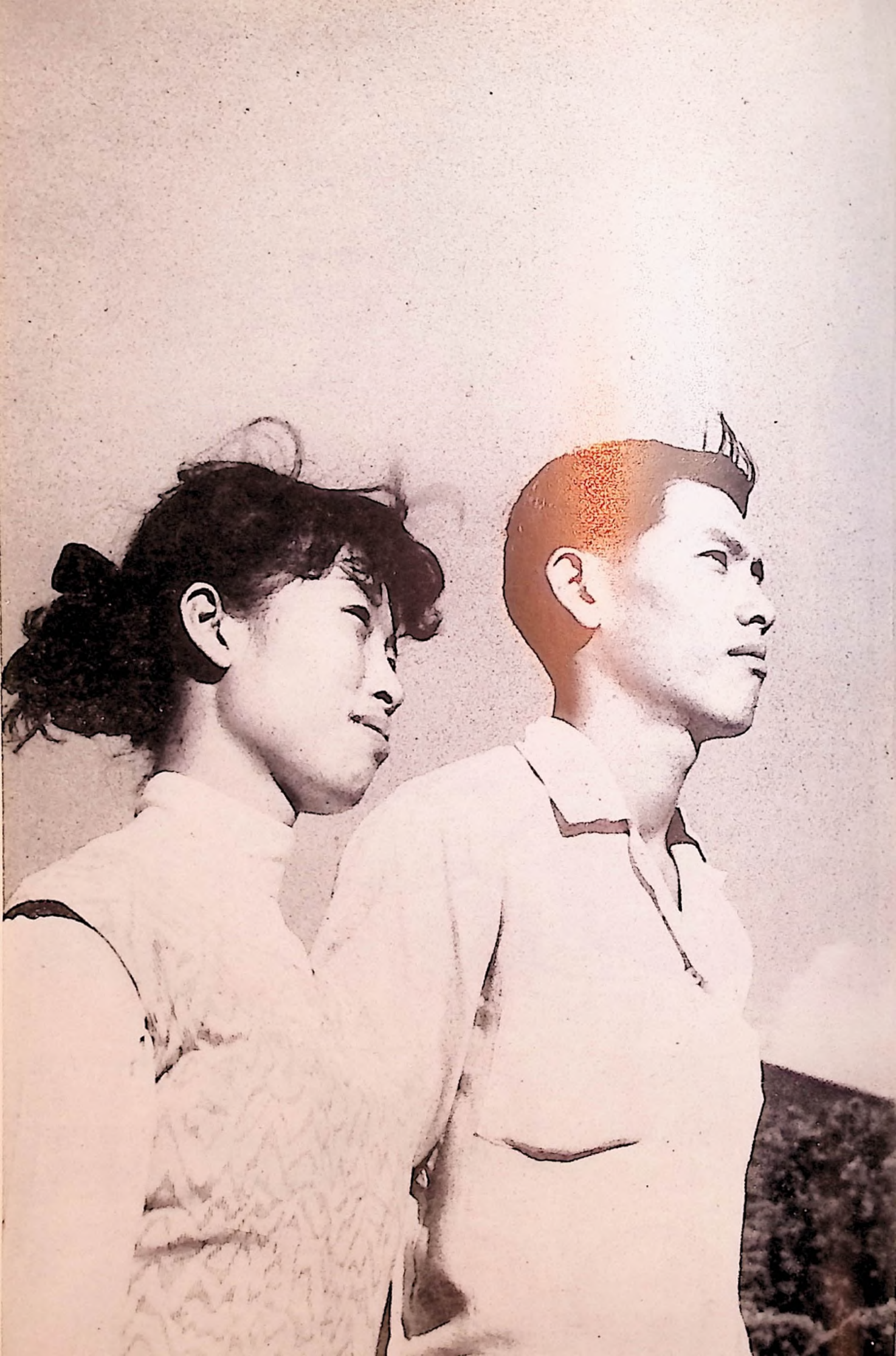
JUNE 1959

JESUIT MISSIONS

TAIWAN:
ISLAND OF
HOPE FOR
CHINA'S YOUTH



JESUIT MISSIONS

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Ceylon
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Hope Lights the faces of this Chinese couple on the island of Taiwan but they are still acutely aware how slender is the thread of their freedom. They know the terrible fate that has befallen their own generation on the mainland and they will fight to the last to escape it.

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TAIWAN-

Island in the Shadow

IT IS THE SHADOW of Communist China, only 110 miles away, and it falls darkly across the last stronghold of Nationalist China. It is not the darkness that engulfs the youth of China's mainland, truly a lost generation which has been trapped and twisted by the Reds in the last ten years. The youth of Taiwan can still live normal lives for they are free; they have not been scarred as have their elders who came face to face with Communism before they escaped to Taiwan and liberty. The youth of Taiwan are the sole hope for the Chinese people.

Dreams are worth while when you are young and in a free country. Here a student in Taipei enjoys a moment which would be strange to the regimented youth on China's mainland. May his dream come true and may there be a thousand such moments!

Placid are the waters and a way of life which allows leisure and room for a free cast. Many of the fishermen on the mainland have fled the Red rule because they were forced into communes and allowed only a small part of their fish catch.

Storm in the distance but it is not the kind which will leave a lasting impression on the youth of Taiwan. Far more dangerous is the threat that constantly rises from the mainland.

The young in Taiwan, as elsewhere, are innocent . . .

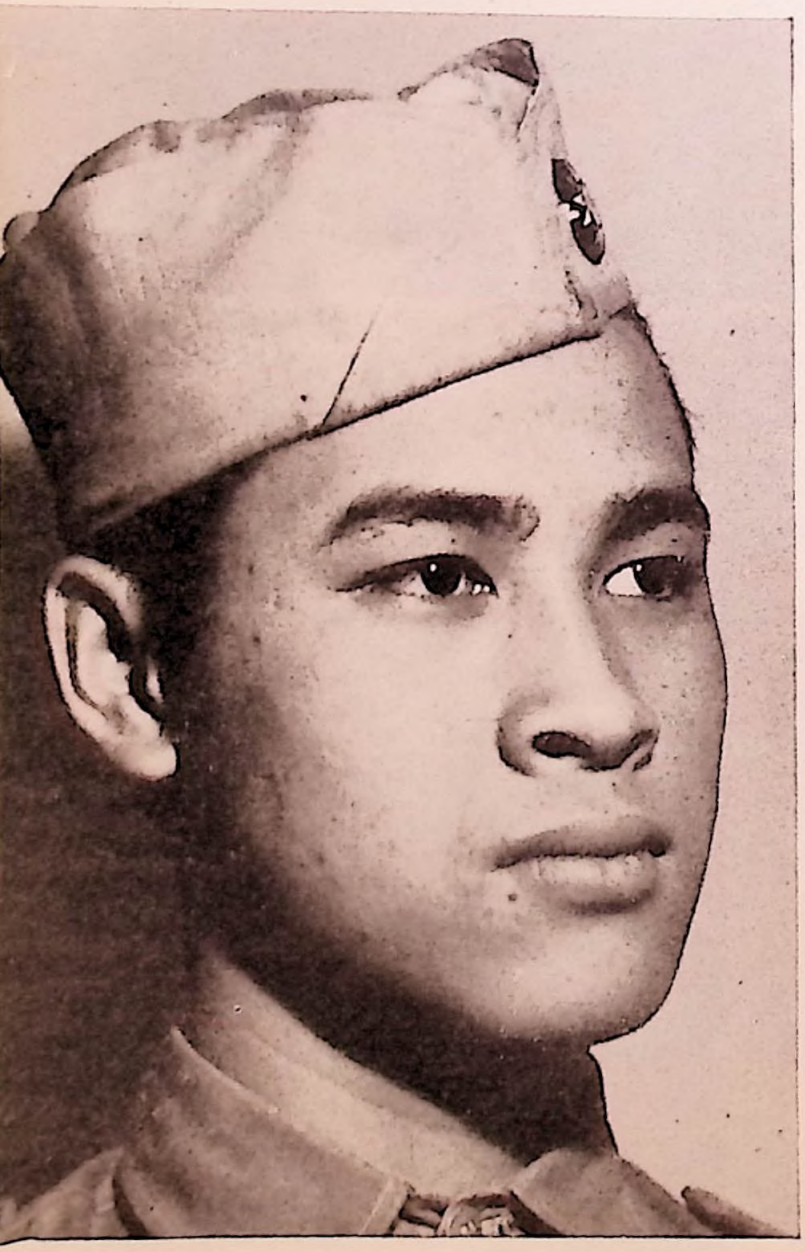
Wonder must never become fear.

Good night, sweet Jesus, on this safe isle.

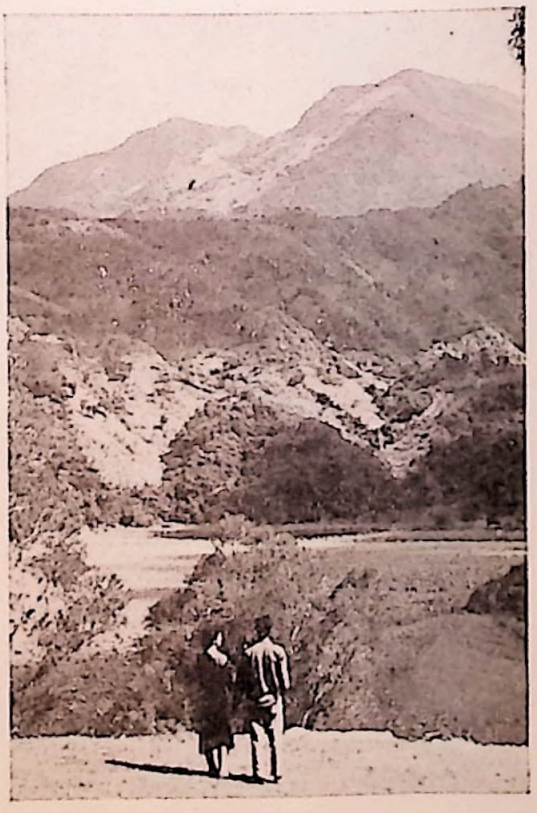
TAIWAN—Island in the Shadow

It can never be an easy freedom on Taiwan for the shadow is too close, too threatening. The young have never known the full portent of the danger for they have never lived with it but those who suffered under it are wary and watchful. That is why Taiwan is an armed fortress, strong in its defences but doubly strong in the iron hearts of its defenders who know that one defeat will mean a lasting ruin.

The knowing . . .



Clear-eyed and knowing, this young Nationalist soldier is very much aware of the need to be militarily prepared. Taiwan is forever on the alert against the Communist forces and their familiar tactic of surprise. Otherwise there will be no scenes like the one below, a couple hand in hand on a country road in a peaceful land.

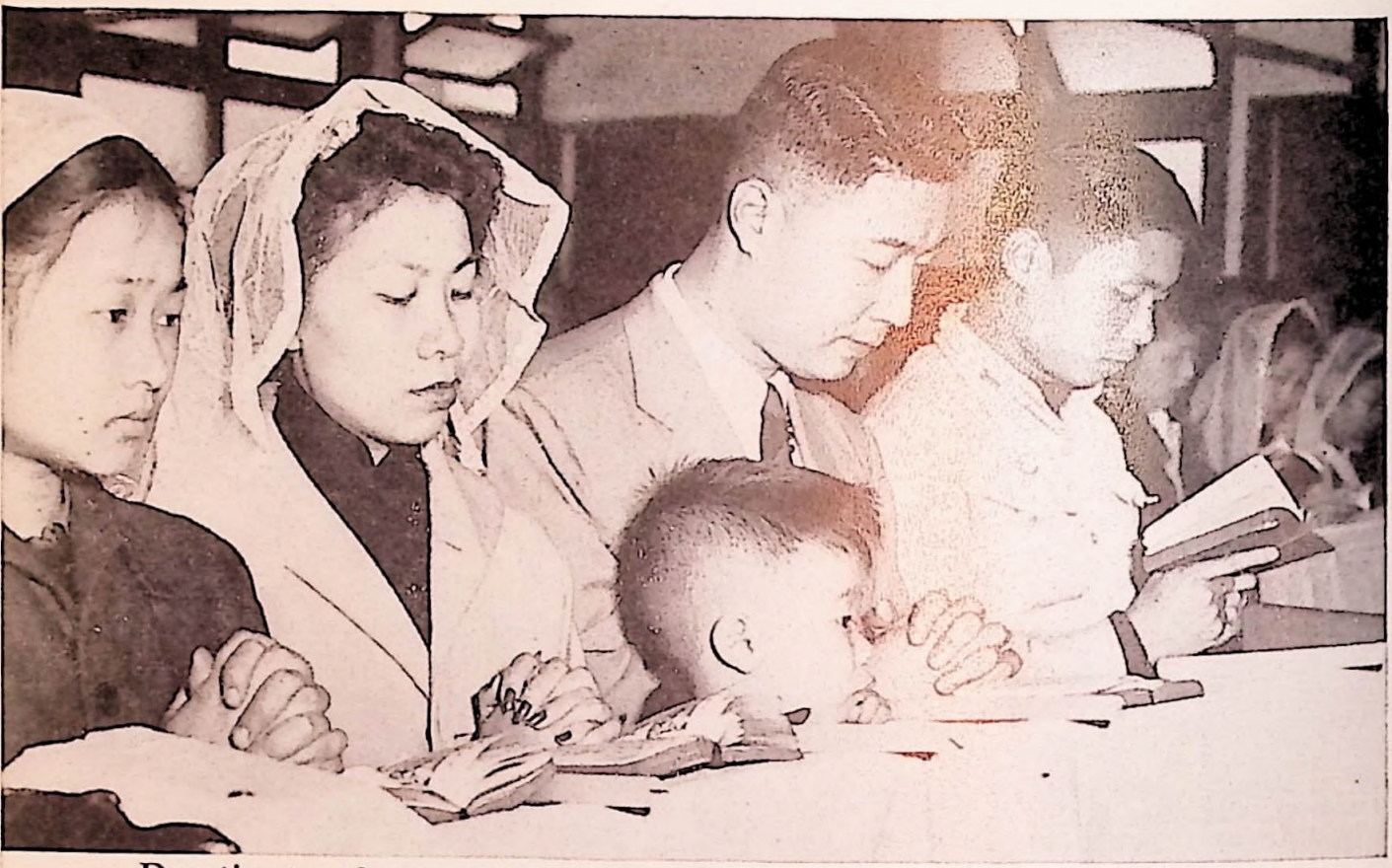


The determined . . .

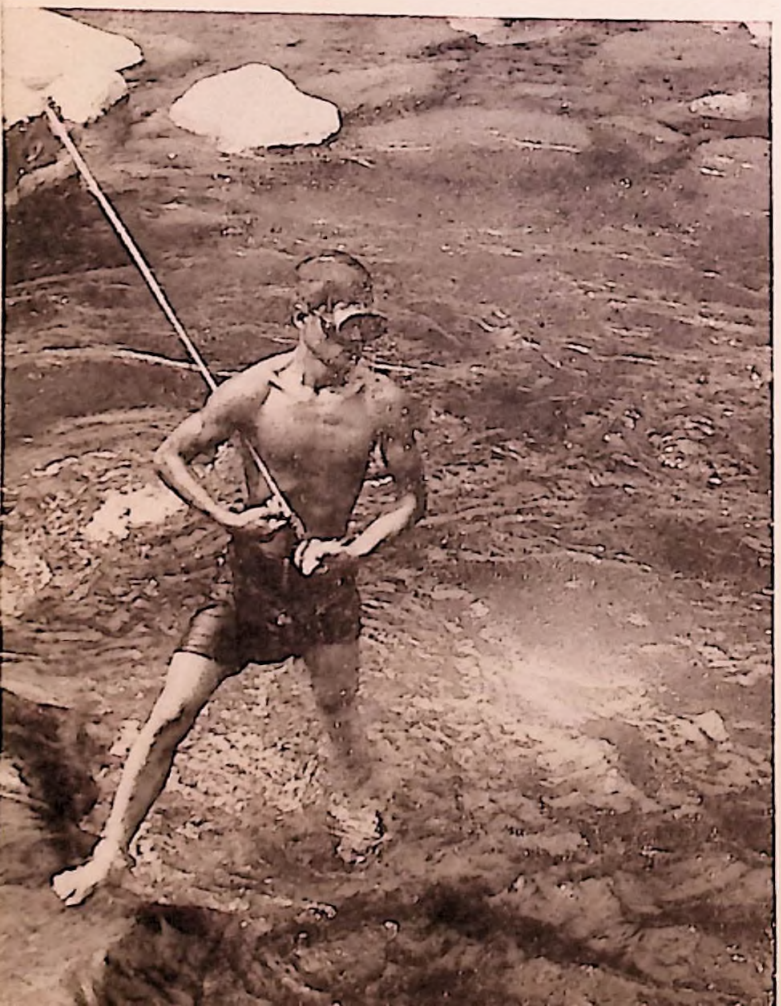
The suspicious . . .

The watchful . . .

Eternal life is to be fought for, too, as the saving waters of baptism are poured out.



Devotion is evident in young and old for they prize the Faith that is forbidden back in China.



The old ways of life still go on and this Taiwanese spear-fisher follows the traditional manner of his forefathers. But there is a change in the thinking, as is shown by the tremendous increase in converts to the Church, a seven-fold multiplication in the last half dozen years, so that the faithful on Taiwan now number close to 150,000 with almost 60,000 more asking to be baptized. Fields white for the harvest . . .

Custom still has a strong hold on both the Taiwanese and the mainland refugees. Notice the ceremonial dishes for the wedding celebration.

A wedding in India isn't as simple as

"the old, the new, the borrowed, the blue"

Ring Around our Rosie

EDMUND P. BURKE S.J.

WELL, OUR ROSIE got married. And we tried to give her a good wedding. Her life here in India has not been easy, for she is one of our poor orphans. But Rosie was rich in the best way—she lived here in Buxar in a big convent where the Catholic Faith and daily Mass and prayers were a part of her life.

Now she has gone to a small country village, as a bride—a village where the Faith is not very old, where she will have to fight for her Faith and for everything else. Until her wedding day Rosie never owned more than two sarees, a blouse and a chemise. She never had any jewelry. But she has no complaint now, for she has suddenly come into a hope-chest full of clothes and finery. Not all of it was our doing for her father-in-law showed himself to be a generous man, wise in the ways to a young girl's heart, a wisdom not all possess.

I had to buy all Rosie's ordinary clothes for the farewell from here and the wedding journey to her new home. But it was her father-in-law's part to provide the complete wedding outfit. So from me Rosie got a trunk, three new sarees with blouses and chemise to match, solid silver earrings, silver bracelets (four of them), a big brass plate and brass drinking cup, the bridal bed, a blanket, comb, mirror, hair oil and a pink shawl. Her father-in-law gave her the wedding saree with all the rest of the trousseau to match and a heavy solid silver necklace and anklets. But Rosie's crowning glory was a pair of shoes—her first shoes. And to complete the picture she wore a bright, red silk ribbon in her hair. She looked truly lovely.

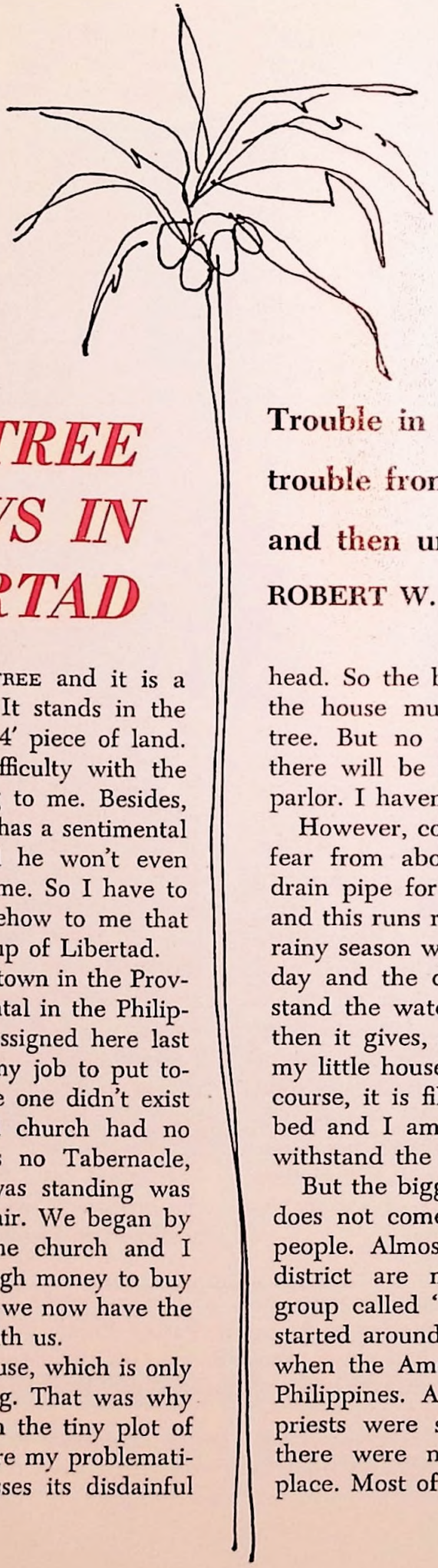
Clothed in her silks and weighted down with silver, when she mounted the bullock cart to ride away with the marriage party, our little Rosie bore faint resemblance to the plain little Rosie who has been bringing me my meals from the convent these past five years.

And indeed she left with honor, for there were fireworks, a pavilion twinkling with Christmas-tree lights and colored flags, a band blowing, enthusiastic singing of ancient songs by all the neighbors, happy faces all round. And a dinner of fifty people added to the solemnity of the Nuptial Mass and the graciousness of our beautiful Catholic marriage ceremony. Oh, it was a grand time for all! Even I enjoyed it. But the biggest thrill was to see the stars in Rosie's eyes, the goodness in her face, and hear the sincerity of her words as she softly spoke her marriage vows. And it was good to see the look of love and pride on the face of her young husband, a widower from the nearby village, as he placed the blessed ring on her finger while solemnly repeating the vows.

Rosie is not an orphan any longer, and I pray that her years spent in the convent have won for her the rich blessings she will need, for she will experience the reverse of what a convent girl does and even I cannot tell how these people will turn out. Rosie will have a struggle, I know, to eliminate the traces of superstition in her new home. But I thank God she has found a husband whose people are men of integrity, and thus I have good hope that our little girl from the orphanage will be a wonderful wife and mother, staunch in her Faith.

Explanations sometimes miss the point. Father Eberle in Jamaica questioned his cook about a dish he had never seen before in his many years on the mission. She said it was Portigell and when he asked if it was new on the island she replied, "I born, come, and find it."

It reminded him of a Pennsylvania Dutch expression he once heard. A widow was asked how long her husband was dead. "If he lived come Tuesday he would be dead two weeks!"



A TREE GROWS IN LIBERTAD

Trouble in the backyard, trouble from the skies, and then underground, too!

ROBERT W. CUNNINGHAM S.J.

IT IS A COCOANUT TREE and it is a good-looking one. It stands in the middle of my 12′ x 14′ piece of land. There is only one difficulty with the tree—it doesn't belong to me. Besides, the owner of the tree has a sentimental attachment to it and he won't even think of selling it to me. So I have to build around it. Somehow to me that action typifies the setup of Libertad.

Libertad is a small town in the Province of Misamis Oriental in the Philippine Islands. I was assigned here last November and it is my job to put together a parish where one didn't exist before. The so-called church had no doors and there was no Tabernacle, and the little that was standing was badly in need of repair. We began by building doors for the church and I was able to beg enough money to buy a Tabernacle, so that we now have the Blessed Sacrament with us.

So too with the house, which is only 12′ wide and 20′ long. That was why I was concerned with the tiny plot of land in the rear, where my problematical cocoanut tree tosses its disdainful head. So the badly-needed addition to the house must be built around the tree. But no one should expect that there will be cocoanuts falling in my parlor. I haven't got room for a parlor.

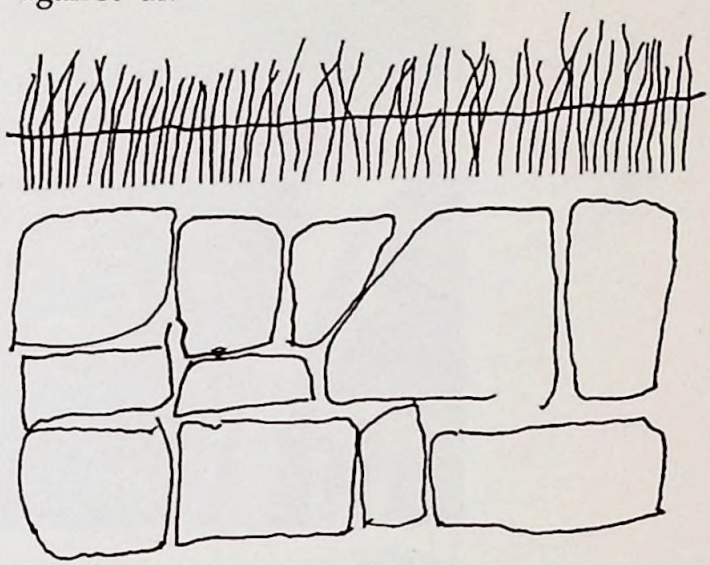
However, cocoanuts are not our only fear from above. We have only one drain pipe for both church and house and this runs right over my bed. In the rainy season we have rain almost every day and the drain isn't built to withstand the water pressure. So now and then it gives, and when it gives, then my little house is filled with water. Of course, it is filtered down through my bed and I am not sure I, myself, can withstand the water pressure.

But the biggest difficulty in Libertad does not come from nature, but from people. Almost all the people in this district are members of a religious group called "Aglipayans." This group started around the turn of the century when the Americans first came to the Philippines. At that time the Spanish priests were sent back to Spain and there were no priests to take their place. Most of the Americans sent here

by the American government were Protestant, and many of them even Protestant missionaries sent to run the schools. There was general confusion and the result was that several of the Filipino priests started a church of their own under the leadership of a man called Aglipay. These priests (and soon they ordained lay people) began to take over the Catholic churches left vacant by the Spanish priests. The people were confused since to all appearances everything was the same (even today they imitate everything in the Catholic Church: the Mass, Sacraments, all ceremonies, etc.) A Catholic priest is called 'Pari' and their ministers are called 'Pari-Pari' since their reduplication of a word in Visayan is a sign of imitation.

Up to about 25 years ago the whole district around Cagayan was mostly Aglipayan, since there were few priests here. Today, because of the many parishes, there are comparatively few Aglipayans except in Libertad, where there are still many since they have their 'Pari-Pari' and their church here. It is hard to win back these people because their church is so much like the Catholic Church and they are usually very bitter against us.

A drainage bed in the literal sense.



Soft is the good earth—but below . . .

Even the only cemetery in the village belonged to the Aglipayans, and the Catholics, to be buried there, had to pay $25.00 in Filipino money. Any Catholic who died either had to pay a $25.00 fine for burial or, if unable to pay, had to follow out the terms of the Alipayan, which was his blessing inside his church. To get away from this situation we had to get our own cemetery. You can be sure that I noted carefully the location of any cocoanut tree on those grounds (experience certainly teaches one) but it wasn't until our first burial that we discovered that underneath a foot or two of top soil was solid rock. So although it may not provide the greatest difficulty, nature manages to throw its weight around just the same. We promptly went to work to get men to dig two graves so we will be ready should there be a burial. I will pay them but I still can't find anyone who will do more than promise to do this hard task.

I am most anxious to complete all this manual work so that I can spend my time doing spiritual good for these people of Libertad, to bring them back into the true, Catholic Church. So please keep my work for these people of Libertad in your prayers.

Lineup . . .

The Tokyo Trials

APRIL BEGINS the school year in Japan and, reports Michael Cooper S.J., over 4,500 students applied for the Jesuit-run Sophia University. There was room for only one out of every five so the competition was fierce. Without a college degree it is difficult to get a good job in Japan, and yet there is not enough room in the universities. Saddest of all, the years at Sophia might be the only contact with the Church a boy might have.

Contest . . .

Winner!

Sometimes we forget that there are places known as

The Closed-door Countries

DURING THE MONTH of June the Holy Father calls to our prayerful attention the spiritual situation of those souls who dwell in countries where the Church is forbidden to carry out its apostolic work. We are familiar enough with the sad plight of the Church behind the Iron Curtain, how the active spreading of the Word has ground to a halt from the Baltic Sea to the China Sea, and persecution has set in.

However, it sometimes comes as a surprise to some to learn that there are other countries which simply deny entrance to all missionaries and have done so for long years. It is their definite policy and they make no bones about it. It is not the evasive run-around which some nations use in regard to visas, etc., but a clear-cut legal pronouncement.

One of the outstanding countries in this respect is Arabia. The oil-rich peninsula was the birthplace of Islam and the vast majority of its ten million inhabitants are Moslems. Only in the British colony of Aden can a few missionary priests and Sisters care for the spiritual needs of the Christians.

Another closed door country has been Afghanistan. Although Christians, mostly of the Armenian rite, had dwelt there in past times these were driven out near the end of the last century because they sided with a revolutionary movement. Today a small chapel attached to the Italian Legation is the only Catholic spot in the entire country.

In our own times we have seen Turkey close the door and religion of all kinds down-graded to the laical state. In the last few years the Communist threat has brought about a softening of the rigid laws but today the Catholic population numbers less than one per cent of the total, where once Christianity flourished.

Catholic missionaries never gained a lasting foothold in Tibet and they have been denied all access in recent times. Now, with the Chinese Communists in the ruling seat, the picture is even darker. So during June let us remember the souls "who sit in darkness."

Window on the Mission

ONE OF THE MORE intelligent and hopeful advances in the training of men and women assigned to mission fields is the recent program put into effect by the Institute of Mission Studies at Fordham University. It is an attempt, and a realistic one, to provide the missionary with an adequate preparation for the field where he will carry on God's work.

We must remember that the present-day apostle does not go out to face the same kind of world as did Xavier or Jogues. They had a tremendous advantage, with their education, background and culture, over the people with whom they were to deal. Also, in many cases, they came with conquering armies or shortly afterwards. They stood head and shoulders over the people to whom they were bringing the word of God.

But the situation has changed today. The goal is, and ever will be, the same—to win all souls to Christ—but the advantages possessed by missionaries of other eras have been swept away by the rapid advance of civilization in almost every rank of society. And it is far too important, this God-given task of building the Kingdom of Christ, to entrust it to ecclesiastical counterparts of the characters depicted in "The Ugly American," no matter how willing or personally devoted they themselves may be to the cause for which they spend their lives.

So at Fordham a course in missionary training for today's field is now being offered. The findings of modern social science are applied to the particular region of the world where the missionary will be assigned. It is one thing for a man to work among the igloos of the Arctic and an entirely different thing for a man whose job lies among the nipa huts of people whose Christianity is centuries old. If a missionary is transplanted from one culture to another, without the proper preparation, then the effect of his impact will be greatly lessened or even be harmful.

The course, which will result in a Master's Degree in Sociology, will require one full academic year and two summers. The studies are based on the papal writings as seen by present-day experts in their particular applications. Every student must take the main course on Missiology plus an area course or its equivalent. This area course is a thorough study of a limited portion of the mission world and the student can select the area of his future work.

Cover. People who live in the shadow of the Communist hammer and sickle live uneasy lives, and that anxiety often creeps into their eyes. But it also sharpens the attitude towards the things that really count. One indication of this is the fact that the average number of adult converts to the Church on Taiwan is 56 per priest, while on the mainland 21 was the highest. Design by Phil Franznick.

World

The religious orders which provide the missionary personnel know how valuable and necessary is a trained mission specialist. Now Fordham offers the answer in a concrete form.

By-ways

Maldive Islands would have been a catch question on any quiz program until the recent activity there brought them into prominence. They lie seven hundred miles southwest of Ceylon and very few people cared about them until the British Navy set up an air base there. However for many a moon Father William Moran has been one of those who cared. Every month he squeezes aboard a transport plane, picks out the softest looking sack of sugar and rides out the seven hundred miles of tropical heat waves astride his sweet steed. It's a long trip for Sunday Mass but Father Moran figures it's worth it.

Pagan taboos sometimes come in handy. In the Cameroons near Yaounde there is a small stream from which, according to one of these taboos, fish could not be taken. But the missionary, Father Foy, blessed the stream and his Christians, who are not restrained by these taboos, have been making a good haul of fish.

At the Pax Romana African Conference Dr. Nkrumah, Prime Minister of Ghana, told the delegates that early in his life he had a desire to become a Jesuit and that was his reason for going to the United States. (No further explanation is available but it may have been lost in the hooting of the delegates.)

JM

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Speaking of Food...

The question will never be settled satisfactorily—when is a delicacy not a delicacy?

WE WERE PERUSING the menu for the annual banquet of the Explorers Club and were intrigued by some of the items there. Soya stewed bumblebees; lava worms glacé; boa constrictor; pickled sea weed and a score of other delicacies piqued our curiosity, if not our taste. So the man of curiosity went to the men of experience (which is never very far in the House on 78th Street) and asked questions.

"How about these soya stewed bumblebees?" we questioned of Father Al Miller, back from Japan on a business trip (he says).

"Stewing takes the bumble and the sting out of them and the Japanese use soya in every form. They even use soya beans for throwing at ghosts."

"How many ghosts have you hit recently?" we asked suspiciously.

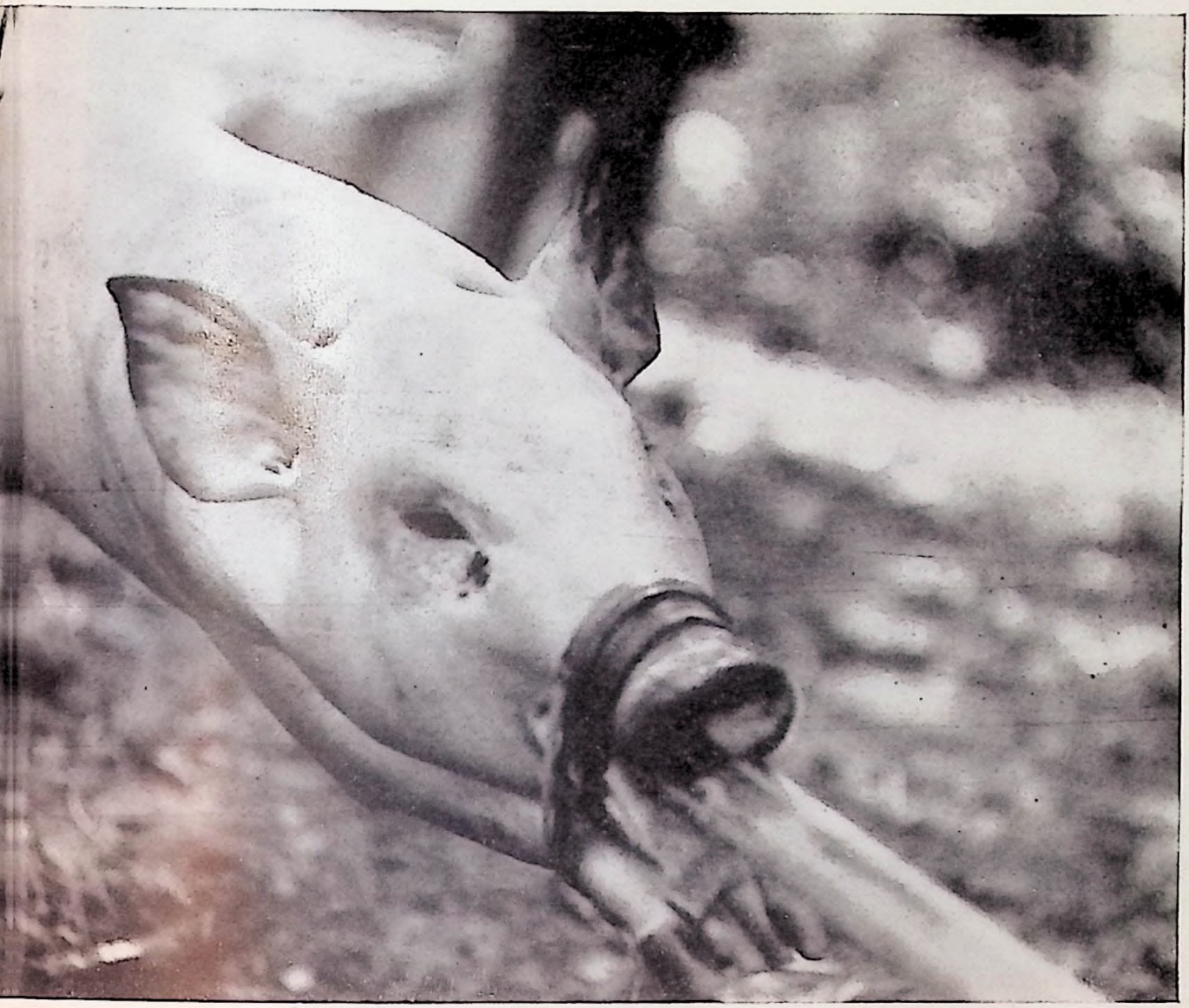
"As for those Ants 'Takusan,'" he went on unperturbed, "those are picnic ants, because 'takusan' means 'very many.' Now that other item on your list, grasshopper 'Inaga,' well, there's a story . . ."

"In which someone gets his leg pulled," we retorted as we set off for more familiar ground with Father Tom Hussey, former Superior in Baghdad.

"The Explorers Club served calf eyes the other night. Do you prefer those to sheep eyes?" we asked the man who as guest of honor at a desert banquet would be given the choice morsel, the eye of the sheep, by his Arab host.

"Sheep eyes," he replied promptly. "They glaze more easily and you don't get the piteous appeal as in a calf eye. Again, calf eyes are for the young."

We made one more attempt, this time with our Pacific expert, Father Ed



Murphy. "What is your considered opinion of Hawaiian three-fingered poi?"

"To me it always tasted like it was all thumbs," he answered helpfully.

So we turned to a recent letter from Father Jim Poole in Alaska wherein he gave several recipes, well known there, still untried around here. The preparation is very simple. Fish heads: put in water; salt; boil; eat. Fish intestines: clean well; braid together; boil; eat. Beaver tail soup: skin carefully; salt; boil; eat. Boiled mink is done the same way—just in case you never thought of mink in that form. However, we do wish Father Poole wouldn't add the totally unnecessary word 'eat' after each recipe.

Cookout is the regular thing in British Honduras but the final product may not be.

Squid stand in Formosa is as popular as our hot dog one. "I like squid," mused artist Phil Franznick, "but not in their own ink." Even our artists draw the line at times.

But there are two sides to this food business. Texas-born Father Claude Daly in Ceylon speared a frog one day and brought it home. He cooked it in butter while his cook stood by, shocked but not in silence. A visitor tasted a morsel and relished it. So he later joined Father Daly in a frog expedition. The inevitable crowd soon gathered to watch. They hooted disdainfully at the idea that Father was catching the frogs in order to eat them—even Americans are not that crazy. When they were finally told that he would make medicine out of the frogs, they departed, fully satisfied. As 'tis said, no telling about tastes.

The Strength of the Spirit

Saint John Chrysostom describes the Acts of the Apostles as "the story of those things which the Paraclete said and did." Father Ricciotti, one of the recent commentators on the Acts, writes that Saint Luke's purpose in the Acts "is to recount the propagation of Christianity as the effect of the Holy Spirit." Our Lord told the Apostles to wait for the coming of the Holy Spirit before they started their mission, because they would be able to fulfil their mission only through the power of the Holy Spirit. This fact is just as true today as it was then—the Church can fulfil her task only through the power of the Holy Spirit given to her.

We celebrate the event of Pentecost because that was the day when the Holy Spirit, coming upon the Apostles, gave the Church the power to begin her glorious career across the world and time. The coming of the Holy Spirit was heralded by two facts—the physical facts of the blowing of a wind and the tongues of fire and the spiritual fact of the Apostles, now filled with the Spirit, speaking in foreign tongues whatever the Spirit gave to them to utter.

The speaking of foreign tongues on this day has been considered as a revelation of the universality of the Church. Today we do not look for the miracle of tongues but for that universality, foreshadowed by the original gift of tongues. Such universality is due entirely to the action of the Holy Spirit in the members of the Church. Now the Church does speak in most of the languages of the world and gives utterance to what the Holy Spirit teaches her. Just how successful the Holy Spirit has been is more evident to us now than it was to the Apostles. Think of the great chorus of voices praising God and speaking his truth in all the languages of earth, in all those places where the missionary Church has reached through the centuries of her existence.

The results of the centuries are an inspiring revelation to us of the faithfulness of the Holy Spirit. Now we see not a handful of men and women, filled with the Holy Spirit, but millions of men and women, also filled with the Holy Spirit who dwells in them, speaking the truths given to the Church by the Holy Spirit. The miracle of Pentecost was not destined to cease on that day so long ago. It is a present miracle extended across the world and time. Mankind is living in the presence of the continuing miracle of Pentecost, the pouring forth of the Holy Spirit upon millions of members of the Church. If we are impressed by the miraculous events of the first Pentecost, we should be no less impressed by the manifestation of the presence and power of the Holy Spirit in the Church now. It is still by the strength of the Holy Spirit that the Church continues and grows on earth. Our Lord's words to his Apostles on the day of His Ascension can still be said to the missionaries of the world: "You shall receive power when the Holy Spirit comes upon you, and you will be witnesses for me to the very ends of the earth." The Holy Spirit has come upon all of us.

Edward L. Murphy S.J.

Eyes on India

F. C. Rodrigues S.J.

ONE OF THE MOST interesting developments in the new India is the Bhoodan Movement inaugurated by Vinoba Bhave. Bhoodan, which literally means "gift of land," as a movement started quite accidentally. Vinoba Bhave, one of Gandhi's most trusted disciples, had gone to Hyderabad to attend some meeting. On his way back home he decided to tour the trouble-infested Telangana region where the Communists had started a little Malayan affair with all its raids, murders and lootings.

Telangana is a very backward area, poor in industries, poor in agriculture, poor in resources. The peopled eked out a meagre existence by cultivating the impoverished land which yielded very little fruit. To make matters worse most of the land was concentrated in few hands with the result the vast majority had either no land of their own or had so little that it was far too small to afford them a sufficient return for a living. Hence, the unlucky peasants were clamoring for land and more land. Wherever

Vinoba went, he heard the same refrain: "Give us land."

On April 17, 1951, he entered the village of Pochampalli, visited Harijan huts and listened to their craving for a piece of land. The people were gathered at about noon; he publicly asked what they wanted. "Land," they all answered. "How much land?" General silence; nobody had thought of an answer. Vinoba appeared lost in thought and then asked: "If land is not provided by Government, cannot something be done by the village people themselves? There are a few landlords listening to me. Is none of them willing to donate some of his land?"

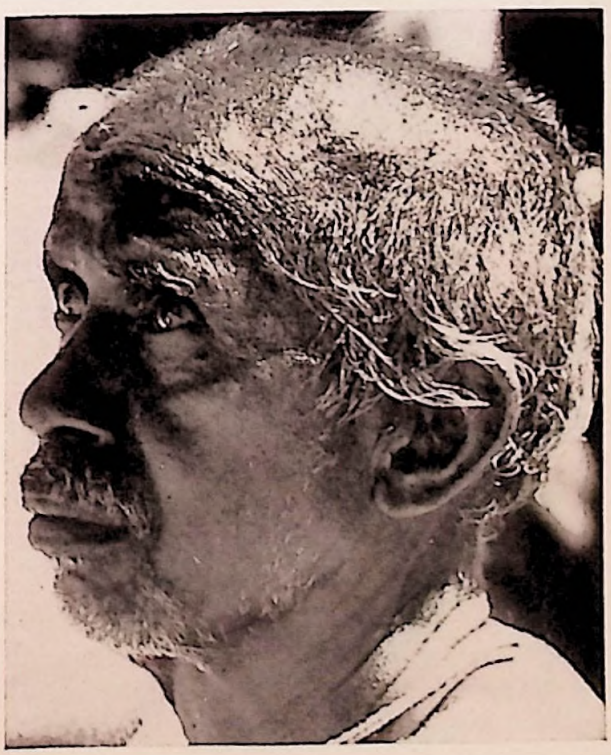
"I will give you land; I will give you one hundred acres," said a gentleman in the crowd.

Everyone was taken aback. Vinoba dismissed the audience and took the donor aside and asked him if he was in earnest. The man renewed his offer. He was invited to attend the prayer meeting the next day. When the prayer was over, Vinoba asked the man who had offered the land to stand before all. The donor's name was Mr. V. R. Reddy. Vinoba praised the man for his generosity and cautioned him against going back on his word. The man pledged his word again before all and the next day produced a written document. Vinoba was satisfied and left the village.

Since that memorable day Vinoba Bhave, the Prophet of Bhoodan, has walked thousands of miles through half the vast sub-continent and has collected nearly 5,000,000 acres of agricultural land. Wherever he has gone, people have gladly offered him land.

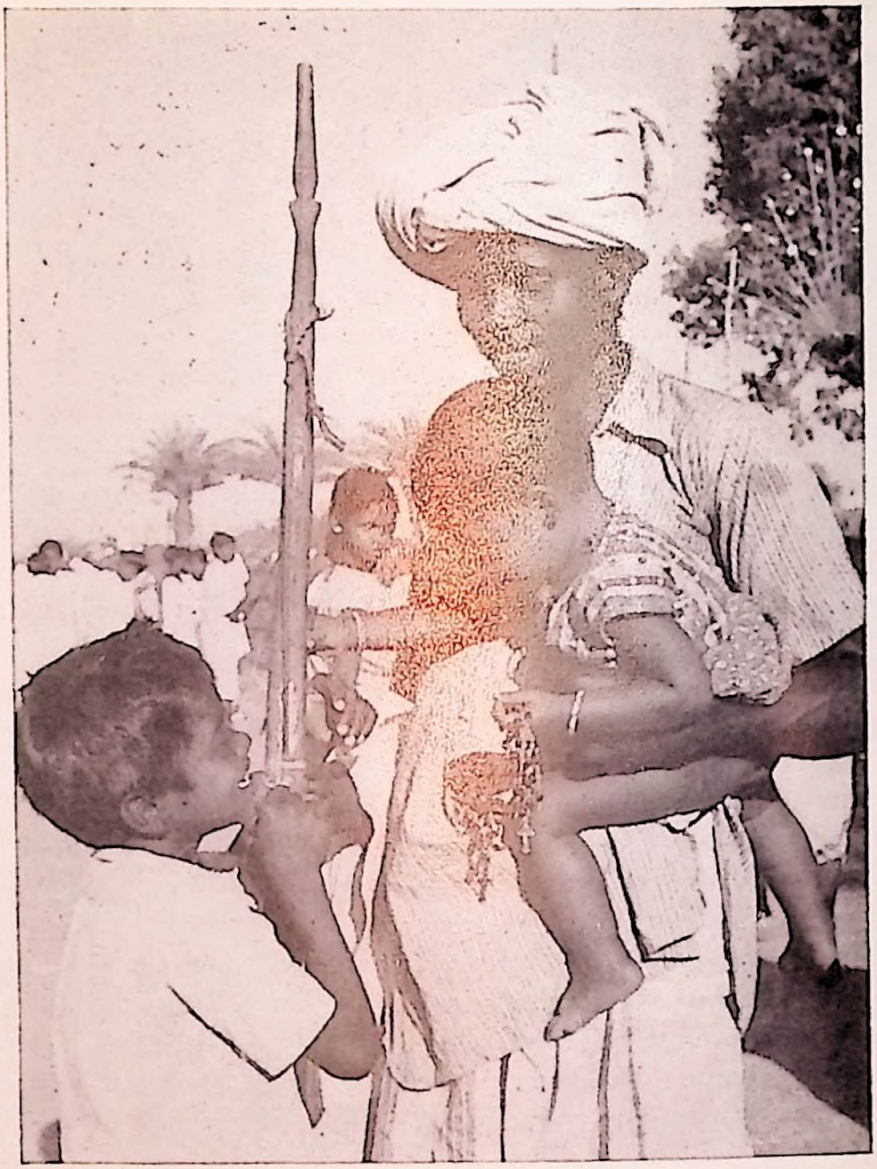
The target fixed for the collection of land was 50,000,000 acres by the middle of 1957. But by that time only a tenth of that area had been donated. In a recent speech Vinoba has stated that he had deliberately put up this high figure knowing full well that it could never be reached. The reason for this, he says, is that he wants to be a failure. His words are: "I had two aims before me when the Bhoodan Movement began to grow: One, my colleagues should be able to achieve success; second, that personally I should remain unsuccessful. Every step in the movement had this background . . . I desire failure and I wish success to my colleagues." He goes on to say that the original target aimed at was 250,000 acres but that he had deliberately raised it to 50 million acres knowing full well that it was not possible to attain so high a goal.

Though land has been donated, a good bit of it is still legally in the hands of the donors. A greater part of the Bhoodan land is yet to be distributed. Distribution needs legislation and the State Governments have not yet enacted the requisite legislation. Bhoodan has given birth to a whole family of "—dans": *sampatidan* (gift of wealth), *shramdan* (gift of manual labor), *buddidan* (gift



Giveaway programs are very much of a new thing in India and this old fellow who lived through colonialism is going to be careful on Bhoodan.

EYES ON INDIA

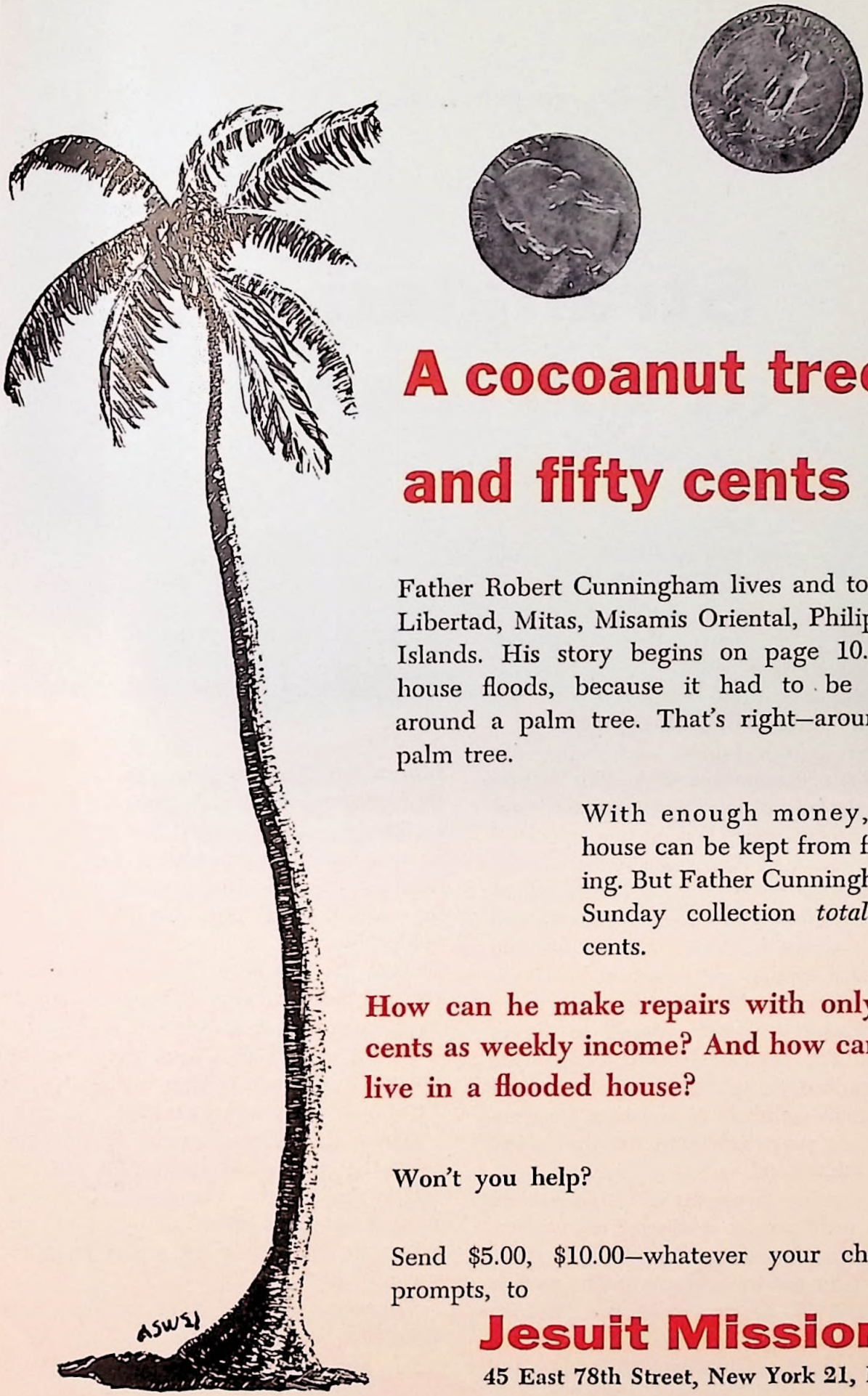


Smiles are in order at the moment but ordinarily the lot of the villager is a hard one. The government has been trying to raise the standard of living by starting cottage industries, making work loans, undertaking large scale irrigation projects for the all-important fields which hitherto have had to depend for water on seasonal rains.

of wisdom), and, most famous of all, *gramdan* (gift of a village). The family is still growing with an addition of a new 'dan' almost every month.

In the beginning of the movement, the land donated came from individuals. But somewhere on the way through his pilgrimage, Vinoba received the donation of a whole village, freely offered by the entire village population. This was the first Gramdan. Since that day, nearly 3,000 villages have been donated to the movement. In the earlier stages, Gramdan passed off almost unnoticed. It is only during the last year or two that Gramdan has come to the fore and, at the moment of writing, has almost entirely eclipsed the Bhoodan movement. The reasons for this change are manifold.

Indian life for centuries has revolved around a village. Eighty per cent of her population today live in the villages of this vast country. Towns are few and far between and many of the so called towns are outgrown villages. India had a well regulated and well established village economy which, with its religious sanctions, had stood the test of time. The British occupation of the land during nearly two centuries brought about far reaching changes, which upset the economic stability and on the whole, impoverished the people. That is why it is so necessary to get India back on an even keel and all eyes are watching the process.



A cocoanut tree and fifty cents

Father Robert Cunningham lives and toils in Libertad, Mitas, Misamis Oriental, Philippine Islands. His story begins on page 10. His house floods, because it had to be built around a palm tree. That's right—around a palm tree.

With enough money, the house can be kept from flooding. But Father Cunningham's Sunday collection *totals* 50 cents.

How can he make repairs with only 50 cents as weekly income? And how can he live in a flooded house?

Won't you help?

Send $5.00, $10.00—whatever your charity prompts, to

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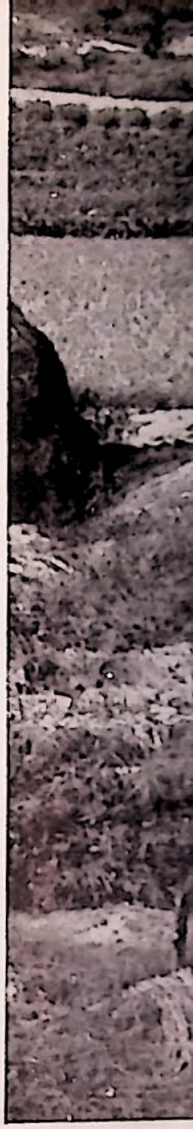
CLARENCE H. HERBST S.J.

A little known episode in the history of the Church in Korea

Strangled at thirteen



Peaceful lies the land at the moment but in our own day and in the long ago Korea has proven itself a battlefield for a way of life and faith.

THAT SOUNDS like an inglorious end. But so was Calvary. And Peter's death at 13 reminds us that he resembled Christ in many other ways, too. After all, it is according to that resemblance that we shall be judged when we die and rewarded for all eternity.

Peter Niou's family and home life present a strange spectacle. His father, Blessed Augustine, also a martyr, and his brother, were fervent and devoted Christians. (All Christians were Catholics in those days; no Protestant missionaries entered Korea when torture and death awaited them.) Their shining faith was known and admired by Christian and pagan alike. But the mother and older sister not only refused to accept the faith but talked down the Christians and carried on in the home against the Christian members a constant persecution that prepared them for the ordeal of death ahead.

When the persecution broke out he felt a most ardent desire for martyrdom. Driven on by divine love he gave himself up to the magistrates in the middle of 1839. "I am a Christian," he said. They made sure by careful questioning that he was a Christian; then they put him in jail. Soon he was summoned before his judges. They thought they would be easily able to wean this mere child from what they considered his foolishness by cajoling and promises. If only he would utter one word that they could interpret as apostasy they would let him go. But Peter was careful not to let such a word slip. When they found they had on their hands not a child but a strong soldier of Christ they had recourse to threats. These failed, too, so Peter was sent back to prison.

There the jailers thought up torments even the pagan law books did not prescribe against the Christians. One evening a satellite jabbed a piece of lead pipe into the boy's leg and tore out a piece of flesh.

"Now are you still going to be a Christian?" he snarled at him.

"I certainly am," answered Peter.

"Your doing that won't change me."

Then the tormentor took a live coal from the fire with a pincers and came over to the lad with it and said:

"Open your mouth!"

"All right," Peter said, and he opened his mouth. The brute recoiled, amazed.

The other Christians said:

"Maybe you think you have suffered a lot. But you haven't seen anything yet. Wait till they really go after you."

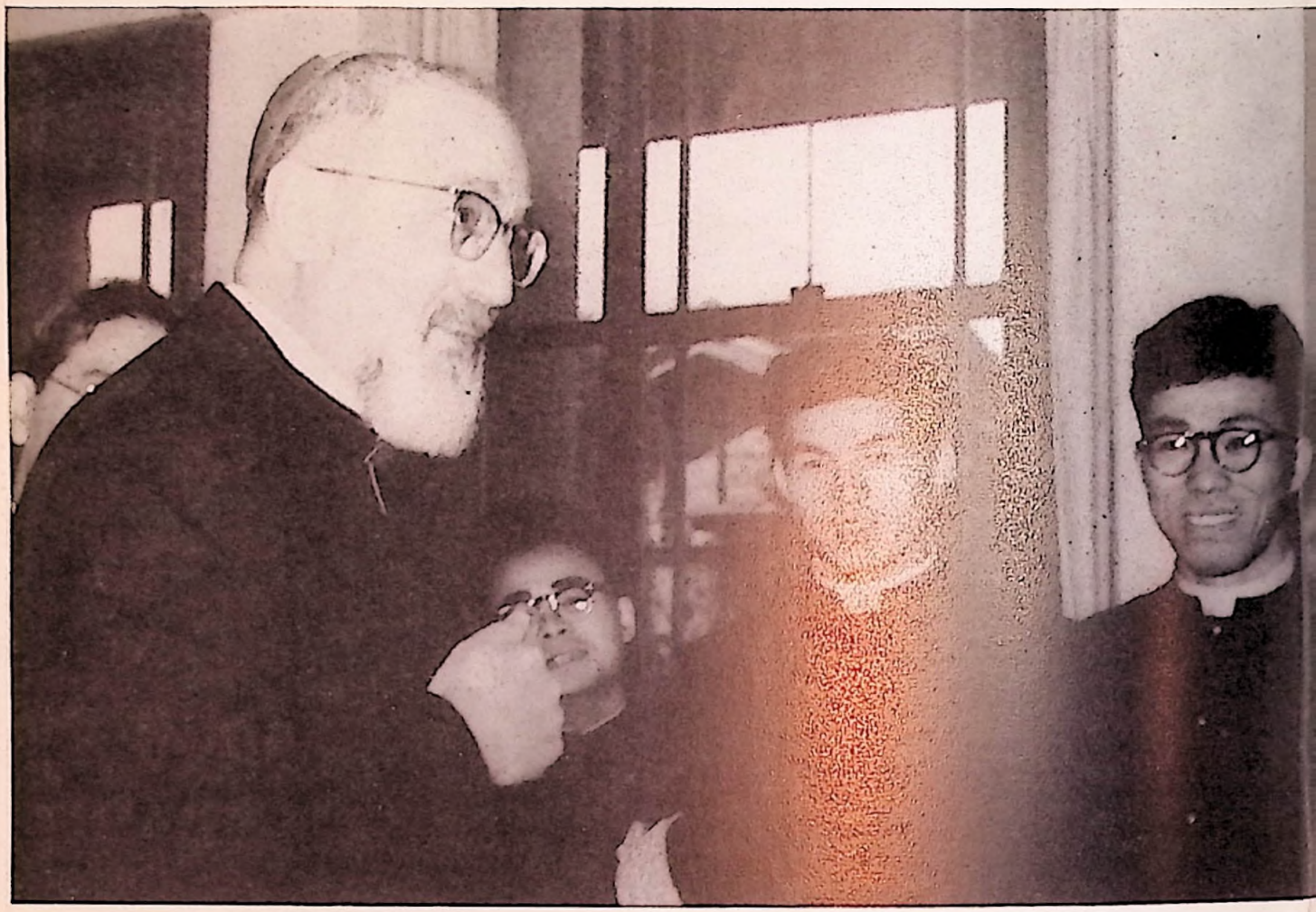
"I know," he answered. "This is like a grain of rice compared to a bushel."

One day he was tortured so long and hard he became unconscious. He was carried back to the jail. The other prisoners gathered round and tried to revive him. His first words were:

"Don't put yourselves to so much trouble. It's going to take more than that to kill me."

Fourteen times he was questioned and tortured. His constancy only infuriated the judges. He was tied to the ground face down and struck some forty times with an oak plank five feet long. After several blows the blood spurted out, then the flesh became detached and the bones laid bare. He was given 600 blows with the lash. His flesh hung in shreds, his body was one ugly wound. Peter not only remained calm but joyous and exultant. He tore off sheds of his flesh and threw them at the feet of his shuddering judges. These details are facts sworn to by ten eye-witnesses.

The mandarins hoped he would die under torture. He would not. Fearing a revulsion of feeling from a public execution, the executioners quietly entered the prison October 31, 1839, seized the poor little mangled body, passed a cord around his neck, and strangled this heroic child, today Blessed Peter Niou.



Baghdad. The Superior of the Iraq Mission, Father Michael McCarthy, blesses the new homes for the college workmen. Housing has always been a problem so a ten-unit, motel-style building was constructed to alleviate the situation. The occupants will pay no rent; their sole responsibility will be to keep the homes neat and clean. The units, designed by Father Guay and constructed under the direction of Father Larkin, are a long step forward from the mud houses previously in vogue.

There's a story behind every picture

which reveals a different facet of the

many-splendored activity of the Church

Mission Moments

Japan. Cardinal Agagianian (left), Pro-Prefect of the Congregation for the Propagation of the Faith, made a deep impression on the students of the Tokyo Interdiocesan Seminary during his recent visit to the Far East. It was by no means a perfunctory visit for he investigated the building from basement to roof to inspect the improvements and needs. He also paid visits to Sophia University and other religious establishments in the capital.

Jamaica. The scene below may not be a familiar one to tourists who frequent the Gold Coast beaches but it is typically Jamaican to the Kingston missionary. Father Charles Eberle describes it in detail. "Evelyn is in the wheel chair, a devout and cheerful soul who never complains. Behind her is the "higgler," a seller of booby eggs. The dog is sleeping peacefully in the street. Look quickly at the wheels on the "snowball" cart—they may not be there in another moment. It's all a part of my parish of St. Anne's."

MSGR. EUGENE E. FAHY S.J.

How does a man feel as he steps ashore to freedom after a harrowing experience—and then slips?

The Long Escape

Quiet runs the river and it was exactly at the time when this picture was taken that Father Kao was attempting to escape. Today the scene has changed for the tower at the left was the Catholic church ten years ago. The scene is the canal town at Tsu Ka Kao, Kiangsu, and the 1949 photo is by Fr. Foley.

HERE IN TAIWAN we have a Chinese diocesan priest who has had quite a history. Nicholas Kao was a widower on the Chinese mainland in Fuchien before he became a Catholic and later a priest. After seventeen years in the same parish, he was being sent to Taiwan on a furlough, but his plane took off the night before schedule—the Communists were taking over. Father prayed to Our Lady of Fatima for light and the light still shone over Taiwan. He found cramped space below decks in a small junk carrying lumber. As they passed down the canal from Fuchow they were halted by a Commie on the bank.

"What are you carrying?"

"Lumber."

"Where are you going?"

"To Wenchow"—nearby port.

Father fingered his beads furiously; his pagan companions muttered supplications to Buddha.

Finally: "Go ahead."

They sailed ahead a short distance to the mouth of the canal and the wind stopped abruptly! And stayed stopped for six days! Each day a new inspection.

"What are you carrying?"

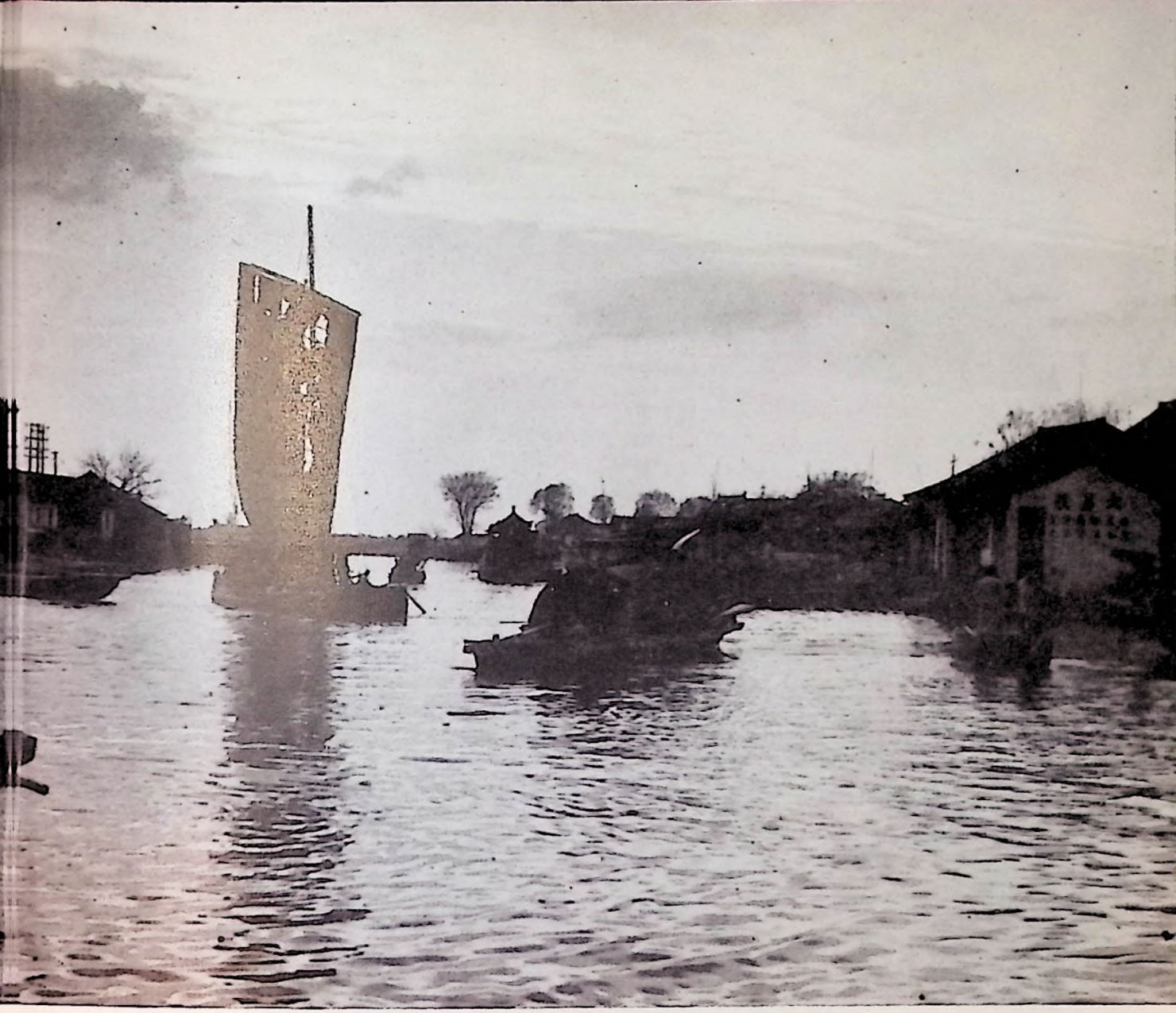
"Lumber."

"What's below decks?" as he pulled up one of the boards, fortunately only uncovering a load of umbrellas!

"How much?"

"Oh, do you like them? Take one."

And off he went without further inspection. But another guard, another inspection, another holding of breath.



"What's below deck," as he takes a peek. Cigarettes!

"Do you smoke? Take a carton."

No further inspection. Six days of this, the hideaways huddling in fear and trepidation in their cramped quarters. At least they were better off than one of our Christians who sailed over under a deckload of pigs! On the sixth afternoon a strong wind blew in the right direction; they pulled anchor gratefully and crossed the Taiwan Straits in a fast day-and-a-half trip.

Taken ashore at Keelung in a dinghy the size of a bathtub, Father Kao muttered ejaculations of gratitude to Our Lady of Fatima. As he stepped out of the rowboat onto the dock, the skiff shifted and kerplunk! Down he went into the water—and he couldn't swim!

"This is it," he said to Our Lady, "I guess you didn't want me to go to Taiwan after all!" But he sank only to his chin. There he remained afloat for six or seven minutes. The oarsman in the boat didn't dare help lest he capsize. The line of faces above on the dock didn't help because of superstition. If he was to drown, he was to drown, the *kueis* (devils) had ordained. Anyone saving him would incur the wrath of the *kuei*. After some time when they saw that the *kuei* didn't want him to drown, they threw him a rope! After ten years on Taiwan, Father Kao continues in his fruitful apostolate, having recently built his second church here—naturally, both dedicated to Our Lady of Fatima.

JOSEPH D. WADE S.J.

Listen in to a little dialogue between boy and spiritual adviser in Honduras and you will understand the problem which both face

"My Father is a Good Man"

"COME IN and sit down, Jose. Yes, there in the big, easy chair. You are the big shot here, because this is your conference with the spiritual counselor. How old are you, Jose?"

"Fourteen."

"And first year High in Instituto San Jose, in Progreso, Yoro, Honduras."

"Well," said Jose, "you got about all of it in there, didn't you, Padre?"

"Are your parents married in the Church?"

"Oh, *si*, Padre Ignacio. My daddy is a good man, very religious. He sometimes goes to church on Sundays!"

"Indeed, Jose, you have a good father, and I hope you will be at least as good, even better. Does your father go to confession and Communion?"

"Well, no, Padre, I guess he doesn't. At least, I have never seen him receive Communion in my life. But Padre Ignacio, I already beat my daddy in that, because I go to Communion every Sunday."

"Jose, my boy, that's true. I've seen you receive and I want to congratulate you. But I am curious about one thing. Why do you go to Communion every Sunday?"

"Well, Padre Ignacio," looking down at his hands a little shyly, "I receive because it is good. I *feel* good."

"Why do you feel good?" Jose was fidgetting now and more than a little embarrassed, but I let him struggle.

"You see, Padre, it's this way. When I go back to my bench, and I have Jesus here, well, that is to say, you see, Padre, well—I talk to Jesus."

"What do you say to Jesus?"

"Padre Ignacio, it is something I've never told anybody. I tell Jesus I want to be a priest."

"Jose, you don't know how pleased I am to hear this important intention. I've had my eye on you for sometime and you have many of the marks of the priesthood."

"You mean, Padre, that you really think I could be a priest?"

"I do."

"Could I be a Jesuit like you and Padre Augustin?"

"I think so."

"But could I go away to study, now?"

"Well, no, Jose. You are only in first year high."

"But, Padre, do I have to wait to the end of High School?"

"Yes, I'm afraid so." They boy looked long at the crucifix on the wall.

"Padre, I would like to go away and begin to study for the priesthood now. There are so many distractions at home that I can't study much, and my com-

Honduras needs good men but an even greater need is for priests from their own people.

panions are only interested in going around town looking for pleasure."

"Yes, Jose, yes, there are many dangers here in Progreso for a young man like you, dangers that you do not fully appreciate yet. But we Fathers are anxious to train and help boys like you, so we have plans to build an Apostolic School here in Progreso, on the grounds of the Instituto San Jose, for the boys who want to be Jesuits."

"What's an Apostolic School, Padre?"

"It is a little junior seminary, a house where you and other boys would live under direction of one of our Fathers and go to school here till the end of High School. Then you could go directly to the Jesuit novitiate."

"Oh, that would be wonderful. I will be the first to join."

"Well, we don't have the little seminary built yet. So you pray to St. Joseph that we get it soon."

"You bet I will, Padre Ignacio."

From letters we have gleaned the following items:

Wanted *for Jesuit Missionaries*

Pass the Rosary to those leading the next decade, is the custom of the people in Jehanabad, India. There aren't enough rosaries for everyone.

Father Mattschek mentions also that the children of the school wear their one set of clothing as a school uniform, their Sunday best and night time pajamas with an inborn sense of indulgence and adaptation to their poverty.

This year the Sisters will be coming to the convent which is unfurnished, no beds, no dishes or pots and pans, with a bare cupboard.

Would you supply one of these items?

Girls Dresses	$ 1.00
Boys Shirts	.50
Boys Shorts	.50
Rosaries	.25
Beds for Nuns	10.00
Pots and Pans	1.00

Besides the Request for your prayers that he become more proficient in Tamil, as he hears confessions, teaches catechism and gives "sermons," Father Sommers in Ceylon has other problems.

There are two catechism books for 100 children and one of the books starts on page 15.

When Father came to the parish he could find neither a picture or small statue of the Sacred Heart and would like a statue for the parish house.

There is only one dialogue Mass booklet for the whole parish.

If you could help, please:

100 Catechisms, each	.15
1 Small Statue	$3.00
200 Mass Booklets, each	.10

The Sisters at Olanchito in Honduras have asked the Pastor, Father Moore, to give some thought to a couple of problems they have.

The first problem concerns a homemade statue of the Sacred Heart which an unskilled "artist" has represented as almost falling backward.

Secondly, the only nun with musical training was operated on recently and finds it impossible to push the foot pedals and wonders if it would be possible to get an electric organ so there might be church music again.

Perhaps you could help the Sisters with a donation of $1.00 or $2.00:

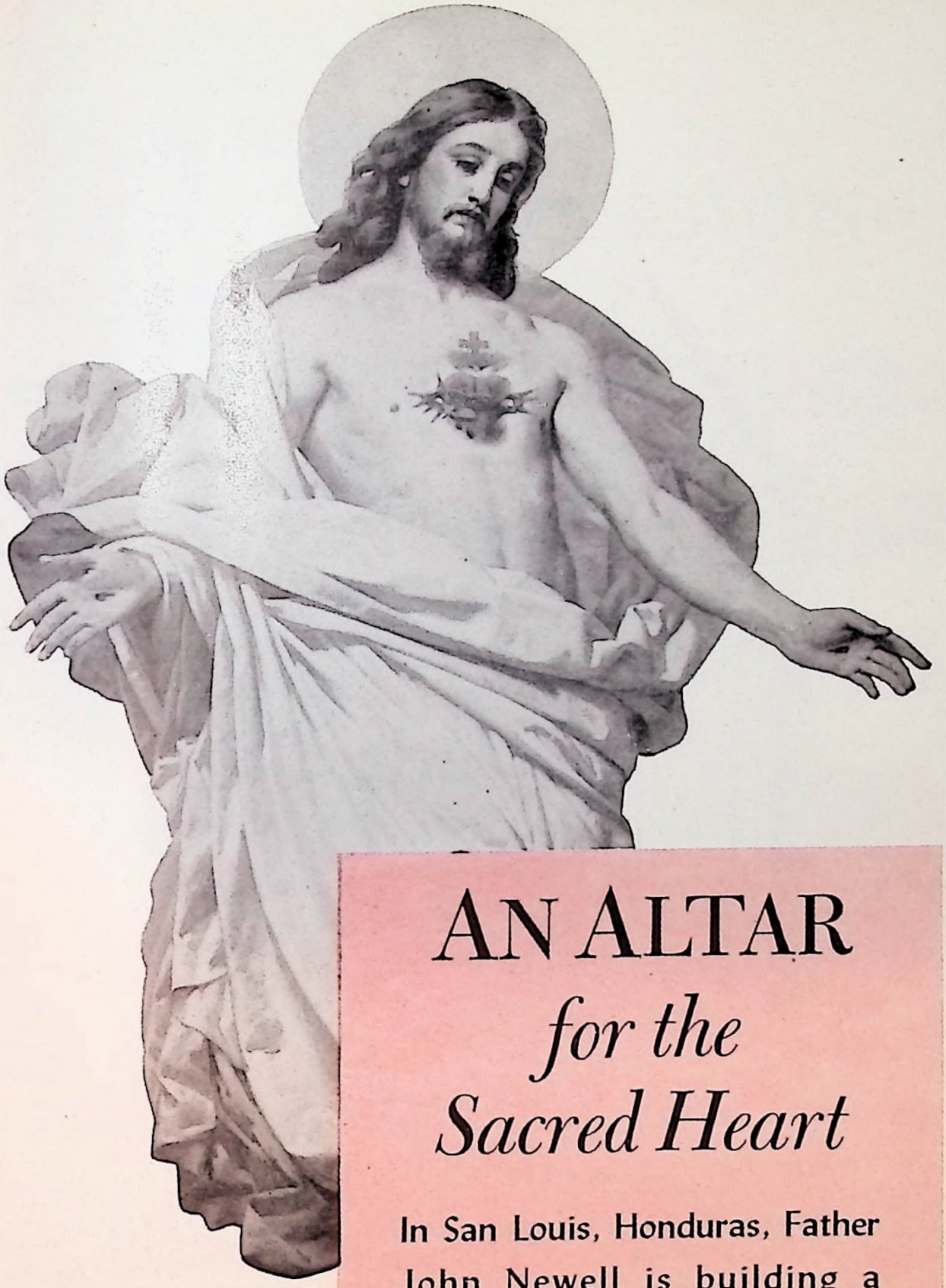
Statue of the Sacred Heart	$100.00
Electric Organ	$300.00

The Government may have a good idea in insisting that the orphan girls wear uniforms but it has presented a financial problem at Chuhari, India. Father Wieman has checked with the Sisters who told him they would be able to outfit all the children at a cost of $100.00. This new requirement of uniforms eliminates the former measure of economy of passing down old clothes and strains the Chuhari budget.

For your consideration, if you could help:

50 uniforms, each	$2.00

High School Boys in British Honduras need used books: novels, biographies, adventure, reference books. Please send package labeled *BOOKS* to Rev. R. T. Zinkle S.J., St. Mary's College, St. Mary's, Kansas.



AN ALTAR *for the Sacred Heart*

In San Louis, Honduras, Father John Newell is building a church. Would you help him honor the Sacred Heart this month by contributing toward the altar? He needs $200.00.

$5.00, $10.00, $1.00, whatever you can send will be gratefully received at

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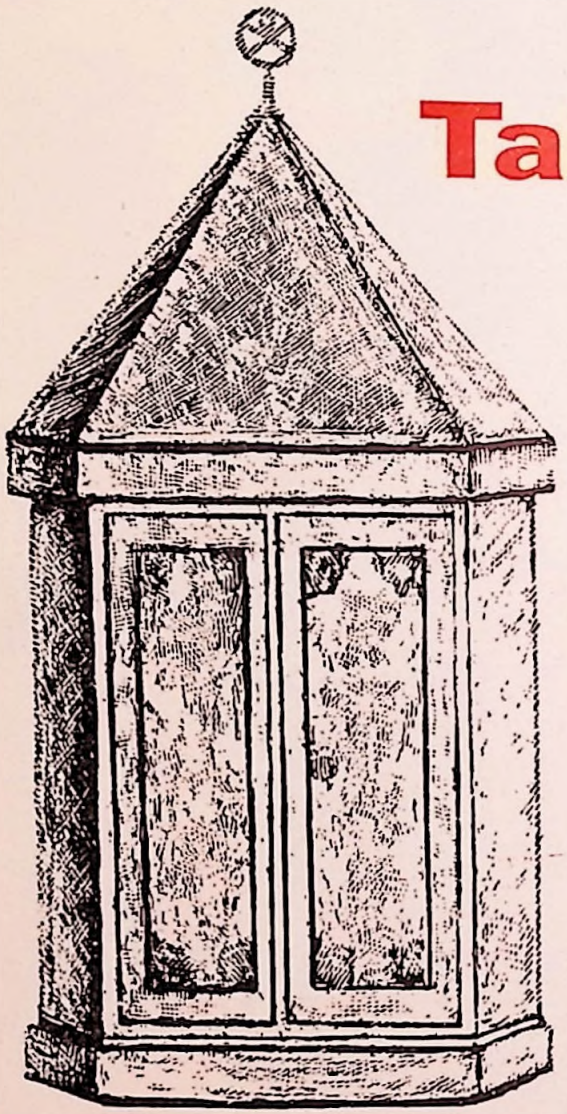

Tabernacle

means

a safe place

In Batticaloa, Ceylon, Father C. P. Boudreaux has no safe place to keep the Blessed Sacrament in any of the three Churches of his mission territory.

A good tabernacle costs $50.00. Won't you help Father Boudreaux?

Send $5.00, $10.00—whatever you can to—

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