

Quinn, William
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THE CHURCH AND HER MISSIONS

by

Right Rev. William Quinn, P. A.



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Right Rev. William Quinn, P. A., National Director of the
Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

Three addresses delivered in the Catholic Hour produced
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(On Sundays from October 14 to October 28, 1934)

- I. In the Front Trenches for the Faith.
- II. Courageous Strides by the Catholic Church.
- III. In This Sign Thou Shalt Conquer.



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IMPRIMATUR:

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Bishop of Fort Wayne.

DEDICATION

To the North American Martyrs, Saint Isaac Jogues, S. J., and his glorious companions, whose missionary labors and blood hallowed the soil of our northern hemisphere, and to the valiant band of American priests, brothers, and sisters now working, in the self-same Cause, under alien skies.

FOREWORD

It is manifestly impossible, within the space of three brief radio addresses, to do justice to the missionary epic of the Church of Christ. Volumes are required to narrate adequately this story of heroic daring and constancy, of selfless giving to the very end, in every age and clime.

If these high lights of missionary endeavour, on the part of consecrated men and women in the outposts of Christianity and their lay co-operators in Christian lands, stimulate but one reader to a more active participation in the extension of Christ's Kingdom, the author will feel that his labor has not been in vain.

IN THE TRENCHES FOR THE FAITH

Address delivered on October 14, 1934.

To speak to any audience upon the missions of the Catholic Church seems needless. For the Church of Christ is *primarily* a mission organization. Her objective is to spread the knowledge of the teachings of Christ throughout the world. This is implied in the very Charter given to her on Mount Olivet upon the last day on which our divine Savior was to bless the world with His visible presence. The group: Christ and His disciples. The last farewells were said, the divine drama of man's redemption enacted. But the Principal Character was returning to His glory; and just before quitting the earth, He looked upon His Church assembled before Him and spoke to it this last commission:

“Going, therefore, teach ye all nations: baptizing them in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Teaching them to observe all things whatsoever I have commanded you: and behold I am with you all days, even to the consummation of the world. . . . You shall be witnesses unto me in Jerusalem, and in all Judea, and Samaria, and even to the uttermost part of the earth.”

(Matt. 28: 19-20 and Acts 1:8.)

To this command the Church *must* be faithful.

But to address *Americans* upon the missionary work of the Church would seem to be even more superfluous; especially so since Americans of all religious faiths are familiar with the achievements of her missionaries who long ago came to our own land. In fact, the civil history of our country could not be written without drawing upon the achievements of our early Catholic priests.

Her clergy have been among the chief pioneers of civilization. If it did not precede, the Cross always accompanied the banner of earthly conquest.

Zeal for souls was the very life and heart of every adventurous enterprise. The sword may have subjected the bodies, but the Cross won the hearts of those who successively entered the ever-widening family of the Christian Church.

In both South and North America, the Catholic Clergy had the honor of pioneering the way, and of gaining converts among the aborigines. Our American Historian Bancroft—who was not a Catholic—says of Champlain that he “esteemed the salvation of a soul worth more than the conquest of an empire.” The same writer says that “Champlain’s policy was congenial to a Church which cherishes every member of the human race without regard to lineage or skin.”

The glory of having discovered America, of having established in the Western Continent the first colonies, the first school, the first college, the first institutions of charity, belongs to the Catholic Church. Bancroft says: “Years before the pilgrims anchored within Cape Cod, the Catholic Church had been planted by missionaries, and priests had labored along the St. Lawrence, in Maine, or on the waters of the Niagara.” And again he says: “The history of the labors of the early Catholic missionaries is connected with the origin of every celebrated town in the Americas; not a cape was turned, nor a river entered, but a Jesuit led the way.”

There is no page of our history more touching than that which records the labors and sufferings of these early priests. Into what were then western wilds they brought civilization and faith. The wild hunter or adventurous traveller who penetrated the forests among new and strange

tribes usually found that the Black-robos had long preceded him in that wilderness. The Indians would point out to him on some moss-grown tree the emblem of the Cross carved there by the missionary.

Amid the snows of Hudson Bay, the woody islands of the St. Lawrence, by the council fires of the Hurons in Michigan, at the source of the Father of Waters, on the billowy prairies of Illinois and Missouri, in the Cherokee country, in the cane-brakes of Louisiana, everywhere Catholic missionaries were found. Marquette, Brebeuf, Jogues, Lallemand, Rasles, and Serra, are names which all Americans will forever hold in remembrance.

Many of those early preachers of the Gospel had stood high at court. They could contrast their desolate poverty in the solitary wigwam with the refinements of their former years. Now all these were gone. Home, the love of kindred, golden friendships of the past, were forgotten by these high-spirited men who, without an adviser save their God, launched into the wilderness. Every obstacle which could make the heart quail stood in their path. Mighty forests were to be trodden on foot, and great lakes and rivers had to be crossed in frail bark canoes. Hunger and cold and disease threatened, and nothing but zeal within could keep alive their wasted frames.

Very few of their number died the common death of all men, or slept at last in the ground which their Church had consecrated. Some, like Jogues, fell beneath the blows of the savages; their only requiem the shriek of the vulture as he flapped his wings above their martyred bodies. Others,

like Brebeuf and Lallemand, died at the stake. Some, like the aged Marquette, after years of toil, fell asleep in the wilderness, and their sorrowing companions raised a crude cross over the spot where their bodies were buried.

But the cruel death of these only inspired others to take up their work. As in the early centuries, so in America, the "blood of the martyrs was the seed of the Church." If the flesh trembled, the spirit never seemed to falter. Each one seemed to think that he was appointed unto death. "Ibo et non redibo"—"I go, and I will not return"—were the words of Father Jogues when he set out for the Mohawk country. When Marquette was starting out for the headwaters of the Mississippi, the friendly Indians tried to restrain him by saying: "Those distant tribes never spare a stranger." The reply was: "I will gladly lay down my life for the salvation of souls." And then the red sons of the wilderness bowed with him in prayer before a simple cross of cedar.

I think the story of the visit of Father Brebeuf to the Hurons is one of the most adventurous recitals in our American history. It was in 1634. He joined a small group of barefoot Hurons who had ventured east as far as Quebec. They set out for the Huron country which was in what is now northern Michigan. The journey was long, about nine hundred miles. Swimming, wading, paddling, or carrying the canoe across portages, they met what seemed certain death twenty times over until they reached their destination. There among the Hurons Father Brebeuf built a little chapel in honor of St. Joseph. Ringing the bell, then summoning the Huron braves to a conference, he discussed

with them the most solemn mysteries of Christian faith. He succeeded in converting almost the entire tribe.

The historian expresses great admiration of the friendly reception given Brebeuf by the Chief, Ahasistari. Nature had planted in this savage the seeds of religious faith. "Before you came among us," he said to Father Brebeuf, "many times when I have escaped the greatest dangers, I have said to myself: 'Some powerful spirit has the guardianship of my days.'" After trials of his sincerity, and after long instruction, he was baptized. And his enthusiasm was so great that he gathered round him a troop of converts, savages like himself, and appealed to them: "Let us strive," he exclaimed, "to make the whole world embrace the faith of Christ." Later when Father Jogues was taken prisoner by the Mohawks at Auriesville, near Albany, this same chief was with him. And, although the Indian could have escaped, he came out of his hiding-place, and addressing Father Jogues, said: "My brother, I made oath to thee that I would share thy fortune, whether life or death; here I am to keep my vow." He was condemned to be burned to death.

Next Sunday is Mission Sunday throughout the Catholic world. Upon that day the white-robed shepherd of Christendom, His Holiness, Pope Pius XI, asks from *all* the children of Holy Church, prayers and alms for those who labor "in the trenches of the Faith" both at home and abroad, the holy priests and nuns, successors of the early missionaries of whom I have spoken. The appeal of the Holy Father is made through the Society for the Propagation of the Faith.

The Pope calls this his own Missionary Aid Society. It was founded in 1822 at the instance of an American Bishop, Dubourg, of New Orleans, so it is very dear to American Catholics. Struggling against poverty in the vast region of Louisiana—which then extended from the Gulf north to the present state of Missouri, and west from the Mississippi to as far as the white man had then ventured—Bishop Dubourg sent an appeal to his old friends in the city of his birth, Lyons, France. Moved by the description of the dreadful poverty in which his missionary priests labored, a young woman, Pauline Jaricot, gathered a few friends about her, and they pledged themselves to send alms to the American missions. More prudent heads foresaw the time when these missions would be self-supporting, and had to restrain the founders from committing the Society to American relief alone. It was made world-wide in scope, but in fact for many decades—up to about 1885—one half the alms of the Society were directed to the struggling missions in the United States.

I have been reading recently some of the first letters of the Society, from 1822 to 1845. The bishops and priests on our frontier were then the chief beneficiaries. The Bishops, Dubourg and Flaget,—and Badin Rosati the missionary—Kaskaskia, Ste. Genevieve, Bardstown, St. Louis, Vincennes, on the frontiers of our republic,—then received the principal share of alms. But the archives of the Society later reveal letters even from the Eastern Shore; from Dubois of New York, Kendrick and Neumann of Philadelphia, Bayley of Baltimore, and Timon of Buffalo, all appealing to the Society for alms so that their priests could carry on their apostolic work.

Records show that from 1822 to 1880 the Society sent \$7,500,000 to the missionary dioceses of America. Since it played an all-important part in the establishment of the Church in our land, it is only traditional American gratitude that our clergy and laity of today remember the benefits received in the past.

In the name of the Council of Baltimore, held in 1886, the immortal Cardinal Gibbons addressed these words to the Directors of the Society:

“Gratitude imposes on us the duty of publicly recognizing the signal services the Society for the Propagation of the Faith has rendered to the young Church of the United States. If the grain of mustard seed planted in the virgin soil of America has struck deep roots and grown into a gigantic tree, with branches stretching from the shores of the Atlantic Ocean to the coasts of the Pacific, it is mainly to the assistance rendered by your admirable Society, that we are indebted for this blessing.”

On its Hundredth Anniversary of the foundation of the Society in 1922, just a few months after his election to the Chair of Peter, Pope Pius XI moved the national headquarters of the Society from Lyons to Rome, and made it his own. He said this:

“We wish that all the Catholic missions be assisted by a contribution of the Catholic universe, and that all the alms, no matter how small, given by each of the sons of the Church, be gathered together into one fund placed at Our disposal and that of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, to be distributed, in proportion to the needs, by a committee appointed by Us.”

This radical move of the Holy Father was logical and business-like, and as such, must appeal to American Catholics. The day has passed when as in olden times Kings and princes subsidized the

missionary works of the Church. The World War showed clearly how dangerous it is to depend upon government subsidies. For Catholics of each country to help only their own nationals would be fatal to true Catholic charity: those of rich countries would be amply provided for, and those from poor lands would starve, and the native clergy would have no providers. The Pope made the Society the great Community Chest of the Church for the missions. First he directed that it be established in every diocese, and in every parish of the Catholic world, and said: "Every Catholic should aid by his generosity the work of the Propagation of the Faith which of all mission organizations is the principal one."

An occasion to consider the missionary works of the Church will be offered next Sunday, Mission Sunday. Gratitude for what we have received in the past from missionaries who have come to our shores and for the alms which sustained them, obedience to the Holy Father who makes the appeal, a deep sense of union and fraternity which must exist in every child of the Church, a feeling that we are all members of Christ's mystical body—all these sentiments combine to inspire our Catholic people to observe this day in the spirit in which it was inaugurated by the Church.

But not for alms alone does the Holy Father appeal. "Without God we can do nothing." "It is God who worketh in you both to will and to accomplish." And again, "I have planted, Apollo hath watered, and God hath given the increase." The Society for the Propagation of the Faith would fail surely if it were only an apostolate of alms; it must also be an apostolate of prayer. The

entire Church must join in a union of hearts in holy prayer that the labors of the apostolic missionaries will be blessed with a great harvest of souls, and that everywhere, in Africa and Asia and the Islands of the South Seas, souls that dwell in the wilderness of paganism may hear the sweet name of Him Who is their Salvation as well as our own—and kneel before Him.

COURAGEOUS STRIDES BY THE CATHOLIC CHURCH

Address delivered on October 21, 1934.

It is a gloomy period in man's history. Never before has there been so much grave apprehension. Never has the future seemed more incalculable. Everywhere commercial prostration; everywhere the political cauldron seethes and bubbles; restless radicalism beclouds the horizons of all nations. We almost sense a fulfilment of the prophecy of our Lord: ". . . men withering away for fear of what is to come upon them".

Events move rapidly in our modern world; the history of a decade in the twentieth century comprehends more far-reaching events than centuries in other periods in the world's history. In the past twenty years there has been a greater change in the habits and institutions of peoples than in any five hundred years preceding. And although it is said that reverence for precedent or antiquity has disappeared, men are more than ever realizing that Christ's words do not pass away; and if in the welter of universal fear today they look for stability and courage, they must turn their eyes toward Rome, toward the Vicar of Christ. The universal crisis is compelling men sometimes even against their inclinations to look to the Church as the only abiding institution upon earth. Why should not the Catholic Church have courage? It was to Peter and Peter's successors that our Lord addressed the words: "Satan hath desired to have you, that he may sift you as wheat: But I have prayed for thee, that. . . thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren."

The Holy Father counsels us to be of good heart. He repeats to the world the injunction of Christ, "Fear not." "Let not your heart be troubled nor let it be afraid." The inheritance of the Church has always been and is today a readiness to try impossible tasks, to launch enterprises of great spiritual moment, precisely at a time when the world is paralyzed with fear. The principles of Christ's Truth do not change with good times or evil. This day, Mission Sunday, is evidence that the Church believes now as it did in Apostolic times that in all ages it must fulfill His command to "preach to every creature."

The Catholic Church is not unfamiliar with world crises, for she came into being after the crisis of Calvary. For twenty centuries she has known them. All her action is gauged not by the swift measure of worldly success, but in the mirror of eternity. When that little band of twelve men set forth to preach, the odds against them seemed overwhelming. They were few; the world unfriendly; their gospel radical and contrary to base human instincts and desires. But within them burned a flame of divine truth, which gave force and unction to their words. They proclaimed the doctrines of this Jesus whom they had known, and what is more they lived them. At first their progress was slow. But little by little, farmer and merchant and workingman and slave and soldier drank in the holy doctrines. They sensed that Christian teaching alone gave to life a meaning. Daily the little band grew larger, the stream grew into a river, then a torrent. Contempt could not stem it; persecution could not stop it. Not even

the dread edict of the mighty emperors of Rome could discourage the Apostles of Christ.

The Roman empire was the embodiment of all that was enduring and permanent in the world. When it collapsed men said the end of the world had come. But the courageous leadership of the Church rallied men to hope again. Amid chaotic ruin, the Church built a new civilization upon the teachings of Christ. Later, like swarms of locusts, hordes of Barbarians swept down upon Rome from the Northern forests. You remember, the White Robed Shepherd, Pope Leo the Great, went out to the gates of the Eternal City to meet Attila the Hun. Christian courage met savage brutality. The barbarian crisis was met: their savage hearts were subdued, not by a sword, but by the gentle sway of Catholic Faith bringing their spirits under the yoke of Christ. Yes, the Church knows what crises mean, and meets them with the patient courage of Christ.

She has never been content to wage a *defensive* warfare merely. God knows there was always work to be done at home. But she had received a command not for passive defense, but for fearless attack. So even with a constant threat of enemies nearby, her leader, the Vicar of Christ, sent captains and legions to unknown lands: Patrick to Ireland, Augustine to the Anglo-Saxons, Boniface to the German peoples, Cyril and Methodius to the Slavs. Through those Dark Ages, barbarous violence stalked across the entire continent of Europe. But the Popes sent missionaries, ministers of light and justice, to bring to men everywhere the saving and healing gospel of Christ. At the very time while battling hardest with social corruption at home, the Church even more coura-

geously than ever projected missionary enterprises abroad.

After 1300 years it seemed that all Europe was gained to the Catholic Faith. Then in the sixteenth century came the gravest crisis of all the Church had had to face. Whole nations to which Catholic missionaries at great sacrifice, sometimes of life itself, had brought the Gospel of Christ, were torn from communion with the Church. It seemed that God's purposes were brought to nothing. His promises seemed to fail. The advance of His Truth seemed checked. The expansion of His Church seemed at an end. A dark night of uncertainty encompassed her about. Here was a crisis indeed. Men could well lose hope. Now was a time for work to be done at home, rebuilding that which was in ruin.

Again, however, the bold courage of the Catholic Church was evidenced. When human prudence counselled staying at home, she sent her shock troops abroad. When sons at home were striking at the Mother who had borne them, priests followed Columbus and Vasco di Gama out on uncharted seas. Every argosy sailing the untracked waters seeking new kingdoms for sovereigns or gold for adventurous explorers bore with it missionaries of the Catholic Church seeking only the souls of men.

While not neglecting the souls at home, the Gregories and Innocents and Leos, who had heard with Peter the words, "I have prayed for thee, that thy faith fail not: and thou, being once converted, confirm thy brethren," sent missionaries to newly discovered lands, the *terrae incognitae* of the old geographers. Our glorious patron, Francis Xavier, carried the burning flame of Christ's Truth into the Far

East. He and his successors labored in Japan, India, China, and boldly ventured to the islands of the Southern Seas. They went forth with the courage of conquerors, not of territory, but of souls, "bringing into captivity every understanding unto the obedience of Christ." The glorious pioneer priests of North America, of whom I spoke last week, make every American glow with pride at their achievements: the saintly martyrs, Jogues of the mutilated hands, Lallemand and Brebeuf; the heroic Marquette; Hennepin; and Junipero Serra of tireless wanderings; all these bear tribute to the fact that America owes its first lessons in religion to missionaries with courage to go forth into strange lands and to carry out the command of Christ.

In all the twenty centuries of her long life, I believe there has never been a time when the courage of Christ has been more evident in the missionary work and program than it is now. The Catholic Church cannot give up its Christ-given task. True, sixteen years after its close, the World War still leaves its dread effects; thrones which were thought immortal have been shattered, and monarchies have crumbled. National hatreds have been accentuated to the utmost. Revolution and anarchy are lifting sinister hands at organized governments. Surely, this is a time when the Church needs to build herself at home, to labor for the social order, to protect faith against false "isms", and to seek to hold to the Faith those already Christians.

That is the suggestion of worldly prudence. But another Peter has been raised up by Almighty God, and has himself heard the words: "I have prayed for thee, Pius, that thy faith fail not, and

that thou, being strengthened, strengthen thy brethren." Facing tasks at home calculated to make a strong man blanch and grow weak, Pope Pius XI, now gloriously directing the Bark of Peter, issues the command: "Launch out into the deep." Human prudence counsels: "Build up the church at home." Pius XI orders: "Go forward into the most remote haunts of paganism." The courage of Christ is embodied in the Holy Father. *He* cannot be faithless to the command of His Master: "Go, teach all nations." His is the charity of the Good Shepherd still searching out the sheep which otherwise would be lost. Who can doubt the missionary courage of him who now sits in Peter's chair and wears the ring of the fisherman? Under the burden of the whole world's cares, he can say: "From the first moment of our Pontificate the evangelization of the world is the work which has pre-occupied our mind and heart. . . For the work of the missions is indeed the very reason for the existence of the Apostolic See."

Soon after his election to the Holy See, the white-robed Holy Father looking abroad to the missionaries in the far-off trenches of the faith who were, as he said, "fighting the battles of God and gaining holy victories of souls," discerned their greatest need. They themselves are carrying on *united* under his courageous leadership. What they need most is *unity of support* among the body of the faithful at home. The spirit of parochialism says today what it said long ago when the early Popes sent missionaries into the frontier countries of Europe: "Why go abroad, we have enough to do here at home?" The spirit of nationalism says: "We shall

build a wall around ourselves. We shall help only our own nationals."

The Church cannot ever be merely parochial. She must never be merely national. She must be a world-power; but a power without army or navy, without commerce or markets. She must be a world-power always confident and fearless and determined, because her power is the power of the spirit and because she has the consciousness of divine strength and support. She must expand even as she did in the first centuries. She must grow inwardly by the tightening of the bonds which unite her children to her and to Almighty God. She must grow outwardly in drawing to herself peoples of all countries and all conditions of life. She must grow, not because of the artificial protection of civil governments or the support of commercial enterprises, but by virtue of her own vitality, implanted into her very being by the Giver of life Himself.

This day, Mission Sunday, is then an inspiration to courage. In almost every Cathedral of the United States this morning our bishops, the successors of the Apostles, have appealed to their people for the missions. Only God knows their own burdens at home during these trying times. They are the shepherds of the flock, the fathers of the family. Like a true father the bishop's heart grieves and is sore-stricken by every sorrow of even the smallest of his faithful flock. Yet even our American bishops, in such times of appalling need at home, bless this Mission Sunday; and bid us take courage, to launch out into the deep, to share our crusts with those in the front trenches of the Faith.

But the Bishops and His Holiness point out, too,

that the Society for the Propagation of the Faith is interested not only in the material support of the missionary. It is a "union of hearts toward a lofty end". It is a union of prayers for the blessings of God upon the missionary's work. For there is nothing else to trust to in the task of advancing Christ's Kingdom. Power and influence and money and learning and human eloquence—all these together can nothing avail against Satan and against the world. The power of Christ's Church must come from above. Now, just as in the beginning, the wind of the spirit must blow, and the fire of Pentecost rest upon the workers. Our prayers must unite to help this holy cause. We possess the Holy Faith which produces such valorous missionaries. Armed with the standard of the Cross, with no other compass than obedience, with no bread save that which maketh martyrs, with no star of the sea save Mary, they toil through ever-growing dangers of death. Strangers to the wealth, the honors, the pleasures of the world, disinterested in all their undertakings, they want no other consolation in their frightful solitudes than to do good. It is only the grace of God which can make such souls—and keep them. Natural courage and strength, all human qualities, however noble, can achieve nothing in accomplishing such vast designs. They must take their strength from the Tabernacle, and derive their force from the Flesh and Blood of the Lamb of God. *Our prayers can and must aid them.* As the idols of unbelief totter, our supporting prayers can help the missionary to bear aloft the Name and Symbol of Christ.

Redouble your prayers for the missions during this Holy Year of 1934! Pray God to send laborers

into His harvest. Pray that the laborers carry on courageously in His Cause. Pray, too, for a spirit of unity and of courage among Catholics at home, so that like the missionaries, with the word of Christ as our stay, the Sacraments our strength, the Body of Christ our food, we, too, shall with them arrive at the Holy Mount of God.

IN THIS SIGN THOU SHALT CONQUER

Address delivered on October 28, 1934.

We know that there lived in Judea 1900 years ago a man whose name was Jesus. He displayed a character which even His enemies acknowledge as unique among men. He taught a most sublime doctrine. He proved His sincerity by His works. More than that, after He had proved His right to be believed, He claimed to be God. We know that though many condemned Him for this claim, and nailed Him to the Cross as a blasphemer, yet a few accepted Him and adored Him as truly the Son of the Living God.

To these few He gave the command to go forth and to teach the world concerning Him. The burden of their teaching was to be a new ideal built upon two simple commandments: "Thou shalt love the Lord, thy God" and "Thou shalt love thy neighbor as thyself." He promised them for reward misunderstanding and persecution, yet He told them that in the end His doctrines would prevail: "For, behold I am with you all days even to the consummation of the world."

Our Lord commanded His disciples: "Go, teach". We cannot forget that in every century He repeats that command to His Church. She must always labor for the spread of His Kingdom. To cease missionary enterprise is to die. The Catholic Church must always obey the command of her Founder to preach His Gospel everywhere.

It is the characteristic of the Church to advance. To press forward belongs to her very essence. Like the blood within the human body, she must always

be in motion. Stagnation is death. Apathy is treason to her Divine Founder and Leader, Who said: "Go . . . *preach* to every creature". This command is binding in a varying degree upon each individual. Obedience to it is the test of our belief in Him. When we strongly believe in Him, we are confident of the over-mastering power of His doctrines on the hearts of men. We cannot falter in missionary zeal without saying, at least by implication, "the power of Jesus Christ in the world is ended."

Even in our late day, even in our country, the missionary work of the Church is misunderstood. Some say "yes, the missions do *some* good. They bring civilization to savage peoples. They help governments establish secure institutions. They do advance the sciences of geography and of ethnology. They give us interesting accounts of strange peoples. They are valuable from a scientific or humanitarian point of view."

But the Missions are much more than this. They are not a mere by-product of Catholicity. *They are Catholicity*. The history of the Missions is the history of the Church. They are the *raison d'être* of the Priesthood, of the Episcopate, the Papacy itself. Our present gloriously reigning Holy Father, Pius XI, has said: "As it was to Peter that Our Divine Lord said 'Feed my lambs, feed my sheep,' it is then the responsibility of Peter's successors to press the work of the Apostolate. The work of the Missions is the very reason for the existence of the Papacy."

There has never been a period in the history of the Catholic Church when her missionary lines have been flung over a wider area of the earth's surface than they are at present. In whatever country of the world you may now venture you will

find her priests and sisters. It is interesting to note that in China there have been twice as many converts to the Catholic Church during the past twenty years as in the entire hundred years preceding. In India the advance has been even more remarkable. Since 1870, more natives in India have become Catholics than during the 400 years preceding. Africa, too, the Dark Continent, is one of the most flourishing missionary fields of the Church. In that continent there are over ninety dioceses, three thousand priests, and about three million Catholics.

Since 1922, the year when it was given to Pope Pius XI to wear the ring of the Fisherman, almost incredible progress has been made. In these twelve short years over six million non-Christians have been converted to the Catholic Church. More than 140 new missions have been established. 1200 native priests have been ordained. 1300 European or American priests have been sent to far-off fields. 11,500 schools, 436 dispensaries, 244 orphanages, 90 hospitals, have been built in pagan lands. In the air race during the past week from London to Australia, it is safe to say that over whatever jungle the flyers travelled they were never far from a Catholic mission, a priest, or a nun. Everywhere, missionaries. Everywhere, the Cross of Christ, the Sign of our Redemption.

The bright vision of our gains, however, becomes blurred when we consider the countless human souls still buried in paganism and outside the reach of missionary influence. A vast multitude has not yet heard the echo of the Good Tidings. Thus apparently for millions and millions of souls the Sacrifice of Calvary is of no avail. A look at

the map of the world, over the immense regions where the Cross of the Redeemer has not yet been planted, should give us pause. This depressing spectacle it is that torments the souls of all missionaries. It grieves the heart of Pius XI, the Pope of the Missions, whose concern for the well-being of the pagan masses has produced so many remarkable and holy enterprises.

A striking story is told of one whose name later became famous in North American history, Jacques Cartier—a story worthy of a saint. Just a few weeks ago, Canada celebrated the four hundredth anniversary of his landing at Gaspe, on the St. Lawrence. One day, in the Cathedral of St. Malo, his native town in France, he was assisting at the Requiem Mass of a friend. The sad strains of the *Dies Irae*, the most touching of poems, the most world-weary of sacred chants, were echoing within the sacred walls. Suddenly, a verse to which he had never before adverted, went straight to his heart: "Tantus Labor Non Sit Cassus"—"O! let not so much of the labor of Christ have been spent in vain!"

What a train of thought a line of verse or a solemn chant can sometimes bring on! This Christian hero was overcome by the reflection that the sufferings of Christ for so many myriads of His children were wasted. So many were living in darkness! For so many souls, the Sacred Blood was shed in vain! And he sensed vividly the duty imposed upon all the disciples of Christ to become co-laborers of His in spreading the knowledge of His cause. A few months afterwards, he left his native land and planted the Cross upon the shores of the St. Lawrence.

Today, if men will but lift their eyes to see,

they will find the forces of the Catholic Church at work everywhere, pressing forward in the cause of Christ on every horizon, "making all things new" in His Holy Name. There are indeed forbidding omens and portents in the international life of nations. Communism and anarchy are lifting their heads. A spirit of exaggerated nationalism is everywhere. But God's arm is not shortened. He is still with His Church. There are signs that indicate strongly that it is the will of Divine Providence that she, her bishops, her priests, her laity, must now bend themselves as never before to the great work of furthering the evangelization of the pagan world. I am confident that God's hour has come for many pagan peoples—that the chains of their slavery can now be broken—if only we of the household of the Faith bend ourselves to the task.

The first, the outstanding sign that God's hour has sounded for the non-Christian peoples is the evident conviction amongst them of the necessity of a unified, authoritative voice in religious matters. In looking over the Mission fields, I see that the native peoples themselves and their leaders have lost confidence in missionary representatives who preach nationalism rather than Christianity.

Like the thinking portion of our own population, the peoples of the Orient are bewildered by the confusion of voices which come to them claiming to express Christianity. As these people share the general unrest consequent upon the War, they sense also the desire for a universal faith—a faith that speaks not with the stammering accents of fallible men, but with the authority and support of God Himself. The task of bringing to native populations a united Christ can not be accomplished by a divided

Christianity. Is it not plain that the only flag or standard which the missionary can bear is the Cross? The only sentiment which can inspire him is "Tantus Labor Non Sit Cassus!"—"Let not Christ's Blood have been shed in vain!"

The very confusion resultant from the World War has engendered an ardent desire for unity. More needful to satisfy this craving than a political League of Nations is a spiritual League of Nations. And this is a functioning, living thing. It is the Catholic Church. Men in far-off places are feeling the need of it—they are also looking toward it, as the universal faith intended by Jesus Christ for all men.

Doubtless, this anxious desire for unity is prompting the almost universal recognition of the Holy Father by the peoples of the world. With a kind of instinct, the eyes of all turn toward Rome. Who could fail to be touched this Holy Year when men of all races came as pilgrims to Peter's Chair? I saw there Indian and Chinese and Japanese and African priests, who with their European and American brothers of the clergy had journeyed far to show their loyalty to the Holy Father, and to inflame their missionary zeal from his own—the spiritual father of all peoples.

There are two signs, then, that the time is opportune for the missionary forces of Catholic Faith to advance: there is a universal desire for religious unity and all peoples are showing their friendship for the Holy See. But there are also other signs which give much hope to the Catholic heart.

One is that almost everywhere, missionary vocations are multiplying. During the great War when the line of battle was bending under the tremend-

ous pressure of the massed hostile armies, from the weakening ranks rang out the call for "Men, more Men". The Great War was an international contest in man power. During those aching years of agony, cannon, machine-guns, explosives, aeroplanes, were rushed to the front. But above the crackling of the machine-gun, above the deadly hum of the aeroplane, the cry "Men, more Men" was always heard. The world became a huge military training camp. The ocean lanes were crowded with ships freighted with human cargoes. Yet, ever and always, the cry persisted: "Men, more Men, and still more Men"—a cry of frenzy, of despair. Men counted; man-power won the day.

In the spiritual warfare which the Church is waging today on so many frontiers, from every mission of the far-flung lines of the Church Militant, comes the cry: "Missionaries, more Missionaries, and still more Missionaries". From the distant shores of Oceanica, from the mysterious haunts of India and China, from darkest Africa, from the "Land of the Rising Sun", comes this call inviting the whole Catholic World to missionary action. And, thank God, our youth are responding. Twenty years ago, there was not *one* American Catholic seminary training young men for the foreign missions. Now there are 17 in which such students are trained. Then there was not one student preparing for foreign missionary work. Now there are nearly two thousand. Then there were only a few American workers in fields afar. Now there are 1545—630 priests, 195 brothers, 720 sisters.

What is true here is still more true in other lands. Little Holland, out of a Catholic population of one-and-one-half million, has nearly 2000 young

men in her foreign mission seminaries. Belgium is feverish with missionary vocations. Germany and Italy and Ireland and England now have more missionary vocations than even before the war. Because of her loss of man-power during the War, France, the eldest daughter of the Church, which has for decades manned more than one-half of the mission fields of the Church, was for a time forced to retrench. But now in France the seminaries for the missions are again crowded. This increase of missionary vocations, then, is another hopeful sign for the Apostolate. Another is the awakening of popular interest in the support of missionary works. It seems that the whole Catholic world is stirred to the heart, as Jacques Cartier was by the thought "Tantus Labor Non Sit Cassus"—"Let not the sufferings of our Lord have been in vain!"

In his allocution of Pentecost, 1922, the Holy Father uttered the following momentous words: "If only one soul were lost through our delay or lack of generosity; if only one missionary were reduced to helplessness because the means at our disposal are not forthcoming, ours would be a responsibility so grave that it cannot too often be called to mind."

If we live by faith and Christian idealism, we will become apostles. We will awaken in our own hearts and then in those of the lukewarm or indifferent a spirit of generosity. The love of Christ shall prompt us. The thought of His Blood, shed on Calvary for all mankind, shall impel us. Gratitude for the blessings of the Redemption shall make us ever stand by those who labor in mission fields to extend the Kingdom of God, at home or abroad.

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