

The Precursor



MONTREAL, SEPTEMBER-OCTOBER 1955, No. 11, Vol. XX, 33rd year

The Precursor

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MONTREAL

September-October 1955

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IMPRIMATUR:

† His Eminence P. Emile Cardinal Leger
Archbishop of Montreal
January 7, 1955

NIHIL OBSTAT:

J. Chartiez, cens. dep.
June 15, 1955.



KARONGA, NYASSALAND

Shepherdless Sheep

SR. MARGARET OF JESUS(1), MLC.

When, previous to the miraculous multiplication of loaves, the apostles would have dismissed the crowds leaving them to get their food as best they could, Our Lord bade them provide for their needs on the spot. Faithful to this admonition, Rev. Gerard Leger, Superior of the Karonga Mission, has taken pity not only on his own flock but also on the neighbouring non-Christian populations, straying here and there like sheep without a shepherd. Wishing to provide them with spiritual nourishment, he has built, with the help of Brother Ulric and a group of Christians, a rustic chapel at the outpost of Ngerenge.

With the opening days of the present year, the new sanctuary was inaugurated. This simple ceremony meant great happiness for the zealous shepherd of souls who had worked hard to realize his apostolic ambition. We Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate also had a share in this happy event.

1. Emilia Martin, St. Francis of Assisi, Bonaventure Co.

On the eve of the important day, Sr. St. Elias(1) and Sr. St. Serge(2) left for Ngerenge to prepare the chapel for the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. A couple of sheets decorated with a huge cross cut out of crepe paper did duty as altar drape. Colorful streamers and pennants helped to conceal the bare rafters and beams of the thatched roof.

Sr. Madeleine Marie(3), Sr. St. Yvette(4), and I left Karonga early the following morning to put the finishing touches to the preparatives. For half an hour our adventurous little jeep laboured over lumpy jungle roads and across a shallow stream. We arrived at the *caritii* in time to hear Mass. A gathering of curious Africans from all over the neighbouring villages surrounded our car in such numbers that we found it impossible to move. Rev. Father Superior finally had to clear a way for us that we might enter the chapel.

Before Mass began, we were duly introduced to the chief *Fumu* and the elders who gave us a very hearty welcome. At present there are only about a dozen converts to our holy Faith at Ngerenge but the missionaries have great hopes for the future. After Mass, Reverend Father Leger warmly thanked all those who had given of their time and labor to help him erect this modest house of worship. The *Fumu* then opened a passage in the packed assistance to permit the priest to bless the crude walls of the *Nyumba ya Ciula*.

The people of Ngerenge may be pagans addicted to polygamy and superstitions but they are no atheists. They firmly believe in God's power. The *Fumu* was heard to remark "Now that the Catholics have arrived in our village, we'll have as much rain as we need." It appears that the heavenly Father was pleased to realize this man's naive trust in Him, for there was a heavy rainfall during the night following the inauguration of the chapel. *Deo Gratias!* It was seedtime and because of the drought, the earth was parched and cracked causing much anxiety. Now a plentiful harvest may reasonably be expected.

Towards noon arrived delegations of Boy Scouts and Girl Guides from our mission school in Karonga, scheduled to give demonstrations of calisthenics and African dances. The *Fumu*, a stately figure of jungle wisdom and dignity presided, flanked by four of his favorite wives. Africans en masse grouped themselves all around, forming a living palisade. Dancing boys and girls were black rhythm against the blazing sunshine. Their performance was greeted by high cries and simple delight. Never had the village green seen such wonderful doings!

Towards three, in the afternoon, we had our belated dinner in one of the huts. We closed the door to assure ourselves a modicum of privacy only to find that the open square serving as window was packed with beaming black faces. To the villagers this seemed better than a three-ring circus back

1. Therese Godbout, St. Louis, Sask.

2. Jeanne d'Arc Corriveau, St. Sebastien d'Iberville, P.Q.

3. Madeleine Loranger, Westmount, Montreal, P.Q.

4. Yvette Carle, Joliette, P.Q.

home. Grown-ups held up their children at arm's length so they would not miss this rare show of foreign women sitting down at a table to eat. A few of the "higher society" of Ngerenge looked on benignly from under the shade of parasols. We found this amusing and at first a little annoying. But remembering St. Paul who made himself all things to all men in order to win them all to His King and Lord, we smiled and waved at the spectators. Let us hope our first trip to Ngerenge will have given the Africans a favorable impression.

THE MAN NEAREST TO CHRIST

St. Joseph enjoys the unique distinction of being designated Patron and Protector of the Universal Church.

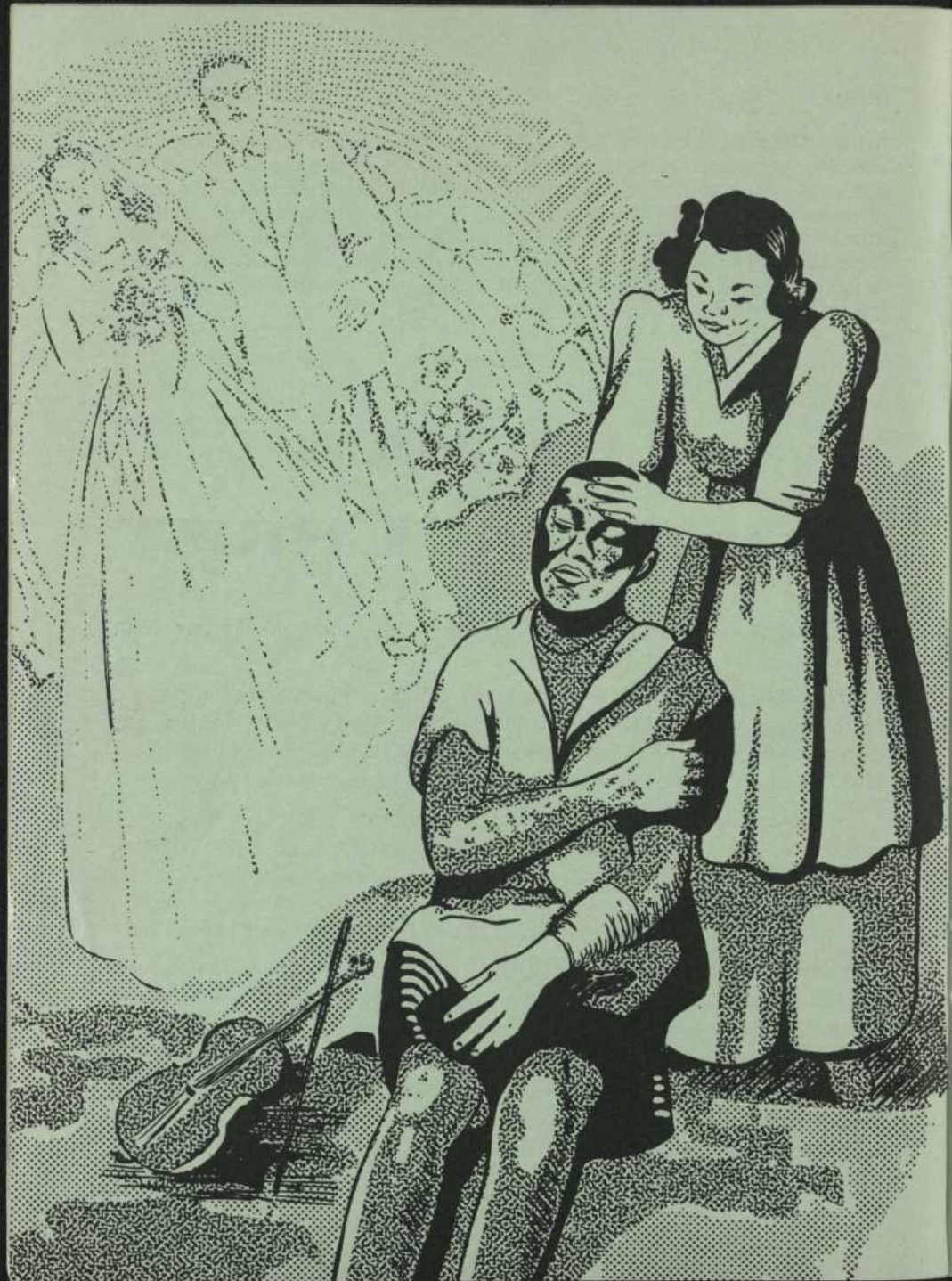
The Holy Spirit of God is Himself the author of devotion to St. Joseph. In the pages of Holy Writ we behold this great Saint standing forth as the elect of God, a man of angelic chastity, of perfect justice and of unswerving faith, to whom the two most precious treasures of heaven were entrusted.

St. Joseph has touched on our human existence in all its phases. He was a scion of kings, yet a humble labourer; he was a protector of childhood, womanhood, virginity; the head of the family sees in him a model for closest imitation; he is the special patron of the interior life and of all souls who aim after holiness. And his interest is no less intense in helping to bring back to God the fallen, the outcast, and the wanderer.

Thus it is that St. Joseph has been designated as Patron of the Universal Church. One who in time, and now in eternity, was and is so near to Christ cannot but be interested in every member and in each group of the Church of Christ. Today St. Joseph exercises the same fatherly care over the members of the Church that he once exercised over Jesus and Mary.

We must all "go to Joseph" and learn from him how to be truly Catholic.

Editorial from the *Nfld Monitor*



Broken

Romance

SR. ST. EDMUND(1), M.I.C.

The Nuptial Mass was over. To the triumphant strains of the organ, the bridal pair came smilingly down the aisle, Pedro looking as if he had conquered a kingdom, Nina as if the world could offer nothing more. Outside on the plaza, noisy groups of relatives and friends assailed them with congratulations and wished them long years of wedded happiness. Nature itself seemed to share in the festive mood of all, for never had the sunshine filtered purer amber through the swaying palm trees, the flowers shed more exquisite fragrance, the birds trilled more melodious songs.

As she stood there clinging to the strong arm of her husband, an unaccountable premonition clutched like a cold hand at Nina's heart. What were the words Father Jose had used as they pledged their troth? "To have and to hold . . . for better or for worse . . ." The "better" she found so blissfully sweet . . . What if the "better" should yield place to the "worse"? At that moment, Pedro's jovial voice brought her out of these somber musings and she followed him gladly to where a family banquet awaited them.

True, the same mysterious misgivings haunted her again late that evening as with many a tremulous sigh she carefully laid away her white dress and veil. It seemed almost that no one human heart had a right to such ecstasies of joy as had been hers today . . . Still, had not the good Lord told his children in His Gospel that they should take each day as it comes with its burden of joy or of pain, and not worry over the happenings of the morrow? She knelt for a few moments before the family shrine and her heart overflowed with a prayer of thankfulness as she entrusted her young life and that of her beloved to the Father who holds in tender hands our human destinies.

During the first years of their marriage, contentment was a constant guest at their neat little house on stilts, capped with thatch. A baby boy Vito, soon followed by a little sister called Celia soon filled its latticed walls with laughter. Their coming sharpened the young couple's keen zest in living, made their labors seem more light, painted the future in hopeful hues.

But roly-poly Celia had hardly toddled her first steps when sorrow began to prowl around the nipa hut that until now had housed so much happiness. Pedro, robust, happy-go-lucky Pedro, sickened with a strange, baffling disease. His face and arms itched at times almost intolerably, large white blotches appeared on his back and legs, and a sore on one of his fingers which seemed at first harmless refused to heal up completely. He grew moody,

1. Irma De LaDurantaye, Cap St. Ignace, P.Q.

irritable, endeavoring to hide his condition from Nina's loving eyes, for he could not bear to see the anguished, questioning look in their lustrous depths. So, one day, he decided to face facts. After all, medical authorities might prove his surmised to be wrong . . . Alas, the laboratory tests only served to slam the door on his last hopes; there was no longer any doubt possible — he was leprous. The grim nightmare of segregation now began to haunt his days and nights. He knew that there was no evading this law of the land regarding lepers. His beautiful Nina, his precious babies would be torn from him. All his friends would recoil at his approach, for he was now an outcast, a victim of absurd and criminal contempt.

But he had counted without the strong love in the heart of his little wife. Something deep and intuitive sped her down the path to meet him as he dragged himself home from the clinic, and though her face was ravaged with sadness at his news her voice was calm and persuasive. She spoke soothing words, striving to lift him out of the slough of despondency, assuring him that he would not be left alone in his misery, for she intended to follow him in segregation at least within the limits allowed. Try as he might to dissuade her, nothing could make her change her mind.

And so they left together one morning along the same white coral road bordered with flowering mimosa they had so happily trod on their wedding day three short years ago. Their hearts were torn with grief as they turned



for a last glimpse of the cosy home nestling under the shade of the old eucalyptus. All its doors and windows were barred as if to shut out the sight of their exodus.

A few days later they were settled down, Pedro a patient at the hospital, Nina and the children in a tiny cottage adjoining. For the first few weeks, it seemed that nothing could erase the look of almost sullen despair from the sick man's face. He felt lonely, as his wife who had to care for their children and earn a living could barely snatch a few hours from her work in the evening to visit and console him. But uphold his courage she did, in her gentle unobtrusive way. She chatted about Vito and Celia, related their latest pranks, quoted their precocious remarks. Sometimes, she brought him flowers or a dish he was particularly fond of.

Thanks to expert medication and Nina's moral building-up, Pedro's condition gradually began to improve and he became his old cheerful self once again. His sores healed, the white blotches disappeared. Before twelve months had elapsed, the doctors declared that he was well on his way to recovery. Of course he would have to remain two more years at the Lazaretto, for such were the regulations. But, at least the young couple could now look forward to returning home within a fixed time.

Nina marked the months as they went by until at last only three were left between them and liberty. How joyfully she planned to pick up again the disrupted threads of their romance! Through a rosy mist of dreams she made her way to her husband's side, but the moment she espied his slumped figure under the shade of the acacia trees, she guessed something was amiss. The face he turned to her was the very picture of depression. "What has happened, Pedro?" she asked solicitously. "Are you feeling worse today?" He shook his head dejectedly. "The doctor came through this morning for the regulation check-up —" He broke off, his eyes stubbornly averted. Suddenly the truth dawned on Nina — her husband was once again positive. Their homegoing dreams had been shattered like fragile soap bubbles and frustration had torn to shreds the fabric of their life joys.

Dreary days followed during which Nina multiplied her visits, valiantly struggling to pour the strength of her confidence into his bewildered hopelessness. With prayer and the merciful grace of God the years brought a measure of resignation in Pedro's soul. But the cruel relentless disease slowly but surely continued to drain the wellsprings of life in his youthful frame.

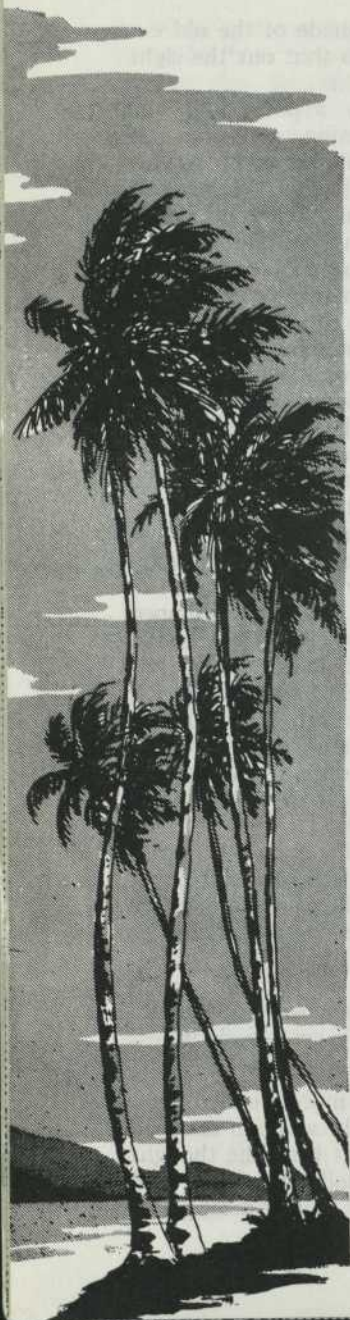
Nina bravely kept on her life of sacrifice and devotedness, bringing up her children, bolstering her husband's courage although even her dauntless spirit quailed at times before the bitterness of her trial.

One evening when she had returned from her work more wearied than usual with the endless endeavor to make both ends meet, she was half tempted to omit for once her customary visit to the hospital. But then she thought the better of it and set out carrying as present a mandolin which she had managed to buy at the cost of many personal privations. Bitter disappoint-

ment awaited her, for she found Pedro in one of his blackest moods. Instead of thanking her for her delicate attention, he rudely swept the instrument aside and bitterly complained on the loss of all that made life worth living. What had he done to see this slow-moving fungus of a loathsome disease eat away his manhood day by day?

Poor Nina went home in tears, her soul a sea of conflicting emotions. She had reached a point where her sorrow seemed too heavy to bear any longer. Pedro thought only about himself . . . He apparently did not realize the hardships she must face in rearing her children unaided, the isolation that made the world seem a desert since they had been forced to live apart. After all, was she not a fool to waste her youth clinging to a man whose monstrous figure now filled her with a mounting repulsion? A perverse interior voice insinuated that others had, without scruple, broken irksome bonds . . . that such a life was unbearable. Her own relatives when they came for distant and flying visits taunted her on her lasting attachment to a leper, a man accursed according to their judgment. Far into the night the battle raged in her soul between faithfulness to her marriage vow "for better and for worse" and the attraction of an easy, carefree life. In her distress she suddenly turned her head and looked towards the opposite wall at the luminous crucifix she had brought from her native *barrio*. The eyes of Christ seemed to reproach her gently for wavering in her trust. She rose and fell on her knees before the blessed image. Although her lips refused to frame her prayer, her heart sent up an earnest call for help. After hours of this silent supplication, Nina felt everything had fallen back into focus again. All was in God's hands . . . the loneliness . . . the frustration . . . His Heart counted each effort, each hurt, each misunderstanding, and His reward was forthcoming. From this, her Gethsemane vigil, the young wife rose comforted and strengthened ready to tread her way of the Cross unto the bitter end.

Seventeen seemingly endless years dragged by for the little family group. Pedro's face was now a mask of rounded, yellow and dark-brown nodules, a hideous ugliness behind which a human soul still lived.



Faithful and tenderly attentive until the very last, Nina hovered beside his bed to console his dying moments. The moribund could no longer speak but his claw-like right hand pointed upwards to heaven — their eternal trysting place.

Under a magnolia tree in full bloom they laid him to rest. His wife had a white cross erected over his grave and planted all around the flowers he had loved. Faithful even in death she often comes with her two children to kneel beside these mortal remains no different now from those of princes and kings. She knows that her love has not been broken but only transplanted into the fadeless radiance of eternity.



NEW RELIGIONS IN JAPAN

The number of new religions in Japan is larger and their doctrines more unique than similar growths in other countries.

The fact was noted in a paper on "a Religious Phenomenon in post-war Japan" read by a Sophia University professor at the 23rd International Congress of Orientalists in Cambridge, England.

Interviewed here after his return from the Congress, Jesuit Father William Schiffer declared that 120 of the 371 religious bodies with legal status in Japan at the present time, came into existence during or after World War II. A few years ago the overall number was 720.

Almost half of the new-fangled religions are Buddhist or Shintoist in origin while at least 40 follow no traditional pattern but are more or less from the soil with a mixture of monotheism, polytheism and pantheism. Faith-healing plays a large part in most of them, Father Schiffer explained.

Father Schiffer identified a few of the more unique cults as, Denki-Bunka-kyo or Electrical Cultural Religion, which has Thomas Edison, discoverer of electricity, as its principal god; the Tensho-Kodaijingu-kyo or Dancing Religion, followers of which propagate their cult by performing openly on the streets a dance called the "dance of unselfishness"; and finally the PL-Kyodan or Perfect Liberty Religion which holds that man must live as guided by his first impulses or inspirations.

The existence of these hotch-podge religions has its humorous side, concluded Father Schiffer, but they also show the deep religious sense of the Japanese people. All have sizable followings and many count their believers in hundreds of thousands.

Women have founded a great number of the Shinko-Sjukyō or newly established religions.

Tosei News

ONE YEAR IN PADADA

SR. GENEVIEVE OF NANTERRE(1), M.I.C.

On May 31, 1954, St. Michael's Academy was born under the blessing of Holy Mother Church and with the approbation of the State. On the following June 15, its roster registered over three hundred boys and girls from 10 to 22 years of age. The eight classes were filled to overflowing. Pupils flocked to St. Michael's from the public school, the non sectarian school, the Catholic school, each one of them with a different scientific baggage. These varied elements gradually blended to form a homogeneous whole.

To realize our apostolic ambition and encourage all our students to become practising Catholics, it was necessary for the Academy to provide as many wholesome attractions as possible. Therefore, leagues of basketball, volley ball, and soft ball soon began to practice and wrestle for inter-school championship before attempting competition with neighbouring schools. Units of Scouts and Cadets were organized. Each feast was marked by literary and musical entertainments which won not a few laurels for our budding artists. The Marian Year with its program of religious activities helped to lay the bases of a much needed spiritual renovation. Day after day the Sister catechists aided by their Immaculate Queen, broke the bread of truth to famished Filipino youth. The results were most consoling. For the past year, St. Michael's spiritual balance sheet may be resumed as follows: numerous baptisms of converts from the church of Aglipay or from the different Protestant sects, belated First Communions, return of non-practising Catholics, orientation of the fervent in ways of active apostolate.

From the school campus the missionary influence of youth soon spread outside. Militant Catholic Actionists grounded the children of their respective *barrios* in catechism lessons; members of the Marian section re-established in family circles the blessed devotion of the Rosary; those enrolled in the Eucharistic section endeavoured to win numerous adorers to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

This grace-laden year culminated in the first graduation on April 2, 1955. Seventeen proud and elated graduates received their diplomas at the hands of His Excellency The Most Rev. C. Thibault, D.D., Administrator of Davao. The ceremony was inaugurated by the formal entrance march of the white-clad graduates followed by the lay professors in cap and gown. His Excellency presided, wearing his purple robes. Songs were rendered and poems recited, prizes and diplomas were awarded.

While this impressive pageant of life went on we recalled how, last year, tall cocoanut palms swayed in the breeze where St. Michael's now stands. Thank God, Our Lady, and St. Michael for the success of this splendid missionary enterprise. Those who sowed amid hardships of all kinds are now joyfully harvesting their first crops.

First Graduation Ceremony, St. Michael's High School, PADADA
presided over by His Excellency The Most Reverend C. Thibault,



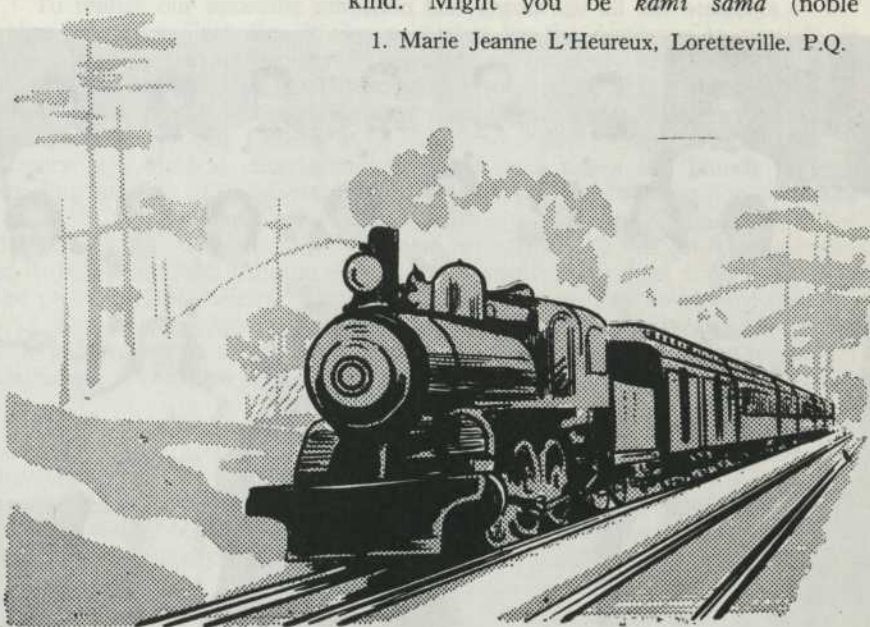
In Journeys Often

SR. ST. ANGELA OF MERICI(1), M.I.C.

Providence often provides us humble missionaries with unforeseen opportunities of spreading the glad tidings. Aboard our Tokyo bound train, the other day, we were privileged to open up new horizons on things spiritual to a good number of souls hungering after the truth.

At one of the rural stations along the way, an aged peasant woman entered the coach and sat directly opposite from where we were. Apparently she found us very unusual specimens of humanity. After appraising us for a few moments, she leaned forward and exclaimed, "Honorable ones, this is the first time I've seen people of your kind. Might you be *kami sama* (noble

1. Marie Jeanne L'Heureux, Loretteville, P.Q.



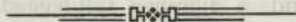
deities)?” We laughingly denied any affinity with the divine and told *obasan* (old aunt) that we were just ordinary mortals who had dedicated their lives to the Lord of Heaven. The old woman was deeply interested. She kept up a barrage of questions in such loud tones that many a passenger closed book or magazine and turned to listen with tolerant smiles. From my handbag I took out some leaflets entitled “Is there a God?” and “Is Religion Necessary?” offering them to our new found friend. She commented aloud to some University students sitting across the aisle with the result that they also asked for a few. Others soon followed this example, for the Japanese have a veritable passion for the written word. In no time our leaflets were in the hands of nearly all the people riding the same coach.

When the conductor called out Utsunomiya, *obasan* prepared to leave. Opening her box of *bento* (lunch) she took out two balls of sticky rice with salt plums stuck in the middle wrapped them up in paper and thrust them into our hands. “I’m sure you are hungry,” she said as she pressed on us these tokens of her gratitude. Before we had time to protest, she was gone.

At another station, a Buddhist monk boarded the train. He examined us furtively while we pretended to be immersed in some books we had brought along. Then he drew near and bowed elaborately, “May I speak to the honorable ones?” He bowed again then continued, “Do the *sensei* (professors) teach any religious songs at their noble kindergarten?”

“Certainly. We teach hymns and prayers, simple ones of course, that little children can easily manage to learn.”

“That is a good idea. I also conduct a kindergarten on the temple grounds but I never yet attempted to teach my pupils the *sutrah*.” He was silent for a while then asked “Does your religion teach anything about the forgiveness of sins?” Poor Buddhist monk! He may have been a master in ancient Buddhist lore but he was evidently ignorant of Christ’s sacred teachings. And yet his appeared to be a soul of goodwill, eager to probe the mysteries of life and death. He willingly accepted a pamphlet on the forgiveness of sins and carefully noted down the address we gave him of the Catholic mission situated in the vicinity of his temple. May the seeds cast into these souls on a chance meeting aboard a railway coach produce a hundred-fold.



We do not desire some ideal Church, a Church of the philosopher or the poet. Though our mother be travel-stained with long journeying, though her countenance be furrowed with care and trouble — yet, she is our mother. In her heart burns the ancient love. Out of her eyes shines the ancient faith. From her hands flow ever the ancient blessings. What would heaven be without God? What would the earth be without this Church . . . ?

Dr. Karl Adams

Gilles, Read This!

SR. MARIE LAURA(1), M.L.C.

I am writing this to you, Gilles, you who, when I left for the Antilles hardly came up to my knee and wondered why your mother cried so as the train pulled out of the station . . . Since then, you have grown and grown until you are almost a man. Life has been a stern teacher to you depriving you as it did of your beloved Dad. That is why I am writing you this, for I know you are now in a better measure to grasp the serious side of living. It will perhaps help you to appreciate the missionary vocation as the most sublime of all callings.

Since HAZEL paid a blustering visit to our Island, late last year, our good people have fallen headlong from hard-working poverty into stark destitution. Indeed, the grim shadow of starvation is spreading all over the land. Because they are famished, our good Haitians fall an easy prey to disease. The saddest part of the story is that they have no means to remedy to their ills; they have not even enough strength left to come to our dispensary for medication. So we have obtained permission to go out to them, taking what medicines we can.

Let me tell you about one such visitations made to Morency where I accompanied the Sister-Nurse, Sr. Eustelle of the Eucharist(2), on her rounds. Morency is a tiny out-of-the-way hamlet lying beyond the *mornes* (hills). It can be reached only on horseback. We left early, Sister cantering on ahead with Christian, the guide, in tow while I sedately brought up the rear riding *Caprice*, a sturdy mount who for years has been carrying many a missionary up and down the countryside.

After half an hour of uneventful riding along a narrow path stretching like a cool green corridor between two fields of sugar cane ten or twelve feet high, we reached the wooded hills peering one over the other. Everywhere the heady fragrance of orange blossoms floated in the atmosphere. By the side of a shallow pond, a dignified tall-legged plover eyed the waters thoughtfully in the hope of catching a belated breakfast.

The guide announced, "Mothers, we are almost there!" Almost but not quite. Vainly did we scan the neighbourhood for some sign of a village or even of the meanest human habitation. Worse still, a sheer cliff barred the way which at first sight sent thrills of apprehension tingling down our spines. There was no visible path and the incline was all but perpendicular. With consummate prudence, Christian guided our mounts along a narrow ledge, throwing out occasional advice, "Keep the reins well in hand," —

1. Eva Marier, Quebec.

2. Eustelle Samson, Lauzon, P.Q.

"Keep your mind in the middle..." So slowly that the moments seemed interminable, the horses went up the tortuous trail. At the summit we were rewarded by the picturesque spectacle of Morency blinking in the tropical sunshine beside the white-capped Carribean. Making out our cavalcade as it threaded its way down the rocky ladder, a group of children splashing about in the water, piped "Pe la yo... Pe la yo!" (the Fathers, the Fathers). Their mistake was plausible as Sisters had never yet been seen in this region.

A warm reception, warm in both ways, awaited us when we reached the village. While Christian went out to inform the scattered villagers of our arrival, a kind Haitian woman placed her hut at our disposal as a field dispensary. Mrs. Francois, the teacher, brought to the door her class of thirty pupils to be introduced to the Mothers. We had just the time to distribute some holy cards and medals to these little ones, when a poor woman almost ran in holding a puny baby in her arms, begging us to do something. One glance at the child, suffering from pneumonia complicated by a festering abscess on its lower limbs, convinced Sister that he would probably not be living at our next visit. As the mother told us he was not yet baptized, it was my privilege to pour the blessed water that garbed his soul in the garment of sanctifying grace. I named him after you, dear Gilles, so now, you have a new intercessor in heaven, for the poor mite did not outlive the day.

Before treating the other patients who already crowded around, we recited part of the Rosary with them much to their satisfaction. They seldom get the chance to assist at any religious affairs around here. As one of the patients put it, "We of Morency live in almost complete isolation. Your visit has been just heavenly! Now we rely on you, dear Mothers, to plead our cause with Bishop Collignon. Tell him to give us a resident pastor, to send some Sisters to teach our children and attend our sick. Please come to visit us again as often as you can."

After three hours, our supply of medicine began to dwindle and there were still a good number of patients waiting to be treated. But it was time to ride back home. We felt happy to have helped relieve at least a few of Christ's suffering members but, oh, how we wished it were in our power to do more for these souls of good will. "Lord, send laborers into Thy harvest..." This is a prayer that goes up continually from our lips and hearts to the Master Missioner. Dear Gilles, I rely on you to repeat it also, as often as you can but more especially at the elevation of the Mass.

Can you guess what happened at the end of this day filled with apostolic labors? As we dismounted after a ride of almost two hours, a messenger handed Sr. Eustelle of the Eucharist a telegram. Back in Canada her aged father had just passed away. We no longer wondered why our day had overflowed with heavenly blessings. These had no doubt been purchased by the supreme sacrifice of a generous homefront missionary.



Above: Foundations of a school to be conducted by the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception, Clear Water Bay Road, HONG KONG, China.

Below: Before the blessing of the cornerstone, March 25, 1955, the contractor, Mr. Lee, signs the traditional document. Standing: Sr. St. Lazarus (Juliette Rainville Beauport), Sr. St. Viator (Aurore Lapointe, Montreal).



Above: Reverend Father Orlando, pastor of St. Teresa's parish, places the copper casket inside the stone.

Below: His Excellency The Most Reverend L. Bianchi personally seals the stone.



Above center: His Excellency Bishop Bianchi, Sr. St. Alexander (Alexandrine Surprenant, St. Alexandre d'Iberville), Sr. Marie Celina (Gracia Blanchet, Drummondville).
Below: All-around rejoicing follows.

Claudio Milite

SR. CECILIA OF THE ANGELS(1), M.L.C.

Hardly had the doors of St. Michael's Academy been thrown open to welcome Filipino youth in quest of knowledge, than Catholic Action units were organized among the students. Many were the noble, generous hearts who caught at this opportunity of proving their love for Christ. In grateful return for the great boon of Christian education, they now want to do all in their power to help others reach the eternal goal.

Today, let me introduce you to one of these ardent apostles, Claudio Milite, a third year pupil who was among the first to be enrolled in the Catholic Action movement. Sister Principal, Sr. Genevieve of Nanterre, (2) entrusted him with the task of preparing for their First Holy Communion the children of his *barrio* who attend public school. To encourage him she promised to visit his village as soon as his pupils would have learnt their catechism and prayers.

One Saturday, it was my privilege to accompany Sister Principal to Malinao. Our pastor lent us his jeep to facilitate our trip, the first part of which was uneventful enough. But after a while, we came to a stretch of road rendered almost impassable by recent torrential downpours, and potholes and gullies gave our conveyance a camellike motion which stirred disagreeable memories of sea sickness. Suddenly we jerked to a stop. The jeep refused to budge from the deep muddy ruts where it was encased as in a vise. Fortunately, a group of young men loitering at the door of a wayside shop, agreed to pull us out of this tight spot. At long last we reached Malinao without further mishap.

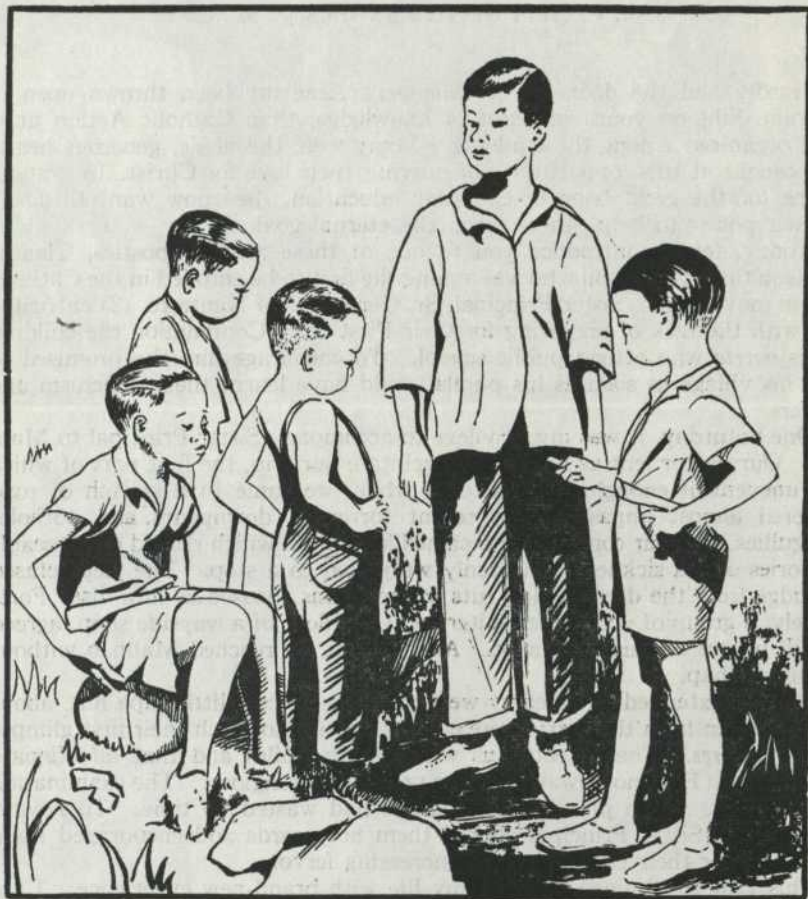
Claudio extended us a hearty welcome. In his cool little nipa hut, about forty children from the *barrio* were eagerly waiting to catch their first glimpse of the *Madres*. They greeted us with kindly smiles and that affectionate respect which Filipinos always show to priests and religious. The examination was a success which proved that Claudio had wasted no time. To reward the children, Sister Principal offered them holy cards and encouraged them to prepare for their great day with increasing fervor.

This visit to Malinao enriched my life with brand-new experience. I am now more fully acquainted with the living conditions of my own pupils and I understand better why they cannot always assist at Sunday Mass. Considerable distances plus bad roads are genuine impediments. On the other

1. Cecile Kirouac, Bristol, Conn.

2. Geneviève St. Pierre, Montreal.

hand, Claudio's success has stressed the potentialities of the lay apostolate in the *barrios*. At least eleven other militant Catholic Actionists are at work in so many different villages. Even if we had come to the Philippines



only to kindle the flame of zeal in a few hearts, would it not be still more than worth while?

Malinao's First Communion ceremony was set for December 19. God alone knows at the cost of how many sacrifices Claudio realized his plans. Each family had to be contacted with in order to arrange for the trips back

and forth of the First Communicants. On Saturday afternoon, at the determined hour, he arrived at the Padada parochial center with his charges in order to have them go to confession. As the smaller ones could hardly manage to walk back home and return in time for Mass the next morning, he arranged to have some families in town accommodate them for the night. With the older children he tramped back to Malinao starting out at three o'clock the following day. His face beaming with happiness, he entered the church and led his group to the front rows. Surely Our Lord must have smiled down benignly on this youthful apostle of His who had taken such pains to prepare the hearts of these little ones for His first coming.

After Mass, the children had breakfast at the convent. Sister Superior(1) caused the cup of their joy to overflow when she presented each one with a rosary and First Communion souvenir.

Claudio does not consider his task as completed. He continues to watch over the children and to encourage them in the practice of their religious duties. At Midnight Mass we were pleasantly surprised to see him arrive at Padada accompanied by his little flock and a few adults he had won over by his discreet apostolate.

Claudio reminds me of so many of our young people back home who eagerly look forward to a life of adventure. Let them come to the Philippines and share in the greatest of all works — the salvation of immortal souls. Then, in a great and glorious tomorrow, we missionaries may hope to become all things to all those who are waiting for someone to guide them along the way Home, for the harvest indeed is great but the laborers are too few.

ABOUT FAMILY TREES

GENEALOGISTS CLAIM THAT MOST FAMILY TREES bear a branch now and then that is a little shady in more ways than one. Here is the record of the last three generations of a young Immaculate Heart native priest at Umangi mission in the Congo. The branches of his family tree are suddenly springing up toward Heaven. As he relates it:

"My grandfather belonged to the tribe of man-eaters who, in 1906, ate the shipwrecked crew of the steamer *Ville de Bruges*, right on the spot where the mission of Umangi now stands.

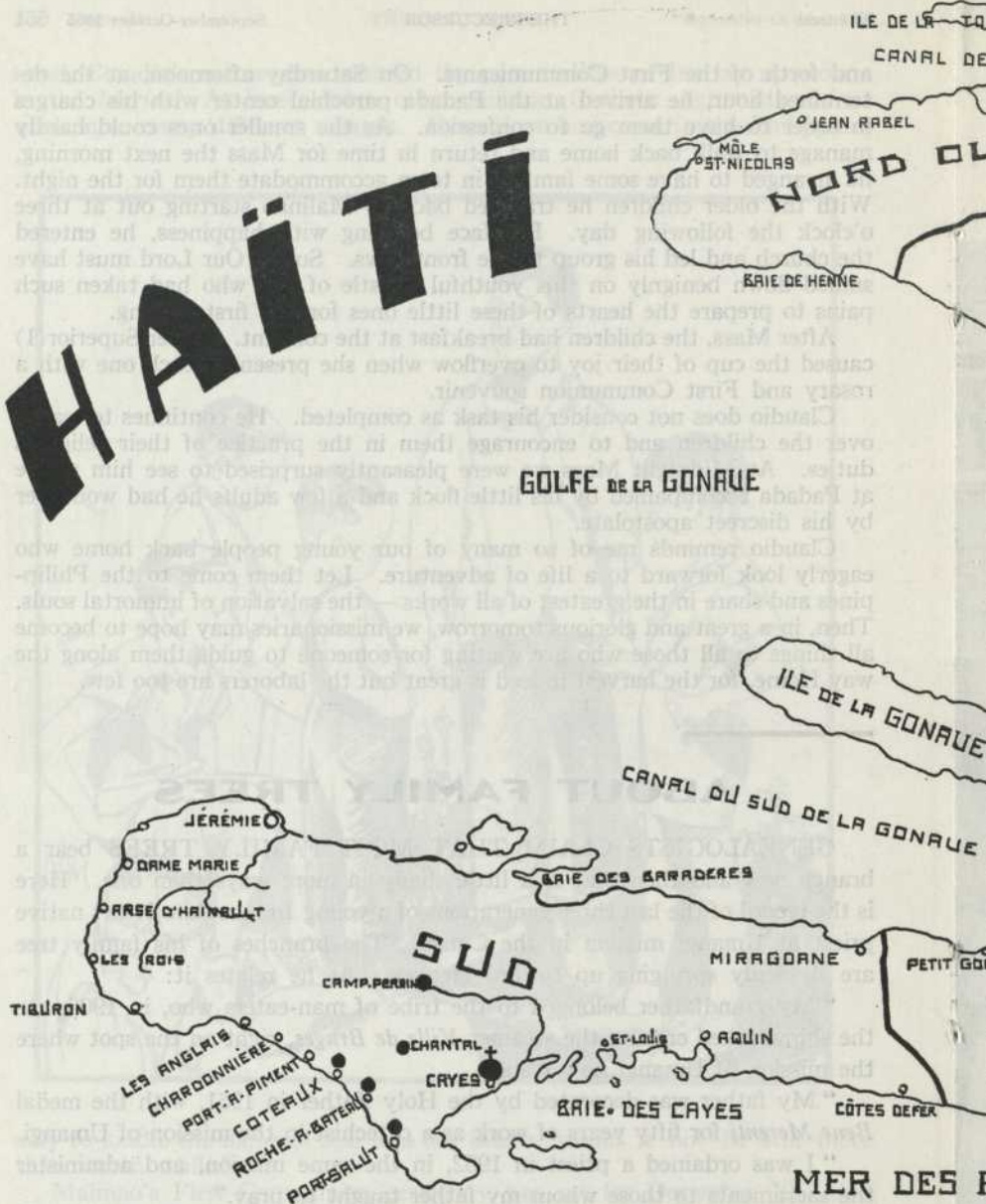
"My father was decorated by the Holy Father in 1951, with the medal *Bene Merenti* for fifty years of work as a catechist in the mission of Umangi.

"I was ordained a priest in 1952, in the same mission, and administer the sacraments to those whom my father taught to pray."

The Liguorian

1. Sr. Claire of the Eucharist (Claire Fontaine, Quebec.)

HAÏTÌ



● **MISSIONS DES SŒURS MISSIONNAIRES DE L'IMMACULÉE**

With Our Lady's

Little Messengers

KORIYAMA, JAPAN



Organized five years ago at Sei Maria Ryo, Koriyama, the charitable association "Our Lady's Little Messengers" closed the Marian year on December 8, 1954, by the reception of a new group of members. They made their promise within the Mission Church at the end of a ceremony during which a little girl had the great honour of crowning Our Lady's statue.

These Japanese boys and girls, many of whom are still non-Christians, sang hymns in honour of Seibo Maria Sama and laid at her feet a symbolical lily in which were inserted slips of paper marking the sacrifices they had offered during the month in preparation for the feast.

The Association has as double objective to initiate young non-Christians to the practice of charity and to acquaint them with Catholicism under its most attractive aspect, the





Marian aspect. At Christmas, seven among the very first "Messengers" were received into the Church.

A non-Christian Messenger once was heard to remark, "Only in Mary's house do we learn how to make others happy." Every Saturday, the Messengers go out by twos under the direction of a teacher, to distribute food and clothing to destitute families adopted by their Association. In spite of the taunts of the uninitiated, they keep up their good works even carrying huge *futon* (padded blankets) on their bicycles through crowded city streets.

These *futon* are carefully prepared and sewed by the mothers of our pupils who willingly lend their aid to their children's charitable enterprise.

I like to think Our Lady will not be able to resist to the affectionate attentions shown her by her loving Little Messengers. The baptism of seven among the first to join renders my hope more secure that she will eventually lead every one of them to her divine Son.

SR. ST. GREGORY OF NAZIANZ(1), M.I.C.

1. Rita Martel, Vanleek Hill, Ont.



SMILING LITTLE MAIDS OF JAPAN



MORONDAVA HARBOR

IN THIS ISLAND

SR. ST. FELICITE(1), M. I. C.

Already for many months past I have been trying hard to absorb the Malagasy mentality. I appreciate my adopted country more every day and, with apologies to St. Paul, I also hope soon to be able to say "Are they Malagasy? So am I."

At this date — April 15 — the winter season is being ushered in. The sun is still quite warm during the day but as soon as it sinks below the horizon, one shivers with cold. For my part, I cannot say that I mind it much, for I found the heat trying when I first arrived here. But the people around us who are too poor to get suitable clothing have good reasons to dread the coming of the winter season.

1. Therese Leblanc, St. Sylvere, Nicolet.

I greatly enjoy my work as supervisor of the boarding school as it affords me many an opportunity to study the Malagasy personality at first hand. This people is of a kind, sociable nature, highly sensitive, very susceptible on the least provocation. It happened some time ago that one of the girls in my classroom stumbled and fell and that some of her classmates giggled instead of sympathizing with her. Before I had time to realize what was happening, the girl had picked herself up, snatched a stick and smartly rapped each one of those who had laughed at her expense. Another time, a pupil to whom I had given stamps for her collection spitefully tore them all out of her album because I had reprimanded her for a breach of discipline.

Superstitions abound in Madagascar. People revere the spirits of their departed ancestors and offer them sacrifices with the hope of gaining favors. All sorts of amulets and talismans are available for almost any situation in life. Some of these amulets are real works of art, others are mere gewgaws. You may use them according to your inclination, as safeguards against thunder, infuriated animals, plundering grasshoppers, or boring bedbugs.

Then, there are innumerable *fady*, imperious prescriptions which must not be lightly disregarded. For instance: never sleep with your feet to the east unless you wish to court the sun's displeasure; avoid letting cats into a sickroom or the sick person will die; do not strike a bull with a basket, if you wish to dodge swellings. Are you having trouble with your throat? Examine your conscience carefully to see whether you have not, at one time or another, taken the liberty of kicking a dog. When you are busy in the kitchen preparing meals, take good care never to glance inside the pot where vegetables are being cooked. Otherwise you might risk having your neck elongated and your head become as hollow as an empty gourd. Never eat the spleen of any animal if you prize your memory. In spite of their superstitious bent, the Malagasy have very few idols. Divinity they hold in awe. They reason that God being the Master of life and death, the less one draws His attention the better.

Converts to Catholicism are very fervent. Mr. Ropierre, one of our acquaintances, does not eat even a bite on every Friday of Lent, and that in a spirit of penance. A catechist who lives at a considerable distance from the Mission never fails to receive Holy Communion on the First Fridays of every month. Impassable roads, torrential downpours, oppressive heat, nothing can deflect him from his purpose. One Sunday, when a recently arrived American missionary replaced the pastor of our parish absent for a few weeks, I did not expect there would be any sermon. After Mass, however, I was pleasantly surprised to see the father of one of my pupils called Josephine Rakotoson, deliver an inspiring commentary of the day's Gospel. On the next Sunday, the catechist in turn explained in original fashion, the multiplication of bread. I did not understand a single word but the "old"

Malagasy among our Sisters assured me that his logic was perfect and his applications practical.

Naturally, all my leisure time is spent studying the language. Together with Sr. Marie Viator(1) who is as "young" a Malagasy as I am, I repair to the garden to study and there we repeat together, *maray* sick, *malory* sleep, *milomany* weep . . . We are now aware that the present of all verbs begins with "m", the future with "h", the past with "n". Not knowing the language of our charges is certainly a handicap for us poor teachers.

The construction of our new boarding school has progressed very slowly. Since 1953 the cement walls of the large airy two-story building have been gradually going up. Once completed, this school will certainly be the No. 1 monument of the city of Morondava. Unfortunately, since the death of Msgr. E. Garon, M.S., the work has been at a standstill.

At this time of the year in Canada, it is maple sugar time while here in Madagascar it is the sugar cane season. I have seen some fields where the canes reached a height of between ten to fifteen feet. The processing is not done in the island, however, but the cane is shipped raw to France whence it returns as refined sugar which is very expensive.

It has often been said that Madagascar has much too rapidly evolved from an almost primitive way of living to ultra modern conditions of life. Not so very many years ago, the only means of conveyance in these parts was the *omby* a curious bullock, black, white, or reddish brown, having remarkably long horns and a large hump back of the neck. The *omby* has now retreated before the airplane. Some of the country folk around here are not far from believing the French to be demigods since they have devised this means of flying.

We had two weeks of holidays from April 1st to the 18th. During this period I made my first bush visiting in a village called Betany where are about fifty Catholics in a Protestant population. This village can be reached only at high tide. The people use dug-out canoes but we sailed on a motorboat. A warm reception awaited us and we spent the day going from one Catholic family to another. Our pupils ate their lunch squatting on the seashore while we accepted the invitation of a Christian to eat with his family, inside his hut built of cocoanut palms.

On the return trip I met with a mischance. We had gone about three fourths of the way, when the water became too shallow for our boats and we had to wade the rest of the way home. Sister Superior(1) with a group of children prudently decided to follow along the edge of the river. With a second group, I attempted a short cut across the bush only to find that the incoming tide was catching up with us. The only thing to do was to gather my skirts up and bravely paddle through the mud. I was the last to arrive at destination and you may imagine the sorry figure I cut in my white dress all spattered with red clay. This has cured me forever of taking short cuts.

1. Therese Drainville, Berthier, P.Q.

2. Adélaïde Tremblay, St. Cyprien, Temiscouata, Co.

Tortured by Hunger

SR. THERESE OF THE CROSS(1), M.I.C.

Although it is almost a year since HAZEL roared along the southern shore of Haiti, its ravages are still being keenly felt. After the disaster, immediate relief was received but the specter of famine is now once again stalking the poor people in the *Département du Sud*. We publish here without comment a letter received from Sr. Therese of the Cross(1), m.i.c., addressed to the Superior General(2).



Beloved Mother,

For over a fortnight I have vainly been trying to find time to answer your kind letter dated April 5, which reached Les Coteaux in the last days of the month. I do not know whether you have been told about the gravity of the situation over here. We are threatened with complete famine. Last Monday, I was asked to conduct an inquiry with a view to the organization of a school canteen thanks to Red Cross supplies. This investigation has been startlingly revealing. It was found that among our pupils *all except five or six per classes* had had nothing to eat since three days. They had to manage with the milk distributed in the classroom. We asked the children to storm heaven with prayers so that relief might reach Les Coteaux from the capital of Port au Prince. That very evening, a sailboat docked at the harbor and delivered at our address eight bags of rice, as many of peas, two cases of dried cod, and four tins of oil. It appears that the country is too poor to pay the freight for these goods. Together with the deputy and the inspector, we Sisters had to defray the transportation costs. On the following day, our kitchen fires blazed merrily.

According to orders received, we are supposed to feed one hundred children a day but since one hundred and fifty are tortured by hunger, we prepare one hundred rations which we divide among one hundred and fifty. It is not

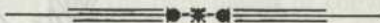
1. Therese Cote, Beauport, P.Q.
2. Madeleine Payette, Montreal.

much but we cannot do more and the children are contented and happy. We now have provisions for about two weeks . . . If nothing else is sent from Port au Prince, I really do not know what is going to happen. We are told that it would be wiser to close our school earlier. But the children object since it is only by coming to school that they can get something to eat. If you only knew what it means to face classes of famished, emaciated youngsters whom you are powerless to help! Their pitiful story is that of the Haitians at large. The men no longer have the courage to till the ground because they are too weak. Will the Sisters of the Motherhouse offer special fervent prayers for their intentions? Seedtime is here but nothing has yet been planted as there is no rain.

Do not worry over us, dear Mother. Our Sisters from Les Cayes send us vegetables regularly. Fruits are rare but we still have some preserves and manage on what we have.

The Sisters are tired, for the canteen doubles our occupations. All, however, are happy to do their share. We really have little to suffer in comparison with the poor people around us. What a heartbreak it is to witness so much misery . . .

SR. THERESE OF THE CROSS, M.I.C.



IT IS IN THE HIGHEST INTERESTS of the devil to persuade the world that religious people are disagreeable. A great many of them undoubtedly are, but it is not in virtue of their religion; it is in virtue of their lack of it. Joy comes from God, and the devil knows this so well that if he can show himself capable of providing a joy of his own which will discredit the joy of God's service, his battle is virtually won. For those then who profess to serve God — or at all events for those who are trying to — it is vitally necessary that they profess geniality as well.

Dom Hubert Van Zeller

EMERSON ONCE SAID: "What you are thunders so I can't hear what you say." The non-Catholic listen. But he doesn't hear. What you are is thundering the real answer he is seeking. For even the blackest and the most cynical of all men has a clear concept in his mind of what a man of God ought to be . . . Believe me, though the non-Catholic is asking about the Infallibility, Catholicity, Apostolicity, Unicity or Organicity of the Church, what is always and ever in question in the bottom of his mind is its piety and sanctity. And these he judges ever and always by the Catholics and their priests whom he meets casually.

Clare Booth



Around Our Mission World

WITH THE YOUNG FROM 4 TO 80

KATETE, Nyassaland — Sr. Frances of Lisieux(1) wanted to fix in black and white, for the edification of future generations, the typical toothless grin of an Atumbuka grandmother. It happened, however, that while she prepared her camera, Grannie's smile unexpectedly vanished. Sister waited patiently for a few minutes then, "Agago," she coaxed, "Won't you smile once again, please." But *Agago* imperturbably remarked, "Listen, Sister, do you think I'm going to smile for nothing?"

* * *

VUA — A baby only a few days old was brought to the mission dispensary to be treated for an ugly abcess on the neck. In order to spare the mother's feelings, Sr. St. Yves(2) had her taken to another room while she dressed the sore. A few moments later hearing the baby cry, the anxious mamma burst in only to see that the large swelling had gone down and that the baby appeared much relieved. Wishing to give the Sister-nurse an immediate pledge of her gratitude she offered a dime saying, "This is to thank you in place of my child who will not suffer any more."

On the following day, after the dressing of the sore, this woman of the wild had another delicate gesture. Placing a penny in baby's tiny fingers she made him drop it into Sister's hand saying, "My baby says thank you."

* * *

KUANHSI, Formosa — Our kindergarten pupils benefit by the catechism lessons taught them every day in the classroom. "Mamma, you also must learn how to pray. I have learnt all about it at school. See..." and

1. Marie Claire Lacombe, Montreal.
1. Yvette Ricard, GrandMere, P.Q.

Pao Keou after making an elaborate Sign of the Cross piously recited the first part of the *Ave Maria* much to the admiration of his fond mamma.

Two little maids were found deep in conversation after one of the catechism sessions. They were discussing whether, now that they knew about the one true God, they could keep on offering *pai chen* (homage) to the family deity. They concluded that they should henceforth omit any such homage.

Lan Hoa rebuked his five-year-old sister Siou Lin for coming in late at doctrine lesson. "Siou Lin says she has a headache," he declared sententiously, "But I think she also has lots of *lan tou* (laziness.)"

* * *

KATETE — Yohane, aged four, is the *enfant terrible* of the orphanage, a regular little scalawag loved and petted by all. Sr. Marie of the Angels(1) who trains her charges in asking one another's forgiveness whenever they have quarrelled, came upon a charming scene the other day. A very dignified

1. Alice Pepin, Warwick, P.Q.

MASTER MTONGA, alias YOYO, and MARIYA



Yohane was earnestly exhorting a naughty Maria, who is half-past-four, to apologize. Maria agreed and lightly called out, "Pardon me, Yoyo."

"That's not enough. You must say, Pardon me, Mr. Mtonga!" And Maria complied in all humility.

One of the Black novices once caught this same Mr. Mtonga sneaking out of the Sisters' refectory clutching some cookies he had stolen. "You naughty boy! Don't you know you must not steal?" Yohane shook his head not in the least convinced of his naughtiness. "O you don't know how good these cookies taste!" he parried.

It happens, however, that Mr. Mtonga occasionally knows the pangs of remorse. During the Sisters' retreat, one day, he whispered to one of them, "Pray for me, Sister, that I may have peace . . ."

Schoolgirls

of

Japan



KORIYAMA, Japan — Nine-year-old Misae who has been studying catechism for some time, likes to draw practical conclusions from what she has learnt. The other day, she asked her parents, "Mamma, are you perfect? What about you, Papa?" As they were too taken aback to answer, she went on, "Don't worry, I know the answer. Only God can be perfect."



OPERATION ROSARY — FORMOSA

(Sr. Marie Xavier, Berthe Paradis, Tingwick, P.Q.).

But, Mamma dear, I want you to help me so I can resemble God as much as possible. Every day I must try to improve."

Thanks to this naive inquiry which covered them with confusion and caused them to reflect deeply, Misae's father and mother have recently joined with her in studying the most important of all sciences.

* * *

NKATA BAY — Bastorey loves to have everything precisely catalogued. During a test on catechism, when asked where those persons go who die in the state of venial sin, he answered, "They go to the little hell No. 2."

* * *

RUMPHI — An aged patient with a precarious heart condition had been hospitalized only three days at the mission hospital when the Sister-Nurse heard him murmur, "I want only one thing now . . . to become the child of God through Baptism . . . I'm late, so very late." This remark is not altogether unworthy of St. Augustine's "Too late have I found thee, O Beauty ever ancient and ever new!"

* * *

ROCHE a BATEAU, Haiti — It happened during the night that *HAZEL* wrought havoc along the Haitian coastline. While the breakers angrily lashed the shore and the winds howled dismally, from a flimsy *caille* near their convent the Sisters heard a chorus of childish voices fervently singing *Ave, Ave Maria* as if to drown out the terrifying sounds of the hurricane. At daybreak, the only *caille* left standing on the shore was that in which Our Lady's praises had been so confidently chanted.

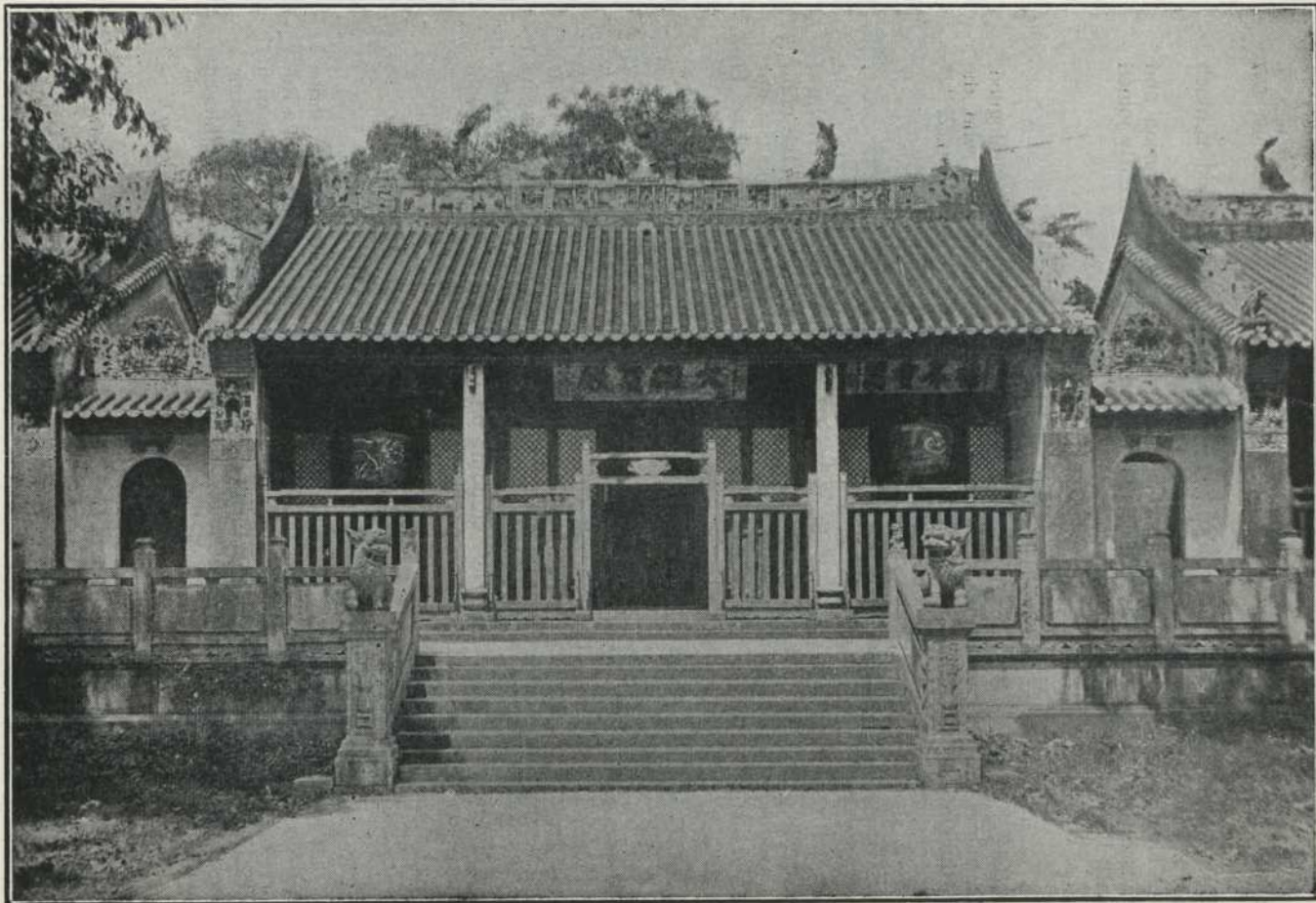
—O—

The white glory of Mary in darkest Africa! Our Lady of Lourdes has her shrine at Buoho on the Gold Coast. It was built by the native Christians who are in a Rosary Society under the direction of Father Tawkieh, a native priest. This shrine with stations of the cross outdoors, and its First Saturday devotions, has become a meeting place for all Catholics in that area. It is a place of pilgrimage that is being blessed by Mary, Our Lady of the Immaculate Conception.

W. H. Doucette, C.S.S.R.

Do not distrust the Providence of God. He who made your corn to grow will assuredly enable you to gather it in.

Cure d'Ars



WHERE THE BONZE LIVES

Buddhism and the Modern World

In a short while the Buddhist world will be celebrating the 2,500th anniversary of the birth of Buddhism. In Asiatic countries proud of their recently acquired independence, this occasion will be marked by grandiose manifestations with a view to promoting a Buddhistic revival in Ceylon as well as in Burma and Siam.

This revival will undoubtedly find itself confronted with various knotty problems. In Ceylon and elsewhere it cannot be denied that under European domination, Buddhism has remained withdrawn within itself, outside of the modern world's evolution. It is now awakening to the fact that a divorce exists between its religion and everyday life.

Those who have studied Buddhism and who might consequently be expected to organize the present day revival, have had practically no contact with the upheavals of modern society. On the other hand, the active elites of these countries trained in European Universities have been steeped in a civilization wherein Buddhism has no part. Who will be the Thomas Aquinas capable of realizing a synthesis between Buddhism and modern civilization?

Buddhist monks are very numerous. In Ceylon alone they number from fifteen to twenty thousand strong. Are these monks in a position to integrate their hoary creed into present day lines of living? This does not seem probable. Doubtless, despite the fact that the majority may be accounted as illiterate, a strong minority does apply itself to study. Many, however, are tempted to think they are merely wasting their time in pursuing classical studies such as that of Sanskrit, the sacred language of Buddhist literature. This situation leaves these clerics in absolute ignorance of what goes on in the modern world. As a result the young monks rest content with a meager classical baggage which makes them cut ridiculous figures when they come into contact with even superficial students in sociology who have read but three or four pamphlets on Marx and his doctrines. Or again these Buddhist monks turn to scientific methods but in attempting to do so, risk becoming a prey to Communist ideals because they are without any philosophic training. Lastly, a few among them abandon monastic life and try to carve out careers for themselves outside of the monasteries.

Progressive elites faced with this problem are not sparing in their criticisms. Some time ago, a local newssheet launched a violent attack on the unsanitary conditions existing in Buddhist monasteries. The author held up to ridicule the youths confined in gloomy quarters, deprived of sunshine and fresh air, wasting away with tuberculosis, but who enjoy the consolation of dying with ancient Sanskrit prayers on their lips. While leaving to the author of this bitter article the responsibility of his assertions, we must nevertheless admit that the problem of Buddhist studies is very real.

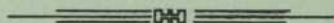
What solution can be offered? Progressive Buddhists think it may be found in a broadminded syncretism. All great philosophers such as Bergson, Kant, Hegel, Schopenhauer they assert, have prepared the way for Buddhism which will now assume and perfect their various philosophic views. Therefore, it is urged that Buddhist monks begin to study the works of these great occidental philosophers.

Meanwhile, what becomes of the young generations? Until now, religious Buddhistic education was resumed in a few ceremonial practices the meaning of which the children are unable to grasp. Lately, talks are afloat regarding the organization of Sunday schools and of Buddhistic religious instruction centers. These views derive their inspiration from Christian examples as has already been stated elsewhere. As yet these are mere projects. The children of Buddhist families continue to grow up practically ignorant of what their religion teaches. Furthermore, their education in modern schools often causes them to lose all "superstitious" respect for the religion of their childhood. The thin veneer of Buddhistic influence proves but a weak protection against the onslaughts of Marxian teachings.

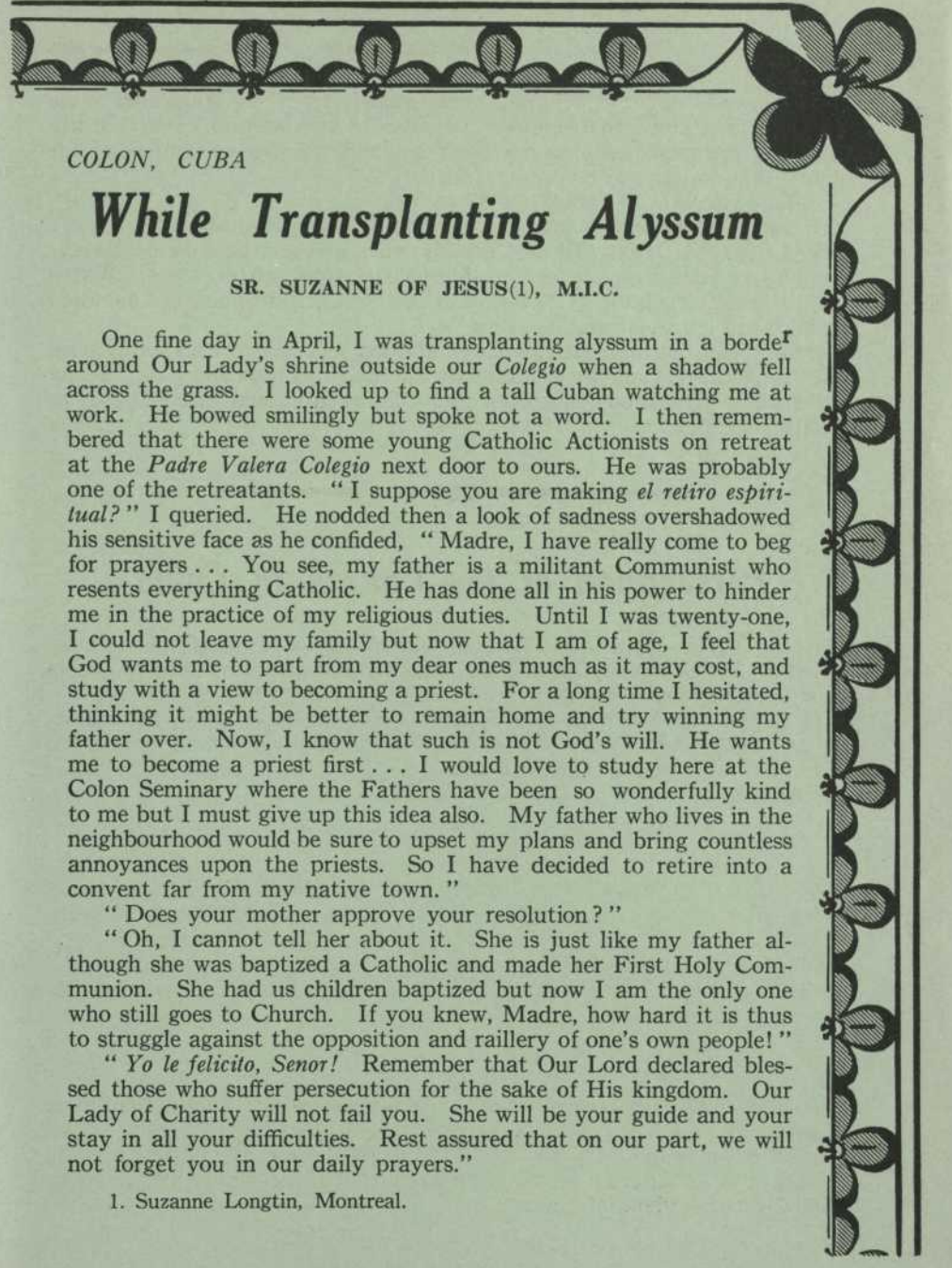
Another crucial problem which confronts the Buddhist revivalists is that of social realizations. In a world where "profit" alone counts, where people want to see the beneficial influence of religion translated into material works and charities, Buddhism seems to be found wanting.

These numerous question marks are not particular to Buddhism alone. Other great religions such as Islamism have already been come to grips with the exigencies of modern culture. The future will tell whether the manifestations of the 2,500th anniversary of Buddhism will be for this religion professed by so many million human beings the beginning of a new era.

FIDES



MY	My hands are busy, Mother,
	With the many cares that be:
C	The restful round of the chaplet
H	Is not, alas, for me.
A	But I bring a chaplet, Mother,
P	That is woven of the years;
L	Its chain is life's sad burden,
E	Its beads are unshed tears.
T	The cross begins and ends it,
	And the Credo that I say
	Is the whispered prayer each morning,
	"God's will be done this day!"
	S. R. C.



COLON, CUBA

While Transplanting Alyssum

SR. SUZANNE OF JESUS(1), M.I.C.

One fine day in April, I was transplanting alyssum in a border^r around Our Lady's shrine outside our *Colegio* when a shadow fell across the grass. I looked up to find a tall Cuban watching me at work. He bowed smilingly but spoke not a word. I then remembered that there were some young Catholic Actionists on retreat at the *Padre Valera Colegio* next door to ours. He was probably one of the retreatants. "I suppose you are making *el retiro espiritual*?" I queried. He nodded then a look of sadness overshadowed his sensitive face as he confided, "Madre, I have really come to beg for prayers . . . You see, my father is a militant Communist who resents everything Catholic. He has done all in his power to hinder me in the practice of my religious duties. Until I was twenty-one, I could not leave my family but now that I am of age, I feel that God wants me to part from my dear ones much as it may cost, and study with a view to becoming a priest. For a long time I hesitated, thinking it might be better to remain home and try winning my father over. Now, I know that such is not God's will. He wants me to become a priest first . . . I would love to study here at the Colon Seminary where the Fathers have been so wonderfully kind to me but I must give up this idea also. My father who lives in the neighbourhood would be sure to upset my plans and bring countless annoyances upon the priests. So I have decided to retire into a convent far from my native town."

"Does your mother approve your resolution?"

"Oh, I cannot tell her about it. She is just like my father although she was baptized a Catholic and made her First Holy Communion. She had us children baptized but now I am the only one who still goes to Church. If you knew, Madre, how hard it is thus to struggle against the opposition and raillery of one's own people!"

"*Yo le felicito, Señor!* Remember that Our Lord declared blessed those who suffer persecution for the sake of His kingdom. Our Lady of Charity will not fail you. She will be your guide and your stay in all your difficulties. Rest assured that on our part, we will not forget you in our daily prayers."

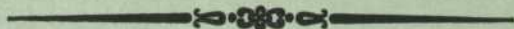
1. Suzanne Longtin, Montreal.

"*Perdone la molestia* (Pardon for the molestation)" he murmured as he bowed low and prepared to retire. "I came to you because I felt it in my heart that you could help me . . . The going will not seem so hard now that I know the Madres will be praying for me."

"*Adios, Senor!* We shall not forget you."

When he had gone, I went on transplanting my seedlings and while I worked I prayed, "Dear Blessed Mother when you see these dainty flowers blooming at your feet, please remember this Cuban son of yours. Watch over his priestly vocation . . . Make him another Christ reaching out anointed hands to cull immortal soul blossoms."

Dear homefront missionaries, will you also say a prayer for this sorely tried youth? And while you are at it do pray for all Cuban boys and girls. Many of them find tremendous difficulties to hurdle when blessed with religious or priestly vocations.



Persecution of the Church in China

EXPULSIONS: Since 1949, foreign bishops expelled from the country (including His Excellency Archbishop Riberi, Internuncio) number 79. There are still two foreign bishops in prison.

In 1949, there were more than 5,000 missionaries (more than 3,000 priests and 2,000 sisters and nearly 500 brothers) in the country. On December 31, 1954, there were still in China: 58 foreign priests (18 in prison); 26 sisters and brothers.



KILLED BY COMMUNISTS OR DIED IN PRISON: 4 bishops; 56 foreign priests; 106 Chinese priests whose names, date and place of death are known (there are certainly others); 14 Chinese sisters; 2 foreign brothers; 35 Chinese brothers and 41 lay persons. As regards Chinese brothers and laymen it should be noted that only those are included about whom the information is certain.



CHINESE CLERGY IN PRISON: According to our information there are probably 3 Chinese bishops in gaol. As to the Chinese priests in gaol we have a list with the names of 198 from 54 dioceses. As there are 143 dioceses in all of China it seems quite likely that this figure of 198 could be doubled for the whole of China.

LOS ARABOS, CUBA

The APOSTOLATE of the YOUNG

SR. BERNARD MARIE(1), M.I.C.

The initiation of our pupils to the role of volunteer catechists among their own is one of the most interesting pursuits of our missionary life. On Fridays we usually hold a meeting of these youthful apostles for the immediate preparation of the morrow's doctrine classes. They cooperate with the greatest docility, taking notes, asking questions, comparing experiments. We do our best to give them all the help and encouragement they need in the discharge of their duties.

1. Juliette Desnoyers, St. Henri de Mascouche, P.Q.

CATHOLIC ACTIONISTS AT WORK IN LOS ARABOS.



On Saturday morning at the hour set for the doctrine lesson, the church bell rings out its call. At this signal, the young catechists interrupt their games and comb the streets inviting their charges to gather at the *Colegio*. On certain Saturdays, as many as 140 boys and girls are present at the doctrine lessons.

With colorful, original expressions, the principal events of the life of Our Lord and of Our Blessed Mother are commented upon and explained. Then the daily prayers are taught. I am always deeply moved when I witness the fervour of those who teach and the eager good will of those who are taught. On such occasions, I feel sure that God is pleased with our Cuban youngsters for thus helping one another to understand things supernatural.

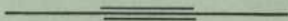
Before class is out, I usually visit the different groups to encourage and congratulate. Once in a while, as a rare treat, I distribute medals, holy cards, and rosaries. Of these religious articles we never have enough. Such visits also afford me an opportunity of urging the children not to miss Sunday Mass. May I ask you to pray, dear readers, that these little ones may lead their parents back to God?



The vast Ocean of Truth

Newton was a profoundly religious man and drew much of his courage and strength from union with God in prayer. Toward the end of his life, after many honours had been showered upon him, a friend remarked, "What a comfort it must be to be able to look back over a life of such epochal achievements. In discovering the law of gravitation, you have laid the foundations for both physics and astronomy. You have pushed back the boundary line of the unknown and have brought new worlds under the reign of law. You have every reason to be proud."

"On the contrary," replied Newton, "I must confess to a feeling of profound humility in the presence of a universe which transcends us at almost every point. I feel like a child who, while playing by the seashore, has found a few bright-colored shells and a few pebbles — while the whole vast ocean of truth stretches out almost untouched and unexplored before my eager fingers."



The past and the future are nothing, in the face of the stern *today*.

Our Beloved Dead



Mrs. Maria Tessier, **Ottawa**, mother of His Excellency Bishop M. Tessier, of **Timmins**, and of Sr. Ann Marie m.i.c.; Mrs. Collignon, **Lowell, Mass.**, mother of His Excellency Bishop J. L. Collignon of **Les Cayes, Haiti**; Mrs. L. Benoit, **Shawinigan**, mother of Sr. St. Angela of Foligno m.i.c.; Mrs. G. Perras, **St. Catherine of Laprairie**, mother of Sr. Aime of Jesus m.i.c.; Mrs. Arthur Boisvert, **Grand'Mere**, mother of Sr. Maria Goretti m.i.c.; Mr. Joseph Boily, **St. Philip of Clermont**, father of Sr. St. Pamphile m.i.c.; Mr. Florian Poisson, **Ottawa**; Mr. Dominick Pirozzi, **Montreal**; Mr. Albert Benoit, **Ottawa**; Mr. Charles Richard, **Murphy, N.B.**; Mrs. Philias Rheau, Mr. and Mrs. Napoleon Roy, **Lawrence, Mass.**; Mrs. Gaudias Paquette, **Brunswick, Me.**; Mrs. Philemon Paradis, **Whitefield, N.H.**; Mr. Louis Courtemanche, **Bristol, Conn.**; Mr. Joseph Descoteaux, Mrs. Louis Drapeau, Mrs. Arm. Tremblay, Mr. Domina Roland, Mrs. Raoul Martel, Miss M. Bienvenue, Mr. Albert Maher, Mr. William Gauthier, Miss Marie Elmiere Lessard, Mr. J.-A. Gauthier, Mr. J. Arthur Leveille, Mr. Arthur Lemay, Mr. Alphonse Drolet, Mr. and Mrs. A. Gelineau,

Mrs. Henri Belanger, Mrs. H. Lajeunesse, Mrs. Arthur Gagne, Mrs. B. Desautels, Mr. Leonidas Hebert, Mrs. Georges Gagnon, Miss Helene Arbour, Mr. Rodolphe Cayer, Mrs. J. Louis Gauthier, Mrs. J. M. Mignon, Mr. Joseph Proulx, Mr. Georges Etienne Grenier, Mrs. Alphonse Ostiguy, Mr. E. Gravel, Mr. Joseph Palude, Mr. R. Thibodeau, Mr. J. A. Latour, Mr. Adolphe Hebert, Mrs. T. Menard, Mrs. Joseph Brien, Mrs. Ludger Boisvert, Mrs. Francois Tremblay, Mr. Jos. Miller, Mr. Zotique Steben, Mrs. Cyprien Lacroix, Mr. A. Robidoux, Mr. Louis Briere, Mr. A. Lamontagne, Mr. J. H. Favreault, Mrs. Turcotte-Provost, Mrs. Hilda L'Abbe, **Montreal**; Mr. Armand Many, Mr. Pierre Hache, **Outremont**; Mrs. Etienne Parent, **Rosemont**; Mrs. J. A. Rozan, **Ville Emard**; Mr. Thomas Dion, **Cartierville**; Mr. and Mrs. Adrien Roberge, **Ahuntsic**; Mr. A. Thibault, Mrs. Ernest Lortie, Mrs. J. O. E. Groulx, **Ville St. Laurent**; Mrs. F. Schembri, **Ville Jacques Cartier**; Mrs. Jos. Roy, **Lachute**; Mrs. Arthur Poissant, **Napierville**; Mr. Edmond Papineau, **New Glasgow**; Mrs. J. P. Arsenault, **Edmont Bay**; Mr. Euclide Beaudry, **St. Cesaire**; Mrs. Charles Cournoyer, **Sorel**; Mrs. William Langlois, Mrs. Gerard Paradis, **Quebec**; Miss Lawrence Laberge, **Beauharnois**; Mr. Evariste Gendron, **Montmagny**; Mr. Aurele Robitaille, **Champigny**; Mrs. Theodore Fortier, **Plessisville**; Mrs. Joseph Napoleon Dube, **Mont Joli**; Mrs. Aur. Chamberland, **Bic**; Mrs. Hector Neron, **St. Gedeon**; Mr. Pierre Drouillard, **Jonquiere**; Mrs. Ernest Tremblay, **St. Joseph d'Alma**.

It is trial that proves one thing weak and another strong. A house built on the sand is in fair weather just as good as if built on a rock. A cobweb is as good as the mightiest cable when there is no strain upon it.

H. W. Beecher

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

Motherhouse, 2900 St. Catherine Road,
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26, P.Q.
Novitiate, Pont Viau, Montreal 9, P.Q.
Outremont, 314 St. Catherine Road,
Montreal 8, P.Q.

Chinese Hospital,
112 Lagauchetiere Street West,
Montreal 1, P.Q.

Nomingue, Labelle County, P.Q.
Rimouski, P.Q.

Joliette, 750 St. Louis Street.
Quebec, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.
Vancouver, Oriental Hospital,

236 Campbell Street.
Vancouver, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward Street.

Three Rivers, 1325 de la Terriere Street.
Granby, 35 Dufferin Street.
Granby, 279 Main Street.
Chicoutimi, Cenacle Street.
St. Marie, Beauce County, P.Q.
St. Johns, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.
Perth, N.B.

UNITED STATES

Marlboro, Mass., 187 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

Kowloon, 103 Austin Road, Hong Kong.
Kowloon, Our Lady of Protection,
125 Waterloo Road.

FORMOSA

Kuanhsi, Hsinchu, Hsien, Taiwan,
Formosa.

JAPAN

Koriyama, 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi.
Fukushima Ken.
Wakamatsu, 480n Sakae machi,
Aizu Wakamatsu.
Tokyo, 108-4 cho me, Fukazawa cho,
Setagaya ku.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Manila, 1111 Narra Street.
Manila, Gagalongin,
Corner S. del Rosario & Antipolo.
Las Pinas, Rizal.
Mati, Davao Province.
Davao City.
Padada, Davao Province.
Baguio, Mountain Province.

WEST INDIES

Les Cayes, Haiti.
Les Coteaux, Haiti.
Roche a Bateau, Haiti.
Port Salut, Haiti.
Camp Perrin, Haiti.
Mirebalais, Haiti.
Limbe, Haiti.
Cap Haitien, Haiti.
Chantal, Haiti.
Mercedes, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Marti, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Manguito, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Los Arabos, Prov. of Matanzas, Cuba.
Maximo Gomez, Prov. of Matanzas, Cuba.
Colon, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

Katete Mission, Katete River P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Mzambazi Missions, Kafukule, P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Rumphi Mission, Njakwa P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Karonga Mission, Karonga P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Kaseye Mission, Fort Hill P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Vua Mission, Deep Bay P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Nkata Bay Mission, Nkata Bay P.O.,
Nyassaland, B.C. Africa.
Fort Jameson, P.O. Box 106,
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.

MADAGASCAR

Morondava, Madagascar.

ITALY

Rome, via Giacinto Carini, 8.