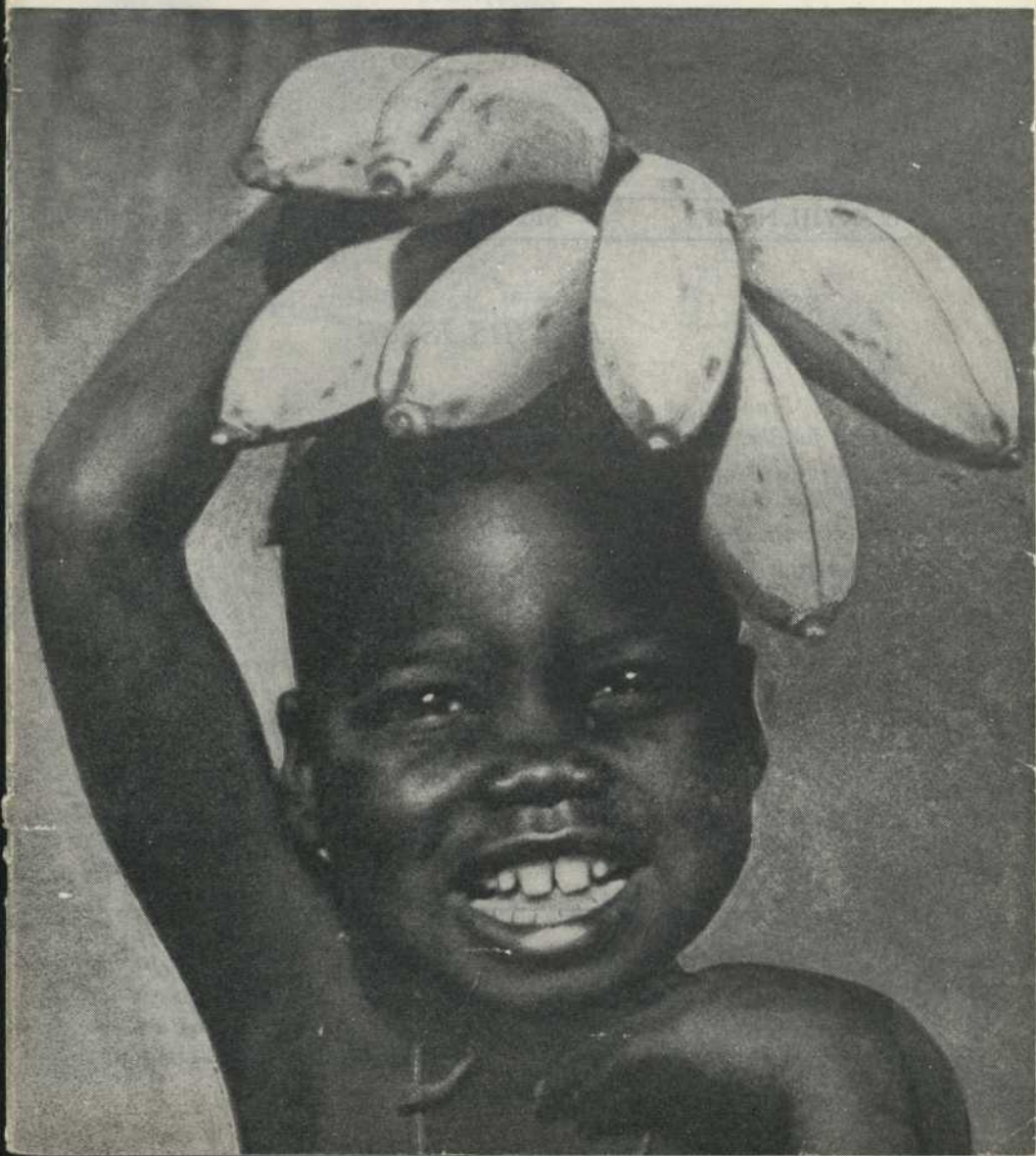


# THE PRECURSOR

MONTREAL, NOVEMBER-DECEMBER 1955. No. 12 Vol. XX, 33rd year



# The Precursor

\$1.00 a year  
\$20.00 for life.

2900 ST. CATHERINE ROAD  
COTE DES NEIGES, MONTREAL, P. Q.

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VOL. XVIII, No. 12

MONTREAL

November-December 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.



## Letter to Frances

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

It seems to me it was only yesterday that I attended Jacques Cartier Normal School and benefited by the maternal solicitude of my devoted teachers the incomparable Mothers of the Congregation of Notre Dame. But already ten years have elapsed since that happy time. Now it is your turn, my dear niece, to fill your own little pitcher at the fount of knowledge.

When on certain days my thoughts reach out to you, dear, it seems to me that you would enjoy hearing about this distant mission country and have a share in the joys with a jungle flavour that are your old godmother's to taste in her chosen vocation. Am I mistaken? I hope you never entertain the slightest doubt about my happiness as a missionary. In my opinion heaven, apart from the beatific vision, must be something like Northern Nyassaland!

Mine is the privilege as a Sister to teach religious sciences in our schools. The professors, even those graduated from Second Training are not allowed to do so but must keep strictly within the bounds of the textual catechetical recitation *kateki simu citumbuka*. I cannot help feeling sorry for them on this score, for I am sure that their juvenile audience is as eager as mine to

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1. Gabrielle Saucier, Montreal.

hear detailed accounts of the *Ciuta* (God) of the missionaries. One must have lived among these populations to understand how literally famished they are for religious instruction. Unfortunately Protestant ministers reached them before we did. Adventurers from all nationalities have explored the African continent sowing as they went their innumerable creeds and doctrines. With what pride their adepts proclaim, "We of the Church of England believe such and such a thing..." "We of the Free Church understand religious practices in this manner..." On the occasion of the ceremonies attending Queen Elizabeth's coronation, a kind doctor who has an office in Mzamba, offered the hospitality of his home to our Sisters who had come from Katete with a group of their Girl Guides. Among Doctor Singleton's guests, they met a Seventh Adventist pastor who gave them a glowing account of the apostolic activities carried on by his sect in this district. Hearing this conversation later reported made me yearn more deeply than ever after an increase of genuine Catholic missionary vocations. Imagine what the feelings of a missionary on the field must be when confronted with the mass of 175,000,000 Africans among whom only a bare 15,000,000 are as yet Christians!

During 1954, an apostolic campaign was launched in the prefecture of Northern Nyassaland. The catchword given by our zealous first pastor Msgr. St. Denis was, "Full steam ahead! Time has come to stifle the cockles by sowing the wheat." The immediate response to this clarion call was the foundation of a new mission post in Nkata Bay. Not a single Catholic could be found among its 70,000 inhabitants. Three Athonga damsels from these regions were sent to my class, Standard IV, in Katete. Woe to whoever tried discussing the religious problem in their presence. They immediately flashed back in defiance that they could never contemplate belonging to any other Church but the Free Church in which they had been born. I keep on praying that they may one day be safely hemmed within the one true Fold. Of my thirty pupils, nineteen are non-Christians. Considerate, lovable, studious girls they are every one of them, always ready to do me a good turn. "Mother, may I carry your books?" "Mother, may I hold your umbrella?" Such polite offers of service they daily make. What pleasure it is for them to occasionally present me a bunch of wild flowers or a fruit.

From October 1 to July 31, all my days from 5.15 in the morning to 8.30 at night are taken up by teaching or by supervising the pupils of our Boarding School. The daily schedule opens with assistance at Holy Mass at which all the boarders whether Christians, catechumens, or pagans are required to assist. After Mass, comes breakfast consisting of 25 to 30 grains of corn per person. You may gasp at the frugality of such a breakfast but our children joyfully exclaim, "How good to have something to eat in the morning! In our village we went on an empty stomach until noon." Study and classes take up the forenoon until 11.45 when part of the Rosary is recited followed by dinner and physical exercises. At 1.30, classes open again

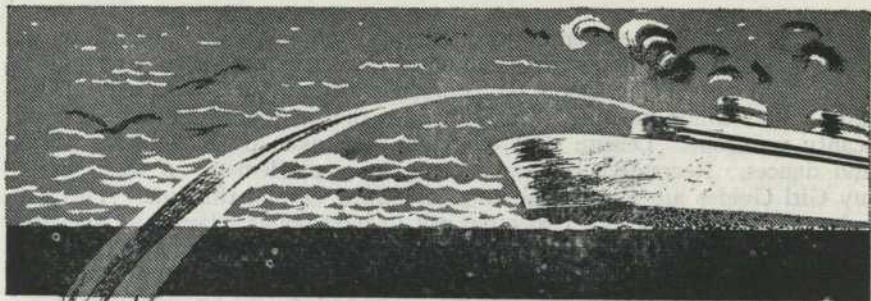
until 3.30. Up to the evening meal, the girls enjoy welcome relaxation on the grounds. Study hours are given at seven o'clock except on Wednesdays when there is a singing lesson, on Thursdays a First Aid Course and on Friday, a Girl Guide meeting. On Saturdays the boarders take care of their scanty wardrobe. Leisure time on Sunday is taken up by native games and dances. Recreative programs being in great demand in these parts, my Girl Guides are always planning something new in this line. This will help you understand why I so often ask to have songs, plays, and sketches sent to my address in Katete. Unfortunately, the French plays lose some of their original flavour when translated into English or Citumbuka. The next ones to be used on our program are "The Miraculous Draught of Fishes" which my Seniors are now rehearsing and "The Sixth Swallow" to be presented by the Juniors.

Just now we are preparing to celebrate the feast of the Immaculate Conception. Seeing the tender piety of our young neophytes towards Our Blessed Mother, I sometimes am tempted to wonder whether they are not more fervent than our Canadian pupils who have had the privilege of being born Christians. When Sister Superior went back to Canada some years ago, the Montreal Catholic Girl Guides gave her a beautiful statue of Our Lady of the Smile. You should see how deeply our Black girls cherish this representation of their gracious Queen and Mother!

Towards the end of last year, it had become an established custom for the girls in my classroom to hold every Friday, a meeting during which the religious problem could be freely discussed. Leon, one of my Seniors adopted as motto, "To love Mary and to make her loved". At the last gathering of this informal club, Donaliya, the president, invited her classmates of Standard V to draw practical conclusions. She then proposed a watchword for the holidays. Imagine my astonishment when I heard this child of the wild exposing her views with poise and dignity. "My dear friends, let us all try to live in closer union with the Blessed Trinity and let us be more faithful in entertaining with the blessed Guest of our souls an intimate conversation." Another member of the club remarked, "I dislike crushing corn for the daily mush or fetching water from the well but I have resolved to say every time I'm required to do so, 'Because I love Jesus,' " How marvelous is the work of divine grace in these souls of good will! I firmly believe that among the young African ladies entrusted to our care, God will choose more than one apostle. Do you believe me, now, when I tell you that the beatific vision excepted, Northern Nyassaland is for your old god-mother something like heaven on earth?

I rely upon your fervent prayers and those of your classmates to obtain further graces for my beloved field of apostolate. To all of you I wish success in your studies and faithfulness in responding to the call of divine grace. Therewith I say according to the native formula, I have done. It is I.

YOUR GODMOTHER



## Leaving for the Second Time

*The following is a letter written by Sr. St. Denise,<sup>(1)</sup> m.i.c., and sent to THE PRECURSOR by her venerable mother with the hope that "it may help certain young girls who hesitate to answer the call to a missionary vocation..."*

On board, May 9, 1955

Dearest Mother,

How I wish I could tell you all about the deep-felt happiness I have found in my religious vocation! But I think this is one of life's realities which words are powerless to express.

1. Odile Malbœuf, Sudbury, Ont.

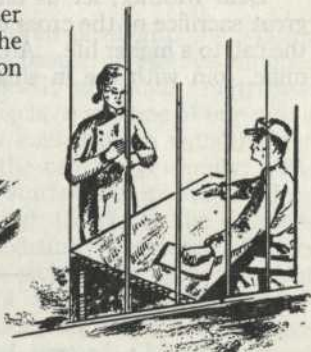


Twenty-two years ago, God required of you the sacrifice of your daughter Odile. How courageous you were on that day when I left the old homestead to enter the Novitiate of a missionary congregation! And, yet, you had reason enough to expect that I might have remained with you a while to help. Dear father was no longer there to share your burden . . . There were two little invalids, a brother and a sister, requiring special care . . . But you never even remotely hinted that I postpone entering upon my God-given career.

Thank you from my heart depths, dear mother of mine, for your generosity. Thank you for having allowed me to follow where the Master Missioner beckoned. Thank you for resolutely sweeping aside the objections my filial love brought forward to stay on at your side. God bless and reward you a hundredfold!

The Marian Year was to bring you the consolation of seeing your daughter once again after twenty-two years of separation. The first fifteen years of my mission life, I spent in Manchuria. It proved no easy task for me to learn the difficult Chinese language, with its subtle tones and its complicated hieroglyphs. After three years of intensive study I was almost discouraged to realize that I hardly knew anything. Then followed busy, fruitful years during which I taught catechism to the dispensary patients and gave special classes to the Chinese novices. It was my privilege during those years to be instrumental in ushering hundreds of babies into the celestial nurseries above.

Even one of the apostolic joys that were mine to taste on such occasions surpassed by far all the mundane pleasures I had ever experienced. Miss Pi, one of the first converts of that period, later became a valiant witness of Christ during the Communist persecutions. She is even now in prison for the same cause.



When the war came all normal relations with the homeland were severed. How your tender heart must have bled! For many years you were without any news of your missionary daughter interned in Szepinghai. Rumours reached you that the city had been twice besieged. During this time we Sisters were forced to look on while our once flourishing mission was completely destroyed.

But no sooner had peace been restored than we began making plans for reconstruction. Alas, all hopes of resuming our missionary activities were soon blasted, for the hideous Red dragon of Communism lifted its head and the writhings brought on civil war. Before we quite knew what was happening, we had been banished from our dear adopted country. Your Odile received an assignment to a new field of apostolate, Hong Kong. There for a duration of six years (1947-54) she was in charge of a huge family of boys between four and fourteen, the 830 pupils of our *Tak Sun School*.

The golden year dedicated entirely to the First Lady of heaven and earth was to lead your humble missioner home to you. Words cannot tell the happiness I have enjoyed among my loved ones in Sudbury and in Montreal. Their countless delicate attentions, their heartwarming affection will forever remain enshrined in my memory.

The news of my return to the missions must have come as a renewed sacrifice to you. God knowing your generosity did not spare you this second parting and He will reward you accordingly.

Dear Mother, let us offer *our sacrifice* together. Let us unite it to the great sacrifice of the cross to obtain courage for the souls who tremble before the call to a higher life. Ah, if they knew how happy I feel . . . Please, Mother mine, join with me in singing *Magnifical*.

Your loving missionary daughter,

SR. ST. DENISE, m.i.c.



Everyone who is baptized, if he understands the part he has to play, is a missionary. He may not be called upon to go to the heathens of Africa or Asia; his apostolate may be destined only to affect his near neighbor. But he must understand that, wherever he may happen to be, there he has a function to perform; he not only has to save himself, but he has also to sanctify and save his brethren.

*Raoul Plus, S.J.*

KATETE, NORTHERN NYASALAND.



# Life at the New Orphanage

SR. CLAUDE de la COLOMBIERE(1), M.I.C.

Easter Monday, April 11, was a remarkable date in the annals of our Katete Mission. On that day, the lovely family of African orphans who for the five past years had found a home in our convent, left for their brand-new nursery at Mzambazi. Early in the morning, Msgr. J. M. St. Denis called to bless them and wish them *Bon Voyage*. The older ones who understood what was taking place seemed unnaturally quiet, and even irrepressible five-year-old Mariya was for once in her short life struck dumb at the idea of leaving the only home she had ever known.

After eating an appetizing breakfast, the children piled into the waiting jeep. Beside the driver, Rev. P. A. Cyr, w.f., pastor of Katete, climbed the four older boys. For the thirteen others, nearly all babies, mattresses had been placed in the rear. Sr. Mary of the Angels (2) and one of our pupils went along as attendants. In the mission truck loaded down with the luggage, rode an aide with the three youngest of the orphanage family. The youngsters waved cheery goodbyes as the car started on its way. Until Mzamba was reached, things went smoothly enough thanks to the generous bag of cookies Sr. Mary of the Angels had thoughtfully provided. Dinner was taken at Mzambazi where another car was to pick up the caravan. But after waiting in vain for it to show up our pastor decided to drive to destination himself. The children took their nap snuggling down on the mattresses, then sang lustily all the songs they had learned. Mzambazi was reached towards half past five.

The transfer of the orphanage having been announced on the previous Sunday, the jeep was at once hemmed in by a crowd of curious onlookers. As soon as one of the "treasures" was lifted out, everybody exclaimed,

1. Suzanne Rinfret, Ottawa.

2. Alice Pépin, Warwick.



*Ah Kamwana hawene!* (the beautiful child) *Manyakeso...* (another). When Yohane, acknowledged leader of the group, saw the new orphanage he clapped his hands and cried *Enya yakutowa nadi!* (What a nice house). All the little ones repeated after him, *Yakutowa nadai!*

How delighted the tiny guests were upon entering their new home to find their own small chairs and tables which had been moved ahead! The truck bearing the rest of the luggage had not yet arrived, so a light cold supper was served in the large airy refectory. Every opening framed smiling, dusky faces. Never had these Africans seen children of their own tribes sitting at tables and eating with spoons. Good-natured comments flew from mouth to mouth as the spectators looked on approvingly.

Gradually, the crowd began to disperse. The orphans sang their *Causiku* (Mother, Goodnight) and needed no prodding to lay down on their mats for a badly needed night's rest. May Our Lady of Africa ever smile upon them and bless their generous American and Canadian benefactors.



\* \* \*

THREE ESKIMO GIRLS recently took vows in a newly established community, Sisters of Our Lady of the Snows, at the Jesuit-sponsored St. Mary's Mission in Alaska. To celebrate the occasion, Eskimo families arrived from great distances for the yearly conference conducted by Father John Fox, S.J. Climax of the conference was the reception of the three Eskimo nuns in the presence of Bishop Francis Gleeson, S.J. The new congregation was fostered by the Ursuline nuns who teach at the mission. The yearly conference for Catholic Eskimos features both religious services and social events. It is an event that is long looked forward to and much enjoyed by all.

*Mission Digest*

At the time when the orphans still lived at Katete. On this particular occasion they were holding high festival in honour of AMAYI MULALA, Sr. Madeleine Marie (Madeleine Loranger, Westmount).

# Blessed Rice Pots

SR. IMELDA OF THE EUCHARIST(1), M.I.C.

Lei Chao Mei no longer walks in the darkness. Thanks in part to the good offices of her best friend, Chen Sieou Kiu, the light of Truth now illumines the pathway of her life. Chao Mei's strong, magnetic personality is awakening her parents to the fact that this fair daughter of theirs knows exactly what she wants and will not allow anybody to make up her mind for her.

Even as a toddler, when her devout relatives took her along to visit some renowned Buddhist shrine or other, evading their watchfulness, she would noiselessly slip out of the gloomy temple to play in the courtyard, chasing sunbeams and butterflies. If papa or mamma ventured to scold her for her irreverence the lovable little rascal would turn upon them the charm of her bewitching smile and leave them utterly powerless to punish.

When she was sweet sixteen, her parents noticed with growing concern her assiduity at the Catholic Mission. They tried to remonstrate with her for thus forsaking the religion of her ancestors. Chao Mei listened respectfully but presented no excuse; she was far too clever to directly oppose their will. Instead, with a wonderful spirit of adaptation, she endeavoured to translate into her daily life the lessons of Christian ethics learned in the catechumenate. Soon the atmosphere of hostility melted to one of easy tolerance. This state of affairs became even more evident after Chao Mei was the occasion of saving her father's face, some time ago.

It happened this way. On the birthday anniversary of the President of the republic, an athletic manifestation in his honour was held in Kuanhsi. Groups of students from all over the province as well as hundreds of visitors poured into the city. All the employees in the Lei restaurant were assigned some special task in view of catering to the needs of the numerous guests. Being no shirker, Chao Mei assumed her own large share of responsibilities. On the morning of the great day, Mr. Lei found to his consternation that his chief cook had taken French leave. What was he to do? It is no easy task to cook to the right point 150 lbs. of rice and none among the waiters dared to step into the chief cook's shoes. Poor Mr. Lei was just about tearing out his hair when Chao Mei coolly declared, "No need to worry . . . Go back to your work, all of you. I will cook the rice." The distracted father looked at his daughter with a gleam of hope in his eyes but soon reflected,

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1. Simonne Boisclair, Almaville.



"How can a young girl, a mere child, handle the cooking of so much rice?" Gently but firmly, like a mother soothing a peevish child, Chao Mei led her father to a seat. "Don't worry, Father..." she smiled, in her irresistible way. "Everything will be all right."

Back in the kitchen facing the three huge pots, the girl's courage almost failed. What if the rice did not come out fluffy and appetizing? But, it must. She could not let her dear father down before hundreds of guests. With the simple earnestness that characterizes her, she knelt on the floor in front of the stove and prayed Our Lady to come to her assistance. Then she rose, rolled up her sleeves, and set the great pots boiling. The reputation of the Lei restaurant was made that day, much to the proud satisfaction of its owner.

Some time after this event, the Jesuit Fathers organized a group of young people to be trained as future auxiliary catechists. Chao Mei heard of this and immediately asked to be enrolled. It seemed highly imprudent to admit her, for it was no secret that her father merely tolerated her studies at the catechumenate. But, as usual, the girl finally got what she wanted. Since she had saved his face, Mr. Lei found it increasingly difficult to refuse his daughter anything. And so Chao Mei is now hard at work studying Christian doctrine five hours daily.

Thirty-five thousand souls — minus six — there are six Christians at present in Kuanhsi, await this young girl's zeal to learn the Gospel message. That these Taiwanese may "see your works and glorify the Father" here are a few suggestions which may have some appeal for you, dear lovers of the missions:

*Fee of a girl catechist*

\$15.00 a month, or \$0.50 a day or \$180.00 a year.

*Books* to enlighten youth and counteract the influence of godless literature.  
*Rosaries* to girdle Formosa with Mary's chain of love.

\*—————\*

## Homage

*"The Precursor" is happy to offer its most respectful good wishes to His Excellency The Most Reverend Laurent Morin who has recently been appointed auxiliary of the Archdiocese of Montreal by our Holy Father the Pope.*

*May Our Lady of the Rosary have in maternal keeping the career of this new Prelate.*

# **I** Was Hungry and You Gave me to Eat...

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

In Hong Kong the unemployed are as numerous as grapes on a cluster. By the fact that its chief does not earn enough to provide it with even basic necessities, the Leung family among many others recently found itself plunged in the most distressing situation conceivable. Nothing seemed left for them but to beg. This Mrs. Leung resolutely opposed preferring to suffer in silence and to deprive herself of every comfort.

Unfortunately, she was not the only one to be considered. On certain nights Tsang, Haa Mouil, Siou Ling, and Siou Ping, her four children, cried themselves to sleep because they were literally starving. Desperate at the sight of her children's sufferings, Mrs. Leung at length decided to give up her darling four-year-old Siou Ping to a rich family who offered to give her a home. God alone knows the tremendous sacrifice involved for the poor mother.

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1. Alexandrine Surprenant, St. Alexandre of Iberville.

Mrs. Leung and her son



Just when things looked blackest for the Leungs their sad plight was made known to us. It was not long before we were enabled to offer them at least temporary relief thanks to the generosity of our friends and benefactors and through the good offices of that wonderful charitable organization — Catholic Welfare.

Meanwhile, prospects grew brighter for Mr. Leung who had good hopes of obtaining a commission on a certain business transaction. Just at the last moment, however, one of the parties withdrew. Shattered were the comforting dreams of being able to pay an account on the three-month rent arrears and buy much-needed clothes for the children.

Even in China, misfortunes never seem to come single. Leung Taang, the only son, then came down with a bad case of typhoid fever. Mr. Leung called at our convent asking us to find a place for him in a hospital. We were lucky enough to find a good Catholic doctor who offered to take the patient under his care, free of charge. Hopes to save the boy's life were slight because of complications that set in, but finally the devotedness of the doctor and the expert care of the nurses pulled him safely through. Throughout his convalescence, Mrs. Leung never failed to call daily at the hospital with a ration of milk for her beloved Taang. Invariably before putting the glass to his lips, the boy would ask, "Mamma, did you have anything to eat this morning?" he knew only too well that his parents were in the habit of fasting often so as to have more food to give to their little ones.

Taang is now well on the road to complete recovery thanks to the kindness of those whose hearts go out in compassion to all who suffer the world over. Blessed be those persons of all nationalities who have succoured, in a practical manner, the countries faced with the danger of famine which according to the Holy Father's own words constitutes a common danger calling for the meeting of all peoples in a fraternal solidarity.

### HELPING CHINESE REFUGEES

The Catholic Welfare Organization has taken upon itself the task of intermediary of the American government in the distribution of provisions of rice, lard, vegetable oils, meat, butter, beans, and cheese to the amount of several millions of dollars. For our own share in the relief work, we have received tons of such merchandise in the vast godown graciously placed at our disposal by Mr. Fong, brother of dear Sr. Helena Marie<sup>(1)</sup>, m.i.c. With the help of forty persons who freely and cheerfully gave of their time over 8,000 parcels were made up for a general distribution that lasted three days, and came off in perfect order beneath the watchful eye of police officials.

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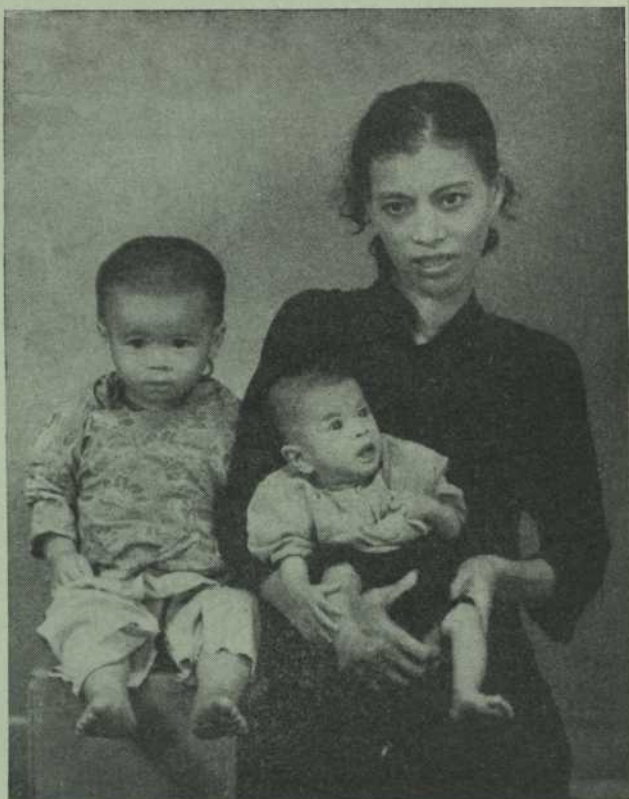
1. Helena Fong, Canton.

2. Jeanne Bouchard, St. Eloi,  
Temiscouata, Co.
3. Laura Therien, St. Leonard  
of Aston.
4. Juliette Rainville, Beauport.

Besides this, each week we distribute to needy families clothes and medicine equally donated by the "Catholic Welfare". In the dispensary opened in refugee settlements, Sr. St. Charles of Milan(2), m.i.c., and in her absence Sr. Joseph Arthur(3), m.i.c., cares for about 200 patients daily. Until now, 85 children have been baptized in *articulo mortis* there as well as 400 adults. More

than one hundred patients attend doctrine lessons. The second centre of help to the refugees is under the direction of Sr. St. Lazare(4), m.i.c. Together with a Chinese professor she instructs 75 children besides teaching catechism in Cantonese and Mandarin, three times a week, to a group of forty neophytes. Another of our Chinese catechists daily visits a third refugee centre to prepare for baptism some fifty catechumens.

On the Hong Kong government devolves the housing problem as well as the providing of educational facilities for the children of refugees. Religious authorities have the responsibility of attending to the needs of the Catholic population which goes on increasing. The 1954 statistics showed that in the diocese of Hong Kong comprising the city proper, Kowloon, and what English people here call "The Territories" live 60,000 Catholics. Our newly erected school of Clear Water Bay Road, with capacities for over 800 pupils together with our social service centres constitute at least one missionary response to the grave and urgent problems of the Church in Free China.



# Where Valour *Takes Precedence over Years*

SR. SAINT BERNADETTE<sup>(1)</sup>, M.L.C.

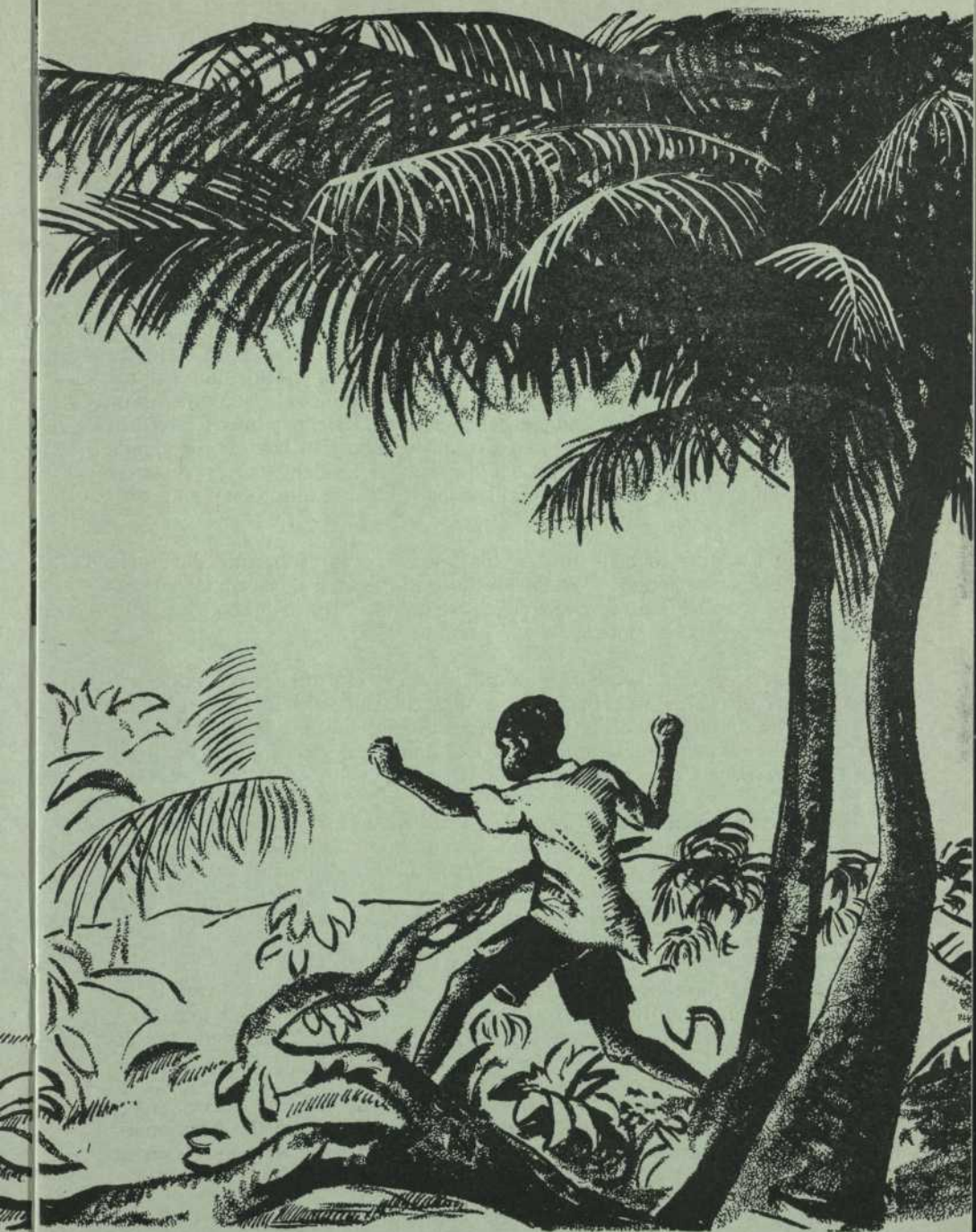
Can you imagine a mere boy of ten, as yet unbaptized, tenaciously clinging to his desire of studying for the priesthood, and that in spite of fierce opposition from his own family and tribal clan? Such is Kryson whom I first met when stationed at our Katete mission. Although he was not the brightest pupil in my class he certainly was the most studious, one in whose conduct I could hardly ever find anything to reprove. For two consecutive years he had worn the medal of a catechumen. His religious convictions were so firmly grounded and his assiduity at doctrine lessons so unfailing, that he obtained without any difficulty the crucifix marking his admittance to the class preparatory to Baptism.

When the Easter holidays came around, Kryson declared that he did not intend going home. "Why don't you want to spend your holidays with your family?" I inquired. His answer was frank and to the point. "Sister, it is safer for me to stay away from my relations. You see," he went on,

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1. Marie Fyfe, Laprairie.





"My elder brother, who is a powerful chief with a good number of wives, violently opposes my enrollment in a Catholic school. If I return to my village, he will surely prevent me from keeping on with my studies. How then can I ever hope to become a priest?" I consulted the missionary Fathers who decided to keep Kryson at the mission residence where he could do a few odd jobs to earn his board. Arrangements were also made for me to give him private lessons in his spare time.

Things went smoothly for a week or so until Big Brother, incensed at Kryson's prolonged absence, wrote a threatening letter to the missionaries accusing them of coaching the lad in rebellious ways. I tried to convince Kryson that he ought to return home at least for a few days to appease his brother's anger. His half reproachful reply was "Amayi, you don't know my brother or you would not suggest such a thing. Believe me, if I return, all hopes of a schooling will be lost. I shall be forced to bow to the chief's orders and will be obliged to lead a life of sin." Evidently, Kryson knew his family affairs better than I so I did not insist but left him to make his own decision.

In vain I waited to give the boy his lessons on the following day. He was nowhere to be found. When questioned, Pason his bosom friend informed me that he had last seen him fleeing into the neighbouring hills with his brother in hot pursuit.

A few days elapsed then Kryson stealthily crept into the mission enclosure under cover of darkness. His face was haggard and his body covered with bruises. He told us how his brother, furious because of his refusal to go home, had given him a merciless beating. He had finally desisted only for fear that the boy's desperate cries might draw attention.

After he had been given a warm meal and his wounds had been dressed, the boy was told as gently as possible that it would be wiser for him to go home of his own accord. As he was a minor, the Mission could not hold him against the will of his brother without inviting serious trouble. Poor Kryson could not make up his mind to leave the neighbourhood so he resolved to hide in the mountain for a while.

One Sunday morning after Mass, I noticed him standing in front of the Mission Church, pitifully ragged and unkempt. His pursuer had found out his hiding place and had again beat him black and blue. This could not go on indefinitely.

One more furtive visit did the boy pay to the Mission surroundings before he disappeared for good. Six months later, one of the Missionary Fathers received a letter from him postmarked Rhodesia. Kryson recounted

his flight and how he had been lucky in finding means of earning his living. The thought of his vocation was still uppermost in his mind, for he requested the priest to send him a letter of introduction to a Seminary in Rhodesia.

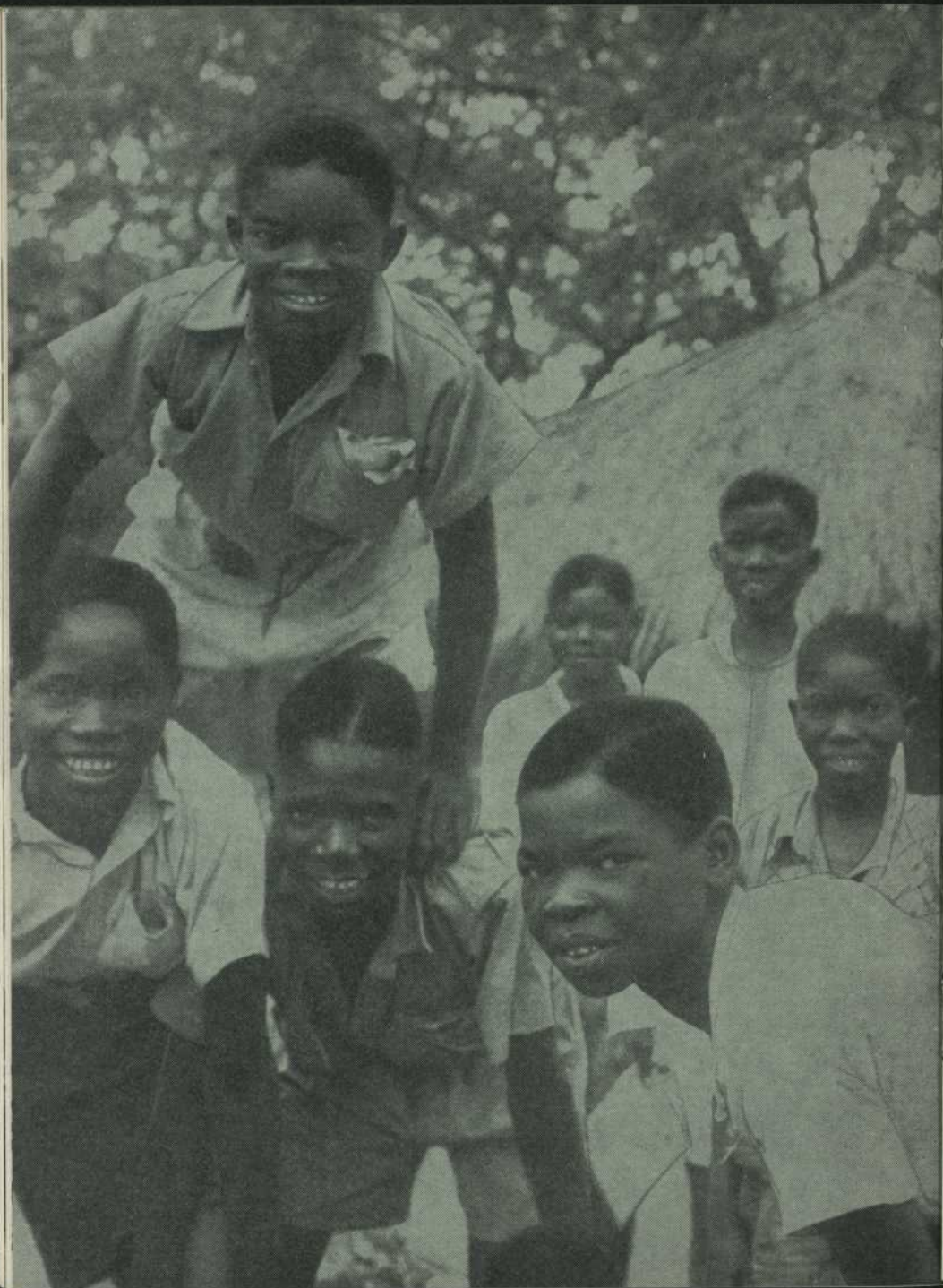
This news brought me deep-felt consolation. I am sure you will agree with me that this brave Black boy deserves to attain the goal for which he has been willing to make such numerous and costly sacrifices.

#### PETER KAMANGA

A rose by any other name would smell just as sweet, someone has remarked. In my class, Standard 4, was enrolled some time ago a manly, cheerful, non-Christian boy with the appalling name *Badness*. Too bad I reflected to bear such a name when one is goodness and frankness personified. I then and there resolved to make a list of more appropriate appellations and have the boy do his own choosing. Overjoyed at this unlooked for opportunity of exchanging names, the lad promptly chose Peter. At the opening of the following classroom session, I solemnly announced that henceforth *Badness* Kamanga would be known as Peter Kamanga. All his classmates, non-Christians as well as Christians, loudly applauded and shook hands with him. They know enough English to have realized that *Badness* as a given name was not very appropriate especially when applied to their friend.

I was far from thinking when this took place that my young charge would soon be called upon to live up to his new name. At Christmas, I was pleasantly surprised to learn that he had asked and obtained the medal admitting him to the Catholic Mission catechumenate. However, the surprise was anything but pleasant for the child's father. When classes opened again after the holidays, Peter told me a little of what he had been through. "Father beat me again last night, Amayi (Sister). He wanted me to take my medal back to the Bambo and when I refused he flogged me cruelly. He does not dare touch the medal himself because he fears its supposedly magic power. My mother helps me all she can but it is not easy . . ." On December 29, his father took away his books and pencils so Peter came to school empty-handed. I had not noticed anything amiss until the arithmetic lesson when a note was placed on my desk. "*Amay papani*, my father has taken away my things and therefore I cannot do the sums. I am writing this to you because I am too much ashamed to say it in front of my companions." More deeply touched than I cared to show, I provided the boy with writing materials.

Peter continues to be as immovable as a rock as far as his religious convictions are concerned. He never misses a single doctrine class. Whenever he comes across difficult questions, he asks for clarifications with a delightful simplicity. False situations he abhors. One morning, he came up to my desk a grave look on his habitually cheerful features. "Amayi, am I allowed to pray with my father in our hut?" I explained carefully that



prayer is prayer and that it should be possible to perform this religious act even with others not of the same faith unless erroneous words were used or expressions offensive to God and His saints. "Amayi," he went on, "This morning I heard my father praying thus 'My God, forgive those poor Catholics who adore the Virgin Mary although she is only an ordinary woman like the others since she gave birth to a child.' Amayi, these words are not true, are they?" Needless to say what my answer was. Peter heaved a sigh of relief and a smile chased away the shadows from his chubby face, for he loves the Blessed Mother with his whole heart.

The two of us agreed to recite numerous *Hail Marys* so as to win over his father to Our Lady whom he does not know as yet.

\*

Kryson of Kaseye, Peter of Nkata Bay, brave boys with the souls of heroes. Am I not right in declaring that they are among those for whom valour takes precedence over years?



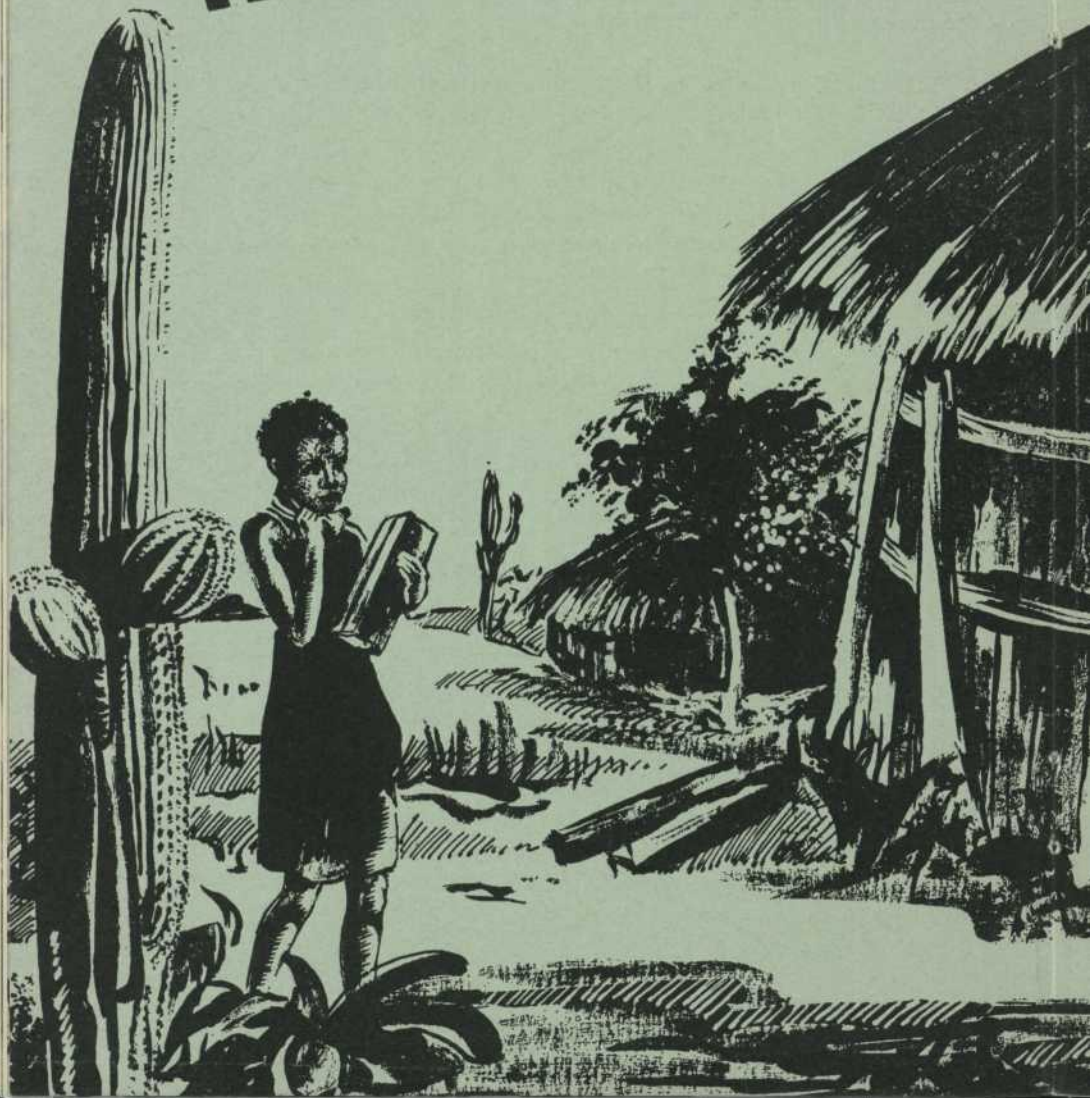
## Our Attitude toward our Brother

We do not need a revolution; we need charity. The catechism says that God made us to know, to love, and serve Him in this world and to be happy with Him in the next. True — and even complete in germ — but not sufficiently clear and detailed, unless we happen to know how God wants us to love and serve Him. He said Himself that He wanted us to love God above all things and to love our neighbor as ourselves. We were not put into the world to love God and ignore our neighbor, for such an attitude is a contradiction in terms. We have simply failed to grow in the divine virtue that overflows in the love and service of all humanity because it partakes of the very nature of God.

*Field Afar*

# MESSAGE

OF OUR  
OF T





OUR LADY  
THE  
SMILE

par JEANNINE RAZAFIARIVELO

Who could help loving this gentle Lady smiling down upon us all with such motherly tenderness? Ever since that far-off day when she first smiled upon Little Therese, her mysterious charms have never ceased to draw the hearts of her Malagasy sons and daughters. None, be he Catholic, protestant, or pagan can remain indifferent to this lovely Queen.

It all began on a pleasant March evening. Along the dusty, rocky road leading to the east, a young lady walked, carrying with infinite precautions a simple wooden box enclosing can you guess what? A statue of Our Lady of the Smile to be enshrined successively in each Malagasy family.

She has been walking the same road over and over again, this nut brown maid with the raven tresses, carrying her precious burden from one house to another, and always she is warmly welcomed.

In one of these modest homes, the youthful mother sets up a rustic dais upon which to enthrone the statue of Mary. In another home, all the children of the neighbourhood, pagans as well as Christians, are invited to honour the heavenly Queen by their pious *Aves*. One lady asks to have a souvenir-photograph taken of Our Lady's visit. A catechist swims almost at the risk of drowning to fetch *Masina Maria* . . .

And Mary does not remain indifferent to the homage of her children. Remarkable conversions have been wrought, among them that of a young teacher who had given up the practice of her religious duties and joined a Protestant sect. Thanks to Our Lady's visit she has come "home" again and has since become a Marian apostle.

All the families in our district are eager to greet the celestial Visitor. One family no sooner has enjoyed her visit than its members put down their names for another as soon as possible. Thus the angels are kept busy wafting up the *Aves* that rise from our Island to her throne above.

In the name of my compatriots, I wish to thank the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception and more especially their Reverend Superior General for having introduced Our Lady of the Smile to our Sakkalava country. Before they came, we knew very little of Mary's smiling bounties.

Now, our ambition is to have her enter neighbouring regions as the precursor of her divine Son to prepare all hearts for the Gospel message. In Madagascar, the harvest indeed is great but the laborers are woefully few in number. Send us many more Sisters. Dear friends of Our Lady of the Smile, unite your prayers to ours that the smile of the Queen of Heaven may soon illumine the entire island of Madagascar.



FORT JAMESON, RHODESIA

# ESTERIA

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



Among the group of married women who assembled here twice a week for courses in housekeeping, there was a Catholic named Esteria. Although she was sick and with child, she never missed a lesson so eager was she to learn how to knit garments for her little girl, Maria. But as she walked with increasing difficulty I told her to take her knitting home, promising to call at her hut twice a week to help her and encourage her.

On the first Saturday in June, I set out with Sr. Imelda of Jesus (2) for home visitations in native sections of the city, Romansi, Taononyi, Nellu,

Lasiwe, Mivanishupa. Here and there we distributed leaves of eucalyptus used around here in decoctions against colds together with other simple remedies. On our way a woman whom we had visited while she was serving a term in prison gave us some white flowers for Our Lady's statue. After we had made the rounds of several families, I suddenly remembered my promise to Esteria, so we set out at once on our bicycles in the direction where she lived.

It was no easy matter to pick our way along streets or rather lanes littered with refuse of all kinds. At long last we reached destination. Although in great pain, Esteria was up and doing, preparing the noon *sima* for her husband and children. She was overjoyed to see the Sisters and proudly displayed her knitting which was expertly done. Then she began to tell us how anxious

1. Francoise Pageau, Quebec.

2. Adrienne Larouche, Nashua, N. H.

she was as her time was near. The birth of her last child had nearly cost her her life and the baby had died almost immediately. What if the same thing should happen again this time? We encouraged her to pray Our Blessed Mother for a safe delivery. "You should pray with your children, Esteria. Our Lady would not fail to help you in all needs," we urged.

"I pray on Sundays when I go to church . . ."

"Yes, of course. But family prayer has a special efficacy you know. Try it and see . . ."

Noticing two rosaries hanging from a large picture of the Blessed Virgin, I suggested, "You know that Mary is the mother of us all and that she loves us *ngako, ngako* (much). She loves you . . . your darling little Maria. She wants to help you in all your necessities. I am sure that if you all pray together she will not refuse to grant your prayer. She will protect you in your hour of danger and save the life of your child."

While I was talking to Esteria, a man entered the house. "This is Aurelien, my husband," the woman introduced him timidly. Aurelien, tall and well-groomed, was apparently much more "évolué" than his Esteria. He greeted us pleasantly and thanked us for taking the trouble to visit his ailing wife. He seemed to be a kind man, fond of his wife, and rather proud of his children. I remarked to him how lucky he was to have such a good housekeeper who knew how to cook appetizing meals and kept the children so neat. That much cannot be said of every woman in these regions. I then went on to say how worried we were over Esteria's condition, urging him to have her hospitalized as soon as possible so as to safeguard both the mother and her unborn child. Finally, the conversation was brought to bear on family prayer once again. Aurelien agreed to recite part of the rosary with us so we all knelt down before Our Lady's picture entrusting this family to her motherly protection.

The following day happened to be Sunday. As I came out of church after High Mass, Aurelien hailed me joyfully, his handsome black face wreathed in smiles. "Amai, amai! You must have prayed very hard. A baby girl was born during the night. Both she and Esteria are doing fine. Thank you, O thank you, Amai, for your kind help and prayers. My wife can hardly wait to show you her baby."

That same afternoon I hurried to Esteria's house. How proud she was of the healthy, still rosy child lying beside her! "What shall we call her?" I asked.

"Amai, I've been so excited, I did not think about that . . . Perhaps you know of some nice Christian name for my little girl . . ."

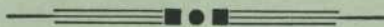
"How about calling her Claudina?"

"Oh, that sounds grand . . . Please write it down on a piece of paper so I won't forget."

A few days later the child was duly baptized under the name of Claudina.

Towards the end of June, while I believed Esteria to be still happy and contented, I was amazed on meeting her one day, to see a look of dejection almost of despair on her tired face. Between sobs she told me the sad story of her husband's unfaithfulness. He had abandoned her for a younger and prettier woman as so often happens around here. The slighted wife wanted to return to her own village with her two children, but the missionary in charge of the district dissuaded her from this course of action. It was wiser for her to remain where she was, he advised, as Aurelien might thus more easily be brought back to his senses and remember the permanence of the Christian marriage bond.

He cannot be put down as a heartless, irresponsible man. Born and reared in a milieu where polygamy has been the rule for centuries he is the victim of an atavism which sweeps away all conventions. To change and transform this milieu is the task of the missionaries, but a task that is done slowly and which meets with almost unsurmountable difficulties. Our only hope lies in the Woman whose virginal heel crushed the serpent's head once and for all time.



## High-Voltage Faith

Allesandro Volta, acknowledged as a great scientist, especially in the field of electricity where his name has been given to a unit of power, had this to say about his faith;

"I have always, and do now, consider the Catholic religion as the only true and infallible one, and I thank the good God that He has granted me the grace to be a Catholic. I am firmly resolved to live and die in this faith, with the hope of obtaining eternal life. I acknowledge the Catholic faith as a gift of God. I acknowledge it as a supernatural faith. I have spared no human means to strengthen my faith, to conquer every doubt that might arise. I have studied the principles of my faith thoroughly. I have read many books, some in favor of, and some opposed to my faith, and I have become strengthened in my conviction that the Catholic religion is not opposed to reason, and that every right-minded person must acknowledge and love this religion."



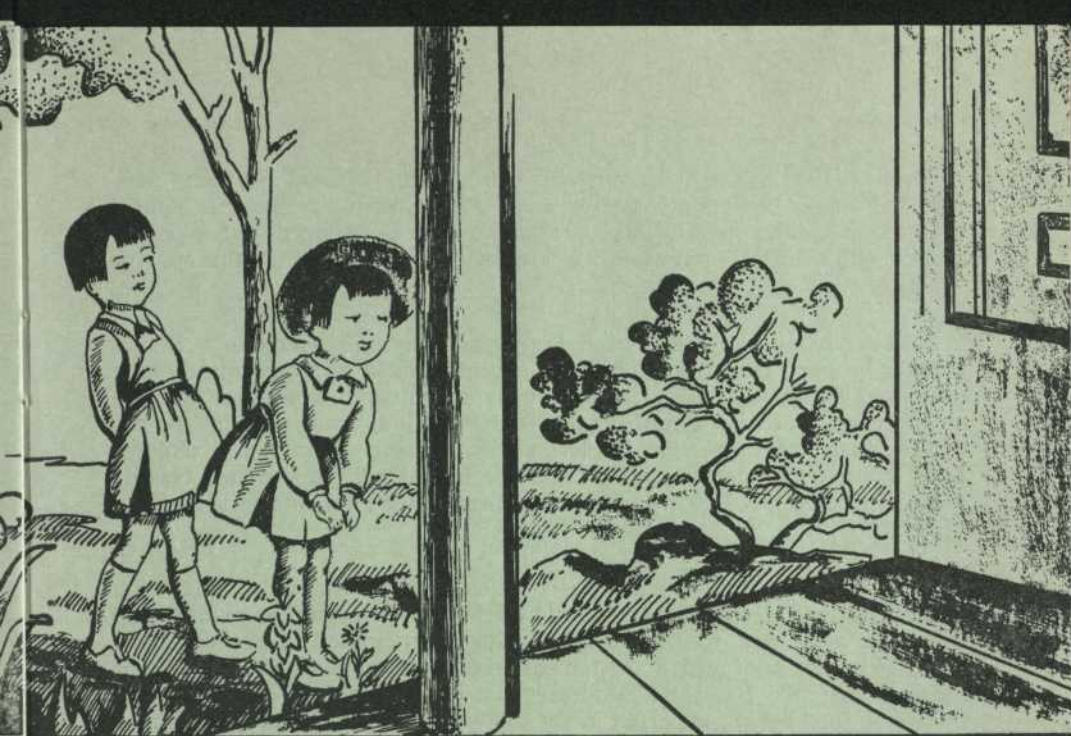
**KORIYAMA, JAPAN**

**SR. ST. OCTAVIE(1), M.L.C.**

The Japanese festival of *Sitingosan* (seven five three) annually observed on November 15, is another proof that Japan has earned its title of paradise of children which many writers have assigned to it. As the name of this festival implies, it places in the limelight the little ones who have reached the respective ages of seven, five, and three. Attired in their gala *kimono*, these wee ones are taken by their parents to tutelary Shinto shrines where

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1. Lucille Adam, Auburn, Maine.



they are made to give thanks for all divine blessings bestowed upon them since their birth and to pray for continued protection. The parents themselves offer prayers of thanksgiving and pleas to draw the blessings of the gods on their offspring.

In former days, *Sitigosan* was marked with the quaint ceremonies of dressing the hair for three-year-old girls, of putting on a *hakama* (wide skirt-like trousers) for five-year-old boys, and of replacing narrow kimono strings by a wide sash for seven-year-old girls. These ceremonies are now generally omitted, and the pilgrimage to the shrine, wearing colorful dress, is the principal feature of the celebration.

The role of Catholicism is not to change or discard the customs of a nation but rather to integrate them into the Christian pattern of living. This we have attempted to do with regard to the *Sitigosan* festival. In the latter days of October, letters of invitation were sent out to the parents of our 290 pupils explaining how on November 15, would take place the blessing of

children in keeping with the religious spirit of this ancient festival. More than half of the parents accepted to assist at this ceremony and thus entered a Catholic church for the first time. Those who declined the invitation at least sent their children whom they did not wish to deprive of this spiritual benefit.

The ceremony was opened by the singing of a hymn rendered in a religious manner by our little ones. Then the parents recited an appropriate prayer composed for the occasion. It was really touching to hear these devotees of Shintoism or of Buddhism praying the true God, thanking Him for protecting their treasures, and imploring His blessing upon their children. After the religious part of the festival, the traditional bags of *ame* (sweets) were distributed much to the delighted surprise of the fond papas and mammas present.

Some time later an inquiry was conducted to ascertain the impressions left by this first attempt in our area to Christianize a pagan festival. Questionnaires were sent to each family having participated in the ceremony. All except one approved a permanent institution of a Catholic *Sitigasan*. Many added that they had refrained from presenting their children to the bonzes as the blessing imparted in the mission church had had a much more solemn character than the one given at the temple. A few among the more practical mammas requested to be given early notice if the next festival was to be held at our school. They would thus be spared the expense of buying special *kimono* to be worn by their children for the official visit to tutelary deities.

We missionaries have been well satisfied with this first experiment. May Our Lady grant us the favour of drawing all her Nipponese children to receive the blessing of her divine Son, Lover of little children the world over.



FATHER MATTEO RICCI, the Jesuit who opened China to the Faith, was asked how he could leave his home, his homeland and his loved ones and spend his life in distant China. His reply has become a classic. "There is no problem," he said. "We missionaries have God for our Father, all mankind for brothers, and the world for a home."

# The Japan Catholic Scene 1945-1955 Ten Years of Progress

R. F. G. Kelly

## 1945: THE FACTS

When like a burned-out householder, the Church in the late summer of 1945, began to sift through the debris of war, assess her damages and reorganize her Christian family, the following dismal facts stood out among the charred ruins. Fifty-four of her biggest Parish Churches erected with only God knows how much work and sacrifice during the difficult pre-war years were a total loss. Another twenty-five over 50% damaged were uninhabitable. The Dioceses, Vicariates and Prefectures, counted up their losses and found 17,824 tsubo (17½ acres) of buildings reduced to ashes. The Religious Communities totalled an even greater loss — 24,196 tsubo. Of her children she mourned thousands of war dead — 8,000 in one blow at Nagasaki. Her flock was scattered, her shepherds few, her Seminaries all but defunct, her material wants great, her resources small. But like the energetic millions around her who undaunted began anew to build among the rubble, the Church in Japan immediately commenced the work of reconstruction.

## THE FIGURES

A counting of heads in 1946, brought to light the fact that post-war Japanese Catholics totalled in number 108,324. Available native priests numbered 155. Foreign priest helpers were fewer than 300. The 1,500 Japanese Sisters outnumbered their foreign counterparts in the proportion of ten to one. Native Brothers totalled 187, foreign — 173. Included in the above figures were 17 Religious Communities of men and 32 of women. This army of Christ, 2,500 strong, faced the problem of caring for their 108 thousand faithful and the immense task of evangelizing the other 180 millions.

## THE OPPORTUNITIES

Less than a year after the end of war, according to Church sources of the time, Catholics in Japan firmly believed that a new Mission era had begun in their Islands. Even hardened and disillusioned Missionaries compared the times with those of St. Francis Xavier and there were many who believed that the Christianization of the majority of the nation was well within the



• MISSIONS DES SIEURS MISSIONNAIRES DE L'IMMACULEE CONCEPTION

realm of possibility. Reasons for their optimism abounded. The bombs which flattened the walls of Japan seemed to have destroyed as well all the old barriers to the conversion of the people. Freedom reigned in Japan as never before. The attitudes of indifference, discrimination and prejudice to the Missionary were gone. Where formerly the Missionaries were shunned or frowned upon if not insulted, now they were welcomed and smiled upon. An attitude of benevolent curiosity and often serious interest in the teachings of Christianity became universal. Aristocrats, industrialists, workers and farmers, schools and clubs asked for books on Christianity or talks on such subjects as Christ, Religion and Democracy, the Church in America, the spiritual cause of the Japanese defeat. Such reports as these came in from all parts of the country. Here was the opportunity of a Mission lifetime — the chance to convert the Nation.

### THE STRATEGY

On November 28, 1945, the Ordinaries of the one Archdiocese, five dioceses, two Vicariates and seven Prefectures of Ecclesiastical Japan met in Tokyo for their first post-war conference, and began mapping the strategy of the big campaign. Rehabilitation, Propagation and Education in that order took top places on the meeting's agenda. A National Catholic Committee (Katorikku Kyoku Remmei) was formed to serve as the Bishops' official agency. For the material reconstruction and expansion of the Church in Japan and for liaison work with the Army of Occupation, a Rehabilitation Committee under the direction of Rev. Bruno Bitter, s.j., with a talented panel of clerical and lay members was planned and authorized. Parishes and mission areas were apportioned to the Diocesan and Religious Community Clergy, to whom the care of souls, propagation of the Faith and Educational work were assigned. At the end of those three memorable days at Sophia University, the work was clearly laid out. The blueprints were drawn up. The building began.

### THE CAMPAIGN

The Rehabilitation Committee was formally inaugurated on January 24th, 1946. Present at the first meeting were the Apostolic Delegate, Most Rev. Paul Marella, three Bishops representing the Hierarchy, the charter Clerical and lay members of the Committee and Military Chaplains of the Tokyo-Yokohama area. The first step taken was to address a letter signed by all present, to the American Hierarchy urging them to send representatives to Japan to see firsthand the unique opportunities open to the Church. With that S.O.S. on the way, the Committee then turned to the task at hand. The difficulties it faced were enormous. The greatest handicap to the Missionaries was the fact that the Catechism, Prayer Book and Bible were entirely out of

print and that at a time when unheard of numbers of people were asking for instruction. Even though SCAP gave permission, paper supplies were most difficult to procure. Some relief was provided by the final arrival of 150 tons of paper and 50,000 catechism phototyped in the United States. For several post-war years, the paper shortage was a great hindrance to the work. Transportation difficulties were partly met by the purchase from War Surplus of some jeeps and trucks. Permission for Religious Superiors to travel four times a year on Military trains was asked and granted. Food supplies were very meager. During 1946, through the efforts of the Committee, 100 tons of food were purchased from the army, another 150 tons imported from Australia and the United States and an arrangement whereby Missionaries could buy food once a month at Australian Army Canteens was completed. Building problems involved not so much finances as materials. After intensive negotiating, the Committee was able 18 months after the war, to buy 100 Quonset huts and supplementary building materials from the States. Through its efforts, Missionaries received permission to import free of duty, household, church and personal goods. Tons of Church supplies came into Japan in this way. The letter addressed in January to the American Hierarchy received a reply in the arrival on July 4th, 1946, of Bishop O'Hara of Buffalo and Bishop Ready of Columbus as representatives of the American Bishops. In November of that same year, Cardinal Gilroy and Bishop McCabe of Australia arrived. All pledged their help in both men and materials, neither of which was long in arriving. Another plea for Missionary helpers was addressed to the Religious Congregation and Society Superiors of the Catholic world, through the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda in Rome. The tremendous work done by the Rehabilitation Committee after the war can only be hinted at on paper. It provided all the tools possible at the time for the direct apostolate.

### THE APOSTOLATE

The story of Missionary activity at the time is one of restless, feverish work to the detriment of the health of the few missionaries and their undernourished staff, of reconstruction and new planning, of astronomically increasing catechumen figures and of daily lectures before huge audiences. From all over the country including the most backward and reactionary inland towns famed for their buddhistic or nationalistic prejudices, reports poured in on the increase of attendance at services, the number of applications for instructions, visits to the priest and to bible and catechism classes. Increases of more than ten times were often mentioned, to meet the mass demands for information and to take advantage of the opportunities so recently opened, the Missionaries began public lecture courses on Christianity. In one Vicariate a team of Priests was set up to go around their district to speak in town halls, factories, schools and even in the open. Catholic speakers were invited to workers' mass meetings and to teachers' gatherings. Another

group of 13 Priests began a systematic visit of prisons to teach the inmates. Radio time, twice monthly was used from March 1946, to expound doctrine. In fact, the only limit to this work was the small number of priests and laymen who could speak enough and had time to spare from their other manifold duties.

### SEMINARIES

On May 8, 1946, the Japanese Bishops met again at Committee Headquarters in Tokyo. Their conference decided to confide the care of the two major Diocesan Seminaries in Tokyo and Fukuoka to the Jesuit and Sulpician Fathers respectively. During the war, with the exception of 16 Seminarians who carried on their studies at the Trappist Monastery in Hokkaido, studies for the Priesthood had all but ceased in Japan. In November these 16 returned to Tokyo to continue their courses under the Jesuit Fathers. In Fukuoka, the Sulpicians were busy preparing facilities and organizing their staff. In October of 46, Scap gave permission for three Japanese Students to go to Rome for studies at Propaganda College. By the end of 1947, nine Japanese Priests who had studied in Europe during the war, twelve newly ordained in Japan, seven Australian Priests on loan from their Bishops and 210 other Missionary Priests, Brothers and Sisters from abroad were added to the ranks of the Mission workers. One fifth of the churches had been restored and 254 parishes under the care of 156 native Priests and 173 foreign priests were in operation. Seminaries back at their books numbered 147. The record for the two year period from August 1945, gives the total Baptisms as 20,568 — 8,207 adults, 5,482 children and 6,879 persons in A. Mortis. This was well over twice the pre-war total, in spite of fewer workers and huge material losses.

### SCHOOLS

The Schools situated mostly in the big cities had been hit hardest by the airraids. Nevertheless, within 18 months after the surrender, the indomitable Priest and Sister educators had their schools completely back in operation even though most of them were operating in temporary buildings ranging from quonset huts to corridors, closets, or primitive shacks of their burned out establishments. Apart from material difficulties our Educators faced problems arising from the newly introduced co-educational system. The National Catholic Committee's Educational Department held meetings in the spring of 1946 to deal with this thorny problem and to discuss ways of best taking advantage of the new Freedom of Religious law which permitted teaching of religion in the schools. By the end of 1947 there were operating in Japan, 1 University, 3 colleges, 11 boys' High Schools, 32 girls' High Schools, 11 Primary and other schools and 58 kindergartens.

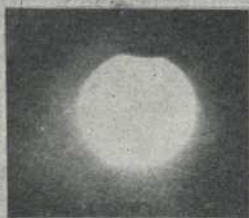
# Total Eclipse of the Sun in Manila

SR. THERESE of the CHILD JESUS(1), M.I.C.

On the morning of June 20, our pupils arrived in an excited mood with the pleasant perspective of school being let out at least around ten o'clock, as a total eclipse of the sun was to take place at eighteen minutes past twelve. Although the directress, Sr. Joseph of Bethlehem (2), conscientiously did her best to calm down the general effervescence, she was not very successful. Classes did open as per schedule but the children and even their teachers

1. Yvonne Gerin. Coaticook.

2. Yvonne Routhier, St. Peter of Broughton.



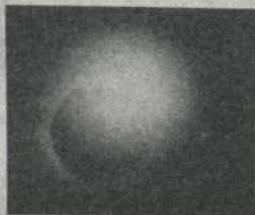
10:47 A.M.



11:20 A.M.



11:50 A.M.



12:26 P.M.



12:28 P.M.



12:32 P.M.

were all wool-gathering. Smoked glasses held much keener interest for them than textbooks on that particular morning. At long last the dismissal bell sounded and everyone rushed out with whoops of delight. There really was good reason for this eagerness to witness a phenomenon which happens only once every 1,250 years at the same spot of our planet.

At forty minutes past ten the sun was still shining brightly in a cloudless sky. A few minutes later the moon began to encroach on the solar disk and the light of day gradually waned until a dim twilight enveloped the city. During the seven minutes that the total eclipse lasted, a golden halo could be seen encircling the sun; then all around this halo appeared sparkling little stars which seemed to issue from the sun itself. Meantime the moon kept slowly moving. At a certain moment a brilliant spot was noticed like a diamond set in a coronet of gold. The halo around the sun finally glowed with all the colours of the rainbow before fading away.

Already the eclipse is an event of the past. It has produced a sensible falling of the temperature around here; from 99° F. the thermometer has dropped to 84°.



12:10 A.M.



12:19 - 12:25 P.M.



1:40 P.M.



1:52 P.M.

Souvenir photo of the solar phenomenon observed in Manila, June 20, 1955.

This phenomenon occurs only once at the same spot every 1,250 years. Different phases of the eclipse.

# *Personal Impressions of a Chinese Writer*

Radio Peking announced on July 17, that eminent personages belonging to the Party had been incarcerated. Among these is Hu Fung, one of the most renowned Marxist authors in China and a disciple of the late Lu Hsun revered by Chinese Communists as the greatest of modern writers.

For several months past, the Chinese press had led a furious campaign of vilification against Hu Fung; what started as a personal quarrel among writers was soon transformed into a political melee. The incriminated author vainly strove to redeem himself by a humble autocriticism of his "deviations". On May 25, 1955, seven hundred Communist writers of Peking assembled under the presidency of Juo Mo Jou, declared him to be a false revolutionary, a fomenter of destructive activities, stripped him of all his functions, and ejected him from the literary organization of the Red Party.

Hu Fung himself can hardly be considered as a remarkable figure. For a long time he was looked upon as a staunch Marxist, submitting to all the abasements inseparable from his profession. On the inauguration of a bust erected in honour of Mao Tse Tung he wrote,

Mao Tse Tung  
From the mountain top  
Turns to the world proclaiming  
"High, high, on the rolling seas,  
May I be magnified!  
Magnified so  
That I may embrace the whole world.  
Magnified so  
That I may enter eternal spheres."

To us the only thing of special interest in the life of this author is the manifestation of his personal impressions imprudently disclosed in his correspondence with his friends and disciples. It was this correspondence betrayed into the hands of the police which finally brought about his downfall. Seventy-six of his letters have since been published in the People's Journal of Peking. Destined to ruin Hu Fung in the public opinion, they furnish us with one of the most pertinent indictments of the regime.

Upon arriving in Peking four months after the "liberation" of the city, he wrote, "The world of letters is confused. The only safe proceeding at present seems to be shamming the dead." In January 1950, he declares in a letter to his disciple Lu Ling, "Even a mere sneeze is liable to be recorded and suffices to provoke investigations." Some time later, "Literary circles are plunged in the deepest depression imaginable. Many writers seem to be wearing a cang." To his friends Luling and Lu Yuan he comments on the favourites of the Party and also on "the flies and mosquitoes of the Party pullulating everywhere."

Upon making a visit to Shanghai in August 1950, he wrote to Chang Chung Shiao, "Just now I find here numerous writers of renown in the depths of dejection. The majority live in a stifling atmosphere, and this situation is such as to invite general discontent. It is necessary that these writers should remain silent even under oppression but they should slowly and patiently try to find a suitable place where a breach may be made."

During the counter revolutionary terror of 1951, he again remarked: "The whole of China is suffering from this terrible upheaval. Savage assassinations are perpetrated by the secret forces in the Party leaders' pay."

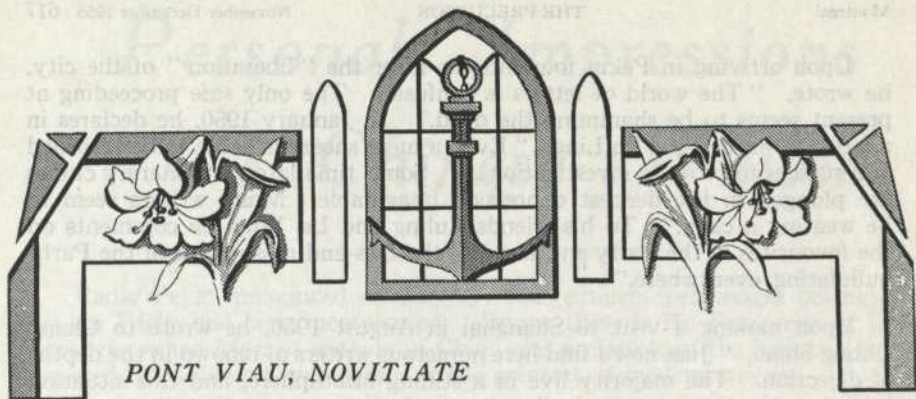
Such revealing excerpts might be multiplied. They fill entire columns in Red Chinese newspapers. Today, Hu Fung is expiating his unpardonable imprudence in solitary confinement. We are nevertheless grateful to him for having disclosed to the world something of the tyranny now strangling his unfortunate country. They are legions in China those who under an apparent conformity strive to make a breach which will allow them at least to breath freely.

*Fides*



Mark wrote down the command of Christ to "Go into the whole world and preach the gospel to every creature." Those words are not addressed to a few Priests, Brothers, and Sisters, but to all who believe in His Name. No one can exclude himself. Baptism presented the task. Confirmation gave the strength to accomplish it. The business is yours.

*Sister M. Richard, Ph. B.*



## Oblation of August 8

A missionary Bishop, His Excellency The Most Reverend Martin Lajeunesse, o.m.i., deigned to preside over the ceremony of Investiture and perpetual Profession which marked the close of the annual retreat. In his inspiring allocution, His Excellency stressed the deep mystical meaning of religious life as presented in close relation with the Sacrifice of the Mass. None of the professed Sisters or Novices of August 8, 1955, are likely to forget that "religious life is a perpetual participation in the Eucharistic Sacrifice" and that "the three vows of religion render those who make them so many hosts offered and consecrated..."

"My dear Sisters, have you ever reflected on the action of the host, on its behaviour, if I may use this word in connection with the Blessed Sacrament? The host is ever detached, recollected, ready to give itself up to manducation. Its life is resumed in the offertory, the consecration, the communion. At the offertory the host behaves with recollection. Do you know the profound sense of the word recollect? It means to collect, gather up again. It is because the host may be taken up, separated from other bread, and placed on the paten that the offertory can take place. Likewise, you, my dear Sisters, are taken up, separated from the world by your Investiture. Spiritually, you must strive to realize this separation by the practice of interior recollection. The better the Lord will be able to pervade your whole being, the better you will carry into effect the offertory of your life's Mass.

At the moment of consecration, the host behaves with complete self-denial. It loses its own nature keeping only its semblance. If the host could speak it could then say that it no longer lives but that Christ lives in it. Your profession of today is like the consecration of a Mass through which you sacrifice yourself and all your earthly affections. Without total self-denial you cannot hope to be fully consecrated.

When comes the hour of communion, the host surrenders itself to be consumed so that anyone may eat it who feels spiritually famished. You also must imitate this behaviour. The venerable Father Chevrier, intimate friend of the holy Cure of Ars, was fond of repeating that a priest is a man who must let himself be devoured. This may also be said of you, Sisters, in your work as nurses, teachers, social workers. You must be ready to let yourself be consumed, devoured, eaten up. To this end, you must remain as a child in the hands of your heavenly Father, always at His disposal, always free from all attachments in order that He may make use of you as He desires for His work, for His triumph, for the salvation of souls. You must, like a eucharistic host, be willing to let yourself be touched, taken away, turned, hidden in a tabernacle, or exposed to the sight of all, for the fervent religious is bound to spend and forget herself entirely. You will no doubt want to know, my dear Sisters, at what school you must go to be trained in this eucharistic behaviour. Enroll yourself as pupils in the school of Our Lady, the first and most perfect of all religious."

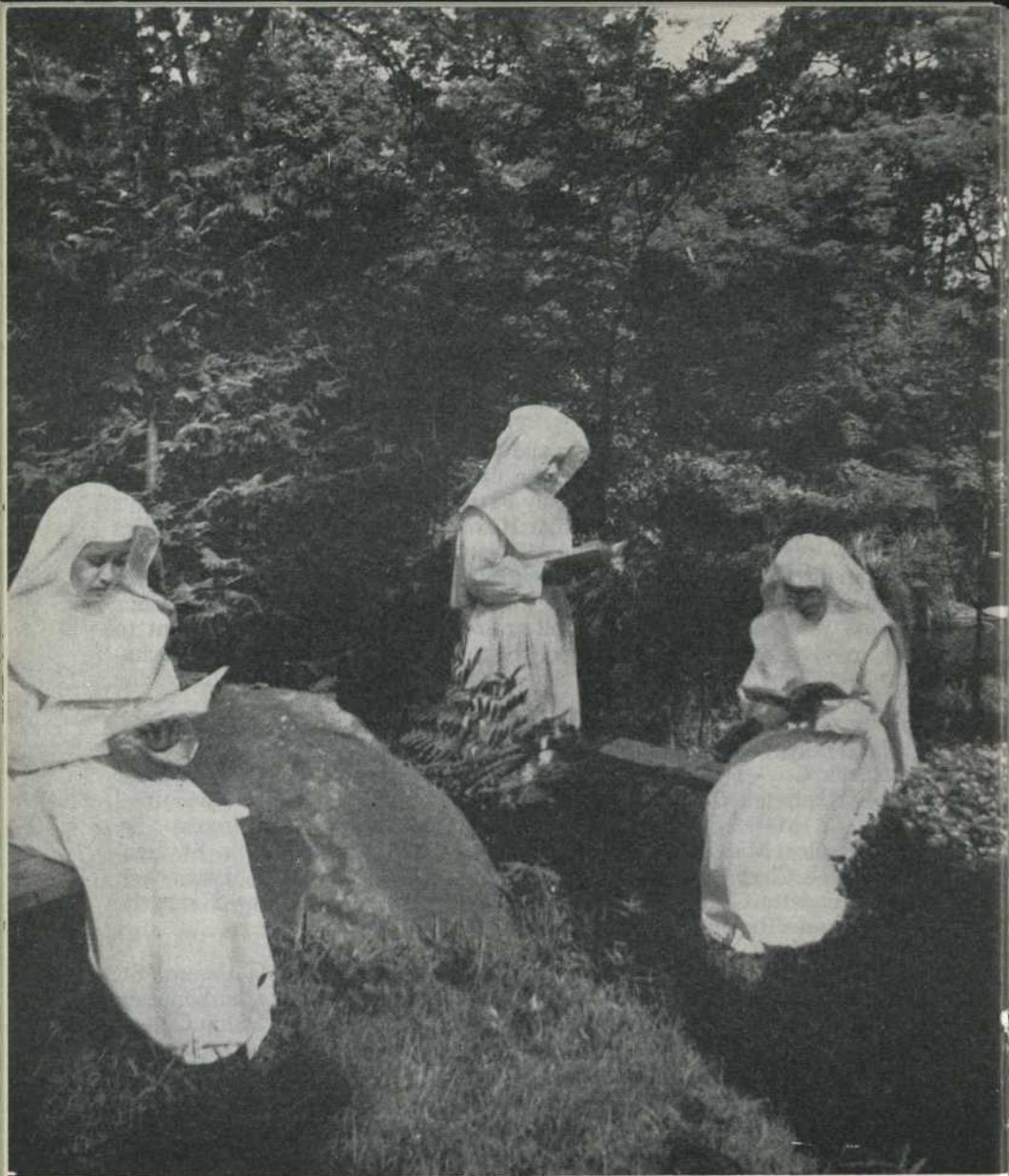
Have taken the holy habit: Miss Therese Gendron, St. Leo the Great, Matapedia Co. (Sr. Rodrigue of Jesus); Miss Mariette Gardner, Trottier Mills, Arthabaska Co. (Sr. St. Edith); Miss Pauline Fournier, Montreal North. (Sr. Marie Pauline Jaricot); Miss Berthe Gagne, Sherbrooke. (Sr. Marie Ursule); Miss Eva Hache, St. Isidore, Glouc. Co. N.B. (Sr. St. Henriette); Miss Clare Lemay, St. Dominic, Bagot Co. (Sr. Marie Hyacinthe); Miss Bernadette Gagne, South Framingham, Mass. (Sr. Andrew Raphael); Miss Yolande Renaud, Loretteville. (Sr. Peter Marie).

Have made their perpetual vows: Sr. St. Eleonore (Noella Parent, St. Ambrose of Kildare); Sr. St. Michel des Saints (Fernande Charbonneau, St. Hyacinthe); Sr. St. Joachim (Reina Martel, Farnham); Sr. Maria Goretti (Aline Boisvert, GrandMere); Sr. St. Simeon (Gisele Legris, St. Vincent de Paul); Sr. Mary of the Sacred Heart (Gisele Rivest, Montreal); Sr. Agnes of Jesus (Rita Desaulniers, Shawinigan Falls).

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With Christ, there is peace even in war. Without Christ there is war even in peace.

*Dr. John C. H. Wu*



*THE JAPANESE NOVICES ON RETREAT*  
*TOKYO NOVITIATE GARDEN*



# Mary's Medal

SR. ST. GREGORY THE GREAT(1), M.I.C.

In Japan it is customary for the pupils of each school to wear a special *kisho* (insignia) identifying them as belonging to such or such an educational institution. For our English classes placed under Our Lady's patronage, we managed to have her miraculous medal joined to the monogram of our school.

Upon reception of their *kisho*, the pupils are given explanations regarding its religious meaning and thus learn of the wonders wrought by the blessed image. One little boy told this story to his mother, a non-Christian saddened by domestic troubles. As soon as she heard of the miraculous medal, this woman decided to obtain through Mary's intercession the conversion of her husband, a confirmed drunkard. She came to the convent and asked for a medal which we gladly gave her.

Some time later, I met her on the street. What was not my surprise when, after exchanging the usual greetings, I saw her bursting into tears. But, they were tears of grateful joy as I soon learnt, for her husband was now wearing Our Lady's medal and carefully avoiding taverns. The grateful client of Mary confessed her firm belief in a supernatural intervention and asked me to have her name and that of her child entered on the catechumenate records.

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1. Rita Martel, Vanleek Hill, Ont.

THE CHINESE WHO SUFFER for their Faith are not made of wood and stone. They are just like you, flesh and blood creatures subject to anxiety, disgust, fatigue but above all fear — the same fear which Our Savior experienced in the Garden of Olives. It surges in them at the sound of the sirens, at the sight of the sinister automobiles prowling the streets in search of prey, at the knock of the Chinese gestapo on their door; when they are torn from the arms of their loved ones, when they are denounced as traitors in front of the public assemblies. But there is not one who does not relate after the horror has miraculously ended: "I was afraid, but I prayed."

And this is the prayer which all the Catholics in China recite every day to prepare themselves for battle:

MY GOD, I fear only my fear.

It could make me abandon you.

MY GOD, I fear only my fear.

It could make me lose my courage before the end,

MY GOD, I implore you

Do not forget me in your glory.

Give me your love and the strength to give my life for you. AMEN.

*Mission Digest*

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## IN THE PHILIPPINES

Although about eighty per cent of the population claims to be Catholic, and the first missions were established nearly four hundred years ago while the Islands were under Spanish rule, the number of priests, nuns, and brothers is inadequate to care for the spiritual needs of the growing population. Some dioceses have only one priest for every 14,000 Catholics. When the Philippines came under American control at the turn of the century, many of the Spanish priests retired to Spain or entered new mission fields. American diocesan and religious priests were sent to replace them, but their number was never sufficient to keep up with the demand.

# Our Beloved Dead



The R. R. Canon Gauvin, **St. Fabien, Rimouski**; Rev. Sr. Marie Samuel, Sisters of Presentation of Mary, **Granby**, sister of Sr. Marie des Cinq Plaies, m.i.c.; Mrs. Joseph Gravel, **Three Rivers**, mother of Sisters Marie Josephine and Marie Germaine, m.i.c.; Mr. Emile Corbeil, **Montreal**, father of Sr. St. Emile, m.i.c.; Mr. Placide Bertrand, **Mont Laurier**, father of Sr. St. Lucy, m.i.c.; Mr. George Bussieres, **Quebec**, father of Sr. Marguerite Bourgeoys, m.i.c.; Mr. Ls. Philip Brousseau, N.D., **Donnacoene**, brother of Sr. St. Colombe, m.i.c.; Mrs. J. Arthur Seguin, **Montreal**, grandmother of Sr. Andrew of the Saviour; Mr. Ralph Hague, **Montreal**; brother of our sister Saint John of Calvary m.i.c.; Mrs. Robert Carroll, **Verdun**; Mr. Jos. O. Regan, **Westmount**; Mr. Oscar Rocheleau, **Saco, Maine**; Mrs. Catherine Barry, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mrs. Gaston Bussieres, **Montreal**; Mr. Gerard Cossette, **Grand Mere**; Mrs. Etienne Deschesnes, **St. Andrew Kamouraska**; Mrs. Arsene Leduc, Mrs. H. Filteau, Mr. Adelbert Page, Mrs. Jean Vachon, Mr. Georges Laurin, Mr. Telesphore Aubry, Mr. Eugene Pelletier, Mr. Dr. Joseph Ratte, Mrs. A. Guilbeault, Mr. and Mrs. Leandre Beaugerard, Miss Carmen Guay, Mrs. Edouard Lecours, Mrs. Joseph

Charbonneau, Mr. Arthur Larin, Mrs. Ivanhoe Dion, Miss Berthe Barnabe, Mr. Louis P. Blais, Mrs. Arcade Nadeau, Mrs. Alfred Beausoleil, Mrs. D. B. Jarry, Mrs. Charles Gagnon, **Montreal**; Mr. A. Laberge, Mrs. Napoleon Verville, Mrs. Arthur Bellemar, Mr. Pierre Valade, Mrs. F. Lefebvre, **Verdun**; Mrs. G. D. Rheault, **Outremont**; Mr. Antonio Dumas, **Rosemont**; Mr. Joseph Brodeur, **Belœil**; Mr. Wilfrid Croze, **Tetreaulville**; Mr. Eddy Daoust, **Ile Perrot**; Mr. Louis Richer, **Ville St. Pierre**; Mr. Paul Emile Lord, **Ville Jacques Cartier**; Miss Cecile Godin, **St. Anne de Bellevue**; Miss Maria Simard, **St. Anne des Plaines**; Mr. Adeodat Filion, **St. Placide**; Mrs. Bruno Charbonneau, **St. Jovite**; Miss Albertine Laframboise, **St. Scholastique**; Mrs. Conrad Toupin, Mr. Wilfrid Marciel, **St. Isidore, Laprairie**; Mrs. Alexandre Massicote, Mr. Eugene Rivest, Mr. Zenon Michaud, Miss Alice Gravel, Mrs. J. Marie Lavallee, **Joliette**; Mr. Joseph Thibodeau, Mr. Camille Moquin, **St. Jean**; Mrs. Wilfrid Hamel, **Charny**; Mrs. Antoni Grenier, **Shawinigan Falls**; Mr. Omer Melanson, **Victoriaville**; Mrs. Auguste Poirier, **Amqui**; Mrs. Anatole Turgeon, **Bureau Callieres**; Miss Victoria Chochoquette, **Marieville**; Mr. Fernand Langlois, **Montmagny**; Mrs. Noe Brunelle, **St. Emilie de l'Energie**; Mrs. Anthime Rivard, Mr. Leon Rivard, **St. Prime, Co. Roberval**; Mr. Camille Villeneuve, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. Joseph Harvey, **Cap a la Branche, Co. Charlevoix**; Mr. Patrick Cote, **Arvida**; Mr. Albert Lamothe, **La Tuque**; Mrs. Mathilda Beausoleil, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mrs. William Giroux, **Waterville, Me.**; Mr. John Plourdes, **Lewiston, Me.**; Mrs. Eva Forayth, **Lowell, Mas.**

It is our deepest conviction that all men are brothers, and that the supreme tragedy of the age is our failure to live as brothers in a world that we were intended to share as equal members of a united family.

*James E. Walsh*

# 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, Gagalangin,

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.