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The Precursor

The Precursor

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IN THIS ISSUE

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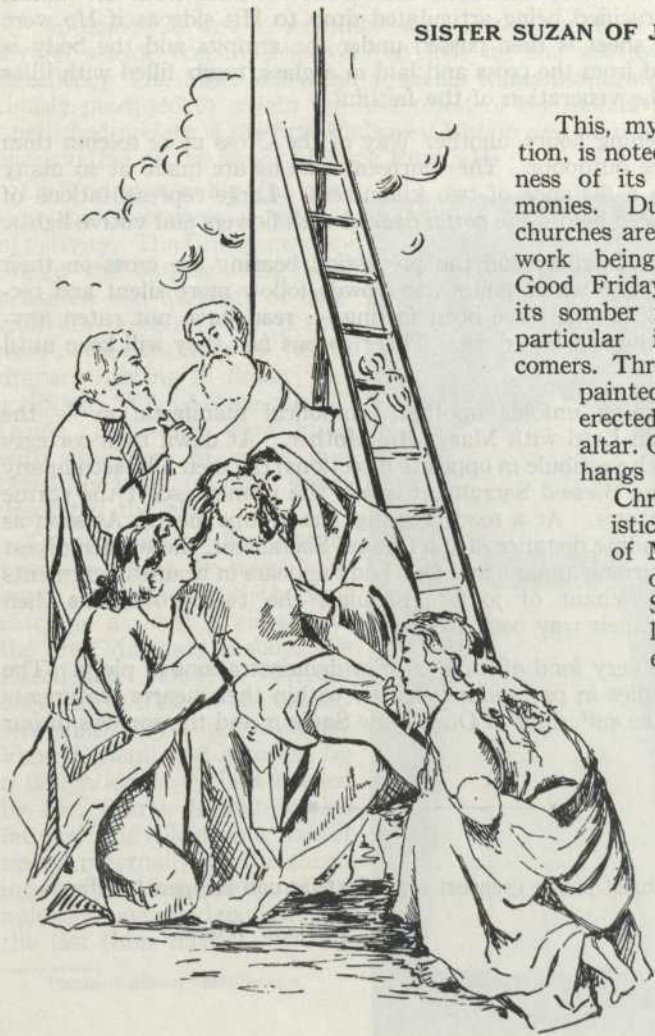
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<i>Holy Week in Cuba</i>	51
<i>First Sakalava Priest Ordained</i>	53
<i>Family Rosary Crusade in Nyassaland</i>	56
<i>Family Rosary Crusade in Northern Rhodesia</i> ..	60
<i>Altar Boys of Tak Sun</i>	66
<i>Way Cuarta</i>	69
<i>Missioner Malemute</i>	72
<i>The Carabao</i>	74
<i>Picnic Under the Rain</i>	79
<i>S. O. S.</i>	82
<i>Open Letter to Retreatants of Granby and St. Johns'</i>	85
<i>The Japan Catholic Scene</i>	88
<i>Visiting Day at the Postulate</i>	92
<i>Our Dear Departed</i>	94

Cover: HAITIAN YOUNG LADY OF LIMBE, HAITI.

Holy Week in Cuba

SISTER SUZAN OF JESUS¹, M.I.C.



This, my country of adoption, is noted for the elaborateness of its Holy Week ceremonies. During these days churches are packed, all servile work being suspended. The Good Friday celebration with its somber magnificence is of particular interest to newcomers. Three ten-foot crosses

painted in black are erected in front of the altar. On the middle cross hangs a lifesize figure of Christ painted in realistic style; large statues of Mary, the Mother of Sorrows, and of St. John, the Beloved, stand on either side swathed in mournful draperies.

Towards three in the afternoon, a priest enters

1. Suzanne Longtin,
Montréal.

and kneels at the foot of this improvised Calvary to begin the Way of the Cross which is followed by all the faithful present. Even the old and infirm hobble along after the others intent on sharing in the Saviour's sorrowful Passion.

At the close of the Stations, the presiding priest reads aloud the Gospel account of the taking down of Jesus from the Cross and of His burial. Mean-time actors reproduce the scene. Two men representing one, Joseph of Arimathea, the other, Nicodemus, mount the steps of the sanctuary, carrying a ladder. One of the two then goes up the ladder placed against the reverse of the middle cross. As he cautiously draws out the nails from the hands, the arms of the Crucified being articulated drop to His side as if He were living. A winding sheet is then passed under the armpits and the body is respectfully lowered from the cross and laid in a glass tomb filled with lilies to be exposed to the veneration of the faithful.

In the early evening hours, another Way of the Cross more solemn than the first takes place outdoors. The fourteen stations are made at so many different houses on a distance of two kilometers. Large representations of each station are placed before the *portal* decked with flowers and votive lights.

Catholic Action Knights head the procession bearing the cross on their shoulders. During two whole hours the crowds follow more silent and recollected than usual. Some have been fasting — read have not eaten anything at all — for the last two days. This rigorous fast they will keep until Sunday.

On Easter morning unfolds another symbolical manifestation — the meeting of the Risen Lord with Mary, His Mother. At dawn twin corteges start from the church vestibule in opposite directions; the men folk accompany a priest carrying the Blessed Sacrament, while the women escort the statue of Our Lady of Sorrows. At a road crossing, the groups meet. As soon as they come within hailing distance of the Blessed Sacrament, the women divest the statue of its mourning apparel and Our Lady appears in beautiful garments of brocade. To the chant of joyful Alleluias, the two processions then triumphantly wend their way back to church.

The Cubans are very fond of such exterior demonstrations of piety. The Holy Week ceremonies in particular help stir within their hearts sentiments of compassion for the sufferings of Our divine Saviour and the sorrows of our Blessed Mother.

—————

The loss of Christ is the greatest tragedy that can happen to Man.

Patricia Walsh

First Sakalava Priest Ordained

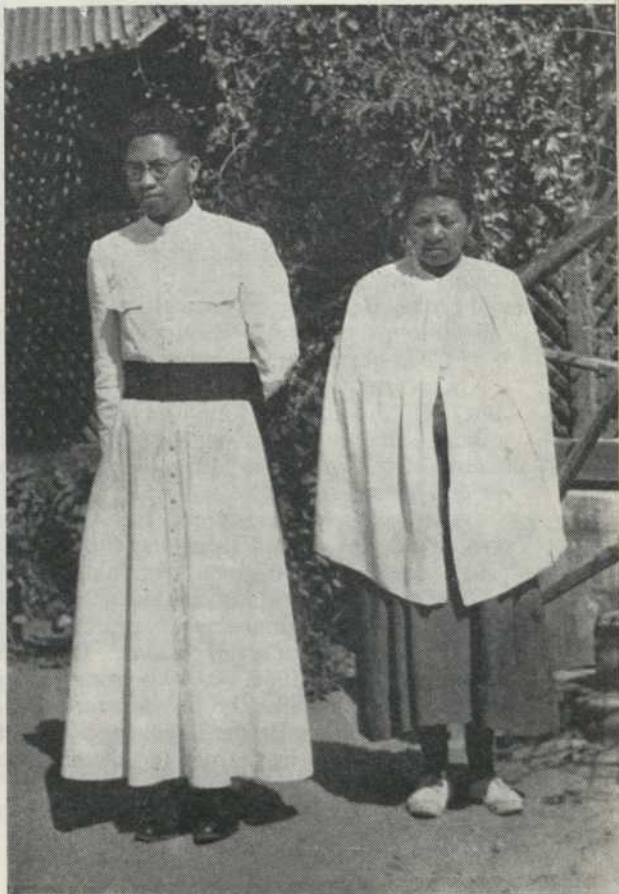
SISTER ST. FELICITE¹, M.I.C.

September 23 was a memorable date in the annals of our mission. For several weeks, preparations were on foot for the worthy reception of His Excellency The Most Reverend Ignatius Ramarosandratana who had graciously promised to ordain the first priest of the Sakalava tribe. The distinguished prelate is the first Malagasy Bishop and he received the episcopal consecration at the hands of Pope Pius XII.

On Friday morning, the mission church became a beehive of activity. The Christians decorated the outside with palm branches and garlands of bougainvillea flowers. They placed above the entrance a white drapery bearing in flowery inscription, "Vive Monseigneur!" Inside, the walls were hung with streamers of white and blue; bouquets of pink laurel decorated the altar.

Towards noon the faithful began to throng the street leading to the mission in the hope of catching at least a glimpse of the first Malagasy Bishop. His Excellency, however, arrived only at five o'clock. He was accompanied by his Malagasy Vicar General and escorted by a delegation of cyclists headed by Mr. Tokou. In spite of his fatigue, the illustrious visitor smiled paternally on the cheering crowds. He had covered 600 miles over very bad roads during the last three days.

1. Thérèse Leblanc, Saint-Sylvere.



The Morondava band played while he entered the sanctuary to give Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Father Bernard Ratsimamotoana was ordained on the following Sunday. His venerable mother was given a place of honour near the sanctuary. Escorted by numerous members of the clergy, most of the missionaries from all points of the Prefecture were present. His Excellency, solemnly proceeded up the central aisle while the faithful looked on in wondering awe. Never had the humble church of Morondava been the scene of such a grandiose spectacle. The singing was rendered by the mission choir composed of Christian men and women helped by the pupils of our school.

After the ceremony when Father Bernard lifted priestly hands to bless his beloved mother, she was unable to repress her tears. Her emotion must indeed have been extreme for the Malagasy possess such remarkable self-control that they seldom allow strangers to see their impressions. In the afternoon, many *kabary* speeches were delivered to thank Bishop Ramarosandratana and to congratulate the newly ordained priest.

The latter also was presented by the Christians with a beautiful liturgical vestment, a sick-call set, a valise, and a wellfilled purse. Proud of this first Sakalava priest of theirs, they insisted on providing for a part of the expenses involved when he shortly leaves for Rome to continue his theological studies. Their practical gifts will stand him in good stead. Father Bernard thanked his people and acknowledged their compliments in a stream of scintillating phrases. Listening to his witty remarks we reflected it was not without reason that the Malagasy are known as born orators.

A copious *sakafo* (banquet) followed the numerous *kabary*. All the Christians present were invited to partake not of the "fatted calf" but of appetizing dishes concocted from the meat of a cow, a goat, a pig, cooked with plenty of rice.

Father Bernard celebrated his first High Mass on Monday. In a stirring allocution, the Vicar General commented Our Lord's words to His Apostles, "He who hears you, hears me, and he who rejects you rejects me."

Such was the suspense among the faithful that one might have heard a pin fall. For the first time, the altar boys forgot to nudge and tease one another. They squatted on the altar steps avidly drinking in the familiar words of the preacher. How we prayed that the Lord would choose other priests among them!

The Sakalava are a proud race. They scarcely mingle with other indigenous peoples around them and they are not easily drawn to Christianity. They need priests of their own nation. We hope that Father Bernard's example will draw many Sakalava youths to the sublime vocation of the priesthood. One hundred years ago, the first Mass was offered in Tananarivo before an audience of seven persons. On the Mass celebrated to commemorate this event in July 1955, 50,000 persons were present. That first lonely Mass in 1855 multiplied like the tiny mustard seed. So may we not hope that the vocation of Father Bernard will be a seed that will produce a harvest of priestly vocations in the not too distant future?



THE WELL, MORONDAVA. Sisters St. Felicite (Therese Leblanc, St. Sylvere of Nicolet,) and Mary Viator (Therese Drainville, Laval des Rapides,) with some of their young friends in Morondava.

The Family Rosary Crusade

SISTER ST. IMELDA¹, M.I.C.

It was not in vain that the Family Rosary Crusade had been prepared by prayer and penance on the part of the faithful and all the mission personnel. Katete's rally was characterized by intense devotion, eloquent proof that the message of the crusade had penetrated deep into the hearts of even the poorest and humblest. Priests from all the mission outposts of our Prefecture and a few from Northern Rhodesia joined with the Africans in tendering an enthusiastic welcome to the Rosary Crusader, Rev. Father Patrick Peyton, c.s.c. The 25 missionaries present at the rally offered Mass without interruption from 5.30 a.m. to 7.30.

Pilgrims from even the most remote districts who had been steadily arriving during the last few days were shown friendly hospitality in the homes of Christians and catechumens. Some had walked all of a hundred miles to honour Our Lady. Who can doubt that such courageous piety and filial love will receive its reward in countless graces?

Early in the morning hours, the church bell rang its summons, bidding the thousands gathered in Katete to the Grotto on the mountainside. With the last strains of a mighty chorus singing *Ave, Ave Maria*, Right Reverend Msgr. J. N. St. Denis began the celebration of the Holy Sacrifice. It was about nine o'clock. During this Mass, four White Fathers distributed Communion to hundreds of Christians. Msgr. St. Denis afterwards addressed the assembled people to fire them with love and confidence in Our Blessed Mother and to introduce the preacher of the Crusade, Reverend Father Peyton.

Before delivering his sermon, the Rosary Crusader expressed the wish to hear the Rosary recited by all present. Five Christian families stepped before the microphone. The first group consisted of father, mother carrying a baby on her back, five daughters, and two sons; another group was made up of husband, wife, one son, and four daughters, the eldest of which was a Rosarian Sister. These groups were eloquent illustrations of Father Peyton's catchword, "The family that prays together, stays together." All the rosaries lifted high in homage appeared to us as a blessed chain whose first link rested in the hands of the all powerful Queen of Heaven and earth.

1. Imelda Saurette, Letellier, Man.

When Father Peyton stepped forward to speak his message, an expectant hush fell on the multitude of over five thousand massed at the foot of the mountain. He immediately conquered the hearts of all, Christians and non-Christians alike, by the opening words of his sermon, "Dear, dear people of God . . ." and by expressing his regret at not being able to address them in their local dialect. Reverend Father Poulin, w.f. served as interpreter.

Dear, dear people of God.

God loves everyone of you. I want to pray so that He will talk to you, His beloved children, and give you love and peace. Our blessed Mother thanks you for the act of adoration rendered to her Son, . . . for having trekked so far to show your belief in Him. My message is that God loves you, His dear children.

Sixteen years ago, I was cured by the Blessed Virgin. This I attribute to my parents who taught us their children to pray and who recited the Rosary daily together. Of their nine children two have become priests.

I ask you to love the Rosary, to trust in the Rosary, and to realize that the Rosary has the power to bring God into your hearts and homes. I want you to become aware that with the Rosary in hand you have the power to bring God into your family, your home. This is the message God gave me to tell husbands and wives everywhere, the message he has asked me to spread during the last fifteen years. That is why he made me a priest.

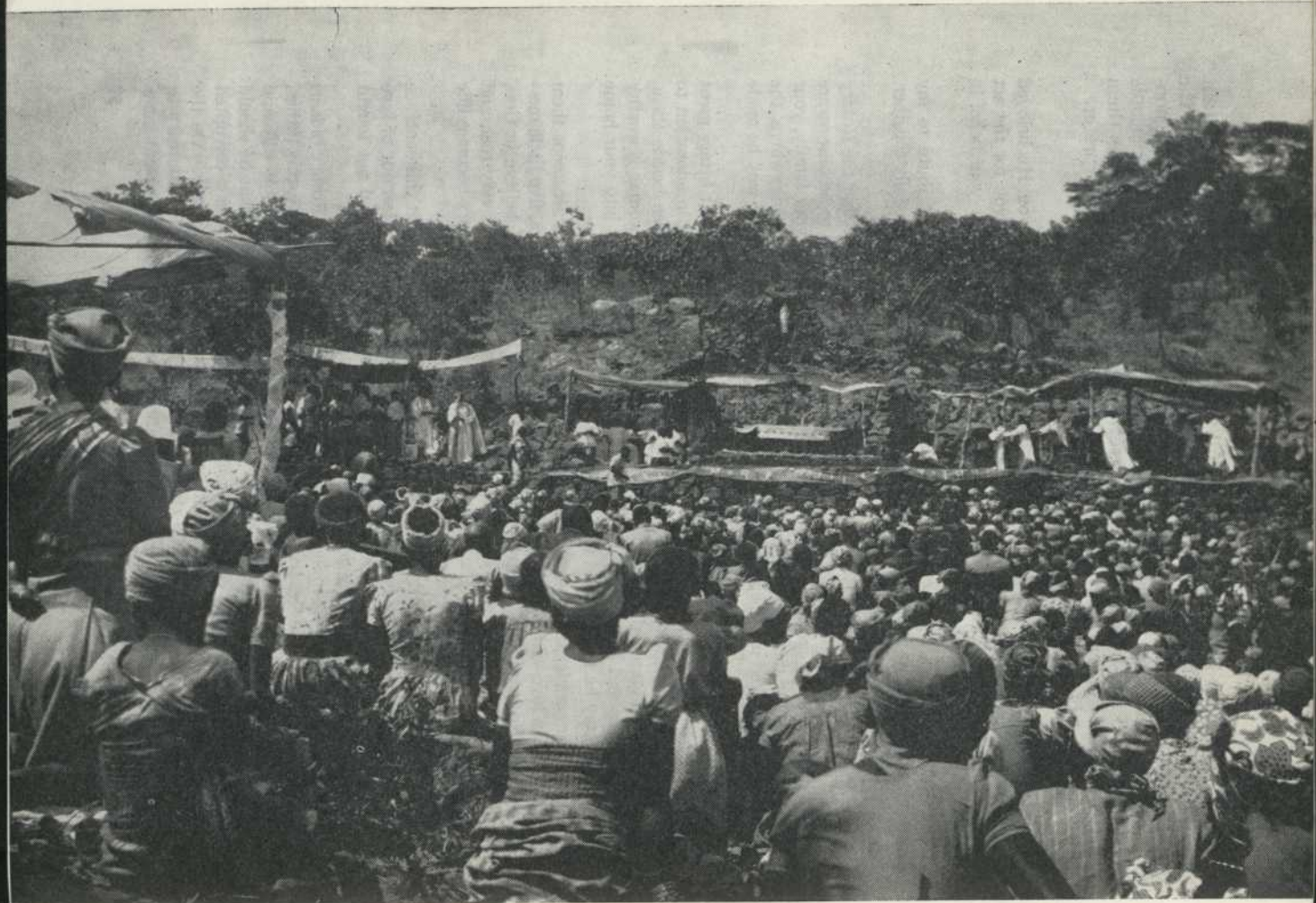
The Rosary does great things for the families where it is prayed. It brings great rewards, great gifts. It puts men and women on their knees, united in adoration to their God. It puts men on their knees with their women and children beside them. It shows that man is a godlike person, a man of peace. It shows that woman is worthy to bear children and bring them up as Christians. Take the Rosary into your home so that you may be transformed into godlike people.

Dear, dear people, the Rosary is the friend of husbands and wives; it keeps them in peace and in love with each other. Now I wish to stress five things, five little messages of the Rosary. (1) The greatest sentence of the Rosary is, "I believe in God, the Father Almighty". By saying it, a man tells his wife that God is very real, and that He is all powerful to protect them all against the devil. The Rosary becomes like a priest in the pulpit telling what one must say to God.

(2) "I believe in Jesus Christ, His only Son Our Lord." This is what this sentence says to you. "I know that Jesus Christ is the incarnate God made Man out of love for me, to fight my fight, to conquer death for me. If Jesus-Christ had not fought for me I would be helpless against the devil."

(3) "Our Father, who art in heaven, hallowed be Thy name". The Rosary bids us treat God as a Father, love and trust Him as children love and trust their earthly father.

(4) "Thy will be done." The Rosary tells the husband to kneel by his wife and say: "Dear Holy God, I believe in You." God's will for a husband is that he should not trample on his wife, look coldly down upon her, despise her, offer her a corrupted body. The Rosary tells a husband that he must treat his wife respectfully. On the other hand, the Rosary tells the wife that God's will for her is not to be contrary to her husband, provoke him to drink, but to keep house for him in such a pleasant man-





Distributing rosaries to newly made Christians.

ner that he will want to come back to it always. This is how the Rosary teaches us to love each other.

(5) "Hail Mary full of grace" . . . "Holy Mary, Mother of God, pray for us". By these words we're shouting to our dear Mother and saying "You're a living person, you can walk, you can talk, you are real, you are Somebody's daughter. Dear Mother, your Son is none other than God Himself."

My dear people, before leaving you, let me tell you what the Rosary has done for me (1) As a child, the Rosary showed me my father and my mother kneeling together with their children. It taught me the importance of prayer; it taught me to believe in God. (2) Sixteen years ago, when I was ill with tuberculosis I asked Mother Mary to cure me, to make my body well again. In thanksgiving I promised to make Her known and loved. My sister helped me and my brother to become priests. She knelt with us and said the Rosary that Our Lady might make both of us priests. One day she took a piece of paper and wrote on it that she offered her life so her brothers might become priests. She died one year later and her last message was, "Tell them to be true priests, like Our Lord!" (3) When I was sick, my mother loved me more than ever and wished me to become well again. She asked God to take over my sufferings that I might become a priest. God answered her prayer. When she was put into the grave, I was allowed to go to Seminary. (4) My father before sending me to America took me to church, and there asked God to bless me. Then placing me on my knees in front of Him, he consecrated me to the Sacred Heart. His last words to me were

**Rosary Crusade Rally in Katete.
Father Peyton preaches on the Family Rosary.**

"Be faithful to Our Lord in America."

Dear people of Africa, thank you in Our Lady's name. May God bless you, guard you, love you. May the Rosary bring peace and happiness to your homes.

Father Peyton's address was followed by Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament; then Msgr. St. Denis gave the kneeling thousands the Holy Father's blessing. Until early evening hours, groups from different missions followed one another at the Grotto, reciting the Rosary. Every half hour, a priest gave a short sermon on devotion to Mary.

In the afternoon, the faithful assembled at the Grotto this time for the ceremony of Confirmation of the 126 neophytes baptized yesterday. Father Peyton presented each new soldier of Christ with a Rosary.

As is usual on such occasions, cameras flashed to fix in black and white the principal events of the rally for the edification of future generations. Father Peyton posed with an old Christian woman who had come on foot all the way from Mzambazi. Mary's Giant, as he is sometimes called, felt deeply moved by these demonstrations of sturdy faith on the part of people who, until a few decades ago, worshipped idols and placed their trust in fetishes.

Later that day, all the missionaries, Priests, Brothers, and Sisters gathered in the mission church where Father Peyton spoke Mary's particular message to them, the heralds of the Gospel.

Dear Missionaries, God loves you, God is pleased with you. This I am saying for your own personal consolation, to help you when you come across difficulties, when everything seems to turn against you, that you may never give in to discouragement. Remember how the Little Flower offered her prayers and sufferings to support her two adopted missionary brothers. Remember her words to the one whose courage was failing when he thought that even if he died on the mission field, he would not be accounted a martyr. In justice, Our Lord must and does support and protect all those who have left everything to make Him known to the poor pagans. You must tell the world about God. At times we fail to show up God as He really is, kind, loving, ever-merciful, because we act according to our own personal views. We then do the cause of the mission untold harm. Let us make God attractive and within everyone's reach.

Allow me to tell you all the good that came to me by the words once spoken to me by a saintly priest. I was ill at the Infirmary. He visited me one day when the doctors had declared that all previous treatments had been useless; that my only hopes were three major operations and prayer! Oh! this saintly priest, I loved him at first sight. There was in him such godliness, such kindness! There and then I understood the responsibility of priests and of all spiritual leaders. This priest spoke three sentences, three little sentences which did me more good and had more effect upon my whole life than all I had learned during my years of religious formation. Seeing my condition he said: "You must have faith in Mary; our Heavenly Mother is omnipotent in her power of intercession. Our Lady can do what God can do, the only difference is in the way it is done. God wills that something be done and it is done. Our Lady prays God to do something and He does it."

His second little sentence was "Mary is a real person, she is human; she likes to be talked to. Talk to Her and She will hear you." And the third "Mary has favourites, she loves some more than others". Having real confidence in Mary's power of intercession, speaking to Her as one speaks with one's own mother, can transform anyone's life.

Rev. Father Peyton then went on to explain how the Family Rosary Crusade had originated in London, Ontario. He also told us about the plan to be followed during the five weeks of the Crusade and urged us to offer our prayers, good works, and sufferings for the successful diffusion of the Family Rosary throughout the world as well as for the success of the greatest film project attempted yet, a magnificent series of motion pictures in colour telling the story of Our Lady. Unsurpassed in beauty it will be the greatest tribute of our modern world to the Mother of God.

At half-past six in the evening, a torch light procession composed of men, women, and children singing hymns and fervently praying the Rosary winded its way to the mountainside shrine of Our Lady of Lourdes. Once again Msgr. St. Denis consecrated the Prefecture of Northern Nyassaland to Mary's Immaculate Heart after which the procession went back the way it had come. All the participants were then invited to assist at motion pictures on the mysteries of the Rosary, given in the school yard. When the showing of the film was over, words of thanks for his coming to Nyassaland and best wishes for the success of his world-wide crusade were addressed to Father Peyton.

Entering the church for a last visit to the Blessed Sacrament around midnight, Msgr. St. Denis was agreeably surprised to find two Christian women kneeling on the bare floor, fervently reciting the Rosary. They were reluctant to return to the bustle of everyday life after the heavenly joys just tasted.

Before undertaking the long trek homewards, the next day, groups of Christians knelt at the Grotto to offer a last homage to Mary. The women laid down at her feet their *katundu* (head loads) the time to recite a fervent decade or two before starting, then all together saluted her by repeated *Pawene Amama Maria* (Farewell Mother Mary).

Non-Catholics who took part in the rally were loud in their praise of such a magnificent homage of faith and love offered the Mother of God. They assured us that they had never observed anything like it in the Free Church to which they belong. Many have even asked to become Catholics. One good Protestant at a loss to express his admiration, kept repeating, "You, Catholics! You, Catholics!"

A pagan woman declared that when she heard Father Peyton talk, although she could not understand what he said, she was so deeply touched that she had to withdraw. Asked for the reason why, she replied that she had felt the priest dressed in a black cassock was speaking true words of salvation but as she could not see her way to becoming a Christian she judged it better to retire. This poor woman is the second wife of a polygamous husband.

A catechumen said he was struck specially by the faith of Father Peyton's parents. They had prayed so fervently to have priests in their family that God could not but grant their ardent desire. The same man was also greatly impressed upon learning how Father Peyton's mother and one of his sisters had offered their lives for him so that he could live and become a priest.

We have every reason to hope that the rally will produce lasting fruits of conversion in this portion of the Lord's vineyard. Our good people's filial love for *Amama Maria* has grown in such a way, that they now come to her in all their needs great or small. It warms the heart of their missionaries to see those living in the vicinity of the Grotto take time off from their daily labours to recite part of the Rosary at her mountain shrine. Long live Our Lady, Queen of Northern Nyassaland!

Rosary Crusade in Rhodesia

SR. SAINT RODRIGUE', M.I.C.

The Crusade received a warm response in Northern Rhodesia. In Fort Jameson, a crowd of over 1,400 blacks, non-Christians in majority, (the city population is of 7,000 with a Catholic minority of 200) took part in the first rally held on our convent grounds. On a platform rose a temporary altar decorated with a luminous cross, blue and white streamers, and a profusion of flowers. Large blue banners displayed in English and cinyanga the now famous slogan "The family that prays together, stays together." Our Lady's statue placed in the middle of a clump of bushes reminded us of the Fatima apparitions.

Reverend Father Peyton spoke in English being interpreted by the Superior of the White Fathers as only a few blacks and coloured could understand English. After the opening sermon, Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament was given followed by a representation of Marian motion pictures.

The most important rally took place the next day at Mpezeni, oldest Catholic mission in the diocese. Mass was celebrated outdoors to accommodate the thousands who flocked to honour the Mother of God. Although it was nearly noon there were more than 800 communicants. Some among these, men, women, and children, had walked incredible distances. Never have I been witness of such faith and fervour! Truly, Our Lady reigns over African hearts.

About a week before this rally, we had the consolation of seeing our friend A... (mentioned in Nov.-Dec. issue of *The Precursor*) accept to wear a miraculous medal and to daily pray the Rosary with all his heart to obtain his own return to the Fold. After Father Peyton's departure I again met A... who told me he had resolved to break off his scandalous relation with a woman who was not his wedded wife. A few days later he left for Minga to fetch his abandoned legitimate wife and two children. "The family that prays together, stays together". Thanks to Mary, our friend and many other polygamous blacks have found the secret of domestic felicity, the link that securely encircles mutual love... The Family Rosary.

The family that prays together, stays together.



COLLECTION OF CHINESE DICTIONARIES

Twenty-five French, Spanish, Hungarian, English, American, and Italian Jesuits, all ex-missioners from China have for the last four years been working at the compilation of a series of Chinese dictionaries. They hope to terminate this gigantic task within two more years. While in Rome, Reverend Juan Goyoaga, director of the *House of Scribes* as their establishment is called in Formosa, presented an outline of this stupendous enterprise.

It all started back in the years 1950-51. Jesuits expelled from all over China arrived almost daily at the Villa Flor residence in Macao. Among these expellees many were without other baggage than the clothes they wore. On the other hand, a number had been able to carry away with them card-indexes of scientific researches. While waiting to receive other mission assignments, the latter decided to continue their researches and to edit Chinese dictionaries in relation with various European languages.

In missionary work, the language is of prime importance as a means of apostolate, and Chinese being spoken by one quarter of the human race ranks among the most important of the world languages. It therefore deserves to be studied with the greatest attention. Through this work of preparing adequate instruments for the apostolate, the expelled missionaries wished to bring honour to the Church in the field of linguistic studies and to take up again a tradition. As a matter of fact missioners were the first to publish dictionaries of the Chinese-European languages.

Three groups were rapidly formed: Chinese-French, Chinese-Spanish, Chinese-Hungarian. These researches proceed as follows. The diverse acceptations of a character, word or sentence such as found in four or five Chinese-foreign dictionaries are noted down on cards. Then each group translates in its own tongue and presents its translation to the criticisms of each of the groups. The basis of the work is founded on the translation of the Dictionary of the Chinese Academy, the *Kuo-yu tzu tien* published before and during the Sino-Japanese war. This work has been completed by the most modern techniques. Therefore, the new dictionaries will comprise the entire range of modern Chinese language without excluding the old expressions to allow the reading of classics.

This linguistic team composed of twenty-five Jesuits and twelve seculars moved to Taichung, Formosa, at the close of 1952. It has at its disposal a library of dictionaries comprising the most important French, English, Spanish, etc. encyclopedias. Over one million cards compose the card-indexes of the redaction.

Five similar dictionaries will make up the Chinese-French, Chinese-Spanish, Chinese-English, Chinese-Latin, Chinese-Hungarian. Each dictionary will number about two thousand pages and will contain sixteen

thousand characters and two hundred thousand expressions. It will be the most valuable work of its kind. The "Mathews" which is the work until now considered the best contains only seven thousand characters and one hundred and fourteen expressions.

Fides

* * *

UNITED IN DEATH

"I was called to an old woman of about sixty to say 'good-bye.' She received Holy Viaticum very fervently and after the anointing, Dorothy, as she was called, continued to make beautiful acts of love and contrition.

"Father, I have something to tell you," she said. "Two days ago, before I sent for you, I saw that my brother, who is older than I, was dying. He had always refused to be a Christian, but I said to him, 'We are both old and very sick; we have lived together a long time; wouldn't you like to go to God with me?' He said, 'Yes, that would be nice, let us go to God together.' Then said I: 'You do believe in God; let me baptize you, and then we can go together.' He agreed and I baptized him, giving him the name of Peter and he died last night. I saw my time was come, so I sent for you to say 'good-bye.'" It was good of you to come so far. My brother's name is Peter. Write it down."

"I did so, much touched, as it was the first experience of its kind in my years of missionary career. I said, 'You did well, Dorothy; now, you can join your brother Peter.' She died the next day."

Uganda, Africa

Mill Hill missionaries

* * *

THE MASTERPIECE OF CREATION

THE GREAT WONDER of creation is Mary, the Immaculate Virgin, the Mother of God. To write about her is to write about the greatest, the most elevated, the most loveable, the most wonderful in every respect in the whole world. After the grandeur, the goodness, the holiness of Almighty God Himself, Mary is the one creation more splendid and more perfect than not only the magnificent creation of the actual world, but also than the creation of all possible worlds.

"Mary alone," says St. John Chrysostom, "surpasses all the prodigies of heaven and earth by the fulness of her merits and of her perfections." St. Augustine teaches that "Mary is the work of an eternal design." In fact, the testimonies of the Fathers are all but inexhaustible on this magnificent truth.

Pure, beautiful, she was adorned with all that heaven could bestow to make her amiable. Virtue and grace never found a fairer temple; beauty never veiled a purer sanctuary. It is with the highest appropriateness, then, that we call the admirable Virgin the Masterpiece of creation.

BERNARD PEGARSKI, C.S.C.

HONG KONG

Altar Boys of Tak Sun

SISTER MARIE DES OLIVIERS¹, M.I.C.



During several months it was a real problem for us Sisters to get someone to serve Mass in our Convent Chapel even on Sundays. Then God sent us Charles Kao. Of late I had noticed this seven-year-old neophyte piously prolonging his thanksgiving after Communion. At times, he even stayed so late that I had to remind him to return home. "O Sister," he would then plead with a child's sweet earnestness, "let me stay a while longer. I feel so good here in Jesus' house and I still have a lot of prayers to say."

1. Gertrude Laforest,
Montréal.

Charles Kao, Tak Sun's
model altar boy.

One day I asked him, "Charles, would you like to serve Mass at the Convent?" His face glowed with pleasure and he nodded a vigorous assent. So quickly did he master all there was to learn about the blessed business of becoming an altar boy that on August 15 he was ready to go for the first time unto the altar of the living God.

Charles would have liked very much to serve Mass daily but his parents allowed him to do so only once or twice a week. At first he had some trouble arriving on time as he was a heavy sleeper and no one at home would consent to call him early in the morning. How he wished he had an alarm clock he could call his own! A few weeks ago he rushed in after school hours to tell me the good news. His papa had made him a present of the much coveted clock; nobody now would ever catch him coming in late to serve Mass, he boasted manfully.

Being the sixth child in a family of twelve, Charles often has to put up with the vexations of three older brothers who belong to a Protestant sect. Another brother aged twelve, and a nine-year-old sister are Catholics like him. Mr. and Mrs. Kao are broad-minded non-Christians, deeply devoted to their numerous family. In order to escape the Red terror, they fled from Shanghai some years ago and resettled in Hong Kong.



We enjoyed a pleasant surprise on September 8. For many weeks past our altar boy had been inquiring, "Sister, when will there be a feast of Our Lady?" I understood the reason for this curiosity when I saw him entering the chapel with his father and mother on the feast of the Nativity of Mary. His fondest dream is the conversion of his beloved parents. Surely Our Lady will smile with maternal tenderness on her youthful knight and reward his devotion towards her by granting his petition.

I was extolling the merits of our little Mass server before the community one day, when Sister Superior¹ remarked, "That's fine, Sister. But don't you think that in a school like Tak Sun with a roster of over 800 boys you ought to find more than just one altar boy? You should try to form at least one group a year." Sister Superior's¹ wish fell in with some private plans of mine. Is it not the role of missionary Sisters to help the priests taken up by the care of parishioners, the instruction of catechumens, the needs of neophytes? Besides, this frequent contact with Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament added to the meritorious sacrifice involved in early rising cannot but be a source of choicest blessings for the youth of China. Who knows? There may even sprout in the souls of these Mass servers the precious seed of priestly vocations. Many such vocations will be needed when China emerges from the nightmare of Communism.

Therefore, with the permission of their parents secured beforehand, the Catholic pupils of Tak Sun were invited to stay in after school in order to be coached as altar boys. More than thirty accepted the invitation. Of this number, a few gave up half way because they found Latin too difficult for them to manage but others immediately offered to replace them. Today, Tak Sun is proud of its first group of altar boys, twenty strong, who serve Mass perfectly. Others who are still in the struggling stage with the *Confiteor* or the *Suscipiat* will eventually be added to their ranks. I must say that my Chinese altar boys are models of punctuality; many are those who come in half an hour early.

One rainy morning, around half past five, we heard a voice shouting outside, "Sister! open the gate! Please, open the gate!" It was William's first turn to serve Mass and he took no chances on being late. His mother afterwards told us he was so happy over his promotion to a full fledged acolyte that he could not sleep a wink.

Many among these boys live quite a distance from our Convent. They drive on the bus and bring their frugal breakfast along. Have I not every reason to feel proud of my Chinese altar boys? I sometimes wonder whether our youngsters back home would be willing to make as many generous sacrifices in order to serve Mass... Dear Canadian boys, do you really want to be happy? Imitate your little Chinese brothers of Tak Sun who treasure the opportunity to draw near to Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. In this divine school of sacrifice your love for Jesus will grow so strong that it may lead you to become an *alter Christus*.



MATI, P.I.

Way Cuarta!

SISTER MARIE-ALBERTINE¹, M.I.C.

His face a picture of dolefulness, his eyes wells of concern, Julio Masagnaz exclaimed, "*Way Cuarta . . . Madre* (no money)." Then he went on patiently, "My wife has just come home from the hospital. I'm asked to pay \$212.50 for her operation and I haven't a *peso* to my name. I want my children to study at a Catholic school but I can't see my way to paying the monthly fee of one dollar and a half each. Couldn't you find a way, Madre?"

1. Jacqueline Blondin, Longueuil.

"Even if you haven't any money, you have a farm where you raise vegetables, haven't you?"

"Yes, Madre, I have two hectares planted with corn. I could bring you a bag once in a while..."

"Well, let's call it a deal, Julio."

"But, Madre, there's something else. In Tamisan, my native *barrio*, there are ten other children of poor families who would like to attend school. If you were willing to accept them also I'd be glad to board them cheap at my house."

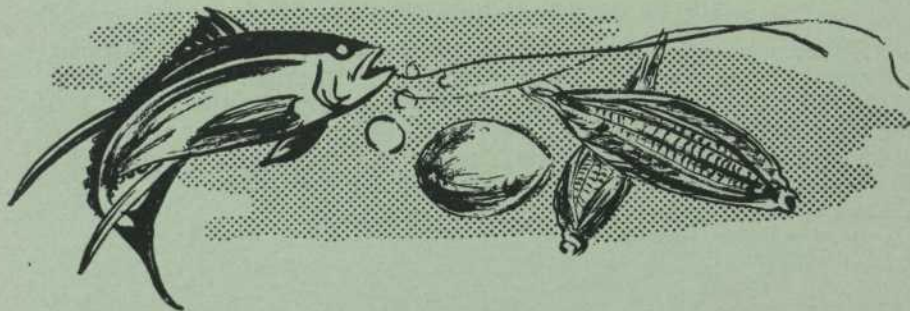
How could I refuse to go halfway with this generous Filipino? I, therefore, began to write down the children's names on our roster; Rogelio, Primary, fourth grade; Melito and Romualdo, Junior High, first year... Doubtless wishing to encourage me in writing down all the names to the very last one, Julio commented, "This boy's family will be able to give a few coconuts when they grow ripe... This girl's parents have promised to pay \$7.50 for the whole year... That boy's father, a fisherman, has promised to contribute some of his catch on lucky days." Besides these names my list already carries hundreds of others all with *Way Cuarta* tacked on to them.

Nicanor Lugas, a peasant in poor circumstances, came into my office after Julio had gone home. He was leading by the hand his two children, a boy and a girl of seven and eight. All he could afford to pay by way of tuition fees, he said, was some bags of corn when harvest time comes. I took up my pen again and added Anastasia and Romeo to my list. Suddenly Romeo burst out crying. "What is the matter, Romeo," I inquired, "Are you afraid of the Madres?"

"Oh, no," he sobbed, "*Way trousers... Way trousers... (I've no trousers).*"

"There, there," I encouraged, "No need to carry on so. I'm sure I can find you a pair and you'll cut as fine a figure as any other boy in school."

Romeo dried his tears and comforted by my promise went away pleased and joyful. No sooner had the trio left than a youthful mamma entered with a baby in her arms and four lively youngsters clinging to her skirt. She wanted to put her young ones in a Catholic school, she declared but added deprecatingly, *Way Cuarta*. "What does your husband do for a living?" I asked. "He's a *copra* cutter. His work consists in picking coconuts in the plantations, dividing them, and spreading them out to dry in the sun."



"How much is he paid for this work?"

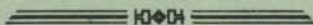
"He gets sixty *pesos* every three months."

Her answer left me so dumbfounded that I repeated my question. Imagine trying to rear a family of five on thirty dollars received once every three months!" But how can you live on such a ridiculous sum?"

"Oh, we manage somehow. We eat corn mush often, rice very seldom . . . Sometimes I feel all in from hunger," the woman added wistfully but without any trace of bitterness. Alas, her wan face and emaciated limbs were proof enough that she was telling the truth. It was all but impossible not to admit her children into our school. Once again I knocked at Sister Superior's door with my list of needy children. "Would it be possible to help these out of the Holy Childhood allocations or from the fund allotted to the missions?" Sister Superior agreed to stretch available funds to the maximum but I know as well as she does that dollars do not grow on orange trees.

I wish it were in my power to welcome every lovable Filipino child who asks for admittance but lay teachers must be paid, so I am faced with a dilemma. I have to find sometimes as much as one thousand four hundred *pesos* a month . . . No easy feat let me assure you for a poor harassed Principal. Our good folk's complaint *Way Cuarta* haunts all my waking — and sleeping hours.

Dear Lord of the harvest, are there not among those favoured with the goods of this world any generous hearted people who would consent to help me help others in your Name?



A Missionary's Prayer to St. Joseph

Dear St. Joseph, you are the richest carpenter in all God's Kingdom. Did you not guard Him who is beyond price? Help me that I may help those whom He has purchased with the coin of His Most Precious Blood.

* * *

Like the prospector's mining-claim, sanctity is very often found where you'd least expect to find it. The catalogue of the Saints contains names from every walk of life. St. Louis was king. St. Elizabeth was a queen. St. Isidore was a farmer. St. Onesime was a slave. St. Zita was a cook.

John M. Leacy, c.ss.r.

Devotion to the Blessed Virgin is the touchstone of true Christianity.

John C. H. Wu

MISSIONER M



Lyric in silver
And ebony black,
Weird wild wonder
Of the far north track,
Dog in the moonlight
On arctic snow
Trained to the sleds,
Of the Eskimo.

MALEMUTE

In shadow an epic
Of power, with paws
Firm on the snow crust,
Knowing its laws;
Keen dog and docile,
Obedient, fierce,
Pricked like twin arrows
Your silver-tipped ears.

Missionner malemute
Speeding the priests,
Dog of the angels
And Heavenly Feasts,
Blessed, blessed
Your hard white trail,
Husky by moonlight
Drawing the Grail.

Beautiful husky
Tense and strong,
Taut on the towrope,
Clean as a song !
Eager toward acres
Of frozen waste,
Poised and impatient,
Moon-ward faced.

Beast silhouetted
A legend in light,
What object draws you
Through the cold midnight ?

Blessed, blessed
The feet of those
That bear good tidings
On arctic snows !

Sarah Wingate Taylor





THE CARABAO

SISTER ST. EDMUND¹, M.I.C.

Throughout the Philippines the carabao or water buffalo is a much prized animal. Although it belongs to the cow family, its hide is almost as thick as that of the rhinoceros with thin bristling hair standing out upon it in such a manner that one can see the dark skin shining underneath. Most carabaos are dark although a few are blond with light bristles and rosy hides. Their curved horns may sometimes measure as much as two and a half feet in length and four or five feet in diameter.

In the days when it roamed the wild in unfettered freedom, hunting the carabao was considered a highly dangerous sport even by the most daring hunters. Once men had been successful in domesticating it, local regulations forbade to hunt it for its flesh. Indeed, for a long time, proprietors were even compelled to report the loss of any bulls or cows in their possession as a yearly census of the precious beasts was taken.

The cows yield a rich, abundant milk. In the Philippines, carabaos are used to plow and harrow the muddy rice fields where horses or mules would sink through. They also drag farm wagons or haul sledges in places where the soil is so soft that carts cannot be used.

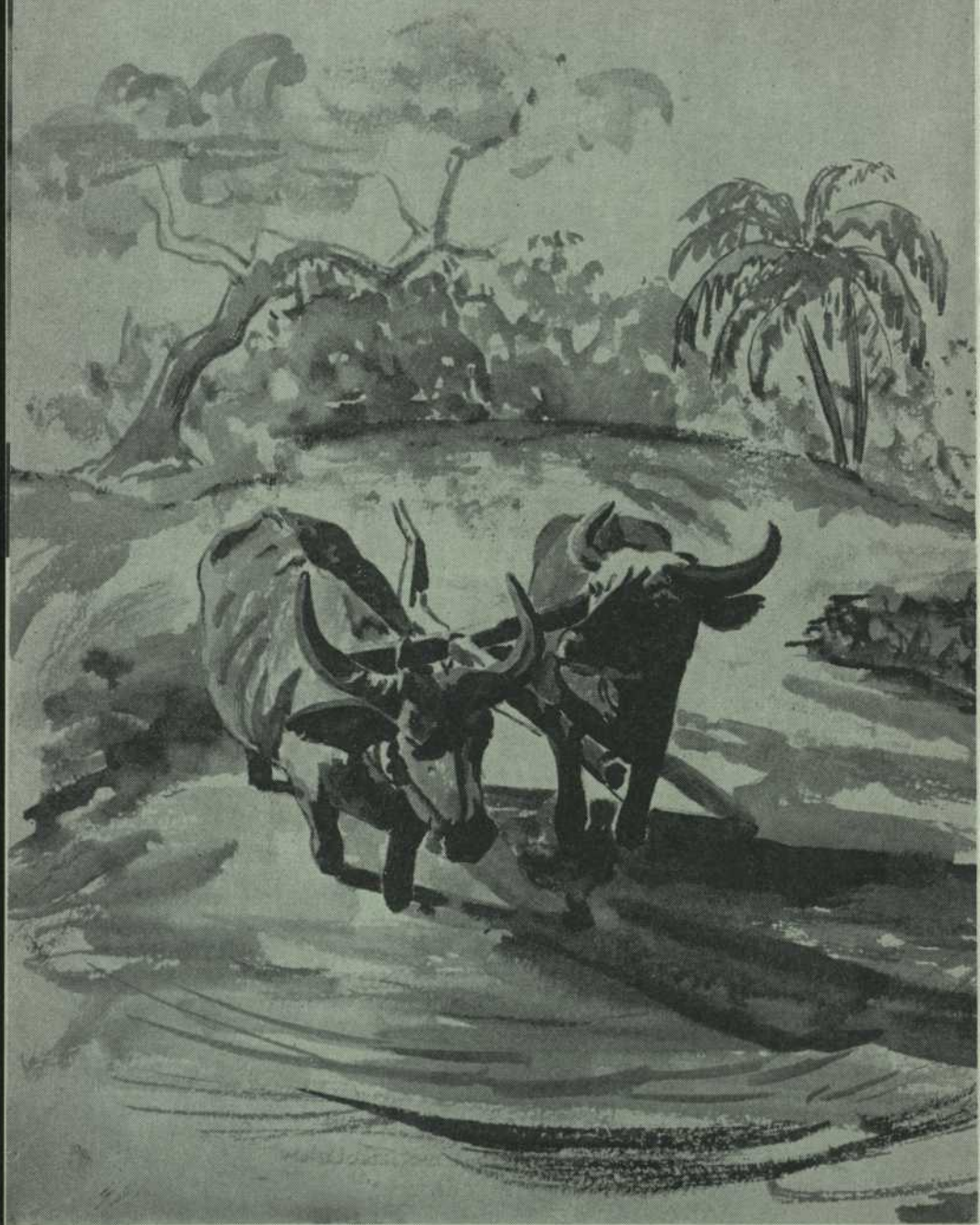
These animals have their own peculiar habits. They delight in water and must have several baths daily if they are to be kept comfortable. Because of the thickness of their hide they cannot sweat properly. Moreover their scant fur does not afford them sufficient protection from the tropical sunshine. Familiar with the habits of their plodding mounts, drivers stop now and then as they cross rivers or canals to allow them to take a ten minute soaking. When no rivers or lakes are available the beasts will plunge even in swamps to secure the refreshment they need. Scores may be seen during the noon siesta or even the whole of the night wallowing up to their muzzles in dirty water holes. One can easily imagine in what condition they emerge from these murky baths. In the early morning hours the farmers may be seen patiently brushing their glistening hides clean of mud and slime. Strangely enough, these huge animals are extremely sensitive to changes of weather. When their favourite beasts thus suffer with what the Filipinos declare to be the "flu" they give them the best of care, doctoring them with remedies of their own making.

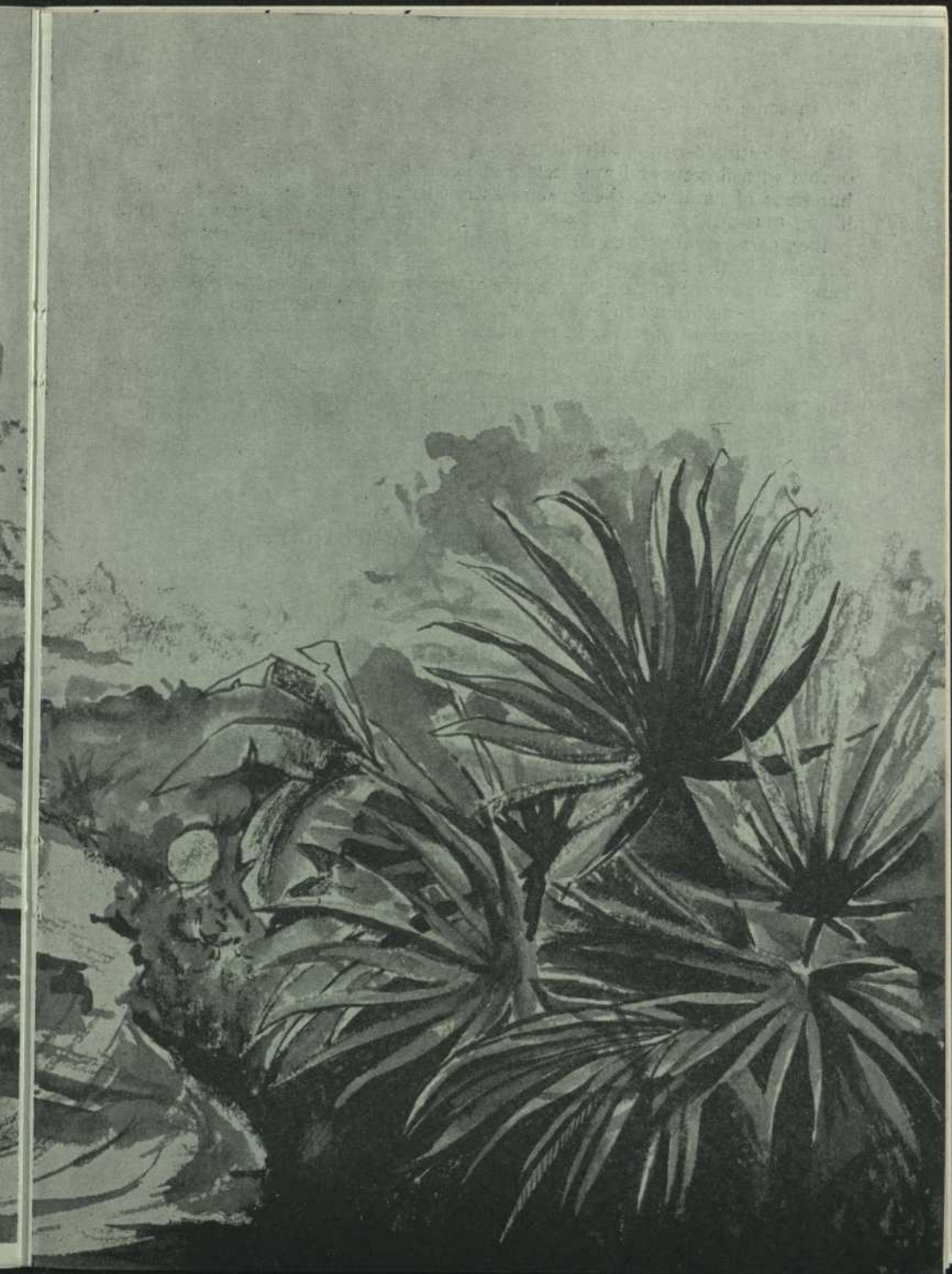
Carabaos are not above getting into occasional tantrums but on the whole they are gentle, dependable friends of man. Although anyone who chooses may easily ride them, they seem to favour children. Boys and girls ride them to pasture without need of bit or bridle. Jogging down country roads, the youthful riders gravely con their school manuals or hum some plaintive melodies of their native land.

In town, the water buffaloes are useful in drawing heavy drays loaded with hemp, tobacco or other goods. They plod along then with a certain air of melancholy as if it were painful for them to tread the paved roads of civilization and as if they yearned for the lumpy trails of their primitive Asian haunts. Indeed, the carabao is much more at home on tortuous forest roads than on city streets. That is why missionaries in remote districts prefer it to horses or mules when they go visiting their scattered flock. Horses may be swifter but water buffaloes are more surefooted especially when going up and down steep inclines.

In crocodile infested waters carabaos have all the advantages over horses. This wily reptile which has disappeared from other parts of the peninsula may still be found on the western coast. Horses swimming across waters where crocodiles lurk find themselves fiercely attacked and overpowered by the latter. But the water buffaloes are practically safe from such attacks, the crocodiles having healthy reasons to keep out of range of the powerful horns which can easily rip them open.

Water buffaloes swim easily in spite of their ponderous weight. A missionary was once saved from drowning by one of these beasts. He was trying to cross a river on horseback when horse and rider were caught in a swift undercurrent. Fortunately for him, some country folk tilling their fields nearby heard the priest calling for aid just as his horse was being swept away. Pushing the carabao he was riding into the swirling waters one farmer succeeded in reaching the drowning man in the nick of time. The animal swiftly towed both ashore.





In some regions the carabao is regarded almost as a human being. A festival in its honour is held on the feast of St. Isidoro, patron of farmers. On this festive occasion after it has been carefully curried, its horns are decorated with flowers and multicoloured paper bunting. Through the streets, hundreds of carabaos, their riders astride their backs then parade to the lilting music of village orchestras. Other beasts follow the gay cavalcade pulling carts in which the farmers' families ride. In other districts on every February 8, the carabaos are allowed to roam as they please the whole day long. From yard to yard they amble cropping plants and vegetables without anyone interfering much less chasing them away. Some farmers have even gone to the extent of trying to train these friendly animals to bend their knees when passing in front of churches.

Notwithstanding the advent of tractors, harvesters, and motorized vehicles, the carabao continues to hold its own at least in the more remote parts of the country. It seems safe to say that for the next twenty-five years it will remain the Filipino farmer's best friend.

AN EXAMPLE TO ALL CATHOLICS

Our Negroes do not lack charity. Readily do they divide with those who are poorer than themselves. This was evident last Spring, when the grasshoppers destroyed large sections of the country, leaving thousands of families without the necessities of life. These turned to their neighbours who had been spared in the scourge; who, unhesitatingly, set their own rations at one-half the usual amount, in order that no one would die of hunger. And, in truth, we did not have a single death from hunger. But, how emaciated are the most of our people, especially the men between the ages of thirty and fifty years. The women and children are somewhat better nourished.

Another example. As usual, we encouraged our people to do a little for the Holy Father. But, this year, there was absolutely no money. So, the good people asked us to accept gifts in foods. In answer to our objection that they themselves had not sufficient food to live they said: "We will fast another day, and we will be able to give something for the Holy Father." During the week before the collection, the Fathers of the missions were busy receiving the gifts of our Christians. Some brought a handful of flour, others some beans, and those who had chickens brought eggs. The worth of the article was written on a slip which was handed to the donor. The next Sunday slips were placed in the collection-basket amidst universal joy and satisfaction which could be read from the faces. The total from all the slips, of which the largest was valued at twenty cents and the smallest at one or two cents, was the surprising sum of seventy-seven pounds sterling and four pence. "I believe," added the missionary Bishop, "that in the eyes of Jesus, Who so highly praised the mite of the widow of the temple, this gift of our poor people represented millions."

Bangweolo, Central Africa



Picnic under the Rain

SISTER ST. ELODIE¹, M.I.C.

Our kindergarten pupils had been coming to school for only a few weeks when the traditional Spring picnic came around. *Ensoku* (picnic)! This is a magic word for the children of Japan linked as it is with their earliest experiences of student life.

However, it is not strictly speaking entirely a school affair, for mammas and aunts and even servant girls are in the custom of joining the fun. The latter carry, neatly packaged in *furoshiki* (squares of cotton or silk), lacquered containers filled with rice cooked and flavoured in holiday fashion. As the youngsters defile past holding each other by the hand, neighbours call out cheery *itte irasshai* (go honourably) to which the little ones politely reply *itemairimasu* (we go humbly).

For days beforehand Our Lady had been besieged with prayers for fine weather. Alas, the morning of the scheduled date dawned in dreary mood, fog and light drizzles blanketing the city and suburbs. Nonetheless at eight o'clock sharp the school yard became a tossing sea of oiled paper umbrellas. "*Daijobu, daijobu*," (no need to worry) the mammas cheerfully encouraged one another as they checked on their darlings' light picnic luggage. When the 120 youthful picnickers saw the buses roll into the yard, they danced and clapped their hands in gleeful anticipation.

Before starting, Sister Marie Xaverio² recited three Hail Marys while all the passengers, Christian and non-Christian alike, listened respectfully. Then the buses rolled out into the rain.

1. Simonne Saint Amand, Saint Aime.

2. Catharina Sachiko Hongo, Tokyo.

Every Japanese *ensoku* must include in its program some point of educational value. This explains our choice of a large dairy farm as destination for today's outing. All our little pupils were eager to know where milk comes from, how it is pasteurized and bottled. There are very few cows around here. Even when walking out in the countryside we seldom come across any.

It was still raining when we reached the farm, but we soon forgot about that in the warm welcome tendered by the director of the dairy. He kindly placed at our disposal a large room furnished with benches and tables. After the children had rested a while, they were given an interesting talk on milk, its processing, its various products. Then the director invited his wee guests to visit the establishment. It seemed a most fascinating game for them to watch the hundreds of bottles gliding down a track to be filled, capped, and sealed. As a climax to their pleasant tour, the kind host ordered a glass of milk to be served to each child. "Japan has practically no pasture lands;

Japanese picnics do not always fall on rainy days.



that explains why cattle is so rare. We have to group our herds on the mountain sides," he told us while the children ate their *bento*. He went to say that at present the land produced all the milk needed for local consumption. The Japanese as a rule dislike drinking milk or eating foodstuffs produced from it, so the regular supply needed is not very considerable.

On our way home it was still raining but an unexpected event brightened the day. We had noticed along the road several officials in parade uniforms and had been somewhat puzzled by their presence in this lonely country district. Suddenly, there emerged ahead of us an open car where four police officials were seated. These were followed by several motorcycles. "*Tennoheika, Tennoheika!*" (the emperor). The imperial car with the sixteen-petaled chrysanthemum armorial bearings on its doors, slowly glided by. After a few moments of awed and respectful silence, the children chattered excitedly about their luck. For the majority, this was the first glimpse they had ever had of the "Son of Heaven" in person. We were told upon inquiry that His Imperial Majesty had gone to pay his respects to the tomb of an illustrious ancestor somewhere in the neighbourhood. Our bus merely had the time to jolt to a stop by the side road to let the escort pass.

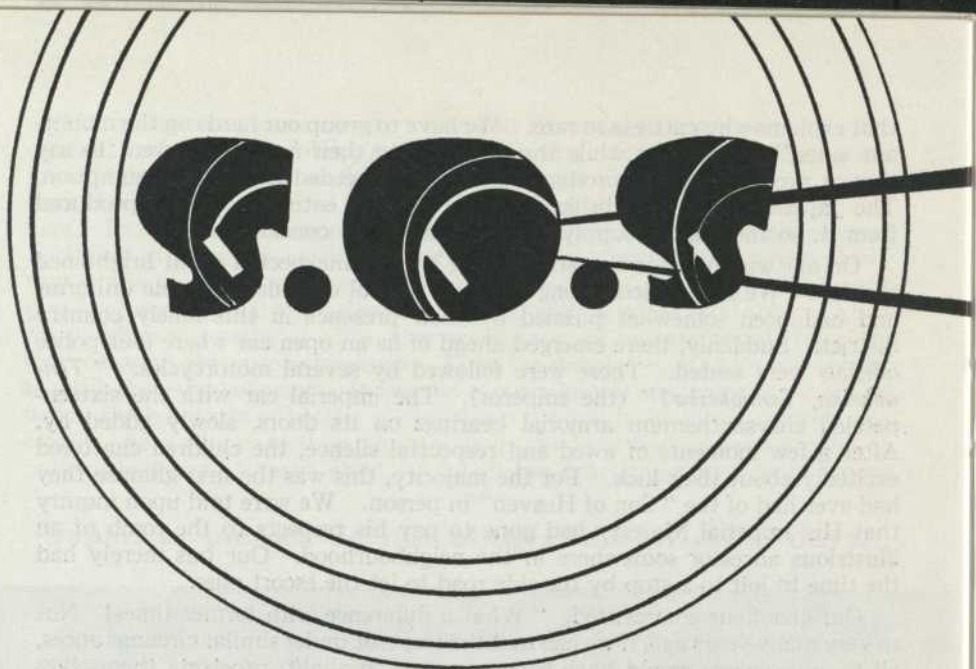
Our chauffeur commented, "What a difference with former times! Not so very many years ago, if we had met the emperor under similar circumstances, all the passengers would have been expected to alight, prostrate themselves on the ground, and bow low because then he was believed to be a kami (god). Since the war, however, things have changed. We know now that his power is limited in spite of his exalted dignity. He is merely one of the human 'greats'."

And so our picnic under the rain came to a happy ending. For weeks and months the youngsters proudly recalled how on their first school picnic, they had been privileged to meet for the first time no less a personage than *Tenno Heika*.



God is much more interested in our sanctification than we are ourselves. It is not man who goes to God first, but God who comes to man, and as a beggar in this matter. It is not we who woo our blessed Lord, but He is the Lover who woos us. He takes it as a wonderful condescension on our part if we love Him. *He cannot help loving us:* "Can a mother forget her child, so as not to have pity on the son of her womb? And if she should forget, yet I will not forget thee. Behold, I have graven thee in My hands."

Rev. D. Considine, S.J.

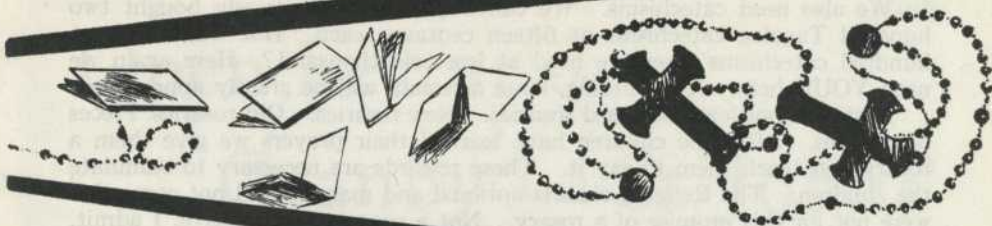


GAGALANGIN, MANILA

Dear Friends of the Missions:

Please do not skip over this article. Read it, and realize that it is a question of spiritual life or death for over six thousand baptized Filipino boys and girls of elementary school age. It is a question of giving these children some knowledge of their Faith or of leaving them as ignorant as little pagans. How's that? Well, here is the story.

This year, for the first time in history, the Philippine Government permits the teaching of Religion in all Public Schools during class hours. Thanks to this new regulation, and because of it, we now find ourselves in charge of all the Religious Instruction in three large Public Schools each having an enrollment of over two thousand children. The Principals of these three schools have prepared a staggered program of instruction. This means that they allow the teaching of Religion in their respective school, twenty minutes a day, three days a week. In previous years, our high school girls would teach religion to the public school children once or twice a week after school hours. Now, with this new program, none of our girls are free to teach; furthermore, they are still too young to be considered all-day teachers, so we have had to hire trained Catechists. Can you see our problem? Yes. Where are we to get funds to pay these Catechists? Our pockets are empty!



In one school, the Gregoria de Jesus Elementary School, the classes have been organized since last July. Two Catechists teach all day Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays. One Catechist has eighteen classes, the other twenty. In the other two schools, the Lakan Dula Elementary and the Francisco Benitez Elementary, the Religion classes will begin soon. The four Catechists are just waiting for last minute difficulties to be cleared up before beginning their work.

Here is a wonderful opportunity to speak of God to thousands of little boys and girls who do not even know how to make the sign of the Cross. I say it is a question of spiritual life or death because if we do not give them all we can this year, next year it may be too late. We have no way of knowing how long this Government Regulation will remain in effect. The enemies of Religion are fighting hard against it. That is why we hired six Catechists in spite of our empty pockets. We count on Divine Providence to fill them. The money must be found somehow, somewhere, and soon.

If you could see those little children as I see them every time I visit one or other of the schools, you wouldn't hesitate. You'd give. They are hungry for God. They love to hear us speak of Him. They love to learn their prayers, especially when they know they will receive a little rosary as soon as they know them all. For them, the religion class is always too short.

We earnestly invite you to share our privilege of bringing all these little souls nearer to the heart of our dear Lord through your prayers, sacrifices, and financial assistance.

The salary of one Catechist, all expenses included, amounts to \$50.00 a month. Could any of our readers help us pay the salary for a few months? For one month? For half a month? Or could you just spare a dollar, two, or five?

We also need catechisms. We can buy, and have already bought two hundred Tagalog catechisms at fifteen centavos each. But what are two hundred catechisms when we need at least six thousand? Here again we need YOUR help. Any offering, large or small, will be greatly appreciated.

Last, but not least, we need rosaries. New rosaries. Old rosaries. Pieces of rosaries. After the children have learned their prayers we give them a rosary and teach them to say it. These rewards are necessary to stimulate the children. The Religion class is optional and many would not come if it were not for this promise of a rosary. Not a supernatural motive, I admit, but certainly better than no Religion at all.

Please send all donations to our Motherhouse in Montreal and mention that it is for the Catechetical fund of Gagalangin, Manila. Your reward will be a large share in this truly apostolic work so dear to the Heart of Our Lord who said: "Suffer the little children to come unto Me," and "Whatsoever you do to these the least of my brethren you do to Me."

Hopefully in Our Lady,

SISTER SAINT PATRICIA¹, M.I.C.

1. Patricia Blanchet, Southbridge, Mass.



Zeal for souls can be caught as easily as measles and with much happier results. Interest in the welfare of souls should form a part in the life of every adult Catholic. How else can he co-operate intelligently in the work of co-redemption?

Paula Kurth

* * *

It is so easy for one living in comfortable, secular surroundings to accept the doctrine of Christ's Mystical Body in theory and to ignore its practical applications. The suffering of our fellow-Catholics in Europe or Asia, the social injustices here at home, the misery of the slums can mean so little to us. But we cannot in conscience dismiss those things so lightly; we cannot shrug off our duties toward our fellow-men. We are all members of the same Body, with Christ as the Head. We are reminded by Christ and the liturgy that the Mystical Body is comparable to our own bodies. An injury to one member affects the whole body. We must be solicitous for the health and well-being of every member.

Rev. Paul J. Hayes and Rev. Edward J. H. Hayes

Open Letter to Granby and St. Johns' Retreatants

"Don't forget all about us once you are in Haiti..." These parting words of yours, dear retreatants, are deeply etched in my memory. So here I am grasping the earliest opportunity to tell you what life on the missions is like just as I promised you I would.

Many among you have heard of "Charity if you Please" in Les Cayes. This work as its name implies has been founded to bring succour and relief to the destitute. Founded in 1923 by Mrs. Birmingham, entrusted to His Excellency Bishop L. Collignon in 1943, it is at present directed by Reverend Armand Bedard, o.m.i. who spends himself without stinting for the inmates. In their naive gratitude his "children" call him *Papa Bedard*. His fatherly kindness warrants their giving him this familiar appellation. They look forward to his daily visit as to their greatest comfort.

For thirteen years, our Society also had the honour of sharing in this charitable enterprise. The establishment is at a few minutes' walk from our convent. A large iron grating surmounted by a white cement archway opens into the spacious grounds of "Charity". Nearby stands a large Calvary. On the right hand side is a pretty Lourdes Grotto before which the Haitians like to kneel to implore *Papa Bon Die* (the good God) and *Maman la Vierge* (Mama Mary). They are in the habit of praying out loud and their *oremus* have original and inimitable accents. Would you like to hear an example?

Hazel had just blasted the coast bringing ruin in her wake. I was sweeping around the Grotto one morning when a peasant woman drew near and dropped to her knees in front of the statue. Unabashed by my presence she prayed, "Mama Mary, see me kneeling here in front of you. Do a little something for me, won't you? I'm poor, you know that. On top, I've got five young ones to care for. The big wind blew my *caille* away. I haven't a cent; I haven't a dress, I haven't anything to feed my children. Please, Mama, don't forget about me. Do a little something for me." The translation cannot of course reproduce all the pathos of the peasant woman's Creole prayer. And how could I hope to put on paper, the weariness apparent in her drooping figure, the expressiveness of her uplifted careworn face? My



heart went out to her in her distress and I prayed as I had never prayed before perhaps for the outcasts of this world racked on the wheel of adversity.

The large airy wards of "Charity If You Please" placed at the disposal of the sick poor have been donated and furnished by Canadian and American benefactors. The Refuge entertains as permanent guests 90 men and women either too aged or too crippled to manage for themselves. At "Charity" every care is taken of them for *grand merci*, (gratuitously). Besides, 115 pupils attend, free of charge, the school annexed to the establishment. All these unfortunates are deeply grateful to Bishop Collignon and to "Papa Bédard" for the shelter provided. Should you happen to honour them with a visit, you will receive the warmest of welcome. Our guests are a happy contented lot. As for us Sisters, we deem it a privilege to serve Christ in His suffering members and our only cause for sadness is that we have not sufficient place to accommodate more.

Dear Retreatants, it is a pleasure for me to recall the very pleasant days passed among you. I am sure you enjoy hearing about my beloved Haitians and that you feel inclined to do something to improve their plight. Lent is lurking around the corner. When you draw up the list of sacrifices you intend to make, won't you please remember my poor charges? While contributing towards the physical well-being of the aged or ailing inmates of "Charity" your sacrifice may be the means of leading straying souls straight into the arms of the Good Shepherd. And, remember that whoever helps the apostle shares in the apostle's reward.

I am half surprised at the turn this letter is taking. Really and truly I had no intention of doing any begging when I started writing. But, missionaries who have to watch people all around them dying of hunger become obsessed by only one idea — to help them at any cost. Moreover, I know you are among those whose hearts are filled with the desire of sharing the burdens of others, less fortunate than you are. God will reward your generosity a hundredfold and the Queen of Missions will bless you and your dear ones in return.

Although living at such a great distance from Canada, I do not forget my dear friends over there. Letters from the homeland are as welcome as the refreshing breezes that blow from the Carribean Sea. So, please write as often as you can.

A very happy and thankful missionner,

SISTER CLARE OF ASSISI, M.I.C.

1. Claire Giroux, Beauport.

THREE LITTLE MAIDS OF HAITI OFF TO FETCH WATER AT THE WELL.

The Japan Catholic Scene 1945-1955 Ten Years of Progress

(continued)

Mid-term gains

In spite of the increase in Mission personnel, Catholic Missions were very thinly scattered about the country. In Mid-1950, the Nat. Cath. Committee drew up a report showing that there were still 82 cities in Japan with a population of more than 30,000, which had no mission of their own. Innumerable towns and villages were of course in like condition. In all Japan parishes totalled 278 not counting secondary mission stations and chapels of ease. In the five years since the war, the number of Foreign Priests had increased from 253 to 553; Japanese Priests from 155 to 187. The number of Japanese Sisters totalled 1,913; Foreign Sisters, 667; Brothers and Scholastics, 381. Of the Foreign Priests almost 60% and of the Foreign Sisters, 65%, had arrived since the end of 1947. Religious Communities of men had risen from 17 in 1946 to 31 in 1950. Communities of women showed a rise of twenty, from 32 to 52. The total number of baptisms conferred in the five year period was 53,665. The Catholic population had risen to 142,461, an absolute gain of some 33,000 souls. A casual survey taken at the time showed that the overwhelming majority of Sisters and Brothers as well as a goodly percentage of the Priests were engaged in Educational, medical and social works; caring for schools, orphanages, hospitals, dispensaries, homes for the aged, repatriates, etc. Many of the Missionaries were still studying the language or if at work in parishes were handicapped by an inadequate knowledge of Japanese.

Language and catechists

Until the year 1951, many missionaries, new to Japan had to study the language in a more or less haphazard way. Competent teachers were rare even in the big cities. Those with a knowledge of ecclesiastical terms, were rarer still. The opening then in Tokyo in September of 1951, of the Franciscan Institute of Oriental Languages which had gained prior fame in China, was hailed by all as a big step forward in the language field. In addition to the language, courses were offered in the History of the Japan Missions, Local customs, and portions of Canon Law governing Mission work. In Nagoya, the Society of the Divine Word (S.V.D.) Fathers, of Nanzan Uni-

versity led the crusade for the training of Catechists. A special Catechists' hall was erected and Summer School for training and retreats became an annual event. Perhaps their greatest achievement in this line, was the formation of a female Catechists organization which subsequently received recognition by Rome as a Lay Institute.

The political scene

On the political front in 1951, the National Catholic Committee's Legal Section, played an important part in the successful passing by the Japanese Government of the "Religious Juridical Persons Bill," called by Church leaders, the most significant piece of legislation enacted in Japan since the war. Although the Bill itself was not a Catholic Document, it certainly was conceived in the spirit of true religious freedom. It made a flat declaration.

"Freedom of Faith guaranteed in the Constitution must be respected in all phases of government. Therefore, no provision in this law shall be construed as restricting any individual, group or organization, from disseminating teachings, observing ceremonies or functions, and conducting other Religious acts, on the basis of said guaranteed freedom".

The sincere efforts of the Japanese government to incorporate into Law, the Constitutional decrees on freedom of Religion were highly praised by the Catholic Bishops of Japan.

With the signing of the Peace Treaty and the end of Allied Occupation, came a closer bond of political recognition between Japan and the Holy See. An announcement made by Asservatore Romano on Jan. 23, 1952, declared,

"The Holy See and the Japanese Government, wishing to maintain and strengthen the friendly relations existing between them, have established an exchange of Diplomatic representations, with the rank of Internunciature on the part of the Holy See and with the rank of Legation on the part of the Government of Japan."

The appointment of Most Reverend Maximillian de Furstenberg, Apostolic Delegate to Japan since the summer of 1949, as Internuncio, took effect on April 28, when full independence was restored to Japan.

Varia

Another step forward in the Propaganda line was the inaugural broadcast of the Nippon Cultural Broadcasting Station, which was given in Tokyo on March 30, 1952. The new radio station was organized and directed by the Pauline Fathers. It began an 18 hour series of programs daily which were picked up as far away as Nagasaki. An interesting sidelight on the rapid recovery of Japan from the dire want of 1945, was given in a report of Tosei in June 1952, which notes the final meeting of LARA, held at Maryknoll. During its six years of operation, the LARA Committee distributed relief

goods totalling more than 16,700 tons. A great part of those supplies had been channeled through Catholic Social agencies. The Church could look back with pride on the great part she had played in the material relief of the Japanese people. On the spiritual side of the ledger, the Church could record for that same period, Baptism administered to 88,492 persons and a total Catholic population of 171,785. For the first time in the history of Japan, the number of Japanese Priests (213) had gone over the two hundred mark. Likewise in '52, the total number of Priests (973) for the first time approached the one thousand mark.

1952 - 1955 — The National Catholic Committee

Perhaps the best way to convey a measure of appreciation of the progress of the Church during these latter years, is to present a picture of the work and scope of the National Catholic Committee, in whose expanded activities are mirrored the achievements of the Missionaries whom it represents.

1952 saw the completion of a large, modern, three-story building to house the Offices, Committee and Meeting rooms of Remmei. The former headquarters building was converted into a hostel for Priest language students. N.C.C.J. itself, has during the years embraced under its Secretariate, most of the organized branches of apostolic work in the country. Space permits only a brief resume of its corporate set-up.

Specifically, the National Catholic Committee of Japan is a Religious Corporation, composed of the Hierarchy of Japan as Directors; Religious Superiors of men's organizations engaged in Mission work as its Counsellors, as well as a Secretariate functioning under a Secretary General. An Executive Committee of seven, whose Chairman is the Apostolic Internuncio and whose members are three Bishops or Prefects Apostolic, and three Superiors, elected by the Counsellors of N.C.C.J., meet with the Secretariate several times a year to clarify and expedite the policies formulated by the Hierarchy. The Religious Superiors council with the Bishops in the general work of the Church, and make helpful suggestions to them. Once the decision has been given, it is turned over to the Secretariate for implementation.

The Secretariate of Kyoku Remmei comprises the following offices each headed by its own Director. General Affairs: Education: Legal: Liturgical Arts: Planning and Catechetics: Press: Social Action: Students: and Youth.

The Secretariate also serves as Liaison Office for the following Organizations. Catholic Education Association: Catholic Teachers' Association: Catholic Charities: Catholic Hospital Association: Catholic Medical Association: St. Vincent de Paul Society: J.O.C. and J.O.C.F.: Social Week Committee: Japan Catholic Students' Federation: and the Catholic Mutual Fire Insurance Association.

Even a casual glance at the impressive array of Departments and Associations listed above will convince readers of the fact that the Church in Japan suffers from no lack of organizations to implement the decisions of her administrative arm. How effectively these are operating and with what degree

of success they are meeting might provide instructive material for further articles. One thing is clear — their very existence which after all is contingent on the demands of the active Apostolate, implies a measure of fruitful activity in the field, very complimentary to our still relatively few workers.

Conclusion

A study of the statistical tables of the following pages, will provide in the absence of more detailed exposition here, a fairly good idea of the growth of the Church in Japan during the past ten years. From mid 1945 to the end of 1954 the Church reaped a harvest of 117,707 baptisms. Her Catholic populations has reached the 200,000 mark. Her priests total 1,144; parishes number close to 400 with secondary Mission Stations coming near the 250 mark.

It is generally agreed that the conversion rate is slow in Japan. Many reasons have been advanced for this situation without any one cause being singled out for blame. Be that as it may, the Church can be justifiably proud of her record in the last decade. Not only did she recoup her wartime losses and recruit many more Missionary Soldiers under her banner but she also strongly reorganized her forces for the long battle still ahead for the souls of the Japanese people. The experienced and discerning eye will have noticed even in this outline, the excellence of Her recovery and organization in spite of the relatively few souls won to the Kingdom of God.

If within the next ten years, the one hundred and eight communities of religious men and women who with the secular clergy comprise Japan's modern ecclesiastical army work with as much zeal and energy as did the forty-nine who almost empty handed faced the post war decade, the 1,965 statistics will leave us proud indeed.



A child is a world in himself. He has in himself, just as we have, everything that God has made. He is composed of a body that is the constant admiration and enigma of scientists. He is composed of a soul that in nature is like an angel and in grace is a son of the omnipotent God.

J.A.C.



The hope of the world lies not in brute force but in holiness.

John Ryan, S.J.



PONT-VIAU

Visiting Day at the Postulate

"Hello, Evelyn! O I forgot... How do you do, Sister?"

"Judy Ann! This is a surprise!"

"I wanted to come before this but... somehow I was afraid of coming?"

"Afraid? Of what?"

"Oh, you know... I was afraid it would be just too depressing to see you transformed into a postulant."

"I suppose to you a postulant and... say a penguin or an owl are about synonymous?"

"Well, I'm relieved to see you're allowed to joke and laugh a little at least."

"Where in the world did you get such cheerful ideas regarding life at the Postulate? Of course we're... I'll not say allowed, but urged to be

gay. Indeed this is really the place where gaiety reigns supreme. And if you ask me why I think it must be because true joy comes from peace of soul. What say you?"

"Listen, Ev... pardon me, Sister, it still feels a little queer seeing you like this, your riot of auburn curls all neatly tucked inside that frilly black bonnet you're wearing. How did you do it?"

"Do what? Tuck my curly hair inside the bonnet?"

"You know what I mean... Where did you find the courage to leave your family, your friends, to give up your liberty? After all you seemed to enjoy the pleasures of life as much as we did..."

"Yes, Judy Ann. being human and very much so, I did enjoy having good times. I'll not deny it. But they could never quite satisfy me. Even during the merriest parties I used to think about doing my share to make the

world a better place to live in. To this end, the missionary vocation appealed to me because it clothed my ideal in concrete form."

"Don't you miss your friends, your parents?"

"Tremendously. But I've learnt that God's grace can soften even the worst pangs of homesickness. Sometimes I pinch myself to make sure I'm the one all this is happening to."

"I imagine it must be an awful bore to wear long skirts and cotton stockings..."

"There are worse eventualities in life, after all, don't you think?"

"Oh! I give you up. I can't see any sense in what you take for granted. I'd never be able to do what you're doing."

"Things always appear harder from a distance. Let me quote a gem culled recently during my spiritual reading in the life of the holy Cure of

Ars, 'Fear of crosses is the most painful of crosses.'"

"What I find hardest to understand is why you should have chosen to enter a missionary community."

"That's the mystery of each one's particular calling. I'd be hard put to explain it myself. It would take the Holy Spirit Himself to explain this to you, I think. The heart has reasons that reason does not catch. Working under the banner of Mary Immaculate appealed to my heart of hearts. Then, I've told you about my wish to make the world a better place. The missionary vocation which consists in helping to make God known and loved everywhere is surely one of the best means to realize this ambition. After having thought and thought this over and over I drew my conclusions."

"And what are you going to do during those six months of postulate and two years of novitiate?"



"I'm going to train for the religious missionary life, from a spiritual and material point of view. I don't see life on the missions through rose-coloured glasses. I must be prepared for the worst if the worst should ever come. So I try my best to master the Little Flower's technique of love. Work, study, prayer, recreation, all these help me progress along the way of perfection as long as I do them in a spirit of love."

"You do sound convincing. You may be right after all."

"Why even you, Judy Ann, can be

a homefront missionary by offering your daily occupations to God for the missions."

"Quite true . . . I never thought of it before. Then we would still be working together as we used to."

"If you're pleased with your interview, please pray for my perseverance and for that of my companions of the August entrance 1955."

"Agreed. Don't forget a worldly sinner like me in your long hours of prayer and silence. I'm beginning to think that of the two you're the luckiest by far, you know . . ."

In Memoriam

Mrs. D. Nolin, mother of our Sister Jeanne-d'Orleans, **Quebec**; Mrs. Elie Bourbeau, mother of our Sister Mary of the Blessed Sacrament, **St. Hyacinthe**; Mr. Thomas Michaud, father of our Sisters Thomas of Jesus and Jeanne of Domremy, **St. Andrew Kamouraska**; Mr. L. Letourneau, father of our Sister Laurent Marie, **Three Rivers**; Mr. C. Bouchard, father of our Sister St. Charles de Milan, **St. Eloi**; Mr. Pierre Albert Lacroix, brother of our Sisters Marie du Bon Pasteur and St. Andre de la Croix, **St. Georges**; of **Beauce**; Mrs. Arthur St. Pierre, sister of our Sister St. Pierre Apotre, **Rimouski**; Mr. Desire Letourneau, grandfather of our Sister St. Georgette, **Montreal**; Mrs. L. J. Labrosse, stepmother of our Sister Marie Annette, **Montreal**; Mrs. T. Garvin, **Maniwaski**; Mr. Racicot, **Montreal**; Miss Alpheda Vaillancourt, **Quebec**; Mr. Paul Emile Alary, **Saint Janvier**; Mr. Viateur Parent, **Bic**; Mr. Bruno Ellefsen, **Saint Fulgence**; Mr. Horace Lafrance, **Rosemont**; Mrs. Eugene Desrochers, Miss Therese Aquin, Mrs. Antonio Dumas, **Montreal**; Mr. L. P. Cloutier, **Ville Jacques Cartier**; Mr. Arthur Desjardins, **M.D.**, Mrs. Lucien Rondeau, Mrs. F. X. Coulombe, **Gracefield**; Mrs. J. A. Dubuc, **Saint Isidore, Laprairie**; Mrs. Wilfrid Cloutier, **Laval West**; Mr. Eddy Senecal, **Saint Dorothy**; Mr. Luc Galipeau, **St. Ignatius of Stanbridge**; Mrs. John Audet, **Val Martin**; Mrs. Michel Longpre, **Saint Agathe des Monts**; Mrs. Achille Saint Gelais, **Latteriere**; Mrs. Ernest Perreault, **Saint Liguori**; Mrs. P. Kelly, **Saint Julien**; Miss Alice Paquette, **Granby**; Mr. Gaston Patenaude, Mrs. Adelard Leblanc, Mr. J. N. Legris, **Napierville**; Mr. Liguori Rodrigue, Mr. Joseph Laramee, Miss Eva Coalier, Mr. J. L. Trepanier, Mr. Victor Senecal, **Boucherville**; Mrs. Barthelmy Farley, Mr. Albert Nayeur, Mr. Juneau Mousseau, **Berthierville**; Mrs. Zephirn Deslauriers, **Saint John**; Mrs. Joseph Adam, **Saint Cuthbert**; Mr. Joseph Gauthier, **Saint Come**; Mrs. Joseph Tellier, **Saint Damien**; Mr. Francois Boulianne, Mr. Oscar Boucher, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. Albert Lapointe, Mr. Paul Henri Martin, Mrs. Emilienne Hebert, **Kenogami**; Mrs. Henri Bergeron, **Jonquiere**; Mr. Fernand Vaillancourt, Mr. Armand Mailhot, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mr. Joseph Edouard Huot, **Chateau Richer**; Mrs. Achille Vachon, **Saint Mary of Beauce**; Mr. Adeleard Gingras, **Quebec**; Mrs. Josias Laurin, Mr. J. B. Beauchamp, Mr. Gedeon Rouleau, **Mont Laurier**; Mr. Amable Toussaint, Mrs. Cleophas Guy, **Maniwaski**; Mr. Leonce Allard, Mr. P. A. Arcand, **Notre Dame de la Dore**; Mr. Hilaire Saint James, **la Macaza**; Mr. Andre Guindon, **Ferme Neuve**; Mr. Armand Quevillon, **Lac Saint Paul**; Mrs. Eloi Lacroix, **Blue Sea Lake**; Mrs. Joseph Dugas, **Les Mechins**; Miss Alphonsine Houde, Mrs. Blanche Aubut, **Lowell, Mass.**

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Les Coteaux, Haiti.

Roche a Bateau, Haiti.

Port Salut, Haiti.

Camp Perrin, Haiti.

Mirebalais, Haiti.

Limbe, Haiti.

Cap Haitien, Haiti.

Chantal, Haiti.

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Marti, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

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