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The Precursor

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COVER PICTURE : "Kubapa nwana," carrying
baby pickaback, the pride and joy of African
mamas.

Response to *Fidei Donum* in Nyasaland

Sister ALFRED MARIE¹, M.I.C.

(Continued)

The following incident relative to colour bar immediately became known throughout Nyasaland. A certain educated African travelling on board the Illala, asked to rent a cabin on the deck reserved for Europeans. He was told he could have access only to the deck reserved for Africans. Regarding this incident the young people ironically remarked, "Funny thing this! Isn't our money the same kind of money? It has no colour."

It was with the intention of stressing their refusal to join the Federation that in June 1953, the Tonga boycotted the celebration in honour

of the Governor General of the Federation who had come to attend the inauguration of the new wharf at Nkata Bay. On the other hand, at about the same period, they gave a rousing welcome to the Governor of the Protectorate present at the opening of the African hospital of Chintech.

In Nyasaland as in many another part of Africa the idea of self-government is embodied in an African nationalist party known as the Congress Party. This anti-foreigner organization has in latter years entered the northern province where it is actively at work.

The propaganda of atheistic materialism

With my friends, the Tonga, I had the opportunity of discussing Communism. Of the twenty whom I questioned on the subject, twelve knew nothing about it while the others had a good general knowledge of its teachings. Communism I was told, was at work in the south, more especially at Fort Johnston and in the north at Misuku and in the district

of Karonga where two communist agents, educated Africans, are making headway. Mr. X, B.A., who studied in the Belgian Congo or in Russia, teaches that "there is no God since we cannot see Him." He further states that he has repeatedly tried to see God by means of a special instrument but has never been successful.

The students of Nkata Bay unani-

¹ Marcelle Prevost, Quebec.



Guides of Karonga on their way to camp.

**The Junior Seminary of Rumpl.
When will a better one be built?...**



mously affirmed that hundreds of Africans (one mentioned 400) had left their homeland to study Communism in Russia. Of these, a certain number were to return in 1958, the

rest were expected later.

In a brief article, A.I.F. (March 1958) stressed atheistic propaganda and the progress of materialism in Nyasaland:

According to an official note from Lilongwe, an eminent member of the African Congress has, for the last few months, been proclaiming in conferences held in the North of Nyasaland that there is no God.

This is the first instance in this country, of an official representative of the African Congress carrying on such public propaganda. Political activities make it necessary for this man who is still young to travel all over Nyasaland in order to hold public assemblies; everywhere he goes, he openly laughs to scorn the idea that God exists. At the same time he shows himself rabidly anti-European.

Leaders of the Congress have cautioned him to exercise moderation in flaunting his atheism as this causes a certain restlessness among the people. As regards his anti-European remarks, it must be admitted that on the whole they are welcomed. On the other hand, the Government seems to watch his activities all the more closely that he is suspected of receiving relatively important funds either from South Africa where he studied or from America.

This atheistic propaganda is being launched at a time when in Nyasaland the religious sentiment is losing ground to materialistic

The Major Seminary of Kucebere.



ideas. Pointing out the need for raising the level of education, the Northern Province Association, a movement in great part European although open to Africans, deplores the lack of religious instruction consequent upon the new policy of the Government regarding schools, which policy tends to leave to local authorities the control of Mission schools. In one of its last conferences held at Zomba, the Nyasaland Teachers Association proposed that the post of director of schools be given to a lay educator, not to a priest or to a Protestant minister.

The hold of materialism over Nyasaland is not always discernible but this tendency is growing more and more pronounced among educated classes. This may be inferred from the low percentage among educated Protestant Africans who attend religious services.

Even among Catholics it is to be observed that materialistic tendencies are in the ascendancy.

Certainly, one exceptional example does not amount to a proof; it is nonetheless significant. A short time ago, a young Protestant politician noted for his deeply religious spirit, admitted how troubled he was by the religious indifference of his colleagues. "They find time on Sundays for social gatherings and conferences, but they protest they are too busy to assist at religious offices."

The Church in Nyasaland and its problem of implantation

Fidei Donum affirms:

...Furthermore it does not suffice alone to announce the Gospel.

In the social and political crisis which Africa is undergoing, it is necessary quickly to form a select group of Christians in the midst of a still neophyte people. But to what proportions will the number of missionaries have to grow in order to enable them to perform this task of personal formation of consciences?

To such a scarcity of men there is almost always added, besides, a lack of means which at times borders on extreme poverty. Who will give these new missions, generally situated in poor regions that nevertheless are important for the future of evangelization, the generous help which they so urgently need?...¹⁴

During the first eleven years of its existence, the Church in Nyasaland has lived up to this teaching. Poor in missionary personnel as well as in material resources, it has implanted itself in a poor country, among a poor population, alongside of pros-

perous, self-sufficing, influential Protestant Churches. Moreover, threatening atheistic propaganda made it urgent for it to set its organization afoot within the least possible delay. No sooner born, it was forced to assume the task of an adult Church.

¹⁴ Pope Pius XII, "Fidei Donum", May 1, 1957.



Reverend Albert Kamera,
first African priest
of Nyasaland.



Postulants of the Society of Rosarian Sisters having recreation with their mistress, Sister Marie of Fatima (Margaret Legault, des Cedres.)

Indeed the Prefecture had hardly been erected, when it found itself confronted with problems which Pope Pius XII himself considered the problems of well-established Christian communities:

Here also the lack of priests is sorely felt. Those dioceses or Vicariates Apostolic must, as a matter of fact, develop without delay indispensable works for expansion and radiation of Catholicism.

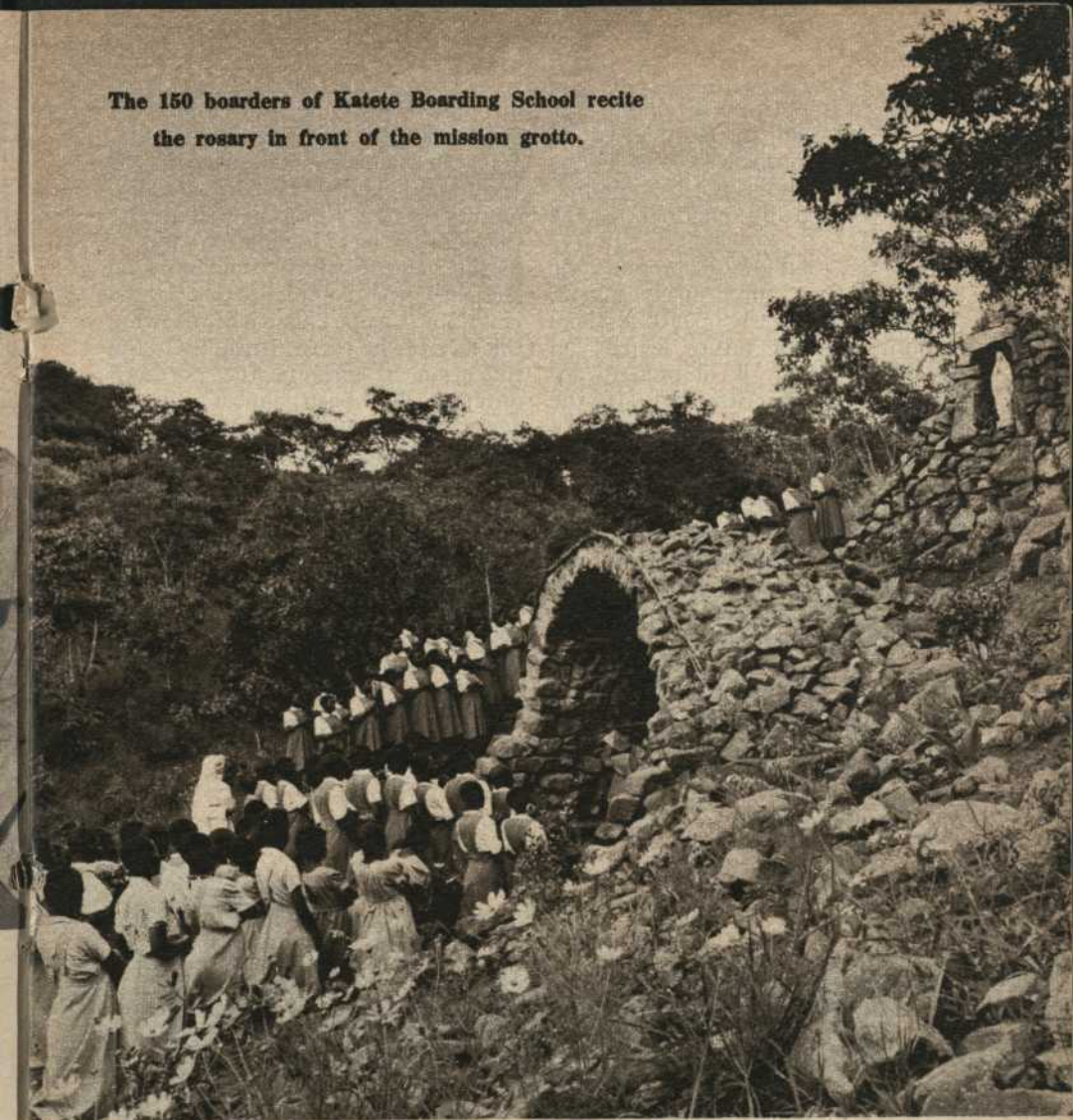
Colleges must be founded and Christian teachings in various degrees must be propagated.

Life must be given to social action organizations which animate the work of select groups of Christians in the service of civic society.

The Catholic press must be developed in all its forms.

Modern techniques for the diffusion of culture must be studied, for it is known in our day how important a well formed and enlightened public opinion is.

The 150 boarders of Katete Boarding School recite
the rosary in front of the mission grotto.



Above all, attention must be given to the growing development of Catholic Action and to the satisfaction of the religious and cultural needs of a generation which, deprived of sufficient food, might be exposed to the danger of going outside the Church to seek nourishment.¹⁵

The young Nyasaland Church had to carry on at once its implantation as well as the formation of a Catholic elite. According to Reverend Pierre

¹⁵ Pope Pius XII, "Fidei Donum", May 1, 1957.

Charles, S.J.: "In no region can the Church be said to be planted or definitely established so long as the priestly function has not been permanently assured by children of the soil." ¹⁶

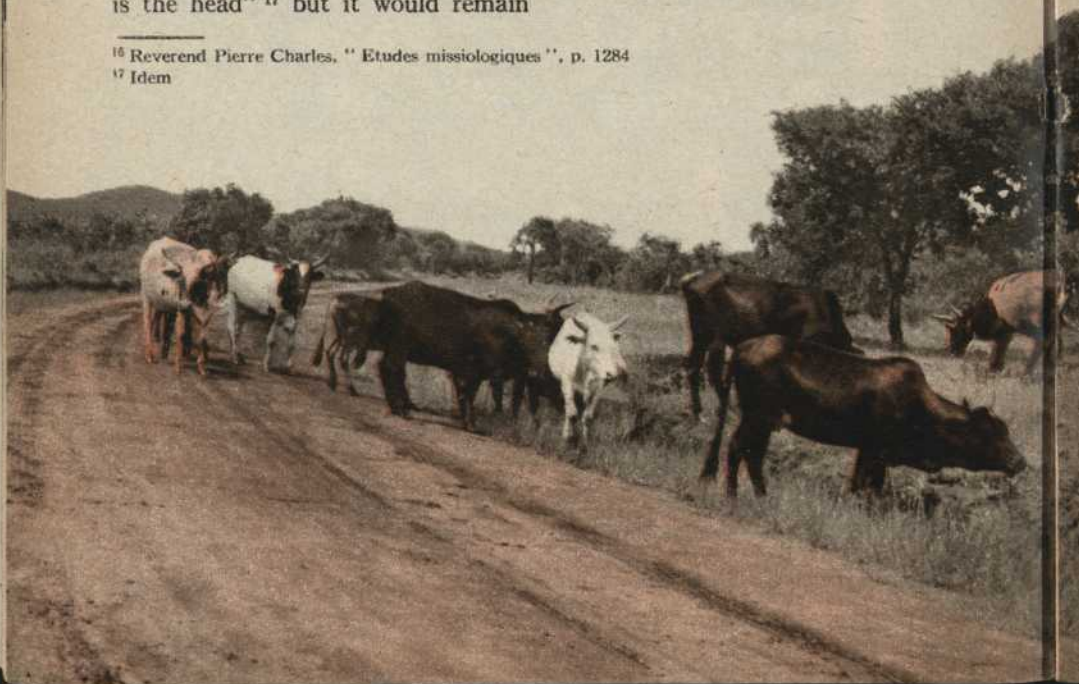
In order, therefore, to promote the rooting of the Church in Nyasaland, Msgr. St. Denis early opened a school of formation for future levites, an institution which is at present approved as Junior Seminary. In the hothouse of Rumpi were carefully nurtured vocations to the priesthood which would later blossom in Kasina and come to perfect fruition at the Major Seminary of Kacebere (Central Nyasa). True, the Prefecture as yet possesses but one African priest, an Anyanja from the central province; but during its second decade it will see several of its sons become full-fledged ministers of the Lord.

The indigenous clergy forms part of the Catholic elite since "the elite is the head" ¹⁷ but it would remain

incomplete if at the same time were not formed a religious and a lay elite. With this aim in view, as early as 1951, was founded the African Community of the Rosarian Sisters. At this date, their foundation was a daring venture which could only be launched with complete trust in the Holy Spirit alone capable of renewing the face of the earth. Until 1947, the education of girls in the northern province had been almost entirely neglected. An insignificant minority attended Protestant Mission schools and upon this number a few only pursued their studies beyond the third or the fifth grade. The first Catholic elementary school for girls, a boarding school, was inaugurated in Katete, in 1947. In the years that followed, the Katete Normal school and the elementary and secondary schools of Karonga were opened. Recently, two schools in Kaseye and

¹⁶ Reverend Pierre Charles, "Etudes missiologiques", p. 1284

¹⁷ Idem



Nkata Bay have received governmental approbation; since the greater number of Rosarian Sisters have been educated in the Catholic establishments, it follows that they become precious auxiliaries in the task of imparting instruction to their own. These African Sisters who now number 10 Professed Sisters, 8 Novices, and 6 Postulants appeared to me as the wonder of Nyasaland. All have had to wrest from their families permission to enter the convent. Kin and clan violently opposed their vocation, the former because dowries of several head of cattle would thereby be lost, the latter because these young girls would defraud the clan of legitimate expansion, power, and wealth by their refusal to bear children. Not to be daunted, many of these courageous African girls aspiring to the religious life worked in order to gain sufficient means to

pay their parents the dowry price and win the right not to marry.

Zealous and devoted, strong in their convictions, exemplary in their everyday life, the Rosarian Sisters mark a victory in the uplifting of African womanhood and in the formation of a feminine elite.

The Church has not been less attentive in providing sound Catholic education for boys and youths as appears from the number of the establishments it conducts, among which one normal, one technical, and two secondary schools. While it may be said to be the initial and necessary step in the formation of a Catholic elite, education is not the whole of this formation. To train enlightened African lay apostles, capable of comprehending their responsibility as Catholics when false prophets endeavour to seduce them, the Church must prolong contacts beyond the school by closely associating the laity to its works of apostolate. His





**The Rosarian Sisters — a marked victory
in the uplifting of African womanhood.**

Holiness Pope Pius XI wrote to an Apostolic Delegate in China: "If Catholic Action is necessary and irreplaceable among Catholic nations... it is even more necessary and more salutary where the dawn of an intense Christian life is beginning to shine." ¹⁸

What of Catholic Action in Nyasaland? One may consider as genuine "Catholic Action members those catechists who are solely taken up by the work of evangelization." ¹⁹ For all these lay apostles, the Prefecture provides intensive training during

two years at its Rumpi school for catechists. Courses in doctrine, ethics, apologetics, Bible History prepare these collaborators of the missionaries to carry far and wide the message of the gospel among pagan populations and to strengthen in the faith catechumens and neophytes.

In a young mission territory like Nyasaland cannot as yet find place, JOC, JEC, JIC, organized Catholic Action movements such as exist in Canada.

Among school boys and girls the Scout movement with its ideals of honesty, purity, love of truth, loyalty,

¹⁸ André Rétif, S.J., "Introduction to the Pontifical Doctrine of the Missions".

¹⁹ André Rétif, S.J., "Introduction to the Pontifical Doctrine of the Missions".

**Pupils of Standard 6, Katete,
apply African techniques
to lessons in domestic science.**



daily good turn, has been introduced. Accepted by non-Christians and Protestants as well as by Catholics, this movement wields a wholesome influence over the majority of pupils while the Crusade, for instance, can reach but a slight minority.

As to the JOC movement, it cannot very well be introduced in a region where industries and mines are not yet organized. Neither can JEC or JIC find application where intellectuals are rare.

Praesidia of the Legion of Mary

have been formed by the White Fathers in many a mission centre. Last year, on the invitation of Msgr. J. L. Jobidon, at present Prefect Apostolic of Nyasaland, Mr. P. Donovan envoy of the Legion of Mary headquarters in Dublin, visited all the missions of the Prefecture to meet missionaries and African Catholics and to discuss with them the aim, the spirituality, and the organization of the Legion. This form of Catholic Action with its remarkable flexibility of adaptation, its Marian dynamism,



Catechist village. The women are returning home from school.

and its formula for personal contacts seems to be the movement most suitable for Nyasaland. Already suc-

cessfully functioning are the praesidia of Karonga, Katete, Kaseye.

Conclusion based on Fidei Donum

"The repercussions of the Catholic situation in Africa go greatly beyond the frontiers of that continent and it is necessary that, under the impulse of this Apostolic See, the fraternal response to so many needs should come from the entire Church."²⁰

As may be inferred from the preceding pages, the Church in Nyasaland is a youthful Church brimming

over with vitality. Its keen insight has put to account even the slightest possibilities of implantation while exposing in time the most artful designs of atheistic propaganda. To Africans, Indians, and Europeans alike it has always revealed the true face of Christian charity, the supranational character of the Roman Catholic Church which knows no distinction of race or colour. It

Reverend Father H. Langlade, W.F.
teaches the catechists at Rumpi.



brooks no colour bar, but fosters the brotherhood and the equality of the children of God. It follows that many an educated Catholic or Protestant African even when making violent recriminations against foreign exploitation, lack of educational facilities, exodus of Nyasalanders towards the mining centres of Rhodesia, will remark: "We advocate the ousting of foreigners from these parts but we except the missionaries who are really here to help us out. Their schools have greatly contributed to the development of our people."

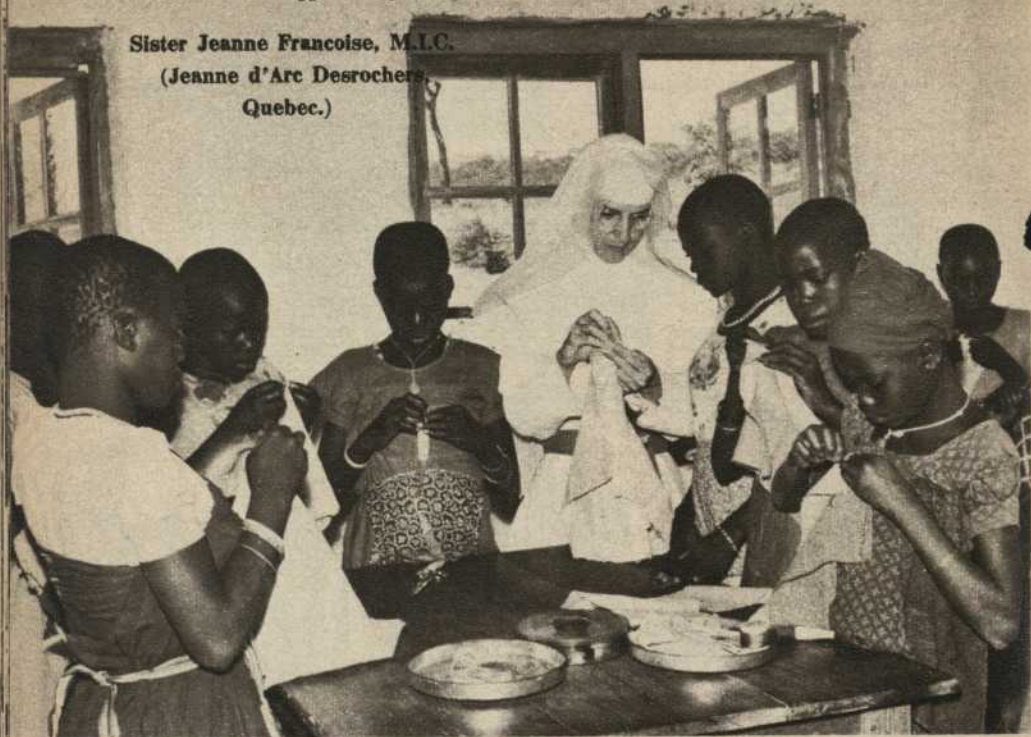
Would such kind dispositions hold out under the pressure of a passionate outburst to secure political independ-

ence? Ghana at any rate has proved wise enough to keep its missionaries as well as a number of Europeans. To be realistic, one must admit that for several decades to come — not to say a century — Nyasalanders will need the Whites to assure order, economy, and the march forward of their country. Nyasaland's social and political problems are not of their nature insoluble. Deadlocks would certainly be avoided if Africans and Europeans made sincere efforts at mutual understanding. On the other hand, it must not be forgotten that Communists take advantage of the simplest misunderstandings, of the slightest dissensions, to insinuate

Government approved girls' school of Kaseye.

Sister Jeanne Francoise, M.I.C.

(Jeanne d'Arc Desrochers
Quebec.)



themselves and engage the "dialogue or the struggle" according to the maxim of materialistic dialectics: divide until total disaggregation, divide to conquer.

Atheistic propaganda is active in Nyasaland. The missionary Church makes a stand against it to protect its children. Will this tender Mother know victory? It will indeed if Catholics everywhere heed the triple appeal of *Fidei Donum* to safeguard Africans against the onslaughts of atheistic materialism: "appeal to prayer, appeal to generosity, and for a certain number, appeal to the giving of one's self to the missions."

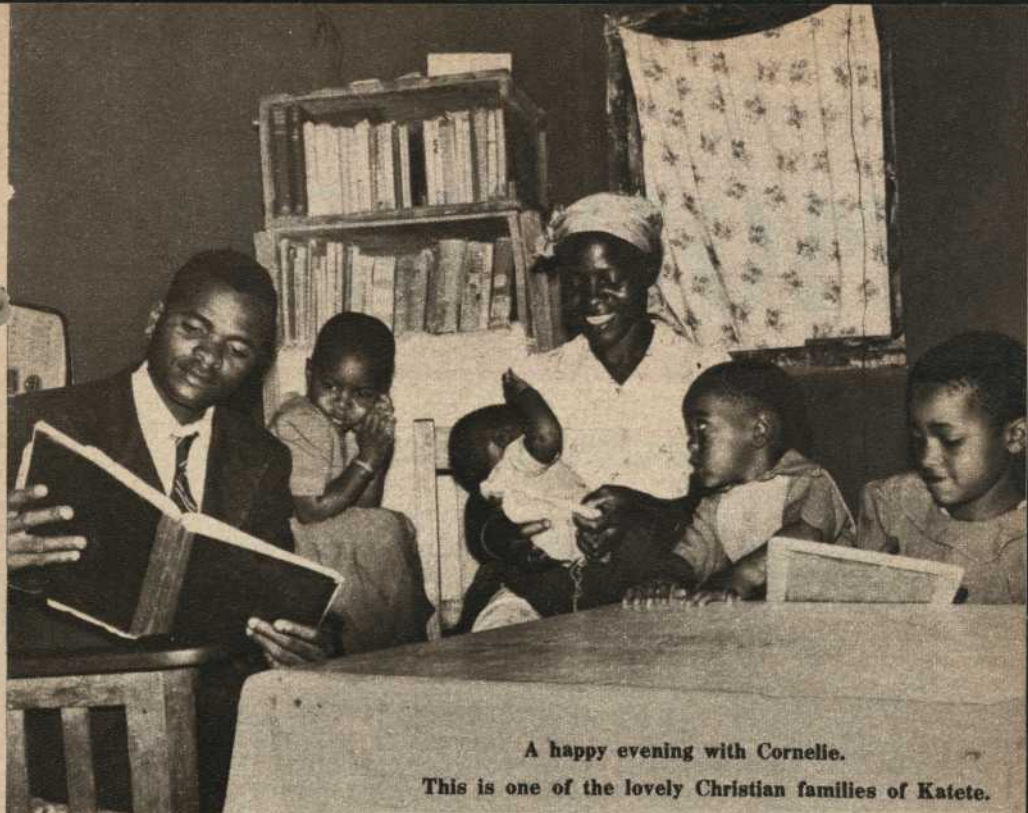
These three points of missionary

duty have been developed at length in the encyclical. They may be resumed by quoting three of its most significant texts:

"In these years which are probably decisive for the future of Catholicism in many countries, let us multiply masses celebrated for the intentions of the missions. These are the intentions of Our Lord Himself, who loves His Church and would have her extended to and flourishing in every place on earth."²¹

But would a prayer for the missionary Church be sincere if it were not accompanied, as much as possible, by a gesture of generosity?²²

What would the missionary not do,



A happy evening with Cornelie.

This is one of the lovely Christian families of Katete.

who is paralyzed in his apostolate for want of means, with the money that a Christian spends occasionally for passing tastes!²³

A Christian community which gives its sons and daughters to the Church cannot die.²⁴

And, if it is true that the supernatural life is a life of charity and grows with the giving of one's self, it can be asserted that the Catholic vitality of a nation is measured by the sacrifices it is capable of making for the missionary cause."²⁵

This last passage refers not merely to missionary religious but also to secular missionary priests lent by

dioceses with a long tradition of Christianity as well as to lay apostles ready to devote part of their life to the missions. Nyasaland has lately welcomed its first lay missionary in the person of Mr. R. Poulin, a well-known educator from Quebec who has placed his wide experience in social work at the service of the Prefecture. "May his tribe increase!", for as Reverend Jean Bouchard, S.J. remarked during a course of missiology "the more we give the more we receive," and again, "To devote oneself wholeheartedly to the mission cause is the best possible way of getting the most out of life."

²³, ²⁴, ²⁵ Idem.

TAIPEI FORMOSA

MOU SIAO

Sister MARIE ELMIRE¹, M.I.C.

A short time ago, a group of Formosan girls invited me to visit an exhibition held at Mou Siao, their Alma Mater, the largest high school in Taipei, on the occasion of the twentieth anniversary of its foundation. I enjoyed this event so much that I want to tell you about it.

Mou Siao is a huge modern establishment with an enrollment of 3,600 students. Applicants have to be refused every year because of lack of space; classes originally designed for forty pupils, at present accommodate fifty. The school's didactic and disciplinary organization, however, leaves nothing to be desired.

From class to class I went admiring the work of the students, work which covered every subject on the programme of studies, from expertly penned ideograms to poetic essays in Chinese or in English. Although the drawings and paintings were, for the most part, of Chinese inspiration, there were also a few attractive exhibits of western art which drew a good number of enthusiastic youthful artists. In the whole collection, only

one religious subject could be found — a portrait of Mary, Mother of God, under the title *Sedes Sapientiae*, painted by a Catholic student.

After the fine arts came the household arts. Beside practical items in sewing and knitting, figured exquisite embroideries and laces, the work of fairy-fingered Formosan maidens. On display in the cooking classes, were attractively arranged Chinese dishes for every occasion. One could admire in a hall off this department, beautiful bouquets of flowers arranged according to the rules of Japanese floral art. A Japanese professor is in charge of this section.

In every department, home economics, music, physics, chemistry, biology, the equipment is complete and up-to-date, and the teaching techniques are excellent. Upon my request, explanations were courteously given me on the organization of Mou Siao. Admitted in the seventh grade, the pupils pursue their studies up to the twelfth grade when they obtain a certificate allowing them to apply for examinations previous to universi-

ty courses. The first three years are termed junior; the last three, senior. In order to enter the junior course, the student must be able to read and write the greater number of Chinese characters in current use. Lessons in the English language are an important part of the daily schedule; mathematics appears to be quite advanced. Lessons and homework are numerous,

class hours are rather long, at least by our standards: from eight in the morning until noon and from one in the afternoon until four, plus classes on Saturday mornings. The professors are specialized in respective subjects but each is made responsible, by the principal, for discipline in a particular class. This way of proceeding ensures a double advantage; the

Sister Marie Elmiere and her pupils.





At Taipei University : Sister Saint Angela,
Sister Marie Elmore, and her brother Reverend V. Allary, P.M.E.

pupils form, as it were, closely knit family groups and at the same time enjoy competent teachers in every field.

Dinner must be taken at school by all the students who buy their cooked rice from pedlars or bring it from their homes in small alumin-

um lunch containers duly numbered. Shortly before noon, these boxes are collected and warmed in large ovens.

Although there are no courses on Saturday afternoons, the pupils all come to school to do the cleaning of their respective classes. These joyful, democratic tasks rapidly done are

followed by a serious meeting also of a democratic character. Each class assembles under the direction of its president and of a committee of officials chosen among class members at the beginning of the school year. The professor may give some advice, but his or her role is to make tactful suggestions, leaving the committee to take the initiative as far as possible.

The president begins by reporting the progress achieved during the past week, the circumstances under which some pupils have behaved in a proper or an improper manner, the means which may be taken to amend whatever needs amendment or improvement. Each of the assistants responsible for finances, sports, wearing of the school uniform, silence, etiquette, order, then renders her accounts. Once these reports have been made, the other members of the class are free to express their opinion. These meetings are conducive to fostering the good spirit and the remarkable discipline which have made Mou Siao justly famous.

The wearing of the school uniform consisting of a black or khaki skirt with a white or green blouse, is obligatory. Out of regard for poorer students, expensive silks are not allowed; for the same reason, the pupils must all wear tennis shoes and white ankle socks, leather shoes being a luxury in this region. To what heights of supernatural charity these Formosans could rise if they became Christians, they who are so considerate for the feelings of others!

Nearly all the schools in Formosa are sponsored by the government. What has been said of Mou Siao concerning the programme and academic regulations may be applied to every one of them throughout the Island.

Formosan girls are remarkably studious. A proof of this may be drawn from the fact that half of the students on the roster of Taipei University are young women. Is this perhaps a reaction against the past? For many centuries, the situation of woman in Formosa was one of dependence and effacement; the only role devolved upon her was to keep house for her lord and master and to rear children. Today, even married women of means make it a point to do office work. If need be, several servants are hired to do the housework while milady spends her days doing researches, typing, filing...

Confirmed bookworms, Formosans read everywhere: in buses, tramcars, stores, railway stations. While waiting to be served, people leaf through a review or scan a newssheet. Along the streets and on the walls of certain buildings, newspapers are daily posted in order that the poor may not be deprived of the pleasure of reading.

To love instruction is to love the truth. The search after integral truth cannot, I think, fail to lead straight to God. This is the reason why Holy Mother Church builds such high hopes on the people of Formosa who yearn after spiritual nourishment.



COMING OUT of PRISON

My dear Mother,

I have just come out of prison... Please do not be shocked. I have not had any sentence to serve! For some time past I have been making a weekly visit to a poor woman placed under arrest for a crime of a very complex nature: it seems that in a moment of insanity or of anger she killed the man with whom she lived. Not familiar with the principles of religion, she probably saw little difference between beating and killing!

I first met Hangy, one April day, after a round of propaganda for the Family Rosary among Europeans. It must have been a heavenly inspiration that prompted me to knock at the prison door and to inquire whether they had any interned women.

"Yes" answered the doorkeeper "we have one."

"Would you allow me to visit her?" I ventured to ask.

Without hesitation he guided me to the women's ward where one of the guards introduced me to the prisoner.

It was easy to see by her dejected and embittered appearance that she was not a Christian. My words of encouragement were greeted with suspicion. "Good day, Madam!" was

her cold reply. Nothing daunted, I inquired about her health and offered to come once in a while to teach her how to pray. She accepted without enthusiasm.

At a subsequent visit, I had to comply with many formalities, but the warden finally granted me a permission in due form; since then I have had no more trouble. Hangy now greets me every Tuesday, her face wreathed in smiles. She takes out the little blue rosary that I gave her, and together we say the beads before Our Lady's statue. Then follows a Catechism lesson. Although my pupil cannot read and speaks a different dialect, she understands the explanations quite well. The least little gift of bread or fruit or candy delights her. My visits, now too short to her liking, are changing her entire outlook on life. The thought that she is at last striving to behave in a decent manner fills her with joy. Encouraged by her eagerness to know more about our religion, I asked her one day if she wished to become a child of God through Baptism. She agreed whole-heartedly.

"What name will you take.?"

"I don't know."

I hesitated before suggesting "How about Mary Emma?"

She grinned broadly, "By all means. I want to be the Blessed Virgin's namesake."

I then explained why I had added Emma, the name of the beloved mother to whom I owe the happiness of being a missionary in Madagascar. She seemed deeply moved by this confidence and I had to promise to bring her a photograph of the most beautiful mother on earth: my own dear mother!

Dear Mamma, will you pray that

poor Hangy may soon become a fervent and exemplary Mary Emma? She will be your conquest, for I was only instrumental in bringing her to our faith. A few seconds of your sufferings borne with patience and resignation and offered for her sake might ease for her the study of catechism... My wish is to have her ready to receive Baptism as soon as she comes out of prison.....

.....
Your loving missionary child,

Sister Jean de l'Immaculée¹,
M.I.C.

¹ Annette Bonin, Saint Hyacinthe.



Hangy enjoys leafing
through a pictorial catechism.



JAPAN

NIKKO...KEKKO!

There exists in Japan a custom dear to the hearts of Japanese school children. Upon completion of the primary, secondary, and high school courses, the class of graduates takes part in a graduation trip organized by the school authorities in compliance with directives laid down by the Department of Education.

Throughout the years of their studies, the pupils are asked to pay a monthly contribution towards the financing of such trips. The sum thus realized covers all expenses including

the inevitable *miyage* (souvenirs) for relatives and friends.

The eighty graduates of our secondary school give, in the following excerpts from their diary, a sprightly account of their trip to Nikko at the close of the school year.

The departure

I can hardly believe it! We are leaving for Nikko at long last. Soon we will be seeing for ourselves that famous city about which we have heard such wonderful things. Will



the reality disappoint us? I wonder. Up and down the platform the professors stride, counting us over and over again. As nobody is missing, they give the signal to board the train and we take the passenger coaches by storm, each intent on securing a seat. We are happy to learn that Sister Superior ¹ and Sister St. Vincent Ferrer ² have decided to accompany us on our graduation trip.

Gatan, gatan, gatan! (onomatopoeia of puffing train). The train pulls out of the station. In whatever group we get mixed up, the conversation runs on nothing but Nikko. Finding the train too slow to our liking, we gleefully admonish it, "Run faster! *Gatan, gatan,!*"

Koriyama! Koriyama! Koriyama! Loudspeakers blare out the name

of our first stop where we change trains. Feverish excitement prevails once again as we rush about the coaches trying to secure seats. Towards eleven thirty, we open our *bento*, boxes filled with delicious rice, salted vegetables, fried fish, and other dainties prepared by our loving mammas.

Between Koriyama and Utsunomiya there are numerous tunnels. "*Kya!*" we exclaim as acrid fumes penetrate our lungs. The windows close with vigorous bangs and silence reigns for a few moments. Then as we emerge into the bright sunshine, we start talking all at once. Suddenly, one of the girls sings the opening lines of an old song learnt in the primary grades. "The dark tunnel has been crossed and now appears the verdant plain..." In a twinkling,

¹ Isabelle Ethier, Montreal

² Monique Cloutier, Ottawa.

we all chorus at the top of our voices.
And so we arrive in the gayest of
moods at Utsunomiya.

Yuko Isikawa

Utsunomiya -- Nikko

Comfortably seated in the observation car, we leave Utsunomiya. A young girl, our hostess and guide, talks and sings at the microphone. I can hardly explain why but I feel drawn to her. Perhaps it is because we both bear the same name... She gives very interesting explanations as our train climbs up the slope that leads to Lake Chuzenji.

Now we have reached Irohazaka. I feel overjoyed. For such a long, long time I have wanted to visit the lovely Kegon waterfalls! Famed for their beauty, they are even more so for the numerous suicides committed here. But today I want to entertain only cheerful thoughts about Kegon. While my companions "shoot" the falls with cameras, I gaze and gaze at their filmy loveliness trying to impress it on my mind forever. From the heights where we are, unfolds a peerless panorama. In the distance, the road winds under the golden sunshine like an endless skein of silk, and vehicles travelling over it appear like huge metallic beetles.

How beautiful you are, beloved country of mine! You are like a well-tended garden. I have always cherished you, but today you seem to have grown infinitely dearer...

Masako Nagao

Nikko

Now I fully understand the meaning of the old saw, "Never say *kekko* (splendid) until you have seen Nikko!" On the slopes of gently undulating hills, against a background of delicate ferns, flowering bushes, sombre cryptomerias, and laughing cascades, stand magnificent temples built in the days of the *shogun*, the military leaders of feudal Japan. We visit the Toshō shrine dedicated to the memory of Ieyasu, and the Daigōin which holds remembrance of Iemitsu, his son and heir. Exquisitely sculptured and lacquered, these monuments are masterpieces of Japanese art. In the mellow evening light, they glimmer like precious rubies set in watered green silk. Silently, I admire them while indulging in reminiscences about the phases of history they represent. Why are there so many sculptured fabulous animals and birds about the Toshō temple in particular? Perhaps because Ieyasu was reputedly fond of animals. During his reign, he is said to have punished with prison sentences people who beat dogs.

Were all the great personages who built these gems of architecture worthy of the honour rendered them for hundreds of years? I wonder... As I stroll through the splendid monuments, I cannot help being struck by the thought that the greater number of my compatriots who visit Nikko no longer do so as pilgrims but as tourists. Nikko, the holy city of Japan, has become nothing better than a museum.

Hachiro Nakano



At the foot of Kegon Falls.

A night at the inn

We are all gathered at the inn for supper. Food is carried to our rooms by the servants. Much to our surprise the first large trays contain choice food. X. gaily exclaims, "Goody! *o sashimi* (raw fish)."

N. pushes her share away with a disdainful, "*O sashimi?* I loathe the sight of it. You can have my share."

Just then two maids bring in trays filled with more plebeian fare. How is this? At their heels, the irate innkeeper bursts into the room and snatches away the first trays, berating the maids for their stupidity. When he has gone, the pair announce with many a giggle, "Those were the professors' trays!" We look at one another, then the room is filled with

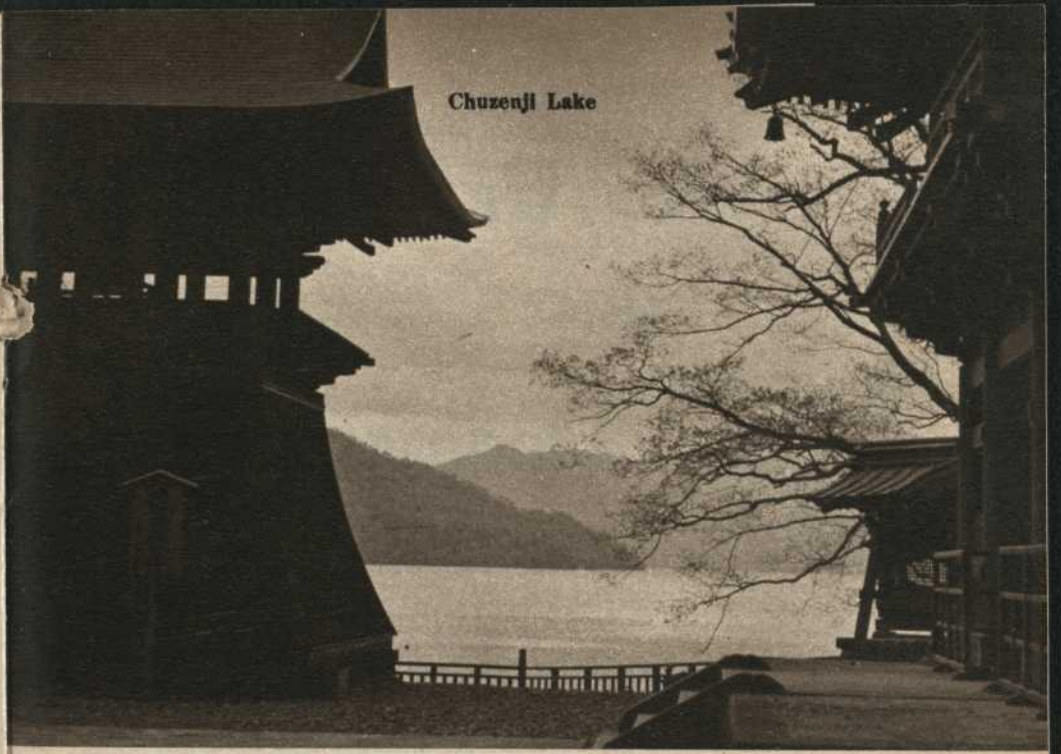
laughter as we take up our bowls of noodles with a hearty appetite. Who cares for *o sashimi*?

Supper over, we troop out to buy various presents for the folks at home. "Don't come in too late," warns one of our professors as we pass by her room. No need to worry about that. We are so tired that we could lie down anywhere and sleep the clock round!

Laden with parcels we return to our room. The time to stack them all in one corner, to unroll our bedding, and off we sail for Slumberland!

Hanako Sato





Chuzenji Lake

Home again

It is the morning of the third day. I peek out from my *futon* (padded blanket) bright and early. Where am I? The room seems strange. Oh, yes... I am still at the inn. But, we are going home today! All around me, my companions are still sleeping soundly. When I turn my head on my pillow, the paper slip makes a *kasa kasa* sound in the quiet room. Little by little, the light filters through the paper doors. From the corridor comes the sound of pattering feet. Voices are heard cheerfully calling, "It is time to get up."

In a jiffy the *futon* are neatly rolled, our parcels distributed, and

the room left in perfect order. We leave after breakfast.

The train marked Aizu-Wakamatsu puffs into the station and stops right beside our group. In we clamber. Wherever we may roam, there is no place like home... During the return trip, we are rather quiet. After changing trains at Koriyama, we count the stations: four, three, two, one... Here we are, home again! Dear familiar faces smile a welcome. One of the girls sums up the feelings of all, "*Sumeba miyako* (to every bird its nest is best)."

Hiroko Suzuki

We Are the Dodines



Sister SAINT ALBERIC¹, M.I.C.

Although we cannot claim to be missionaries in our own right, still we have had an interesting apostolic career. First of all, let us get acquainted. Probably, you have seldom if ever heard of a *dodine* before. It is the name given in France, our motherland, to what English-speaking people term a rocking chair; it seems to us the much prettier and cosier appellation of the two but that is neither here nor there.

Young and gay and freshly painted, we first reached the Port Salut Convent in Haiti back in 1925. During the daytime we were left much to our own devices while the Sisters assiduously taught pickaninnies their *ba bé bi bo bu*. In a despondent mood, we looked at each other and sighed, "What an empty existence this promises to be! When will those Sisters ever find time to keep us company?"

The first twenty years of our convent life in Haiti were spent in the

same community room of the French Sisters, Daughters of Wisdom, in Port Salut. When twilight came and the day's work was done, it was our privilege to gently rock away the fatigue from the Sisters' tired limbs and to ease their mind of its tension. In dark hours, for dark hours are bound to come even in the lives of the most cheerful and optimistic of missionaries, we grew all the more sympathetic and comprehensive. One such dark hour struck for the French Sisters when a beloved companion, an ardent apostle in the flower of her youth, sickened and died one brief year after her arrival in Haiti.

The French Sisters remained at Port Salut and we in their service until 1947, when they were assigned to another field of apostolate. Lonely times these were for us, the *dodines*, for we were left behind; we were no longer young nor gay nor freshly painted and our rockers creaked

and squeaked in a rather depressing manner. But after so many years of service, to be left behind!

Some time later, new missionary Sisters from Montreal, Canada, arrived in Port Salut taking up their headquarters in the old convent. We tried our best to smile a welcome to the newcomers. Missionaries are missionaries no matter where they hail from, we reasoned, we ought to feel honoured to be in their service. Alas! We were in for further disappointments. The Canadian Sisters, who apparently had no use for *dodines*, shoved the two of us into a dark corner together with a limping table and a couple of crippled chairs. May you never taste as we then did the bitterness of feeling unwanted! Soon, however, we realized that the Sisters had really not intended to discard us. By-and-by they rescued us from our dusty corner, had a carpenter repair our squeaky joints, then gave us a brand-new toilette of satiny varnish. Rejuvenated in appearance, we moved a notch up the social scale by being transferred into the convent parlour.

Many are the important decisions we have since endorsed, the good counsels we have stressed, the consolations we have helped dispense.

A young man filled with high hopes and consuming ambitions calls at the convent to say goodbye before leaving for foreign countries in search of a liberal education. The Sisters encourage him, then add, "Do not forget to study the most important of all sciences — that on which you will be judged in the evening of life." The student's face grows serious, his heart is touched; he resolves to take up again the practice of his Faith he has too long

neglected.

A graduate confides to her former teachers how difficult it is for her to keep good in the environment where she is forced to live. In her distress she rocks herself to and fro while Sister tells her how to find in the Rosary fervently recited the strength and courage to act up to her convictions.

Pierre, young father of a growing family and somewhat lax in the performance of his religious duties, visits the teacher of his young hopeful and inquires, "Sister, what is your secret? Millehomme, my mischievous little lad whom nobody could manage at home, is growing up in wise, studious ways."

"Millehomme now has a reason to keep his good resolutions," Sister replies. "He has learned in his catechism the why of his life here on earth and he wants to love and serve God with his whole heart. See that you give him good examples, always." Pierre's face is grave and he rocks himself in pensive mood.

A Protestant girl stops to see her former teacher whom she loves and reveres. She steals a glance at the statue of Mary before which a pale blue votive light burns all the day long. We rock her with great care... Who knows? We are perhaps rocking her into the true Fold. Surely none can look at Our Lady as she does and continue to wander outside.

A seminarian on the eve of being anointed a priest forever, tells the Sisters about his desire to rekindle the flame of fervour in the hearts of his people suffering from endemic religious indifference. He rocks himself oh, so lightly, like a bird about to take flight and we do our best to

suit our movement to his mood.

Line dances into the parlour bubbling over with the mere joy of living. She wants to get the most out of life, she gaily asserts, as she sets our rockers flying. Sister smiles indulgently, then reminds her, "Remember, dear, that life is a field of battle, not a picnic ground. It brings happiness to those who know best how to meet its challenge." A small statue of the Woman above all women blest is slipped into Line's hands as she rises to go. Mary will guide her ardent youth in ways of peace and security.

The Lord has called Mariette to embrace the religious life. Before entering the novitiate she visits her former teachers and asks them to pray for her perseverance. We rock her softly, softly, trying to assuage her grief at parting from all she loves.

And this is how most of our days are spent. Some time ago we were thrilled to hear one of the curates tell Sister Superior, "What a splendid idea you had to put the *dodines* into the parlour. It gives the place a homelike atmosphere. We Haitians enjoy rocking ourselves while conversing." We might have rocked with pride so elated were we on hearing this. But twenty-five years of convent life have taught us a measure of humility. Even if we are for at least a little in the wonderful work of apostolate performed by the Sisters in Haiti, we must admit that after all we are only instruments that are happy to serve.

The two *Dodines* of Port Salut

per secretary

Sister St. Alberic, M.I.C.

MISSION INTENTIONS

November: That the public and private life in Madagascar may become impregnated with the Christian spirit.

December: That Christmas keep its true sense in Asia and Africa and lead men to the full knowledge of Christ.



In the Hong Kong Vineyard

Very Reverend and dear Mother,

Just now I am making my annual retreat and I think it is a good occasion to give you some details regarding my activities in this portion of the Lord's vineyard entrusted to my care. First of all, let me assure you that it daily grows dearer and dearer to my heart, trials and difficulties notwithstanding. What is lacking here is not work to be done but the apostolic labourers to do it.

At the catechumenate, prospects are very encouraging. Our cramped quarters do not favour the formation of large classes but this turns out to advantage, for we can thus give more attention to individual needs. Fervour among the catechumens is always at the boiling point.

(Excerpt from a letter written by Sister Joseph Arthur¹, M.I.C., to Very Reverend Mother Superior General)

¹ Laura Therien, St. Leonard of Aston.



**Mrs. Lan, alumni of our Mount
Good Hope School is now a zealous catechist.**

During this last year, divine Providence has visibly blessed our humble work and given it unlooked-for expansion. In our immediate neighbourhood, the government has lately built a number of new apartment buildings for the refugees of Wong Daai Sin. With the permission of our Regional Superior and the assent of Reverend Father Lerda, an Italian priest rector of the parish, our team of lay catechists, one man and two women, has begun to make the rounds of the families who have just moved into these homes. Already there are one hundred catechumens from this region who have asked for instruction in Christian doctrine. As soon as the retreat is over, I will plan the courses to be given.

While making home visitations some time ago, our catechists met a seriously ill person whom they pre-

pared for the last voyage. Called to her bedside, the priest administered the sacraments of Baptism, Confirmation, Eucharist, and Extreme Unction. Thus placed in possession of her spiritual birthright she peacefully passed away. The members of her family were so deeply moved at her serenity in the face of death that all have asked to be admitted as catechumens.

My companion¹ at the catechumenate has such a reputation of sympathetic kindness that she draws here daily a great number of people distressed in mind or in body. Some come from distant places having heard from others that Sister never turns anyone away without at least a heartening word or some slight relief when she cannot afford to do more. Believe me, Reverend Mother, she could spend several fortunes in



**Doctrine classes are out
but they still have
questions to ask.**

no time if she had them! I cannot tell you enough how much I admire her selfless devotedness to the poor and the sick. She moves like an angel of mercy in a world of misery.

Much of my own time is taken up with the direction of our three groups of Legionaries of Mary. Besides preparing the work they must do, I have to give them instructions every week in English as well as in Cantonese. This apostolic and Marian work I find most inspiring. What a noble example these young apostles of Our Lady are giving to the world! In spite of their numerous daily occupations, they sacrifice long hours of their time to the salvation of others. My zeal is deepened at their contact.

The other day, at the meeting for senior members, some one reported that an eighty-year-old woman who lay seriously ill stubbornly refused to be instructed because she was attached to the religious superstitions she had practiced since childhood. Should she be left to die in her ignorance? "No, a thousand times no!" my Legionaries exclaimed. "We must confide her to Our Lady who will not refuse to grant her the grace of conversion." There was not a moment to be lost, for the patient was at death's door. We immediately

resolved to visit her again. This once, each ostensibly carried the Rosary and the evil spirits fled at sight of this spiritual weapon recalling so many ignominious defeats they had suffered at the hands of the Woman who is mightier than armies in battle array. Grandmother beckoned us to her bedside. "Pray! Pray!" she pleaded. "I don't know why but when I hear your prayers I feel all *fook* (at ease) in my heart. Pray! Pray!" She died with a smile irradiating her withered face, after having reverently received the sacraments.

At the following Legionary assembly, there was great rejoicing as this victory of Our Blessed Mother was proclaimed. This event enkindled new ardour in all hearts.

Dear Reverend Mother, I cannot bring this brief account of our activities at the catechumenate to a close without thanking you from my heart depths for your motherly solicitude with regard to this work of apostolate. With God's help I intend to put my whole soul into this enterprise so as to give Him glory and win to His love the greatest possible number of souls. It will be the best way to prove my gratitude to the Lord and to my community.



The beds of suffering in many a hospital are more valuable and productive of lasting good than the endowed chairs of all the universities. The acceptance of suffering gives to many an invalid a poise and peace which amazes all who contact such a sufferer. The mighty lesson of Christ, *tacere et orare*, to be silent and pray — is here repeated in miniature for our benefit.

Christianity, even when watered down, is still hot enough to boil the modern world to rags.

G. K. Chesterton

My Kingdom

Sister JEANNE MARIE¹, M.I.C.

It is very small, this realm of mine, circumscribed by the four walls of a schoolroom. And, my subjects? All of thirty-five Chinese little men between four and six years of age, bright of eye and keen of mind. In vain would you search the world for a happier queen than I!

On my beloved pupils' roguish faces I see mirrored immortal souls made in the image of God. Of these thirty-five souls, thirteen only have been bathed in baptismal waters; the others still bear the stain of original sin but I hope and pray they will in the not too distant future, be washed whiter than driven snow.

During one of my catechizings, I dwelt on the privileges conferred by Baptism. John whispered to Kenneth, his best friend, "I'm baptized, I'll go to Heaven. What about you?"

"I'm not, so I suppose I won't be able to go."

The sadness in the boy's voice smote my heart so that I sent up a secret plea in his favour to the Father of us all.

On another occasion, as I related to my pupils the ever wonderful story of Jesus' birth in Bethlehem and the visit of the shepherds, I remarked that the latter were ignorant men. Hearing this, Michael naively queried, "Why didn't they enroll at Tak Sun School?"

I make use of various devices to stimulate the devotion of my boys towards Our Blessed Mother. Last October, for instance, those with the highest marks were allowed to lay a rose in front of her statue. To the children's astounded delight it was found upon counting the flowers at the close of the month that there were 681. In November, the name of one of another of the pupils was inscribed each day on the roll of honour. It was amusing to see the tots as yet unable to read, trying to guess who was thus honoured. Sometimes, I would make a pretence of forgetting to write a name. All would then remind me of the fact.

As a preparation for Christmas I suggested to my pupils to furnish fresh straw for the Crib. Before going

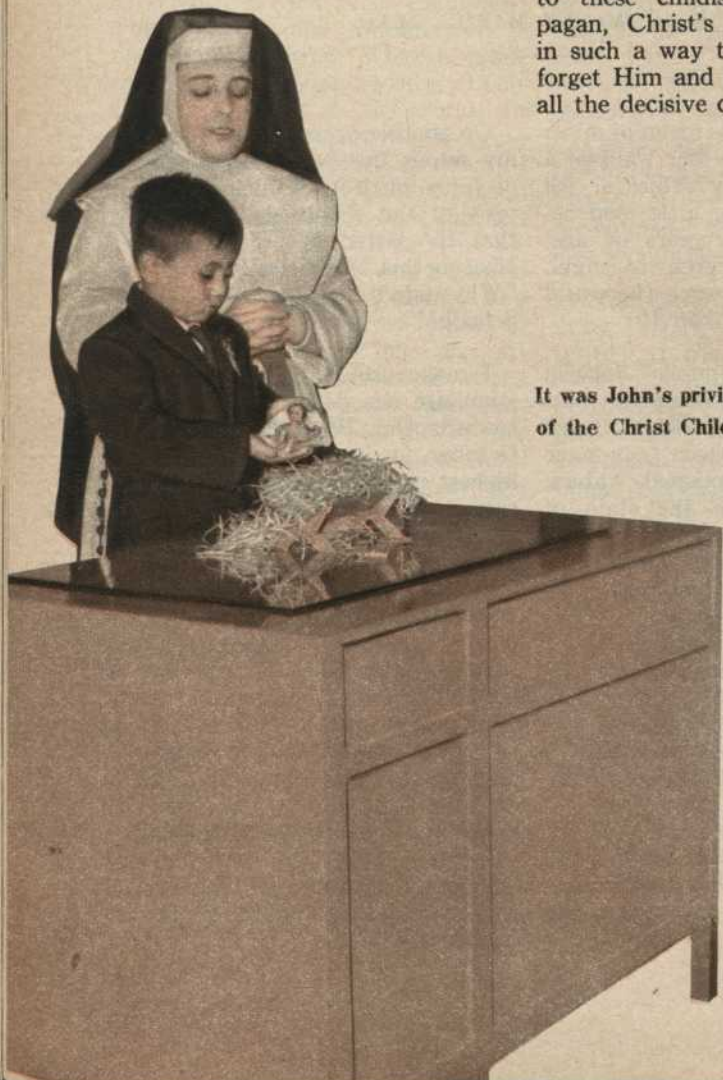
¹ Jeanne Brassard, Montreal.

home for the holidays, each brought his sheaf of straw symbol of accumulated sacrifices. John enjoyed the privilege of laying the figure of the

Christ Child on the straw bed; he did so with all the respectful tenderness of his little heart.

And thus the river of time runs past in my peaceful miniature kingdom of Tak Sun. If my "people" at times are noisy and mischievous, I easily forgive their pranks. My sole ambition as a missionary is to reveal to these childish souls nearly all pagan, Christ's radiant personality in such a way that they will never forget Him and will turn to Him in all the decisive crises of life.

It was John's privilege to lay the figure of the Christ Child in the straw Crib.





Sister Jeanne Marie
in the midst of her "subjects".

Japanese Catholic Writers



Written by a Japanese author who has long resided abroad, this essay adapted and translated from *Informations Internationales Catholiques* (1958) will doubtless be of interest to numerous readers in various spheres of life.

It shows the place Catholic literature held three centuries ago and continues to hold today in a country where Catholics are as yet a small minority.

After the destructive war waged in Asia, Japan is at length beginning to reveal its true face. To Europeans, nevertheless, it still remains almost totally unknown. True, many are those who have a slight acquaintance with Japanese curios or have had the occasion to admire woodprints or other ancient works of art proper to the Land of the Rising Sun. But artistic refinement, Zen spirituality, fragile wood and paper houses are paltry figures of a country where seethe all possible and imaginable forms of civilization.

At the origin of this seething and

beyond the three centuries of systematic isolation which preceded the re-opening of Japan to the rest of the world in 1870, Catholicism stands.

Its first apostle Saint Francis Xavier arrived in 1549, at a time when the nation suffered from a deep spiritual vacuum. Traditional structures were tottering under the devastation brought on by a protracted civil war, and the people were losing faith in the religion of Buddha and in the native cult of Shinto. Firmly based on divine revelation, Catholicism naturally appeals to human reason. It has been remarked that the Japanese

are led more by emotion than by reasoning. But where is the man who does not always seek the rational in all his acts and in all things? Be that as it may, the Japanese of the sixteenth century who found in Buddhism neither solid nor reasonable foundations opened wide their hearts to embrace this religion of reason. Thus Catholicism penetrated into intellectual circles.

Proclaiming as it did the equality of all men before God, it grew at the same time acceptable to the masses at large the more readily as they found this equality put into practice in its schools, hospitals, and churches.

For all these reasons, the work of evangelization knew immediate and remarkable success. Soon, the faithful numbered 700,000 on a total population of two million. It was normal that such a community should have produced a literature of its own, a literature which holds an important place in Japanese Christian letters. But since its reopening in 1870, Japan has been too busy trying to overtake western nations in technical progress to heed the spiritual aspects of a civilization it wanted to adopt. From this state of things resulted a certain emptiness which became fully apparent when disaster struck the nation in 1945.

The author of a recent anthology of Catholic literature during the fifteenth and sixteenth century notes in the preface of his work: "The castles in the air we had been throwing up since the Meiji era with materials borrowed from western technical civilization toppled before our eyes during the last war. European or American civilization is not merely technical or material; concealed be-

neath these appearances are solid spiritual values based on a tradition fostered by Christianity. Before the war, we were led to believe that the United States of America was not to be feared since it possessed material power only and was bereft of spiritual power. But in reality, we discovered after the war that in all American military schools there are chapels available for divine service; that priests and ministers accompany the troops to assure the spiritual life of soldiers and officers. Japan which boasted of its spiritual force disclosed its weakness even in this field. When one compares Shinto or Buddhism, which nowadays wield such scant influence over the daily life and ethical conduct of the Japanese, with Christianity, which still informs the life of American and European peoples, one comprehends how the genuine rational spirit and the modern sciences came to be based upon tradition. The spirit of Christian humanism which stresses the equality of all men made in the image of God must be adopted as rapidly as possible by the Japanese.... in order to organize spiritual reformation and the true modernization of their homeland."

This quotation is from the pen of a Catholic author, but the urgent need of going back to the sources of western civilization exists even among many who do not belong to the Christian Fold. It is particularly felt by whoever studies European literature, a literature incomprehensible to those who know nothing of Christian teachings. A non-Christian critic, Mr. Shuichi Kato, underlines this point in an article reproduced in the review, *Sekai*: "At the beginning of one of his novels, Graham Greene quotes



**Japanese bookshops
do a thriving business.**

the following sentence from Péguy: 'Sinners stand at the centre of the Christian world'. We can hardly apprehend the hidden meaning of these words. What we do understand is that the role played by Catholicism

in the art and literature of the present century is becoming markedly more important." Particularly through the study of French literature the Japanese of today are brought to reconsider Christian values.

Sixteenth and seventeenth century -- Popular literature

To find the first traces of Catholic literature in Japan, one must effect a return to the declining years of the sixteenth and the opening years of the seventeenth century. The authors of those days were for the most part European Jesuits and some of their Japanese converts. The works of this period consist in doctrinal treatises, manuals of spirituality, biographies of the saints, to which must be added translations of Aesop's fables and of other Latin texts having a moral character. During these years when civil war raged, literature was poor. The new breath of life brought by the missionaries was the only one to invigorate the topsyturvy world of Japan.

Contrary to the aristocratic tendencies of traditional literary and artistic productions of the times, Christian literature was distinctly popular in style, using the simple spoken language instead of the refined and complex language of letters. Christian authors compiled and published regional folklore and developed an important local literature. Unfortunately, the ban placed on Christianity towards the close of the seventeenth century checked any influence it might have had on ulterior Japanese literature. It, nevertheless, follows that during this period a novel literary form was introduced into Japan which effected one of the initial meetings between eastern and western civilization.

It also follows that works of this period have influenced certain modern authors: Ryunosuke Akutagawa, Mokutaro Kinoshita... and among contemporaries, Yoshio Nagayo, for in-

stance, whose novel *The Bronze Christ* has been filmed, or Masuji Ibuse, Jiro Osarazi, etc... These authors, however, were influenced merely from a literary standpoint as we shall see later. Let us now rapidly sketch four ancient works in order to form an estimate of early Catholic literature in Japan.

Most important among these publications undoubtedly is *Doctrina Christiana* a Latin catechism of sorts published in 1591 at Amakusa, in what is the present-day department of Nagasaki. It was probably translated into Japanese. According to a few critics, this book was but a compilation of Saint Francis Xavier's instructions. Yajiro, a Japanese he came across while missioned in the Moluccas, was the first to reveal to him the greatness of the Japanese people and of their civilization, firing him at the same time with the desire to procure their evangelization. From Yajiro, the Saint learned the rudiments of the language and eventually composed a brief and simple explanation of the *Credo* and of the ten commandments.

Myotei's Dialogue

In 1605, was published at Kyoto, the ancient capital of the empire, a book titled *Myotei Mondo* (Myotei's Dialogue). The author was an ex-bonze who after his conversion to Christianity became a Jesuit lay religious under the name of Brother Fabian. As appears from its title, this work in three volumes assumed the form of a dialogue between Myosho, a Christian, and Yutei, a pagan. Only two of the three original volumes are still extant: the second

is a confutation of Confucianism and Shinto, and the third a sketch of Catholic doctrine. The author begins by admitting that Confucianism is on the whole a good account of natural ethics this idea being doubtless reflected from the mission in China at this period. In the third volume of his work, on the other hand, appears the philosophy of Saint Thomas influenced by Aristotle. It must be emphasized that this work was produced by a Japanese entirely on his own while other works were generally realized in collaboration with missionaries. Its style is simple and readable.

Tales of the Heike clan

While evangelizing and educating the people, the missionaries of the sixteenth and seventeenth century had at heart to know and to understand something of Japanese civilization. Hence followed the publication of history such as *Heike Monogatari*, the story of the rise and fall of

the ruling clan of Heike. Written under Buddhistic inspiration, in a more or less difficult language, this work could not be of much use to the missionaries. With a view to rendering it easier to read, it was rewritten in the form of a dialogue or rather of a drama. An excerpt from the preface of the re-write pinpoints this intention: "Those who desire to spread the gospel message among the Japanese must acquaint themselves with the customs and the history of the nation... In order to help the missionaries I have composed this book under the form of a dialogue."

Anthology of proverbs

A fourth volume, *Kinku Shu* (Anthology of Golden Words) contains 282 proverbs culled in the literature of China and of Japan and presented in alphabetical order. This work was meant to enable Catholic priests to enliven their sermons by quoting proverbs.

Catholic influence after 1870

It has already been inferred that the Catholic literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth century influenced a number of modern authors to a certain extent. First of all it must be pointed out that such an influence solely derived from the lyrical or

exotic character of this literature. This fact is borne out in the productions of Ryunosuke Akutagawa, one of the most brilliant among classical writers and the author of the novel *Rashomon*, later adapted to the screen and awarded a European prize.

(To be continued)



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The Church in Japan

Nearly half the Catholic churches in Japan have been built since the end of the Second World War — 264, in fact, out of a total of 531. This illustration of the remarkable growth of the Church in Japan in recent years is taken from the 1955 edition of the Catholic Directory for Japan. Twenty-four of the thirty-eight religious Orders and Congregations of men and women working in Japan have gone there since 1948. The most numerous foreign missionaries in Japan are Canadians, 437; Americans, 330; Germans, 308; Italians, 289; French, 253. There are 105 Irish, and four English.

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VANCOUVER, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward Street.
TROIS RIVIERES, P.Q., 1325 de la Terriere Street.
GRANBY, P.Q., 35 Dufferin Street.
GRANBY, P.Q., 279 Main Street.
CHICOUTIMI, P.Q., 766 Cenacle Street.
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, P.Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.
PERTH, N.B., P.B. 259.
OTTAWA, Ont., 443 Gilmour Street.

UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, Mass., 207 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

OUR LADY OF FATIMA HOUSE
103 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.
OUR LADY OF PROTECTION HOUSE,
Clear Water Bay Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

FORMOSA

KUANHSI, Catholic Church, Hsinchu Hsien,
Taiwan.
SHIH KUANG TSE, Catholic Church,
Hsinchu Hsien, Taiwan.
TAIPEI, 363, An Tung Chieh, Taiwan, Free China.
SUAO, Catholic Mission, P.O. Box 2,
Suao Vilansien, Taiwan, Free China.

JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi,
Fukushima Ken.
WAKAMATSU, 480, sakae machi, Aizu Wakamatsu
TOKYO, 108-4 cho me Fukazawa cho, Setagaya ku

ITALY

ROME, via Giacinto Carini, 8.

MADAGASCAR

MORONDAVA, Madagascar.
AMBOHIBARY, Madagascar.

BOLIVIA

COCHABAMBA, Academia Comercial,
Calle Oruro No 300, Casilla 1667.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, Immaculate Conception Anglo Chinese
Academy, Gen. Luna St., Intramuros.
MANILA, 2212 S. del Rosario St., Tondo.
LAS PINAS, Rizal.
MATI, Davao Province.
DAVAO City, Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall.
PADADA, Davao Province.
BAGUIO City, 11, Pacdal, 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.
TROU DU NORD, Haiti.
PORT AU PRINCE, cité No 2.
DESCHAPELLES, Albert Schweitzer Hospital
Post Box No. 4, Saint Marc, Haiti.
LA BOULE, Haiti.
MERCEDES, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MARTI, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MANGUITO, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
LOS ARABOS, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MAXIMO GOMEZ, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
COLON, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
SAN JOSE de LOS RAMOS, Prov. of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

KATETE MISSION, Champira P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZAMBAZI MISSION, Kaufkule P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
RUMPI MISSION, Rumpi P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KARONGA MISSION, Karonga P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KASEYE MISSION, Fort Hill P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZUZU, Convent School, Mzuzu P.O., Box 24,
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
NKATA BAY MISSION, Nkata Bay P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
FORT JAMESON, P.O. Box 107
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.
KANYANGA MISSION, Lundazi P.O.
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.
NYIMBA MISSION, Sacred Heart Hospital
Northern Rhodesia, B. C. Africa.

On the shores of the
Rukuru, Nyasaland.

