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IN THIS ISSUE

Twenty-Five Years of Apostolate 447
Sister Saint Jean de la Lande, M.I.C.

Napempera 454
Sister Marie Berthe, M.I.C.

You're Missing Something 458
Joseph A. Breig

A Crippled Man Finds Miracles 462
Joe Cunningham

Our Students Travel 468
Sister Saint Vincent Ferrer and
Sister of the Holy Name of Mary, M.I.C.

Why? 478
Sister Saint Paul Miki, M.I.C.

Manila's Anglo-Chinese School 480
Sister Claire of the Eucharist, M.I.C.

The Malagasy Language 483
Sister Saint Remi of France, M.I.C.

They Need You! 487
Sister Saint Emerentienne, M.I.C.

On the Way to Rumpi 490
Sister Saint Remi, M.I.C.

Front-Cover : Flowers of Japan.



Twenty-Five Years of Apostolate

by Sister SAINT JEAN DE LA LANDE¹, M.I.C.

Something was in the air. At the Catholic Mission Centre people hurried to and fro carrying bundles of firewood, grinding great quantities of flour, stirring huge pots of millet beer. Drums tapped out the tantalizing rhythm of dances and festivals, snatches of joyous songs filled the air. What was it all about? Katete's devoted catechist, Mr. Ignacio Loyola Cirwa, was preparing to mark the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Baptism. Celebrations of a religious and social character were being organized.

Fidelity is the hallmark of Ignacio's particular vocation. In 1933, like so many of his compatriots, Henderson Cirwa — he had not yet received the

name of Ignacio — went to work in the mines of Johannesburg. He was not very lucky. He changed employers twice during the first six months, and had to return to Nyasaland after only one year because of the death of a close relative. Shortly afterwards, he left with two companions for a certain mission post in Northern Rhodesia where he had heard employment could be found.

When their first day of work at the mission was over, Benedicto, the overseer, invited the three young men to pay a visit to the church the next morning at the sound of the bell. Ignacio later related, "The first time I entered the church, I

¹ Clemence Caron, Saint Jean Port Joli, P.Q.

was scared stiff. I squatted in open-mouthed wonder at all the people I saw kneeling and praying fervently. None of the prayers were familiar. Those I had learned at the Free Church of Scotland in Loudon seemed so strangely out of place here that I dared not say them. Not only the prayers, but the church itself was different. It was all very puzzling... The following Sunday I attended the Sung Mass. Already, I was feeling more at home. Acting upon Benedicto's advice, I wrote to my people that I had discovered a new society called the Catholic Church".

Gradually, Henderson's interest in the new-found religion quickened so that he ventured to inquire of Benedicto, "What must I do to become a Catholic?" The man referred him to the Father Superior who received him kindly and questioned him regarding his native place and his religious beliefs. When he learned that Henderson belonged to the Free Church, however, the Catholic missionary maintained an attitude of prudent reserve.

Time and again, with admirable African patience, the aspirant renewed his plea. He even tried to put Benedicto on his side, but the wise overseer merely encouraged him to study the catechism and to pray. The priest and his helper acted thus because they wished to make sure that the candidate was in earnest.

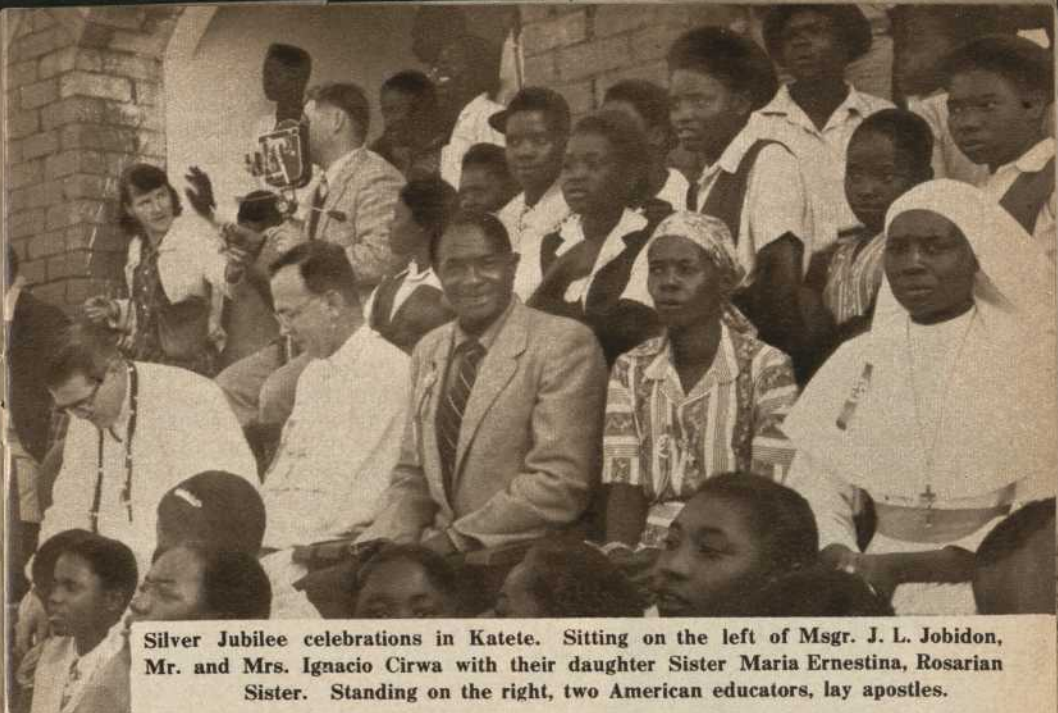
Every one of his spare moments he spent studying the catechism and learning prayers. So evident was his sincerity that at last Father Superior summoned him to his office to tell him that he was accepted as a catechumen. How overjoyed Henderson was at this good news!

The regular course of doctrinal instruction being completed, he successfully passed the examinations and on April 9, 1935, was baptized under the name of Ignacio Loyola. During the course of the summer he left Rhodesia. Father Superior said to him as he knelt for his blessing on the day of his departure, "Go in peace, my son. Teach your people to pray."

Having learned on the way home that a Catholic missionary was at work in the territory of Chief Karuruma to which government Musolomoka belonged Ignacio offered to help him in his apostolate.

He also worked for a while as a teacher in a bush mission school before being assigned as a regular catechist at Katete where a mission was organized for the first time on December 25, 1939. Christians at first were few in number. From 1939 to 1959, the missionaries and the catechist worked with such untiring zeal that by the close of the year 1958, the faithful of Katete numbered 2,459 baptized persons besides 327 catechumens.

Throughout mission territories, the catechist is the missionary's right-hand man. According to Pope Pius XII, "He comes into contact with individuals more easily than does the missionary from a far-away land". In that easier contact he carries Christ to his people. He it is who accompanies the priest to the outstations. On Sundays, in missions where the pastor is absent, he assembles the faithful and the catechumens for prayers, leads the hymns, imparts practical doctrinal instruction. I remember how touched I was by an inspiring talk on death and



Silver Jubilee celebrations in Katete. Sitting on the left of Msgr. J. L. Jobidon, Mr. and Mrs. Ignacio Cirwa with their daughter Sister Maria Ernestina, Rosarian Sister. Standing on the right, two American educators, lay apostles.

the way to prepare for it given by Ignacio at the funeral of an old Christian woman. His simple tactful words found their way straight into the hearts of all present. The catechist is always ready to visit the sick, to assist the dying, to secure needed information for the rectification of marriages contracted outside the Church. In all these works of apostolate Ignacio Loyola Cirwa excelled, and Katete wanted to offer him a pledge of its gratitude on the occasion of the twenty-fifth anniversary of his Baptism.

The jubilee celebrations were worthily inaugurated August 9, 1960, by the solemn ceremony of Baptism of thirteen Normal School students. At this vivid reminder of his own regeneration, Ignacio's heart swelled

with gratitude. Was not his joy multiplied by thirteen because of those who on this happy day were being made children of God and heirs to the kingdom of heaven in their turn? Msgr. J. L. Jobidon, Prefect Apostolic of Northern Nyasaland, conferred the sacrament of confirmation on the neophytes, then gave Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament.

Immediately afterwards, to the throbbing of drums, the faithful of Katete crowded into the school yard where a demonstration was staged in honour of the catechist. People from all neighbouring villages joined them in paying him homage. His face wreathed in smiles, he sat in the first row with his wife and six of his eight children among whom Sister Ernestina of the Rosarian Sisters.

Two had been unable to leave their posts — Elizabeth a teacher at Nkata Bay and a son who is a seminarian. Lengthy and humorous speeches recalled old times, then addresses were read and gifts were offered. Followed

Tapping out
a tantalizing
dance rhythm.



lively national dances like the *mu-ganda*, the *cimuthali*, the *cinyao* performed by Katete dancers who wore for the occasion picturesque costumes of bark cloth or skins decked with feathers.

At noon, Mr. and Mrs. Cirwa were guests of honour at a reception held in the Domestic Science Pavillion where were assembled Msgr. J. L. Jobidon, Prefect Apostolic, delegates of the White Fathers from various mission posts, several catechists, professors from the schools of Katete and neighbourhood, a few employees of the Mission, and a group of pupils from the Normal School. A close Afro-European collaboration or rather Christian brotherly love had rendered this testimonial of esteem possible. The hall was decorated with white and yellow bunting and inscriptions with the words *Deo Gratias* and *Magnificat*, ran around the walls. In the centre of the head table was placed a large, elaborately decorated cake.

After lunch, the Director of the boys' school rose to present a gift to the jubilarian in the name of all. Turning to Reverend Father G. Mondor, Assistant General of the Society of the White Fathers of Africa, who happened to be present, he made good the opportunity of thanking the Society in his person and urged that still other missionaries be sent. He also extended a hearty welcome to Reverend Fathers Lanters, Wolfer, and O'Leary recently returned from a stay in their native countries. The thunder of applause which punctuated this welcome proved that our good people have not been taken in by subversive and antforeign propaganda. In

turn, Ignacio Loyola Cirwa expressed his gratitude in a typically African fashion, "My joy is bubbling over from the ends of my hairs to the tips of my toes. I am really unable to tell all that I feel. To express my gratitude I borrow the words of the inscriptions which decorate these walls. *Magnificat! Deo Gratias!*"

The guests retired towards six

o'clock. Until late evening, the people sang and danced to the music of tam tams.

All this was, properly speaking, but the prelude of the jubilee. On the following day, a Sunday, a Pontifical Mass was celebrated by Msgr. J. L. Jobidon assisted by Reverend Fathers Croussette and O'Leary as deacon and subdeacon. Mr. and Mrs.



One of Ignacio's married daughters, Eliza, with Johnny, her young hopeful.

Cirwa knelt on *prie-dieu* placed close to the altar rail. The church decorated with flowers and greenery was overflowing with Christians and catechumens who had flocked from far and near. All sang with great animation. Reverend Father Wolfer gave the sermon. Taking as theme, "Going therefore, teach ye all nation..." he recalled the tears and sorrow of members of his own family whom he had just left to return to Africa. "We come to you," he added, "because we love you, because we want to answer the Lord's call." He then showed how the work of missionaries would be ineffectual if they were not helped by their devoted catechists who work in such a splendid spirit of self-sacrifice, preparing the way for Christ in the souls of their compatriots.

After Mass, the presiding prelate presented to the jubilarian the gold medal *Bene Merenti* awarded him by His Holiness Pope John XXIII in return for the services he had ren-

dered to the Church. The assistants rejoiced to see their beloved catechist honoured with this remarkable decoration and a special papal blessing for himself and his family. Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament brought the religious ceremony to a close.

Social celebrations, however, were not yet ended. Outside the church the people were again starting to make merry. Dancing seems to be the language of Africans — language with which they mark their satisfaction or their joy. To our Christians the honour bestowed by the Father of Christendom upon one of their compatriots was reason enough for extraordinary and prolonged festivities. In the afternoon, another tea party was held.

The preparation of this event brought us Sisters a surplus of work, but we were very happy to do our little share in proving the gratitude of all towards the faithful servant of





Normal School student, Virginia Cirwa.

the Church of Katete. As the people were joyously commenting on the celebration before returning home that evening it did our hearts good to hear an African teacher remark,

"Today's feast has shown us clearly that the hearts of the missionaries beat in unison with our own; they are just like us except for the colour of their skin."



KASEYE, NYASALAND

It had been a busy morning at the dispensary. Now, after the last *paweme*, goodbyes, had been exchanged with the last group of patients, Nyazulu and I were putting the room in order. I had gone to close the outer door when I espied an *agogo*, grandmother, painfully making her way toward the entrance.

Poor *agogo*! Gasping for breath, she wiped away the sweat from her

NAPEMPERA

by Sister MARIE BERTHE, M.I.C.

(Berthe Alice Champagne, Montreal.)

grimy face and silently pointed to one of her legs swollen to almost twice its normal size. A careful examination revealed that she was suffering from elephantiasis; her general run-down condition gave very little hope for improvement.

Incredible as this may seem, she had walked the twenty miles from her bush village to the Catholic Mission, resting once in a while, begging food from kindly folk who stopped to inquire after her. My devoted helper, Nyazulu, served her some refreshments while I prepared what was needed to give her a bath. How happy she was when we introduced her into one of the huts reserved for our in-patients and told her we would do all in our power to alleviate her pain!

For days we treated her without much success; the edema in her leg refused to go down although the pain did abate a little. Her once stolid features relaxed into pleasant smiles when she saw us entering her hut with a tray of good things to eat or with medicine to bring her relief.

While I dressed her sore limb she told me about the village where she had always lived, and about her husband, a polygamist, who now lay buried beside their round family hut. She had borne him three stalwart sons who, alas, were always too busy to carry their ailing mother to the dispensary as she repeatedly asked. Finally, she had decided to come on her own, God knows at what cost. She was not blaming her children. What do the young and strong understand about suffering? As for her daughters-in-law, they were fine healthy girls who did not balk at hard

work, but they had no time to look after a decrepit *agogo*. They even grudged her food. Why eat when she did nothing all day?

Once, after she had told me all that she had endured on her way to the Mission, I ventured to say, "Grandmother, your sufferings are precious things which you can offer to God..." She shook her head with an air of annoyance. I went on, "Would you like me to tell you about the God who made you and loves you so?"

"No," she snapped suddenly aggressive. "I belong to the Free Church and do not intend to change religion."

Nyazulu and I redoubled our prayers for our dear *agogo* whom we so wanted to hem within the one True Fold. Whenever we had the opportunity, without annoying her, we steered the conversation to things spiritual but Gran's only comment was "Don't rub too hard... give me something to take away the pain..."

At the end of the month, the patient's general condition had improved, but her swollen leg continued to torment her. When the district doctor called on one of his regular visits to the dispensary, he proposed to have her removed to the government hospital for surgery. Certain of a cure, Napempera enthusiastically agreed. I could not oppose the decision taken, although I felt dubious about the result of a surgical intervention in her case, and anxious about my poor *agogo's* soul.

Two months went by without bringing us any news. Then, unexpectedly, one December afternoon, the hospital's Land-Rover ambulance stopped at our door and Napempera was carried in. The operation under-

gone had reduced the swelling and partly relieved the pain. No perfect cure had been wrought, however, as the patient had hoped. Indeed, she was in such precarious health that she had asked to be brought to our dispensary rather than return to her village as she had first planned; she knew that at the mission she would always find food, good treatment, and a little fire beside which to lie during raw weather.

Several weeks elapsed unevent-

fully. I visited her daily and Nyazulu brought her meals and dressed her leg slipping in, now and then, a discreet word or two touching the eternal home beyond the grave. After particularly bad nights when she had been unable to sleep a wink, Grandmother was inclined to be cantankerous. At such times a cup of warm sweetened milk, some corn mush, or better still an injection usually sufficed to restore her good humour.

Towards the close of December, the

Kaseye Mission. CIPHATALA means dispensary.





African jeep-ambulance.

patient took a turn for the worse. The heavy downpours of the rainy season made her restless and the pain in her leg became so acute that no available medication could bring her relief.

It was then that Nyazulu had a bright idea. Tenderly cradling the old woman's head in her arms, she whispered like a fond mother to a querulous child, "Grandmother, I know of an infallible remedy. Shall we try it? Repeat after me: *Timo-rooneni Maria wa cawanangwa cakuzule...* Hail Mary, full of grace..." Obediently, the patient repeated the blessed words.

Nyazulu's remedy had a prompt and mysterious effect. When, late in

the evening, I made the rounds of the huts, Grandmother begged me to repeat the words she had said for the first time that morning. Our Lady worked miracles of grace in this soul of good will during the days that followed. Napempera asked to be instructed in the Catholic doctrine and three weeks later received Baptism.

Then, one day, like all dying Africans she felt a wave of homesickness engulf her. Could someone help her reach her native village? Kind neighbours of ours volunteered to carry her on a stretcher. She died almost immediately upon arriving in the arms of a young Christian girl who had accompanied her home.

You're Missing Something!

In December 1959, an estimated million persons took part in the final rally of the Family Rosary Crusade conducted by Reverend Patrick Peyton, C.S.C., at Luneta Park, Manila, Philippine Islands. On the occasion of this Marian campaign, "The Sentinel", a Filipino newspaper, published an article by Joseph Breig, a well-known Catholic reporter, who parries in a humorous and objective manner the arguments advanced by those who pretend there is simply no place in their daily schedule for the Rosary.

"The Precursor" presumes to borrow from this article certain passages that hold true in Canada as well as in the Philippines.

I do not now remember how or why or when I started saying the Rosary daily. But I do remember that doing it was the hardest thing I ever did in my life. When people say to me that they just can't seem to get at it, I chuckle. They're telling me! They complain about irregularity of their lives, about visitors dropping in, and what not. And I chuckle again.

When I started saying the daily Rosary, I was a reporter for a Hearst newspaper in a big city. It was not in the least unusual for me to be out

on a story half the night or three-quarters of the night or all night. At any moment during the day, the city editor might answer the telephone, look across the desk at me, and order me to highball by automobile or train or other conveyance to some city or town or crossroads a hundred, five hundred, a thousand miles distant. At any hour of the night, I might be awakened by the telephone and told to dash into the office or dash somewhere else. As for social and other affairs, I had more than my share of them.

Mountain Climbing

But I had discovered that the way to get something done is to do it. I had learned that the way to get the Rosary said is to say it. And I said it — and I don't think anybody ever said it harder. Meditation? It came as naturally to me as eating glass or swallowing swords. Praying? It was hard, sweaty, ditch-digging heavy labor for me. I was doing it alone then; and the going was all

uphill. It was all mountain climbing.

More than once, I woke in the wee hours of the night, still on my knees, with the upper half of my body sprawled over the bed, and the Rosary still clutched in my fingers at the second or third decade. But the way to get something done was to do it; and I wouldn't allow myself to crawl into bed until the Rosary was finished. I tell all this



The family that prays together stays together.

only in order that the reader may know that I am not one to whom prayer came easily. You say that

it is hard for you; I answer that it was hard for me.

Like Rolling off a Log

Then suddenly, somewhere along the line, I met Father Patrick Peyton, and discovered an additional rule

for success. I discovered that whereas it was exceedingly difficult for me to say the Rosary alone, it was as

easy as rolling off a log to say it with my family. We were one of the early families in Father Peyton's Family Rosary Crusade; and what he gave to us when he talked us into it, we wouldn't trade today for all the Fords and Lincolns in Henry Ford's factories for the next thousand years.

I state a simple fact; and you needn't take it just from me. Ask my wife. Ask the children. Ask the neighbors. Ask our visitors. They'll all tell you the same thing: that ever since we started the daily Family Rosary, and kept it up, our house has been one of the happiest and healthiest homes in the world.

There was a time when the doctor told us we might as well make up our minds to sell our home for whatever we could get and go to Florida, with or without a job, if we didn't want to see our children dying one by one before our eyes. He said they simply couldn't stand the climate in which we were living; and they'd be better off living on bananas under a tree in the South than suffering what they were suffering in the North. The Rosary changed all that; and today our youngsters, every one of them, can whip their weight in wildcats; and would do it at the drop of a hat if there were any wildcats in sight.

Rosary is the Beginning

But that is the least of the blessings that have come to us from the Family Rosary. I remember vividly my first conversation with Father Peyton, long before he became world-famous as the originator of Family Theater on the radio, in which the greatest stars of Broadway and Hollywood donate their talents to popularize the slogan, "The Family that Prays Together, Stays Together."

Father Peyton, knitting his brows in the way he has, and speaking in that wonderful Irish brogue which I won't try to reproduce, told me that, when he was first ordained, he planned to start a Crusade for daily Mass, Communion and the Rosary. The longer he prayed and puzzled over it, the more he became convinced that if he asked for everything at first, he'd get nothing; whereas if he could get people to say the Rosary, it would lead them to the other things.

Today I can testify that, in our

case at least, he was perfectly right. We have learned that the Rosary, if you will just say it, takes care of the full spiritual development of the family. I recall that, when we started it, the children got very tired and restless while kneeling, especially at bedtime. Soon my wife, with the wisdom that God give to mothers, told the youngsters to sit for the Rosary. Today, the two who are in grade school go to Mass and Communion daily, carrying their breakfast with them or buying doughnuts and milk in the school basement. The Rosary drew them naturally and inevitably to Mass.

I think that I have heard all the objections to the Family Rosary. Fully half of the fathers and mothers who have talked with me about it have shrugged their shoulders helplessly and said that there simply doesn't seem to be any time of the day when all the members of the

family can be brought together in prayer.

The answer to that, of course, is exceedingly simple. If you can't get all the members of the family together, say the Rosary with the members who are present. Sooner or later, something will happen to make

it possible for the others to join in. The Rosary is like that. Give it a chance, and it will take care of the problems. The Mother of God can have whatever she wants from her Divine Son; and one of the things she wants is Rosary families.

Three-Ring Circus

Mothers have said to me that the smaller members of the family won't behave during the Rosary. What of it? The smaller members of our family won't behave either. Between them, our two-year-old Jimmy and eight-months old Regina put on something resembling a three-ring circus while we are praying the Rosary. We don't interfere. It's our business to say the Rosary, it's theirs to have a circus. God made them that way; and if He doesn't mind, why should we? We pray above and between their shouts and gurgles, and it works out very well.

I have heard people say that the antics of the smaller children interfere with their meditations. They interfered with mine, too, until I learned to include the youngsters in the meditation. Now, while saying the Joyful Mysteries, I look at Regina, cooing and bouncing in her crib, and I think, "Why, Christ was just like that once! He cooed and gurgled too, and waved his arms, and kicked his legs, and rolled over on his stomach, and then worked like a Trojan to get turned to his back again."

Depended on Mary

Or if the baby is sitting on her mother's lap, I look at them and realize that the Christ Child sat on Mary's lap, too, and clutched at her garments, and tried to pull Himself upright, and swung his hands at her face, and laughed when she smiled at Him. I think of the fact that He, too, had to be fed; that although he held the universe in the palm of His hand and kept the planets on their courses, He depended on His Mother for everything.

If we are saying the Glorious Mysteries, I consider often what a moment it will be when all the family

rises from the grave and is reunited, never more to be parted; when we are all together to stay together, in perfect happiness forever. If a happy family is a thing of rollicking joy — and it is — then what must a perfectly happy family in Heaven be like! It is very well worth looking forward to. It is very well worth the trouble of saying the daily Rosary.

Ten or fifteen minutes a day is what it takes; and eternity is what it purchases. I wasn't born yesterday; and I'm not passing up a bargain like that.

★ JE SUIS L'IMMACULÉE CONCEPTION ★



A CRIPPLED MAN FINDS MIRACLES

by JOE CUNNINGHAM

Brian Collins, a one-time professional footballer, will probably spend the rest of his life in a wheel chair. But, after a visit to Lourdes he has dedicated himself to Mary to offer his sufferings for others.

In life there are many miracles: not the spectacular cessation of nature's laws, the sun dancing, or sudden apparitions; but them any almost matter-of-fact coincidences which in afterthought reflect that God is good, the saints are friends, and that Mary is the mother of mankind.

I learned these things last week from a former footballer now a crippled man who, if he reads that opening paragraph, will look a little puzzled, and protest in broad Australian, "Fair go, mate, I told you not to be too dramatic."

His name is Brian Collins. He's 26 years old and doctors say that he won't walk again or even be able to feed himself.

But he has learned how to turn his sufferings into a spiritual asset. He agreed to be interviewed "because it might help others".

I met him in Vancouver's Mount St. Joseph's Hospital last Friday where the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception gave him shelter before he and his friend left on the last stage of his journey home to Fremantle, Western Australia, after a pilgrimage to Lourdes.

Series of Miracles

He received no miraculous cure there, but he calls the whole story of his journey to bathe in the water which Bernadette scooped out of the Lourdes' earth at the command of Mary, a series of little miracles.

The first "miracle" of the pilgrimage was his companion and nurse, Max Hebble. Brian missed the official Australian pilgrimage because he could find no one to look after him on the long journey.

Then Max, a young Perth business man, was introduced to him by a

priest. After the meeting, Max sold his business and for more than two months has been nurse night and day to his new friend.

Without the slightest trace of false humility or embarrassment, Max explained his decision: "I didn't have any intention of doing anything like this, all I was interested in was making money. Then Our Lady worked on me."

Two years ago Brian Collins played professional Australian Rules football to the cheers of 30,000 fans.



He was 6 ft. 2 in., weighed 210 pounds, and played ruck, what he calls "the bulldozer position" in the Australian game.

At the end of the 1958 football season he set out with a friend to

cover the entire coastline of Australia in a Land-Rover. Just 1,200 miles out, on a deserted road near Broome, the vehicle crushed him in a freak accident.

The Flying Doctor Service rushed

a plane out, but the brief delay aggravated a dislocated spine. Since that time he has been unable to move his fingers or his legs.

During his new idleness he came across a copy of the French Saint Marie de Montfort's "True Devotion to Mary" which describes a total consecration to God through Our Lady. For Brian, it was the beginning of a friendship.

A hope of cure, what he called "the only chance," came when a friend showed him a newspaper clipping announcing that the Australian Catholic Pilgrims' Club was sponsoring a pilgrimage to Lourdes.

He applied, was accepted, and given financial grant by the club.

"Were Spoilt All The Way"

Not only did the doctor renew the grant to make the pilgrimage but joined them on the S. S. Strathnaver to make the journey to Lourdes.

On the long voyage to Marseilles across the India Ocean and the Red Sea there was no priest on board. Each night the three pilgrims met in a corner of the forrard deck to say the rosary.

At journey's end a group of 45, Australians, Europeans, Cinghalese, East Indians, had joined them in their nightly devotion.

Brian and Max said, "We were spoilt all the way on the long pilgrimage which spanned the world."

They glossed over discomforts, the rocking boat, jolting in train corridors, the awkwardness of sitting in a plane without the support of the needed wheel chair.

They arrived in Lourdes at 9 o'clock at night. Separated from the official pilgrimage they didn't know

Then came the disappointment when, at sailing time, he had to withdraw because he had no one to supply the constant care he needs.

Following the spirit of St. Louis Marie he accepted the disappointment philosophically. "I just told myself if Our Lady wanted it that way, that was it," he recalled.

Then Max Hebble volunteered to make the trip with him and from there on, according to Brian, "it was just one miracle after the other".

Although they had missed the official pilgrimage the two travelled across Australia to Sydney, and were interviewed by the president of the Catholic Pilgrims' Club, one of Australia's best known doctors.

where to go and didn't have a word of French to ask their way.

Eventually they found their way to the Pilgrims' Hospital where they found an Irish Reverend Mother who at that late hour of the night, "wasn't too keen on us at first." However, after hearing their story she took them in and made them "a terrific cup of tea".

In daylight the pilgrims walked through the town of Bernadette and at first were a little disappointed.

Possibly the modern-day money-changers who peddle objects of devotion in every store had obscured the first vision, I suggested.

Brian disagreed. "At first you can't work up any fervour. But it's good, it humbles you, makes you feel unworthy, unholy."

He found that in Lourdes too, selfishness can be soon forgotten. "You see the young children there among the sick and you feel as though

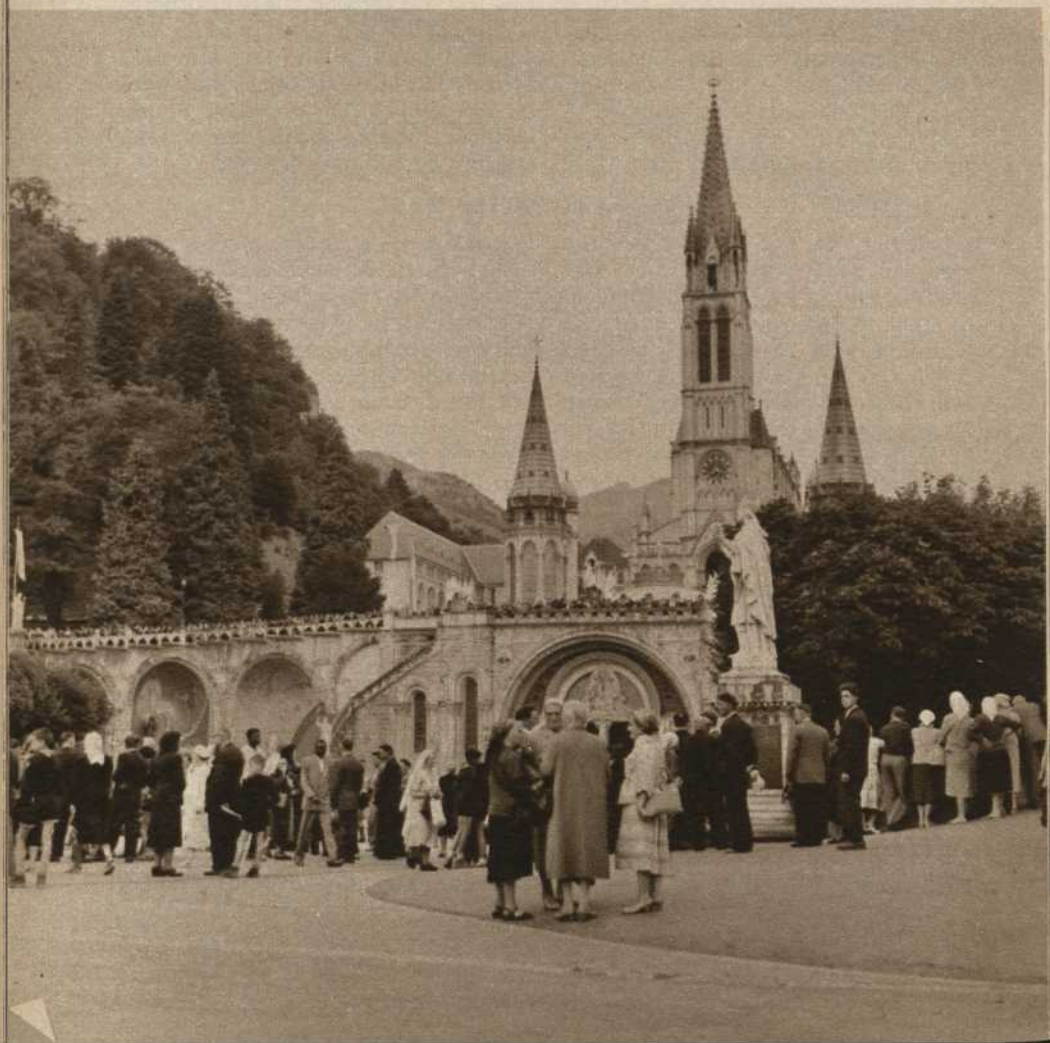
you're an intruder. There were hundreds of people there... they were dying, some fainting in the procession of the sick, but somehow they were happy people," Brian said.

He added: "Unavoidably, you end up praying for the other person."

Later he found a strong affection for the town. It was a place, he said

"where you can walk down the street, rosary in hand and nobody looks sideways at you..

You see a long line of sick people all saying their rosaries, and you feel the whole world's Catholic. It's a place Our Lady touched," he explained.





Spiritual Pilgrimage

Brian Collins bathed four times in the ice-cold waters of Lourdes and in the immersions completed a spiritual pilgrimage. He described it this way:

"The first time, selfishness took over in the bath. I wanted to be cured. I didn't think of the others.

"The second day I asked Our Lady to give me even a little bit back.

"The next time I just said 'Cure somebody else.'

"The last time I just offered everything to Our Lady and told myself to give my selfishness away and wake up to myself."

Yet this crippled young Australian

received his miracle. When he was first paralysed he offered his sufferings for a conversion. At Lourdes he renewed the plea. While still in Europe a letter from Australia told him the conversion had taken place.

Last Friday at Mt. St. Joseph's Hospital, in the final stage of his pilgrimage around the globe he had only two dominant thoughts: to give every credit to Our Lady for the success of his long journey, and to get back on Australian soil.

He did not know what the future held for him in his homeland and he had made no plans. "I can't afford to make plans, mate," he told me, "God might have different ideas."



OUR STUDENTS TRAVEL

WAKAMATSU, JAPAN

by Sister Saint Vincent Ferrier¹ and Sister of the Holy Name of Mary², M.I.C

It was five o'clock of a blustery March morning. The time had come for the pupils of the high school graduating class to start on their eagerly awaited educational trip to various famous spots of their homeland. Watching them go past from the platform where we had arrived ahead of them, we admired their poise and quiet dignity which not even the bustle of boarding the Tokyo-bound train could disturb.

Our group consisted of 82 pupils, one guide, one photographer, two lay teachers, and ourselves. When seats had been found for everyone,

those who were still sleepy inflated small air pillows and settled down comfortably to steal forty winks while the train rumbled out of the station.

After a ride of seven hours, we reached the huge throbbing city that is the heart of the empire. Our first call was for the Haneda International Airport.

"Pupils of Saint Francis Xavier High School, welcome to Haneda!"

The loud call froze us in our tracks or rather as the pupils said "tickled our feet". The girls glanced at one another, a satisfied smile lighting

¹ Isabelle Ethier, Montreal.

² Rita Blais, Thetford Mines.

up their faces. How proud they were to hear the name of their Alma Mater proclaimed over the loud-speaker! Several groups stopped to watch some great air liners rushing down the runway and pulling up and away to lands all over the globe, then all turned their steps in the direction of the famous Tokyo Tower inaugurated on Christmas Eve, 1958. From the knoll where it stands it thrusts its graceful tip capped by a television antenna 1,092 feet into the air, a good 103 feet higher than the Paris Eiffel Tower. Even on weekdays the area is packed with autocars, taxis, or

private cars bringing an average of 14,000 tourists on weekdays and of 30,000 on holidays. Three elevators whisk sightseers to the upper ramps where a splendid panorama of the city may be enjoyed.

Next on our programme was a tour of the Imperial palace and its surroundings, tour cut short by a torrential downpour. After crossing the moat and admiring the swans sailing majestically past we were soaked; we very grudgingly decided to call it a day, and retired to the inn where we were to spend the night.

On the following morning, we left



Crossing the Ginza, Tokyo.

for Nagoya by the Tokaido, the celebrated road along which the *daimyos* or lords of the western provinces used to travel yearly with their colourful retinues to reach the Shogun's court at Yedo. At that time the highway was lined with pine trees a few of which remain to this day. Sign posts placed at regular intervals indicated the fifty-three stages along the way catering to the needs of nobles and of their followers. These stages which no longer exist have been immortalized in the colour-prints of Hokusai, Hiroshige, and other famous artists. Whenever in nearby hamlets rang the cry, "The *daimyo* is passing. Down on your knees!" farmers or passersby stopped short, pulled down their sleeves, and prostrated themselves by the roadside until the illustrious company had cantered past.

We looked in vain for a glimpse of Fuji's regal summit; it was gauzed in delicate mists, "wearing its feathery surplice" as a poet once said. The Japanese have coined many words to depict various aspects of their beloved mountain: reflected in the clear waters of Lake Hakone, it bears the name *kagami Fuji*, mirror Fuji; when the sunrise its shadow is cast on the billowing clouds and mists below, it becomes *kage Fuji*, shadow Fuji; the side of the mountain facing Nango is called *hidari Fuji* left-handed Fuji, it being the only spot on the Tokaido where, owing to a sharp twist in the road, the mountain appears on the left hand of travellers bound from Tokyo to Kyoto instead of on their right. Gradually, the sun pierced the mists and the sky became visible, that "tender blue sky" of which Lafca-

Tokyo Tower.





Nagoya Station.

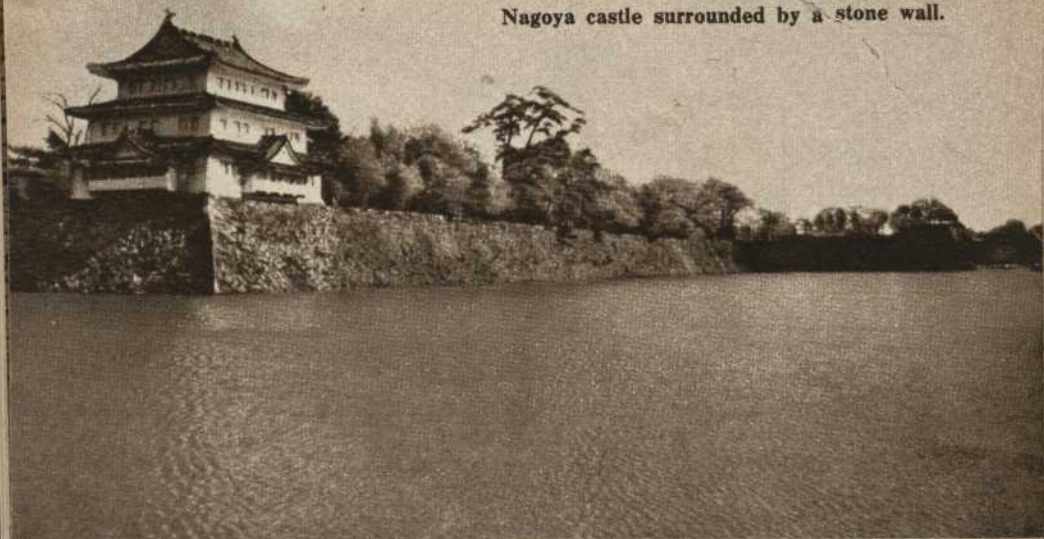
dio Hearn remarked that it seemed "loftier than any other sky" in the world. Soon, we rolled past the carefully tended Shizuoka tea plantations. The tea cultivated in this prefecture is world-famous for its delicate aroma.

At Nagoya we stopped for a leisurely tour of the city. Nagoya — city of the ancient name — no longer seems to fit its ultra modern aspect. Rejuvenated after the dark days of World War II, its avenues are now bordered with tall westernized buildings. Central Japan's chief industrial city, its port compares with those of Kobe and Yokohama. Frowning grimly down upon Nagoya as if in disapproval of its modernity, stands the ancient fortified castle built by Tokugawa Ieyasu, in the seventeenth century. It held particular historical interest for the students who lingered

outside admiring the sober architectural lines of the structure, and dreaming no doubt of the glories of feudal times when powerful nobles and brave *samurai* strode over the paved courtyard. We involuntarily shivered when we heard the guide explain that each great stone block in the foundations had been carried up the slope by sheer man power. The inside of the castle has of late been transformed into a museum where treasures of the past are on display. Marble stairways with ramps of wrought iron lead up to the fifth storey.

Having paid our respects to history, we took the train for Futami ga ura where we arrived in the early evening. From the verandah of the inn it was pleasant to gaze upon the ever-changing pageant of the sea. We went to bed early, as we were

Nagoya castle surrounded by a stone wall.



scheduled to reach Futami ga ura in time for sunrise the next day.

Up at cockcrow, we hurried to take position on the seashore to watch the sun rise over the famous peaks Myoto and Iwa which the Japanese affectionately call the couple bound together as they are by large straw cables. The glorious spectacle was indeed such as might have tempted the brush of a Manet or of a Corot. Was it perhaps after contemplating it that Paul Claudel, the French poet, wrote the following haikai, "Nature gleams with molten gold. It emerges from the depths of eternity".

The guide pointed out that the best time to visit Futami ga ura was really in June, when the sun rises exactly between the two peaks, but

even in a March sunrise we drank our fill of nature's beauty.

As it was Sunday, we left the seashore for a neighbouring church in charge of the Reverend Maryknoll Fathers. After hearing Holy Mass, we Sisters intended to visit the mission buildings and to meet the Sisters who help the Fathers in their works of apostolate. Our guide, however, reminded us that we were already late for our scheduled excursion to the temple of Amaterasu, oldest Shinto place of worship in Japan, so we reluctantly said goodbye to the missionaries and followed the group to Ise Jingu.

Leading up to the shrine and its outbuildings, stretches an avenue sentinelled by tall sombre cryptomerias one of which is said to be over

The "couple", Myoto and Iwa.



a thousand years old. Its base is enclosed in thick fibre matting to protect it against the devotion of pilgrims who used to carry away chunks of its bark as talismans. Derived from the primeval hut, the architec-

ture of Shinto temples is of the plainest; unpainted wood is the only material used in its building. The mother shrine of Ise is built over every twenty years, the ancient structure being then hewed down in



The Great Buddha.

accordance with immemorial usage. Tiny splinters of the wood are carried as charms by devotees of the sun goddess. On the temple grounds flows a crystal spring to whose water is ascribed extraordinary cleansing virtues. While we made the round of the outside buildings we saw a group of pilgrims performing ritual ablutions there.

On the whole, we came away from this excursion in a rather disappointed mood, for we saw nothing of the shrine's interior or of the three sacred emblems, the mirror, the sword, and the jewel. A heavy white curtain hides them from the gaze of visitors.

From Ise we travelled to Nara where the law of the Lord Buddha knew its golden age. This city representing the springtime of Japanese culture became the first real capital of Japan when the Yamato court moved its quarters there in the year 710; until then, it was customary for each emperor upon his accession to the throne to erect a new palace and a new capital upon a fresh site, no doubt under the influence of Shinto which considered death as a pollution. Nara was laid out on the model of Chinese capital cities in the form of a rectangle intersected by wide avenues. Here Buddhism acquired great power, assimilating the Shinto cult by a clever adaptability which proclaimed Shinto gods to be reincarnations of the Buddha.

In Todaiji Park, we saw the temple of the Daibutsu or Great Buddha, tallest wooden structure in the world. The colossal image of the Enlightened One cast in bronze dates from the year 712. Its size is such that an adult may stand upright in its nose, and six children may play ball in the palm of its hand. As the figure is never cleaned out of respect for Buddha's deep recollection, dust lies about six inches thick on its powerful shoulders. In the back of the statue, four bas-reliefs represent the holy monks who in 745 before a gathering of 10,000 faithful presided the ceremony of the *opening of the eyes*. This ritual gesture was accomplished with the stroke of a brush. At this precise moment the bronze *became god*.

Before the temple entrance, two grotesque figures stand on guard which from the point of view of

sculpture are masterpieces. A few steps further on is the *shosoin* where twelve thousand treasures of the past are carefully hoarded, treasures which are not on exhibit except when taken out for their annual airing.

Returning to the inn, we passed by way of the park where tame deer wander at will during the day begging food from sightseers. A melancholy atmosphere broods over the place even though the graceful Tower of Happiness mirrored in Lake Sarusawa rises in its centre. On the banks a weeping willow trails its drooping branches in the waters.

According to the guide, this is the spot where, to save face, court ladies who had incurred the displeasure of their sovereign leaped to their death in the lake.

In the afternoon, we boarded the autocar for Kyoto stopping on our way to visit the famous temple of Horyuji, built by the orders of the regent Shotoku Taishi in the seventh century. It is the oldest creation of Japanese Buddhist architecture, and the oldest wooden building preserved. Inside is venerated what is thought to be a bone of Buddha's body. All along the gallery surrounding the shrine has been sculptured the simplified form of the character *man* signifying the ten thousand virtues of the Buddhist soul. Yumedono, Dream Palace, a neighbouring hexagonal structure houses interesting works of art. The guide told us how the palace got its name. Despairing to grasp the meaning of certain *sutras* the Regent Shotoku Taishi once repaired to this then solitary spot and squatted for a long time in contemplation. He was suddenly taken up into a mysterious dream world where the hidden meaning was revealed to his soul. The Dream Palace was built to commemorate this event.

Our last stop before reaching destination was at Byodo Hoodo a slender graceful pagoda erected towards 1053 by the powerful clan of the Fujiwara, in a setting of rare natural beauty, on the banks of the river Uji at a short distance from Lake Biwa. It reflects the architecture of the Heian period which lasted from the beginning of the ninth century to the middle of the twelfth — Period of idle luxury and corruption at least a





A group of pupils from Wakamatsu admire the park where tame deer wander.

mong the higher classes. A new brand of Buddhism appeared, the Jodo, or Pure Land sect teaching a simplified doctrine of justification by faith alone. Meantime, the lower classes were left to groan under grinding toil and heartless exactions. Nearby, are shown the rice fields where the "proletariate" of the era sweated out their cheerless lives.

We reached Kyoto at long last. Although a near neighbour to Nara, there are few points of resemblance between the two cities. What strikes us here is an indefinable air of distinction; it seems as if all the city's inhabitants were either monks or poets. When in 782, it was built as Emperor Kwammu's capital, it was no doubt one of the largest cities

in the world. It remained the capital of the Empire during about one thousand years, until abandoned in 1868 for Yedo (Tokyo) which had been the capital of the shoguns even since 1590. Here throbs the heart of literature, the soul of religion as testify numerous establishments of higher learning and no fewer than two thousand five hundred temples. We could not, alas, hope to visit all these in the few hours allotted us so we stopped at two famous spots only — the temple of Kiyomizu and the palace of the Tokugawa.

The temple of Kiyomizu also called shrine of the eleven-faced Kwannon overlooks a peaceful vale carpeted with flowers in spring and in sum-

mer, glistening with snow in winter. A large terrace close to the building favours poetical pilgrimages, where the Japanese admire the beauty of the site and enjoy the play of light and shadow on the neighbouring landscape. Within the temple, are displayed upon five rows for a distance of two hundred feet, a thousand gilt statues of the goddess of mercy. We did not take the time to count the miniature faces of Kwannon reproduced on the nimbus and on the hands but if we had, we would supposedly have found 33,333. Of course we did not verify the number neither did we that of the 8,993 arms of the goddess which signify her promptitude in bringing succour to suffering humanity.

From the temple, we went straight to the palace Ni no maru (1603), ancient princely residence of Tokugawa Ieyasu whenever he came to Kyoto. Near the entrance are the apartments destined to visiting nobles. Further on we entered the magnificent hall where the shogun gave audience and where lifesize figures now depict the scenes of long ago in a startlingly realistic manner. In another building we admired the private suite of Ieyasu. All these pavilions are connected by corridors whose wooden floors have been constructed in such a manner that the least footfall awakens a curious *kyu kyu* sound. It seems that the shogun was thereby warned in advance of any intrusion on his privacy. This palace and its gardens breathe the sumptuous art of Momoyama. Very fond of animals, Ieyasu had the

painter Kano Tanyu decorate every available panel and sliding door with their lithe, graceful forms.

Before leaving Kyoto we visited the Cathedral, built in the gothic style, where we were happy to adore the Lord of lords. A Japanese priest welcomed us and told us that the number of parishioners was steadily increasing. Thank God! Since the last few days we have seen so many gods of bronze, of stone, or of wood that it does our hearts good to learn that the kingdom of Christ is spreading in this Land of the Rising Sun. There are, besides the Cathedral, seven Catholic churches in Kyoto.

We left the city of temples for the city of commerce, Osaka, sometimes called not without reason the "Asian Chicago", at the closing hour of shops, offices, and factories. What a human anthill! There was just enough time left before darkness fell to make a lightning tour of Osaka Castle erected in the 16th century in the classic style of Japanese fortified castles.

We had our supper at the railway station where a room was placed at the disposal of our group. No sooner had we laid our chopsticks aside, than another student group swarmed into the room to take our place. Gathering up our luggage, we made a rapid tour of the neighbouring shops to buy the inevitable *o miyage*, returning gift, then we boarded the train for Wakamatsu and waved Osaka a cheerful goodbye.

Why?

by Sister SAINT PAUL MIKI¹, M.I.C.

To non-Christians, suffering appears as a cruel trick of fate. How could they grasp its transcendent value when they know nothing of God's merciful love and of His paternal Providence? In my visits to the sick or the needy, the question I am most often asked is, "Why is there so much suffering?" The answer is not easy.

Mrs. Fujita, the mother of a former pupil, suddenly fell grievously ill. One of her kind neighbours having told me of her plight I immediately set out to visit her, and found that she was in a rebellious mood. Why should this happen to her the mother of three young children who needed constant care?

To make matters worse, it was discovered that the youngest of her brood was suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs, while another whose character had always been difficult, now became all but unmanageable. The young woman suffered more from the inner canker of rebellion than from what she endured physically. When I reminded her that God was all merciful, that He allowed her to suffer only for her ultimate interest, she countered, "It's easy for you to talk that way. You haven't any worries in your sheltered life. If you were in my situation you would not say that God is good..."

Evidently, no amount of arguments would bring persuasion.

After a time her health improved to the point that she was able to see to her household duties with the help of a relative. She was still quite frail, however, and she complained of her life so full of trouble and mishaps. I began to fear she would turn into a chronic whiner.

One day, I had been called to visit a sick person in the neighbourhood, when Mrs. Fujita watched for me on my way back and beckoned me inside, "Sister, please come in. I must tell you something."

While she busied herself making the traditional cup of tea, she told how she had recently had a decisive proof that I was right in telling her God sent us trials and misfortunes only because such things contributed to His eternal designs for our happiness. "I stopped the other day at the shop of my neighbour, Mr. Tani," she related. "He was watering some of his rare potted plants with as much solicitude as if they were his children. When I bantered him about this he smiled. 'I do love my plants,' he said. 'If it were not for them I wouldn't be as prosperous a merchant as you now see me. Some years back, I was incapacitated by a serious illness. Before this happened, although I had had a lucrative



Sister Saint Paul Miki visits her family accompanied by Sister de l'Enfant Jesus (Florentine Dansereau, Verchères).

position, I had never thought it advisable to lay anything aside for difficult times. Now that I had lost my position and did not have enough strength left to work at manual labour, the future seemed dark indeed. In a half-hearted manner I began to tend a few of the *bonsai*, miniature potted trees, which were the only reminder I now had of my carefree past. Gradually, as I worked in the sunshine close to nature, my interest revived. Neighbours admired the plants and asked to buy them. With the money this realized, I was able to secure a supply of pots and trees. That is how my present prosperous business developed. Would

you believe it? I am now better off financially than I was before my illness. So, you see, one must never get discouraged because of trials and setbacks. They are often springboards for greater prosperity!

Sister, I think *Kami Sama* Himself spoke to me through my old philosopher friend. He gave me a concrete example of your teachings... My husband is overjoyed to find that I don't grumble any more. Even from the physical point of view, I feel better, and I do not have to take so much *o kusuri*, medicine."

Mrs. Fujita is now firmly convinced that "to those who love God all things work together for good".



Manila's Anglo Chinese School

by Sister CLAIRE OF THE EUCHARIST¹, M.I.C.

On September 18, 1960, His Eminence Cardinal R. Santos, archbishop of Manila, called down celestial blessings upon our Immaculate Conception Anglo Chinese Academy of San Juan, Rizal, in the neighbourhood of the capital.

At the close of the ceremony, His Eminence spoke words of encouragement to the teaching staff as well as to the parents of the pupils, stressing the importance of multiplying centres of learning destined to battle with

ignorance, the worst enemy of religion and the root of all evil.

Today's happy event came as the crowning of twenty-five years of obscure labours, of fond but apparently futile hopes, of dreams supposedly far too wonderful to be ever realized. As early as 1936, our Sisters inaugurated classes for the Chinese youth of Manila whose religious formation was more or less neglected. Then the whirlwind of war scattered the pupils and imprisoned their

teachers in concentration camps.

Scarcely had peace been restored in 1945, when one of the pioneers, Sister Saint Aloysius Gonzaga¹ launched the arduous work of reorganization in makeshift schoolrooms. It was not until 1955, that a solid cement structure rose at Intramuros, in the shadow of the cathedral.

When it opened, the new Academy to which a musical department had been attached welcomed 700 boys and girls. Organized on what was then thought to be a definitive footing, the work progressed despite inevitable difficulties and setbacks.

Meantime, a new problem arose when the Reverend Jesuit Fathers

built a school for Chinese boys at San Juan. The parents found it too expensive to send their children to two different schools situated far apart. Original plans had to be revised, and our financial worries started all over again. But divine Providence thus wished to bring about the formation of two educational centres for girls instead of one. Upon the request of our Cardinal Archbishop, the Intramuros establishment was kept as a school for the youngest children of the primary grades while another establishment at San Juan would be used as a High School. At the cost of enormous sacrifices, our Motherhouse defrayed part of the

¹ Anna Girard, Claremont, N. H., died in 1959.

A schoolroom at our San Juan Anglo-Chinese School.





His Eminence Cardinal Rufino Santos blesses the school.

expenses on the new building, and thanks to the generous collaboration of benefactors the edifice was rapidly completed.

Seven hundred girls of the primary and secondary course and about one hundred music students recently registered at the new Anglo-Chinese Academy. Holy Church while ratifying its mandate has placed upon it the responsibility of working at the intellectual and moral development of young Chinese girls training them to the excellence of their natural and supernatural powers, developing in them deep convictions that they will retain throughout life. May Our Lady keep the school always faithful to its goal.

The regional House of our Community in the Philippines has also taken up its quarters at San Juan. Already vaster projects are being elaborated: the construction of a residence for the Sisters to which would be attached a Juniorate for the formation of our newly Professed Filipino Sisters after they leave the Baguio Novitiate; the organization of a college where graduates of the secondary course could pursue their studies in a Catholic atmosphere; finally the erection of a chapel where the children could habitually go to refresh their souls and perhaps even discover the treasure of Faith coming into contact with Him who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life.

THE MALAGASY LANGUAGE

by Sister SAINT REMI OF FRANCE¹, M.I.C.

Inhabited by many diverse tribes the island of Madagascar presents remarkable ethnic variety. On the other hand in the field of language a certain unity exists by the fact that the *merina* dialect commonly called the *hova*, the only one which can be written, is spoken throughout the republic from north to south. An expert may easily discern the *hova* from the *sakalava*, the *betsimisaraka* from the *nahafaly*, but as there are only minor differences between them a foreigner who has mastered the *hova* can make himself understood nearly everywhere.

The Malagasy dialect belongs to the Malayo-Polynesian linguistic family but the Great Isle, because of its isolation, has developed its distinctive rules of grammar. Numerous influences have, moreover, contributed to its formation and perfecting. From Arabic were borrowed the names of the months and of the days of the week as well as several expressions relating to divinity. Technical religious terms came from India's Sanskrit.

Both the English and the French

languages have also enriched the vocabulary. In words adapted from the French, the article is ordinarily linked to the substantive to form one word for the sake of euphony: thus, *l'armoire* becomes *lalimoara*, *la cuisine*, *lakozy*.

The English "school" becomes *se-koly*, "book", *boky*, "pen", *penina*, "slate", *solaitra*.

General elements seem to have originated from the Malay archipelago, a great many Malagasy words having equivalents in the Malay or the Javanese languages: *morah* Malayan word for cheap is translated *mora* in Madagascar, *danau*, water is pronounced *rano*; *dada*, chest, *tratra*, the dental consonant *d* being changed to *r*, *dr*, *tr*.

To these foreign borrowings, the Malagasy tongue is indebted for abundant poetic and psychological shades of meaning. The most complete French-Malagasy dictionary edited by Fathers Abinal and Malzac contains over 3,000 stems and about 7,000 words without taking into account a great number of derivatives and of verbal stems. A painstaking

¹ Blanche Noel, Lauzon, P.Q.



one else, whether the thing carried is light or heavy, whether the burden is carried on the head, on the back, or by hand...

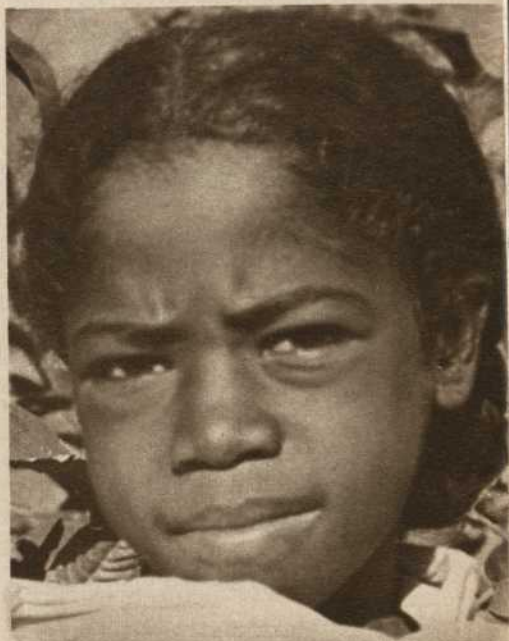
The Malagasy language is soft-spoken and musical. Vulgar outbursts are rarely heard even in large popular gatherings. Tonic accent plays such an important role that an error in accentuation may modify the sense of a whole sentence. Plain *lânana* for example, signifies hand while accented *tanàna* means village; *lalàna* is said of a law, *lâlana* means road.

Ra, an honorific term resembling somewhat our Mr. or Mrs., is prefixed to nearly all proper names. Thus, *Rasoa*, the pretty one; *Ra-*

student of the dialect has found 1,174 words listed under the letter T. Even N, the poorest letter in the language, has a list of 106 words under it. Of the verbs, 298 begin with the prefix *mam* and 751 with the prefix *man*.

Certain ideas can be expressed only with the help of neologism or tautology. For instance: velocipede — *kelesy dely ampande hanin-tongotra* (a vehicle run with the feet) philanthropist — *olona tia ny olona rehetra* (a person who loves all men).

Typical Malagasy expressions are strikingly accurate. As a case in point, the verb carry is rendered in the infinitive by at least fifteen different words to mark whether the carrying is done alone or with some-



zanamalala, the beloved, *Ratsimaha-totovary*, the one who does not know how to pound rice, *Randriambola*, the silver prince, *Ravaonasolo*, the one who takes the place of, *Randri-alongatsinohafarana* the prince who comes without being called, *Rasoa-hanitrila*, perfume of the forest.

There is no distinction between singular and plural; *olona* may designate a man or men.

Redolent of picturesque terms and sayings, Malagasy is pleasant to the ear, and captivating for the mind. The sun is called *masoandro* from *maso* eye and *andro* day — eye of the day; a tree branch is expressed by *rantsan-hazo* from *rantsana* finger and *hazo* tree — fingers of the tree.



Speeches are peppered with pithy proverbs:

Words are eggs; they sprout wings as soon as they are hatched.

One tree is not the whole forest.

Thanks to the bee, honey is sweet.

With only one finger you can't catch lice.

True friends are as rare as grains of rice spared by the hail.

A lazy man has no right to a good appetite.

Oxen are taken by their horns, men by their words.

Loud voice in sickness, whisper when cured. (To promise much when in a tight spot; to give little when danger is past.)

Robert Boudry says of the Malagasy that "they speak in proverbs".

As a tyro missionary hard at work studying the language of my adopted country, I find great interest in this study which will open the gates to the soul of the people.

Mr. Pierre Colin pertinently remarks, "The missionary cannot hope to work in an effective manner as long as he does not know the reactions, the conceptions of life, the tenets, and the religion of the non-Christians he is to evangelize. Psychology is a must for him in his dealings with the people. But such complex and delicate matters cannot be thoroughly investigated unless the language has been mastered...

From the religious point of view it would be a dangerous utopia to hope that Christianity will flower in a soul outside of the language that is its own".¹

These reflexions are an echo of the ardent desire of the Church urging its missionaries "to master the language of the populations to be evangelized"². The missionaries themselves are the first to recognize the necessity of a thorough knowledge of the various languages if the integral Gospel message is to be carried to peoples whose beliefs and mentality are at the antipodes of ours.

¹ Pierre Colin, in *Aspects de l'Âme Malgache*.

² Encyclical *Maximum Illud*, Pope Benedict XV.





TAIPEI, FORMOSA

The torrid noonday sun drives nearly all Formosans inside their homes for a prolonged siesta. This is the most convenient hour for us to visit the Provincial Hospital, the oldest in Formosa or so we have been told. There are five hundred beds in this fine solid construction built in the Japanese style. Competent surgeons and physicians minister to the needs of the patients but nobody within its walls mentions the name of God since each is supposed to be free to choose his own religion. This freedom we missionaries make use of to present our unknown God.

THEY NEED YOU!

by Sister SAINT EMERENTIEENNE,
M.I.C.

(Marie Berthe Fleurent, Saint Germain
of Grantham.)



At Taipei, Sister Marie Esther (Alice Buteau, N. D. de Guadelupe) teaches the lambs of the flock.

Entering one of the public wards we find that two men patients are in the throes of agony. Oxygen is being administered to them but to no avail. One of the two, Mr. Wei, still fully conscious thanks us for coming to visit him in this hour when life is slipping away from his grasp. How eagerly he listens as we tell him of God's merciful love waiting to welcome him beyond the grave! "I believe, I believe," he murmurs. "I want to become the child of God... Baptize me, please." His wife weeps softly as she sees her faithful companion grow still and solemn in

death; she tells us how good he was and how he always kept the natural law engraved in the hearts of all men.

Mr. Wei's companion in a comatose state when we first arrived, recovers consciousness just long enough to ask for and receive the supreme grace of regeneration. Witnesses of this scene marvel at this flash of consciousness so strangely coinciding with our passage in the ward. The brother of the moribund then points to Our Lady's medal fixed to the latter's bed clothes. Need we seek further for an explanation of the blessed coincidence?

We make the rounds of each bed scattering smiles and words of encouragement. A patient remarks, "Sister, how can you go out in the noon-day heat to visit us sick people? We admire the religion which inspires such courage and enthusiasm. You are really here to help us Chinese!" We answer, "Yes, indeed, we have come to help you bear your sufferings, to tell you about the joys of heaven which await you if you believe in God and adore Him."

Ambulatory patients crowd around as we improvise a doctrine lesson; even the nurses and attendants stand on the edge of the group, curious and attentive. Some give their names for the catechumenate. Friends and relatives of the patients share in the interest of their dear ones. Many of these come from various parts of Formosa. Going back home they will carry with them the glad tidings, and Faith will reach hitherto unattained places; other missionary contacts will complete their religious instruction. Little by little, they will be drawn into the Fold.

One sows, another reaps, as the Gospel tells us.

We have now reached the women's wards where a third apostolic joy awaits us — we are just in time to baptize a catechumen whom we had instructed on previous visits. Her death is happy and peaceful.

In the children's department we pour the saving waters on the forehead of a child dying of leukemia. With their parents' consent, I also baptize two infants whom meningitis will soon carry away. Meantime, a Nurse herself a catechumen, calls to me to the side of a tiny baby lying inside an incubator, "Sister, she is going to die. Quick, make her a child of God."

The joy of the *Magnificat* sings in my heart as I return to the convent. If only I had the time to visit the Provincial Hospital daily! Missionaries are alas too woefully few to cope with all the work to be done. Won't you come to our aid? Nine million Chinese await you. Remember the Lord's command, "Going, therefore, teach ye all nations."

MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

JULY: The adaptation of Catholic Action and other lay missionary movements to the needs and conditions of each region.

AUGUST: That the preaching of the Gospel and of the doctrine of the Church may help establish a just social order among non-Christian nations.

KARONGA, NYASALAND

(Excerpt from a letter written by Sister Saint Remi¹,
M.I.C.)

My companions often twit me about what they call the adventurous streak in my character. I must confess that I have had quite a few adventures since my arrival here. Once I got lost in the bush; I broke an arm twice; I experienced a forced landing when the plane I was travelling on lost its bearings somewhere in the Tanganyika mountains; and now, this had to happen...

On August 1, together with Sister Cecile of Milan² and Sister Alphonse Marie³ I left Karonga for Rumpi where the Sisters' annual retreat was to take place. Means of transport are scarce in these parts; so we accepted gratefully when an official, recently arrived from Algeria, offered to take us as far as Rumpi, first leg of our journey to Mzuzu, in his car which did duty as a prison van.

A lofty mountain range — the Nyiika — separates Karonga from the rest of Nyasaland. After a few hours on the road we began the ascent of the famous Hair Pin Bends. Our driver felt more or less nervous as this was the first time he had tackled such a route, but he came through with flying colours.

Although they had taken some preventive medicine before leaving Karonga, my two companions soon suffered from car sickness. After a series of switchbacks, they left me alone in the prisoner's barred cage in the rear of the car, while they took a front seat hoping that a change might help restore balance.

¹ Josephine Beneteau, Amherstburg, Ontario.

² Cecile Demers, Sainte-Agathe.

³ Marie Jeanne Fortin, Saint Octave, Quebec.



On t



the Way to Rumpi

On the way, as we passed by a police station, an African policeman stopped our car, and asked the driver if he could take on another passenger. From the place where I sat I did not pay much attention to

what was going on until, suddenly, the cage door was flung open and a man entered. I made place for him, pushing our luggage to one side and offering him one of the cushions. He glared at me. Only then did I notice



In the bush.
Sister Saint Remi and Sister Joseph Albert
(Juliette Morneau, Kamouraska).

that the newcomer was handcuffed. I looked inquiringly at the official who explained, "Sorry, Sister. I have to take this man to the police station at Rumpi. It's a case of attempted suicide." The poor fellow probably found himself in a tight spot after some misdemeanour, I reflected, and reasoned that suicide was the only way out. Rosary beads journeying through my fingers, I kept calling Mary to the aid of this troubled soul.

We had almost reached destination when the jeep knocked against a rock

which rolled down the mountain. The jolt sent passengers and luggage in a jumble against the back of the cage, but fortunately none of us suffered any injuries except the fright. I leave you to imagine the result on a case of eggs carefully imbedded in raw rice which we were taking as a gift to our Sisters in Rumpi... Picking myself up, I smiled ruefully at my companion, but was startled to see him staring straight ahead at the white official, a ferocious look in his bloodshot eyes. Perhaps

was he blaming him for the accident.

The driver, after making sure none of his passengers were hurt, kept on his way to Rumpi where we arrived without further mishap. I told Sister Saint Bridget¹, Superior of the convent, about my erstwhile companion of the prison van asking her to visit him at the local prison. For my part, as I went on retreat that same evening, I could only pray for him.

Nyasaland is no longer the peaceful country it used to be. A political ferment is at work among the masses inciting extremists to set fire to post offices, schools, houses of compatriots suspected of being friendly to the

whites. So far, we missionaries have not suffered from this situation.

At present the missionary presence in Africa requires profound adaptation. Many countries revel in their newly-acquired independence. On apostolic labourers devolves the task of co-operating in the Christian formation of these peoples. While the work of evolution must be left to the Africans even at the risk of seeing them make inevitable *faux pas*, the missionaries' duty is to ward off evil, injustice, lack of charity towards other races, and to encourage good under all its aspects.

PRAYER FOR MISSIONARIES

O LORD, look on these children of Yours, priests, nuns, and lay people, who are leaving everything in order to give testimony to Your word and Your love. Be for each of them "a powerful protector and strong stay, a defense from the heat and a cover from the sun at noon, a preservation from stumbling and a help from falling".

Support them in difficult moments; direct their efforts; console their hearts; crown their work with spiritual conquests. They do not seek human success or fleeting goods; they only seek Your triumph and the good of souls.

May Your crucified image, which will accompany them for their whole lives, speak to them of heroism, of abnegation, of love, and of peace. May it be their strength and guide, their light and comfort. May Your Holy Name be spread more and more widely throughout the world by means of these missionaries, and, surrounded by an ever increasing number of Your children, may they sing to You a hymn of gratitude, of glory, and of redemption.

Pope John XXIII

¹ Jeannet Caron, Saint Jean de la Lande.

Favours Obtained

through the intercession of
Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit



Grateful thanks to Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit for a cure obtained after a novena made in her honour.

Mrs. W. D., Ville Saint Michel, Montreal

Through the intercession of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit my wife was suddenly cured of a very painful skin disease. Grateful thanks.

Mr. L. J. Gagné, Marlboro, Mass.

Grateful thanks for a favour obtained through the intercession of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit.

Mrs. R. Daigneault, Saint Johns, P.Q.

PRAYER

for the Beatification of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit

Almighty and eternal God Who hast deigned to make use of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit for the expansion of Thy kingdom and that of Thy Immaculate Mother here below, we trustingly beseech Thee to glorify Thy faithful servant by granting us for her glorification, if such be Thy Will, this (such and such a grace, a cure...) and may this favour incite us to follow the examples and imitate the virtues of her whose memory we revere.

Hail Mary..., O Mary, conceived without sin...

Persons who obtain favours after prayers offered for the glorification of the servant of God are requested to inform the Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception 2900 Saint Catherine Road, Cote des Neiges, Montreal (26).

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.
NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 40.
OUTREMONT, 314 St. Catherine Road,
Montreal 8.
CHINESE HOSPITAL, 112 Lagauchetiere St., West,
Montreal 1.
NOMINIQUE, Labelle County, P.Q.
RIMOUSKI, 85 St. Germain Street, P.Q.
JOLIETTE P.Q., 750 St. Louis Street.
QUEBEC, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.
VANCOUVER, Oriental Hospital, 236 Campbell St.
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, 50 Saint Joseph Street.
CHICOUTIMI, P.Q., 766 Cenacle Street.
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, P.Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.
OTTAWA, 30 Goulburn Street.
PERTH, N.B., P.B. 259.
EDMUNDSTON, N.B., 18 Saint John 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 Yilanhsien, 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.
IRUPANA.

PERU

PUCALLPA.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, Immaculate Conception Anglo Chinese
Academy, Gen. Luna St., Intramuros.
MANILA, 2212 S. del Rosario St., Tondo.
MANILA, Little Baguio, San Juan, Rizal.
LAS PINAS, Rizal.
MATI, Davao Province.
DAVAO City, Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall.
PADADA, Davao Province.
BAGUIO City, 11, Paddal, 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, Haiti.
DESCHAPELLES, Albert Schweitzer Hospital
Post Box No. 4, Saint Marc, Haiti.
LA BOULE, Haiti.
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, Kauffkule 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.
Box 9 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.

