

**THE
PRECURSOR**

March - April
1964



We earnestly encourage and bless the missionaries so dear to our heart who spread the Gospel message in the outposts of the Church, the world over. May they always glorify in the Cross of Our Lord Jesus Christ (Gal. 6 : 14) lovingly putting up with annoyances and trials knowing that God never fails those who work solely for Him.

His Holiness Pope Paul VI

Radio Message, Feast of the Sacred Heart, 1963.

Our Cover:

Smoking her pipe, Igorot Grandma relaxes.
Blue Monday at Las Pinas.

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In case of change of address, please send both: the old and the new.

BEHIND THE BAMBOO CURTAIN

Church of Silence. Never has a term been more appropriate relative to the Church of China.

For years now, Communist papers, except for a sporadic announcement about a Mass for Christmas or Easter, have been absolutely silent on the subject of Christians. If there are still any more blustering meetings of the "patriotic association", any public trials and confessions, elections or consecrations of bishops, we do not know about them. As Catholics do not dare to write on so dangerous a subject or to speak of it to travellers whom they meet, our information is reduced almost to nothing.

The silence is twofold: Christians of the free world are almost entirely ignorant of the situation of the Church in China while Catholic Chinese are absolutely ignorant of the religious events that are taking place abroad. As far as we know, no newspaper of the continent has spoken of the Council, of the Encyclical on Peace or of the Balzan Award. The death of Pope John XXIII and the election of Pope Paul VI were mentioned in a few lines in the corner of the papers where it was literally necessary to search them out. Private letters written to bishops or priests with the aim of giving them some information about the Ecumenical Council have not elicited any response or acknowledgment, either because they were intercepted, as is probable, or because the addressees did not dare to answer.

For all of that, it is certain that the Church is not dead. The very few Catholics who manage to leave the continent tell us that the Faith is holding up, that prayer continues in private and that there are even occasions when it is possible to receive the Sacraments. Certain public religious services are still held in the large cities. A French tourist was present at Mass in the cathedral of Canton on May 19. About 250 persons mostly women and children were in attendance. There was no sermon; Mass was said hurriedly and about fifty received Communion. This took place at seven in the morning. The same tourist was in Peking on Pentecost Day, June 2, and there, likewise, at seven in the morning, he was surprised to find a great many present, also a good number going to confession and Communion. He was also surprised by the quality of the chant and of the red draperies that adorned the church. It would only be a step to conclude from this that the situation in Peking is "normal" but the tourist did not succumb to this temptation.

This testimony concerning two places given by a believing and attentive person indicates to us that the public practice of religion varies greatly in the different parts of the immense country. There is hardly any public practice in rural districts where churches have been converted to other uses. In some

places the people think that they can receive the sacraments from the hands of "patriotic priests", without fault while in others conscience keeps them from doing so. Here, political commissars posted at church doors take down the names of those who enter and keep a watch over preachers who venture to speak; there, a certain amount of freedom seems still to survive. Hesitations and differences on the part of Catholics can be understood if one realizes how they are left to themselves without authority to guide them.

In Shanghai, it seems that there is a radical break between the "patriotic priests" (a minority) and the others. The former are in charge of the churches that are generally deserted by fervent Christians while the others are in prison and "camps for reform by labour" or hidden who knows where. The former are above all to be pitied morally for while they receive what is necessary to live and the favours of the Regime, they know, that these are not gratuitous. The latter live in material distress that defies description. In work camps they are treated like the lowest coolies, obliged to perform the hardest and most menial tasks. "It is still necessary to be insulted and to imitate fully Christ who was obedient unto death" wrote one of them. "Work worthy of the Pharaohs and always on an empty stomach" wrote another.

Unhappily it is not possible to foresee an improvement of the situation in the near future. On the contrary, it seems that it has worsened in the past few months, and travellers who come from the continent speak of a general hardening. Newspapers, moreover, are constantly harping on the need to follow the "class struggle" and to eliminate "bad elements". A movement known as "Tsi-fan" (Seven Antis) and inspired by the cruel "Three antis" and "Five antis" movements of 1951-1952 is under way. No doubt the "Tsi-fan" movement is not aimed directly at Catholics but it is undeniable that it has been the cause of the arrest of many Catholic laymen and of several Religious of whom three are known, namely, the Jesuit lay Brother, Laurence Tsao, and two Sisters, Helpers of the Holy Souls, Sister Gabriel (Sen) and Sister Stanislaus (Chow).

We have learned of the death in prison of an admirable priest of the diocese of Shanghai, Father Mathias Zeng Sin Teh. This 52-year-old priest was condemned to forced labour and thrown into a cell for having given information to the "imperialists" of Hong Kong. It is he who wrote some time ago: "Have no fear, I have not changed. If I had changed (i.e., become a patriotic priest) I should not be enduring what I am now suffering."

Another exemplary death that took place recently is that of a Carmelite Sister who died of exhaustion in the fields of a People's Commune near Shanghai. Sister Marie of the Angels (52) belonged to the Carmel of Kunming (Yunnan). When that Carmel was liquidated by the Reds in 1951 Sister Marie of the Angels took refuge in the Carmel of Shanghai which was still in existence. In 1954, armed police broke into the Shanghai Carmel at night. They took four Sisters to prison and sent the others away. Sister Marie of the Angels was among the latter. She lived her Carmelite life among the other members of her family and participated in the crushing work of a People's Commune and she met death there.

*THE
PHILIPPINES
BETWEEN
EAST
AND WEST*

by Sister Saint Amedée, M.I.C.

(Emilienne Vezina, Quebec.)

Extensive studies are being made at present in the Philippine Islands on folkways and customs. Two problems claim special attention, one relating to the historic past — a problem of survival — the other to present-day experience — a problem of identity.

Influences as distinct as those of China, of Spain, of the United States of America have been at work in the culture of the Islands. Indeed, according to sociologists, the Filipino is torn between several cultures. Sensitive to all, he belongs wholly to none being as reluctant to retain ancient concepts as he is to discard them in order to adopt new ideas.

Where East meets West

The first inhabitants of the Philippines were the Pygmies (history knows them as *negritos*) who originally trekked from Central Asia some 25,000 years hence across the land bridges which once linked the islands to the continent. Primitive nomads they were skillful with the bow and arrow.

About 8,000 years later, by way of the seas, arrived Indonesian descendants of the Mongolian race with Caucasian affinities. More advanced than the Pygmies, they dwelt in organized villages, and lived by fishing, hunting, and also by crude agriculture. Their weapons consisted of bows and arrows, knives, and blow guns. Their one domestic animal was the dog.

In turn, the Malays invaded the archipelago in three great succeeding waves. The first wave reached the Islands some time between 200 B.C. and 100 A. D. and was composed of head-hunting Malays later to be known as Igorots, Bontoks, Tinggians; the second wave made up of literate Malays such as Bisayans, Tagalogs, Ilokanos arrived between 100 to 1300 A. D.; the third wave struck between 1300 and 1500 A. D. and consisted of Moros or Mohammedan Malays. These latecomers introduced an advanced civilization earmarked by the ancient cultures of India, China, Arabia together with the culture of their own country. They wore garments of woven cloth and jewelry; lived in bamboo houses built on stilts, clustering in towns and villages; had a government, laws, a system of writing, sciences, and arts; possessed weapons such as the sword or *kris*, rattan-and-hide armour, bows and arrows, bronze artillery; built forts and used war-boats in naval encounters. Out of the interracial mingling of Pygmies, Indonesians and Malays the Filipino race was born.

In the course of centuries, the Oriental character of this stock was further enriched by intermarriage with people from Japan, China, and Arabia.



Oriental cultural heritage

Filipinos are said to have 5% Indian blood coursing through their veins. To this affinity they doubtless owe their stoical way of facing life, their endurance and serenity in the face of suffering and deprivation, their dignity in the most painful trials.

From India also they have inherited many a typical superstitious practice. A girl, for instance, who sings while cooking is sure to marry a widower! The *sarong*, (skirt,) the *putong*, (turban,) the narrow pantaloons and the embroidered shawls worn by Moros all originally came from India. Tagalog, a Filipino dialect, contains 25% Sanskrit terms. The word *Bathala*, god, used in ancient Filipino lore was derived from the Sanskrit *Bhattara Guru*.

The use of porcelain, umbrellas, gongs, silver and other metals, the Filipinos learned from the Chinese. Numerous marriage customs can also be traced from the Middle Kingdom, among them the practice of hiring go-betweens in matrimonial negotiations, the employment of professional mourners, the veneration of ancestors, the filial respect showed parents and superiors.

Various industries such as the manufacture of weapons and tools, the dressing of skins, the artificial breeding of ducks and fish were introduced by the Japanese. Japan also injected fresh vigour into the racial stock; descendants of Filipino-Japanese marriages have proved to be hardworking, industrious, high-spirited.

The Arabs implanted Mohammedanism, a new form of government, the sultanate, introduced chiefly in the regions of Mindanao and of Sulu, and gave the Philippines a new alphabet — the Arabic script.

Arabic words found their way into the Moro languages of the south. Even in the Tagalog language, certain Arabic terms are still in use.

The pantaloons and the embroidered shawls worn by Moro damsels originally came from India.

Came Europe

The West came to the Islands in the sixteenth century, Spain and Portugal first, then England, Holland, and France. It might be thought that these European countries having apparently an identical aim — the drive for wealth and power — would leave a uniform imprint on a purely Asiatic people. Their policies being different, however, this was far from being the case. Spain and Portugal had a triple goal in view: God, gold, glory; England and Holland sought nothing but to open up commercial avenues; France joined to her quest for commercial advantages, the desire of evangelization.

Spanish influence alone was to prove deep and lasting. During three hundred years, until 1898, Spain imposed its government and its culture. It introduced its laws, its religion, its arts and sciences. Through its missionaries it established hospitals, colleges, printing plants, libraries.



During this period the condition of Filipino woman underwent a radical change. Until then, it seems, the Filipino had enjoyed easy equality with men, equality based not on condescension but on respect. The Spaniard determined to save the soul of this « forthright, hedonistic little pagan » by curtailing her liberty. He set over her a *duena*, chaperon or governess, and shut her up in *collegios* where she was given only rudimentary schooling. This tutelage produced the shy, gentle, diffident woman of the late nineteenth century, devoutly attached to the Rosary and to religious processions, but not so keen on attendance at Sunday Mass.

American influence

In 1898, Spain surrendered the Philippines to the United States of America for the neat sum of twenty million dollars. Between these two countries — the United States and the Philippines — was inaugurated an era of friendly entente. Rare has been in the history of mankind like fusion between autochthon and colonizer.

The first care of the newcomers was to send over a group of six hundred teachers who, in collaboration with Filipino educators, established a great number of schools. Education ceased to be

Children are proud to figure in the May Flower Pageant.





A change from fast-paced automobiles —
the leisurely CARROMATA.

The split coconut yields
sweet milk.





The bus waits for its load of passengers and vegetables.

the privilege of the few. Under the Spaniard's rigid rule, young Filipinos had grown timid, hesitant, rigoristic. A more liberal education developed their capacities and stimulated their eagerness to pursue studies at university level.

After the departure of the Spanish clergy, the Filipino clergy, too few in numbers, was powerless to assure religious services everywhere. Moreover, the coming of the Americans favoured the expansion of Protestantism.

Alert and studious, modern Filipinas
enjoy the benefits of a more liberal education.





Beloved queen
of the home, —
the Filipino mamma.

A few problems

One of the most crucial problems affecting urban Filipinos, is the choice between the Spanish patriarchal family type and the American family type with its broadminded emancipation.

The Filipino is a good husband and father; jealous of his wife's honour, he is less so perhaps of his daughter's. Although he is the acknowledged head of the family, the mother, domestic minister of finances, enjoys high status and wields a good deal of influence. Her husband does not ordinarily settle important matters without her knowledge and approval. "In the ancient Philippines," says Dra. Encarnacion Alzona, "woman was treated

by her husband as an equal; she retained her maiden name, shared his honours, and disposed freely of the property she had brought into marriage." It was the Spaniard with his code of old Roman laws who relegated the Filipina to the position of inferiority in which the Americans found her.

Another familial predicament arises upon the death of the father, tradition decreeing that his authority then passes to the eldest son. The latter takes his responsibility so much to heart that he often postpones his own marriage until younger brothers and sisters have completed their studies. Because of this system, younger children must not hope to supersede their older brothers or sisters, but must be satisfied with following in their foot-

steps. Therefore, it is not unusual to find the youngest members of a family lacking in initiative, character, independence of judgment.

In education, the major present-day problem stems from the conflict between the American educational programme and the dominant trends of Filipino culture.

Familial traditions greatly influence religious living. To whatever denomination he may belong, the Filipino's religion is centered more on the family than on the Church. People who never go to church will, nonetheless, attend liturgical cere-

monies such as baptisms, marriages, funerals, merely out of consideration for those who invited them. The popular custom of the family shrine before which all the family gathers to pray, recalls the Buddhist tradition of enshrined tablets before which household rites take place.

The various religious beliefs implanted in the Philippines are the consequence of historical events. From ancient times have come down superstitious and ritual practices related to pagan deities: faith placed in *anitos*, ancestral spirits believed to dwell in trees, rivers, mountains, animals, whence they emerge to make game of men; divi-

The carabao is the farmer's faithful, plodding servant.



nation through the searching of the entrails of a pig or fowl; magic and ritual repasts comprising sacrifice and prayer such as the *canao*.

Mohammedanism continues to influence the southern part of the archipelago. Catholicism, Spain's enduring legacy to the Filipino people, has made of the Philippines the bastion of Christianity in the Far East. Out of the revolutionary movement of the early twentieth century was born the Independent Church of the Philippines. Finally, the American era introduced Protestantism.

Freedom Nationhood Culture, R.S. Maglapus.
Twenty Years in the Philippines, P. de la Gironière.
Sociology in the Philippines Setting
Philippine History for High Schools, Gregorio F. Zaide.

A solution — fusion of East and West

Tradition in the Philippines is highly respected and evolution operates at a leisurely pace. Nevertheless, as an eminent Filipino statesman has so aptly remarked, "A culture to be truly great must absorb all that is good, true, beautiful in other countries, otherwise it soon grows out-of-date, prone to decadence, condemned to death".

Heir to the riches of both East and West, enjoying a liberty that many another nation might well envy, the Filipino people works with optimism at developing a unique culture tinged with graciousness, a blend of oriental wisdom and western dynamism.

Pride and hope of the Filipino Nation.



WAKAMATSU, JAPAN

BLESSED CANDLES AND INCENSE STICKS



by Sister Monica of the Blessed Sacrament¹, M.I.C.

The all too short career of one of our Catholic teachers, Mr. Sato, was brought to a close in a car accident some time ago.

A member of the teaching staff at our Saint Francis Xavier High School, Mr. Sato was a high-principled man, modest and disinterested. He could always be relied upon to give prudent and practical advice as member of the Committee of the Prefectural Private School Association to which he belonged. Something of a poet, he had numerous relations among literary circles.

At the time of the accident, which speedily brought about his

death, Mr. Sato was forty-four years of age. Were left to mourn his passing, his wife and seven children none of whom has yet completed his studies.

These sad circumstances and the great publicity given them in local press brought in such a wave of sympathizers that the parish church being too small for the funeral ceremony, we opened the school auditorium. Many non-Christian persons of influence, who would have hesitated before entering a Catholic church, were thus present at the Holy Sacrifice for the first time.

Catholic and Buddhist rites were this once associated in paying homage to the deceased and in giving satisfaction to the piety

¹ Monique Cloutier, Ottawa.

of faithful of different religions, an untoward event in Wakamatsu.

Decorations were also unusual. To the traditional bouquets of natural blooms were added thirteen large wreaths of paper flowers mounted on trestles covered with bands of white and black paper and topped with doves, a Buddhist emblem.

In compliance with Catholic liturgy, six candlesticks stood on either side of the bier. Votive lights and incense offered by Buddhist friends burned in front of a large photograph of the deceased placed on a table facing the audience.

Numerous porcelain holders containing burning incense sticks stuck in ashes stood at the entrance door.

The Sisters' choir sang during the Requiem Mass. Reverend

Father Koyama, who had dispensed doctrinal instruction to the dear departed, gave a stirring allocution listened to with profound respect by the assistants.

After liturgical ceremony, the dead man's virtues were eulogized Buddhist fashion. As headmistress of the school, Sister Saint Come was the first to express the gratitude of all towards the devoted teacher. Afterwards, a short prayer was recited in front of the departed one's picture.

Guests were then invited to accompany the bier placed in a gaily decorated hearse to the crematorium.

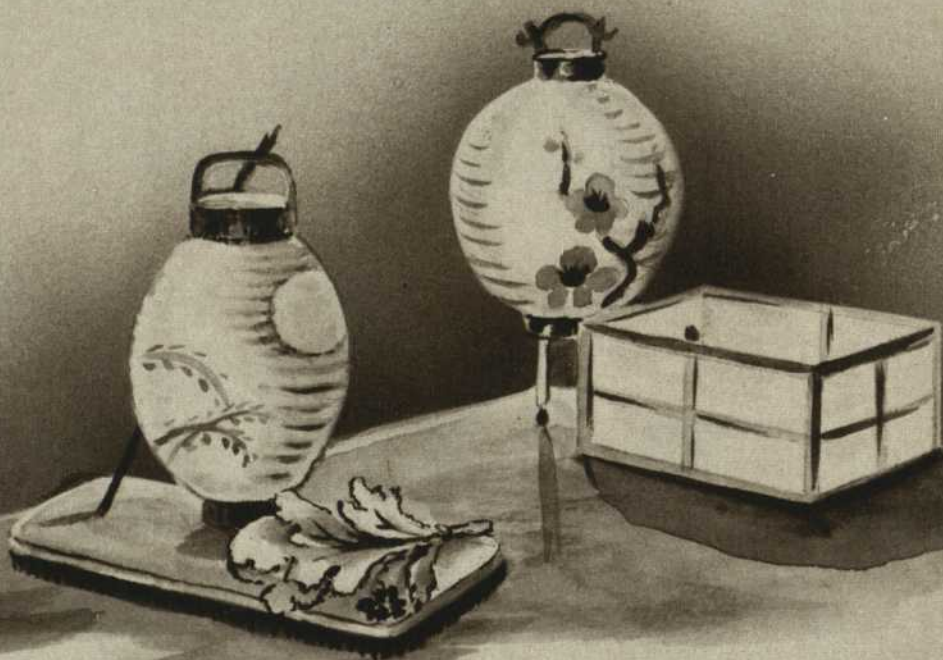
Incense was again offered, then according to Japanese custom, Mr. Sato's eldest son lighted the fire. The following morning, his would

be the mournful duty to claim his dead father's ashes which would be kept in the house for about two months before being interred in the Catholic cemetery.

It was a consolation for us to see both Catholics and Buddhists unite in exalting a humble servant of God and a loyal son of Holy Mother Church.

We hope that the deep impression made on the assistants by this act of fraternal affection will determine a deeper comprehension of the universality of Christianity, of its spirit of charity which knows no boundaries, and of its faculty of adaptation to all peoples and nations.

¹ Thérèse Laliberté, Lotbinière



KATETE, NYASALAND



NO LONGER RUNNING AFTER WATER

A water problem has been solved:

In its May issue 1963, The Precursor launched a call for help in solving a crucial problem affecting Katete Mission from its very beginnings — lack of running water.

Reading our article, some kind friends in Ame-

Thanks to the gifts of numerous benefactors the digging of a well + the setting up of a pump = running water.

rica doubtless recalled some similar problems with which they were plagued in their own childhood, and were moved with pity for our students daily carrying their head loads of water. Sister Mary of the Angel's¹ bright dream must be realized, they decided.

¹ Alice Pepin, Warwick

Gifts of money began to trickle in. Encouraged, Sister Superior made up her mind to spend part in having a well dug within the compound. After the well came Operation Pump. "Things did not always go as smoothly as could be desired. The most serious mishap occurred when a piece of pipe, forty-five feet in length, was damaged when being slid into the bottom of the well. It took some time to have it repaired and again set into place, but at last it was done. Perseverance always wins in the long run. Africa is a land where the impatient will never prosper.

On June 17, the mission personnel was invited to sample the first clear abundant stream of fresh water gushing from the newly installed pump. The scene beggared description. Students and patients danced, clapped their hands, shouted with delight. We Sisters thanked God who had inspired out friends' generosity.

As yet, we have not grown used to the luxury of having as much water as we want so close at hand.

All of us, missionaries, African Sisters, Tea-

ching College students, pupils of the Home Economics Centre, hospital attendants and patients benefit by the marvelous invention. Many of our neighbours, who beg a share of our running water, envy us for our good fortune. How could we refuse to let them use what is called the Sisters' well? After all the water springs out of their own soil. So, we share this precious boon, thanking God for His goodness and entreating Him to bless our generous overseas benefactors.

Is not this water a symbol of the numberless graces showered upon Katete Mission since its foundation? Twenty-five years back, this area was a desert from a spiritual point of view. The first missionary Father who arrived here in 1938 found a mere handful of Christians without a church of their own. He put up an altar, and from the heart of the divine Victim flowed a torrent of merciful love. The thirst of thousands of souls has been slaked; others are awaiting their purification and their slaking, for they have heard the voice of the Saviour, "If any man is thirsty, let him come to me and drink..." John 7:38

Sister Marie Corinne, M.I.C.

(Rollande Langevin, Quebec.)

No more
running
after water
for them!



CAP-HAITIEN

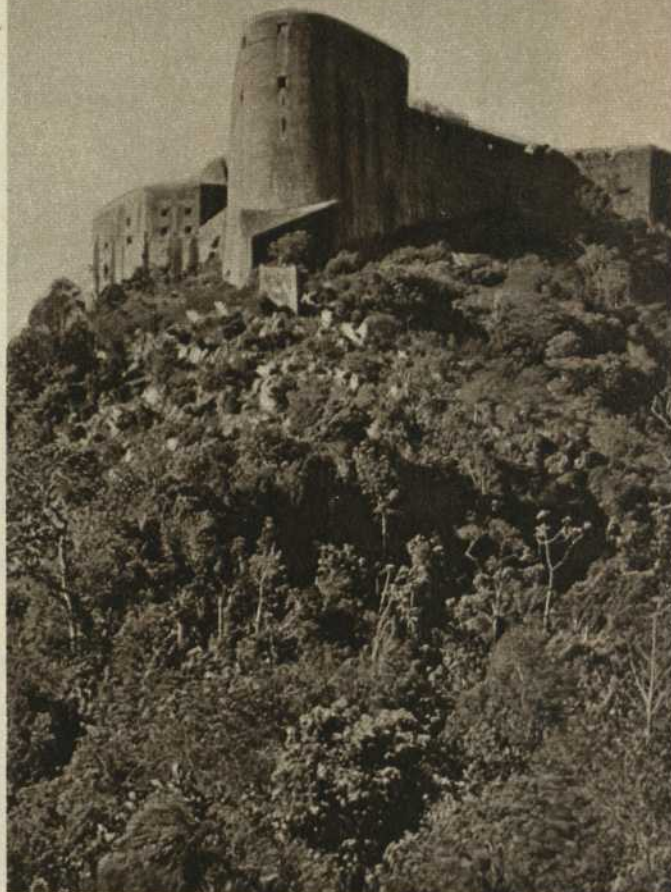
Where the crag frowns above the dell,
Where the hills like mighty waves swell
Grim and proud and tall,
Keeping foe in thrall,
Rises King Henri's citadel.
Beacon of liberty,
Symbol of unity,
All hail!

With this patriotic song on their lips, the students of Cap Haitien Normal School left, one fine morning, for an educational excursion to the Sans Souci Palace at Milot and to the Citadel Lafferrière, towering at 3,000 feet of altitude on the summit of Bonnet à l'Évêque. As their monitor, I was overjoyed to be included in the party, having long wished to see at close range the famous battlements faintly visible on clear days from the windows of the school.

A chartered bus, "The Northern Trail", called for us in the early morning hours so that the group might be well on its way while the sun was still mild and gentle. In we piled with baskets of food and large straw hats.

Our first stop was for Milot, an insignificant village about twenty miles from Cap Haitien where are to be found the ruins of the palace King Henri erected for his pleasure. The life of this Haitian hero reads somewhat like a fairy tale. From slavery he rose to the rank of general in the revolutionary forces which wrested Haiti from the French; finally, he became the founder of a kingdom. Having a flair for luxury and grandeur, he dreamed of transforming Milot into a Haitian Versailles and there built Sans Souci, a regal domain in the Louis XV style of architecture. Tradition relates that the place was held by a slave called Sans Souci who had appropriated it after murdering his master in cold blood. Ill-gotten goods seldom bring good luck. The slave was in turn dispatched by the ruthless ruler who had decided to make Sans Souci his favourite residence. Even in its present dilapidated condition, the palace retains something of its ancient splendour. It consisted of a central pavilion flanked by two wings. An

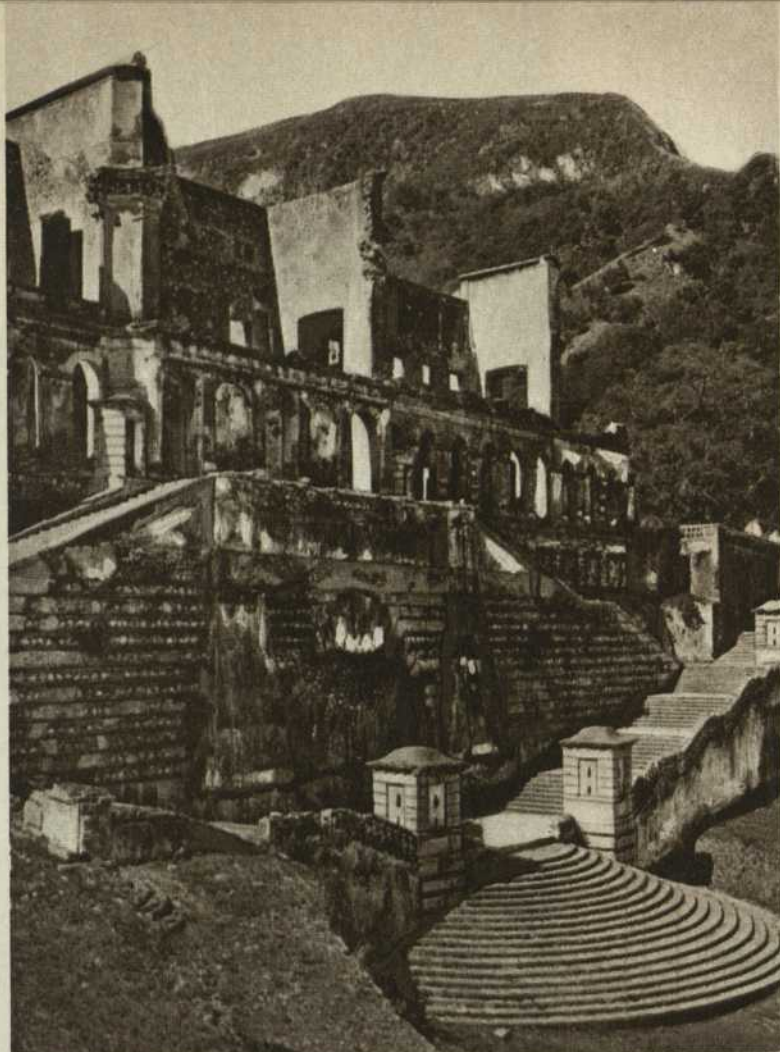
King Henri's citadel.



THE Citadel- POEM in Stone

by Sister Saint Francois de Paule, M.I.C.

(Marie Thérèse Laperrière, Quebec.)



What remains of palace

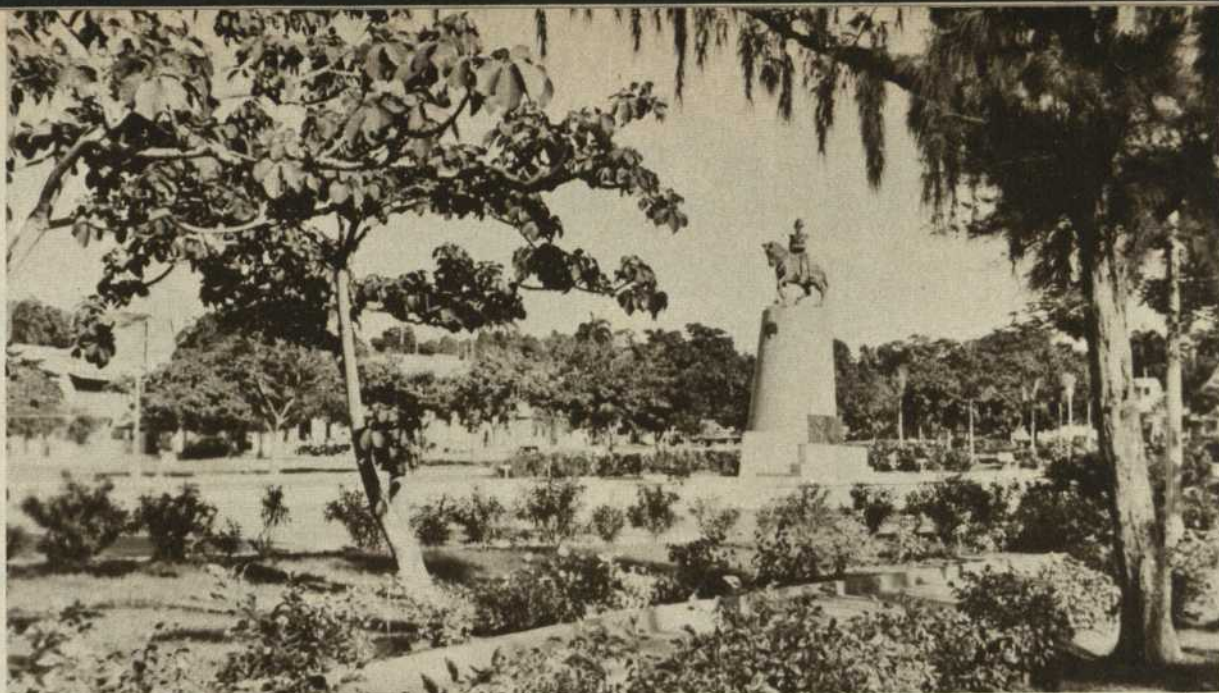
at Sans Souci.

imposing vestibule led into a spacious hall. On the ground floor were huge reception rooms with paneled walls and marble floors. The royal family lived in the two wings, King Henri on the right, Queen Marie Louise on the left. In a room in the upper story of Sans Souci, on a fateful evening in 1820, the unfortunate king put a gold bullet through his head to escape falling into the hands of his rebellious subjects. In the rear, a landscaped garden reached into the foothills; cooling fountains played in the heart of flower beds now choked up with weeds and brambles. Out in the courtyard, the guide pointed out a large tree under whose shade the monarch used to give audience. A circle of bricks marks out the area occupied by attendants and members of the court. Outside the walls, on the left, stands the church still doing duty as parish centre of Milot. It is a rotunda with a strange triangular porch upheld by four

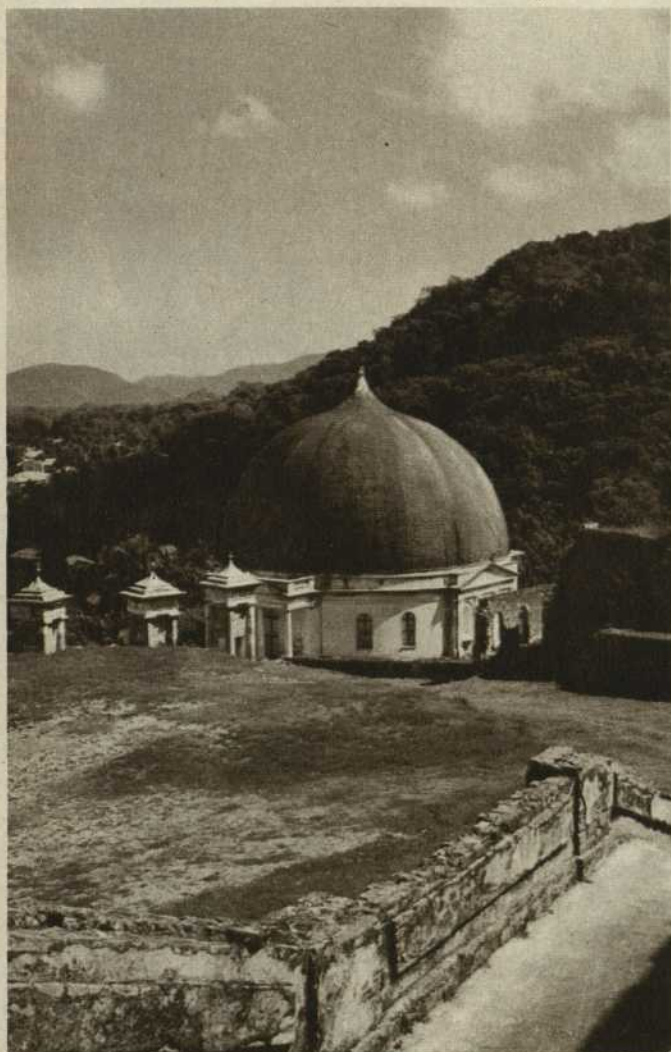
pillars. We went inside to pay our loving homage to the King of kings. On the other side of the road stood a row of ramshackle buildings formerly used as barracks, store-rooms, and stables.

Before tackling the rude ascent of Bonnet à l'Évêque, we nibbled a few sandwiches and drank some coffee sitting in the shade of the tall trees in front of Sans Souci and exchanging ideas about fleeting human glory.

Fortunately, the less hardy members of our excursion were content with visiting the Milot ruins. How arduous was the climb up the narrow trail hugging the slopes of the morne! Once, this zig-zag trail had served as the bed of a paved and graded road on which two carriages of state could pass abreast. Vegetation, storms, and years of neglect have wrought havoc with its broad ex-



King Henri forever rides to glory.



panse. Here and there, where recent rains have washed away the soft earth some of the huge flagstones and paving blocks of the old Royal Road emerge from the rubble. The driver of a jeep belonging to Polé Colé Co. passed us on the way and offered to give us a lift for a few miles at least. We accepted gratefully, but the last lap had to be covered on our bare feet, recent rains having turned the road into a thin purée of mud.

All the difficulties of the way were forgotten when at trail's end suddenly loomed the fortress — a poem in stone written on the crest of Bonnet à l'Évêque.

Although the plans for this citadel had been drawn up as early as 1804 by the engineer Henri Barré, it was not completed until 1817. Some 20,000 former slaves were conscripted for this tremendous enterprise, all the material being carried up to the top by hand. From the great General who supervised the work to the humble woman carrying her stone up the mountain, all felt proud of having a share however modest in the building of what they considered the temple of Haitian independence. Inside the citadel were an arsenal, storehouses for supplies, barracks that could accommodate 10,000 troops, as well as a small palace.

The rotunda, Milot parish centre.

Castor-oil plants grow in profusion.



Upon reaching the terrace leading to the top, we enjoyed an arrestingly beautiful panorama. Lying afar off in the valley or clinging to the slopes of the mornes stood the picturesque cities and towns of le Cap, Acul du Nord, Dondon, Limonade, Grande Rivière, Ouanamainthe, Puerto Plata, while closer to where we stood, the great hills waved into each other like a rolling sea wreathed in wisps of silvery mist. Here and there, palm trees raised tousled heads to the sky and flamboyants waved gay banners against the sombre green of the foliage. In the distance shimmered and danced the matchless Carribean Sea. The abyss of Grand Boucan yawned below the great walls, abyss from which rise weird rumours like the shrieking of the wind in a tempest or the wailing of human voices in distress. According to local tradition, the victims, whom despotic King Henri had hurled to their death from these heights, forever haunt Grand Boucan, filling it with dismal cries and strange apparitions.

No ghosts disturbed us as we sat in the great courtyard eating our lunch before going down. The girls chattered excitedly, pointing out the chief spots of interest and proudly reviewing the history of their nation. Despite his harshness and despotism, King Henri was a brave soldier and an administrator of exceptional ability. He was inspired by the ideal of building up his people into a powerful nation, and to attain this end he was willing to make any sacrifice himself, and impose any hardship upon others.

Our last visit was for the interior garden where the unfortunate monarch had asked to be buried. The fortress he had erected never served its purpose as a military outpost but became instead a gigantic mausoleum to his memory.

The descent proved far easier than the ascent and the students had sufficient energy left to set the hills ringing with their song.

Visit the citadel
Worthy of admiration.
Come and mark it well,
The glory of our nation.

One may be tempted to question the fitness of building a fortress in such a remote spot, but it must be kept in mind that to the Haitians of 1806, who had fought for liberty and who saw still imperiled this dearly bought prize, the erection of the citadel was not as quixotic a project as it may seem. It was, so to say, a symbol of their fierce determination to live as free men in a free land. Even the most sanguine could not then have prophesied the trend of future events.

No, the citadel was never useless. Over and above its strategic value it remains as a beacon of liberty and a pledge of what a united people can achieve. As steel is annealed in fire, nations are tested through endurance and heroic effort. So thought King Henri. The monument built atop Bonnet à l'Evêque testifies to a high philosophy of industry, labour, and discipline which he strove to instil in the hearts of his subjects.



Students of
Cap Haïtien
Teaching
College.



GUATEMALA

The Cross N Eau Vo

Accompanied by a priest and a teacher, a group of young students from Xavier Lyceum have planted a cross atop Eau Volcano. They enthusiastically relate their adventure in this essay which will surely endure in the history of their nation.

The students have refused to tell their names but the Cross will publish their daring exploit *ad maiorem Dei gloriam*.

Youth aspires to climb higher still higher. For some time back, the first year students of Xavier Lyceum, forty strong, had been planning to erect a cross atop the heights of one of the volcanoes which crown our land.

This was a bold project, of course, bristling with difficulties for us young people, but what did it matter? We were determined to see it through.

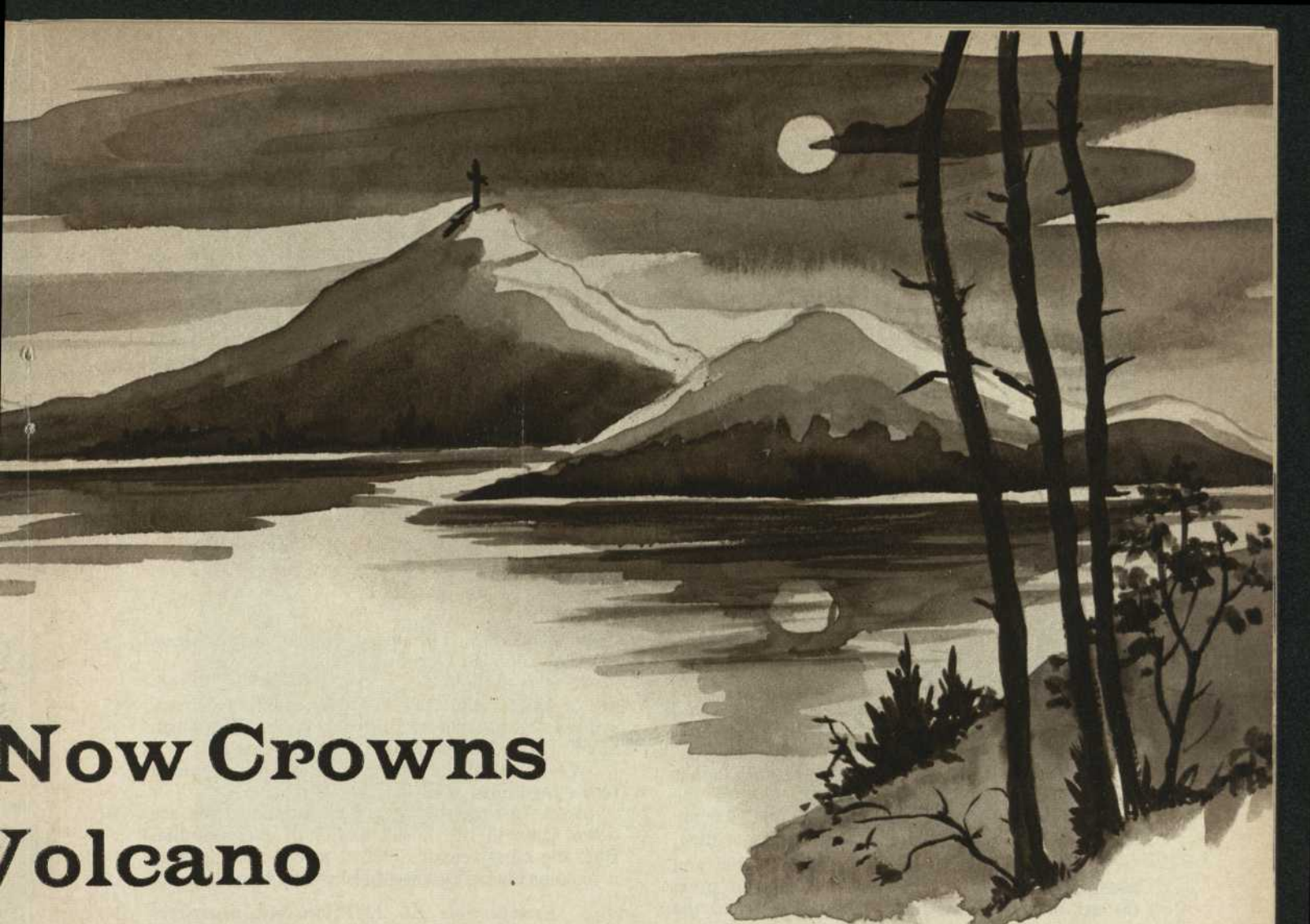
We started by purchasing the timber we would need for a cross about twenty-nine feet high by eight inches thick. It was fashioned into three separate pieces so as to facilitate our ascent. Be-

sides, we also bought metallic joints, screws, ropes, cement, and paint.

At last all was ready. Reverend Father Garcia blessed the cross standing between the papal and the Guatemalan flags, during the Friday patriotic ceremony. Then, despite the threat of a cloud-laden sky we set out in the early evening hours.

Like a huge bird cage on wheels, our chartered bus rang with songs and laughter as it rolled on the smooth town road.

At Antigua, the chief of police headquarters invited us to listen to a marimba orchestra. More-



Now Crowns Volcano

over, he offered us the use of a jeep to carry the cross. A few moments of rest, and we were on our way again.

We ate our supper in the bus, arriving at the Retena property late in the evening. Here we slept for several hours, dreaming of the cross and of the mighty volcano.

Towards midnight, a group of twenty boys went on ahead as scouts taking the cross timber and other equipment in the jeep. Shortly afterwards, the rest of the students followed. We reached the fringe of the Volcano's crater where our scouts were awaiting us shivering with cold and disheartened because the jeep could go no further.

A roaring camp fire was built to rekindle lagging energies and warm up everybody. As soon as the first rays of the dawn sent pencils of light playing over the landscape, the caravan resolutely set out on its march.

With seven companions, I carried one of the

crossbeams up the easy incline. At first we felt the burden suited to our strength. Gradually, however, as the trail grew steeper, a realistic way of the cross began for us with numerous painful falls and overwhelming fatigue. Although we took turns every ten minutes or so, we were bathed in perspiration and our shoulders were deeply bruised. We stumbled along over sharp stones, treacherous fissures, unexpected obstacles. Suddenly, an anguished cry rang out. "We've lost our way!"

All about us stretched immense fields of brown lava. What to do? At length, we heard the voices of our comrades who had kept to the trail and were now emerging on the opposite side of where we stood.

We finally rejoined our friends, battling our way through a heavily wooded ravine. Meanwhile, the sun had risen high overhead and was beating mercilessly down upon us. No more water in our

jugs, not a crumb of food anywhere! At least, we decided, we had earned a few moments of respite, and stretched out on the dusty road.

A few moments went by, then Father Garcia called out, "Let's climb for another ten minutes, then we'll rest for five." Up we jumped, gingerly feeling our aching muscles. What was not our surprise to see our teacher, Mr. Poitevin, take the lead with a crossbeam on his shoulder. This proved a fillip, a transfusion of courage which swept us up to the third camp site.

But, the worst lay ahead. The trail was now a serpent gliding up a sharp incline. At every step, our feet stumbled over the rough terrain. Undaunted, our brave little group kept on climbing until the crater was reached at 5:00 p.m. Our

way of the cross had lasted all of thirteen hours!

With a renewed burst of courage we set to work. While a group mixed the cement and prepared the paint, another screwed the beams in place. The cross was now ready to be erected. No easy job, this, to fix the great monument securely atop the highest ridge of Eau Volcano! The cold was intense on these heights, our hands were torn and bleeding, but at last, the glorious sign of our redemption was planted high and firm. We gazed upon it with a thrill of admiration.

The cross now crowns Eau Volcano. Its vertical beam symbolizes man desirous of detaching himself from this world, reaching beyond the stars; its horizontal beam signifies the arms of God outstretched upon mankind.

Homeward trail

The cold damp mists of the Guatemalan night chilled us to the bone. What did it matter? Our hearts were flushed with the warmth of victory.

It was so dark on the way down that we had to walk Indian file, slowly and prudently. Father Garcia took the lead, while Mr. Poitevin brought up the rear. About halfway down, the dark clouds scattered and the soothing silvery light of the full moon flooded our path. We shouted for joy and rushed down the slope raising clouds of dust.

At the last camping site, the team halted and assembled around its leaders to comment upon the act of courageous faith just performed to the

glory of Christ Redeemer. Above, Lady Moon benignly nodded approval...

If ever Satanic forces try to raise their standard in Guatemala, they will have to face the cross, symbol of centuries of Christian civilization which have moulded the soul of Latin America.

We boarded the bus and again it became a bird's cage filled with laughter and song.

After tasting the poetry of summits, we are down again in the prosaic reality of everyday life. But, the cross remains etched in our memories as it remains etched against the sky atop Eau Volcano.

*Excerpt from EL IMPARCIAL newspaper
Translated from the Spanish*



Guatemalans enjoy marimba orchestras.



Essay on a Bantu dialect

by Sister Saint Leo the Great

Many a time during the twelve years I was privileged to spend in Nyasaland, I was asked by tyro missionaries, "Can you say this or that in Chitumbuka?"

"Why not?" I invariably replied. "Anything you wish to say, anything that comes to your mind can be expressed in this dialect."

Tumbuka is one among hundreds of Bantu dialects used by Africans scattered from the Great Lakes to the Cape. To Westerners it may seem at first bizarre and difficult, for it has nothing in common with languages used in Europe or America. Ordinarily accentuated on the penult, Chitumbuka (*ci* is a prefix meaning language) has a pleasant sound scheme. Africans are adept at manifesting their ideas, sentiments, or physical condition through

¹. Pauline Longtin, Montreal.

the use of expressive onomatopoetic words. Much to my amusement, some patients at the dispensary where I worked explained all their symptoms in this typical fashion.

Rational methods and handbooks exist to facilitate the learning of this dialect. The first missionaries to arrive in Southern and in Central Africa found that the autochthons possessed no system of writing. One can easily imagine the difficulties they had to overcome in their work of evangelization. Indeed, without special assistance from the Spirit of Light how could they ever have grasped the mechanism of these strange dialects entirely unknown to them? To make up for the absence of a native system of writing, the missionaries represented the sounds they heard in Roman letters thus preparing the way for their successors. All the letters of our alphabet except q and x were used, the most in demand being k and w. As the improvised grammarians were careful to link phonetics and writ-

ing, present day orthography presents no problems.

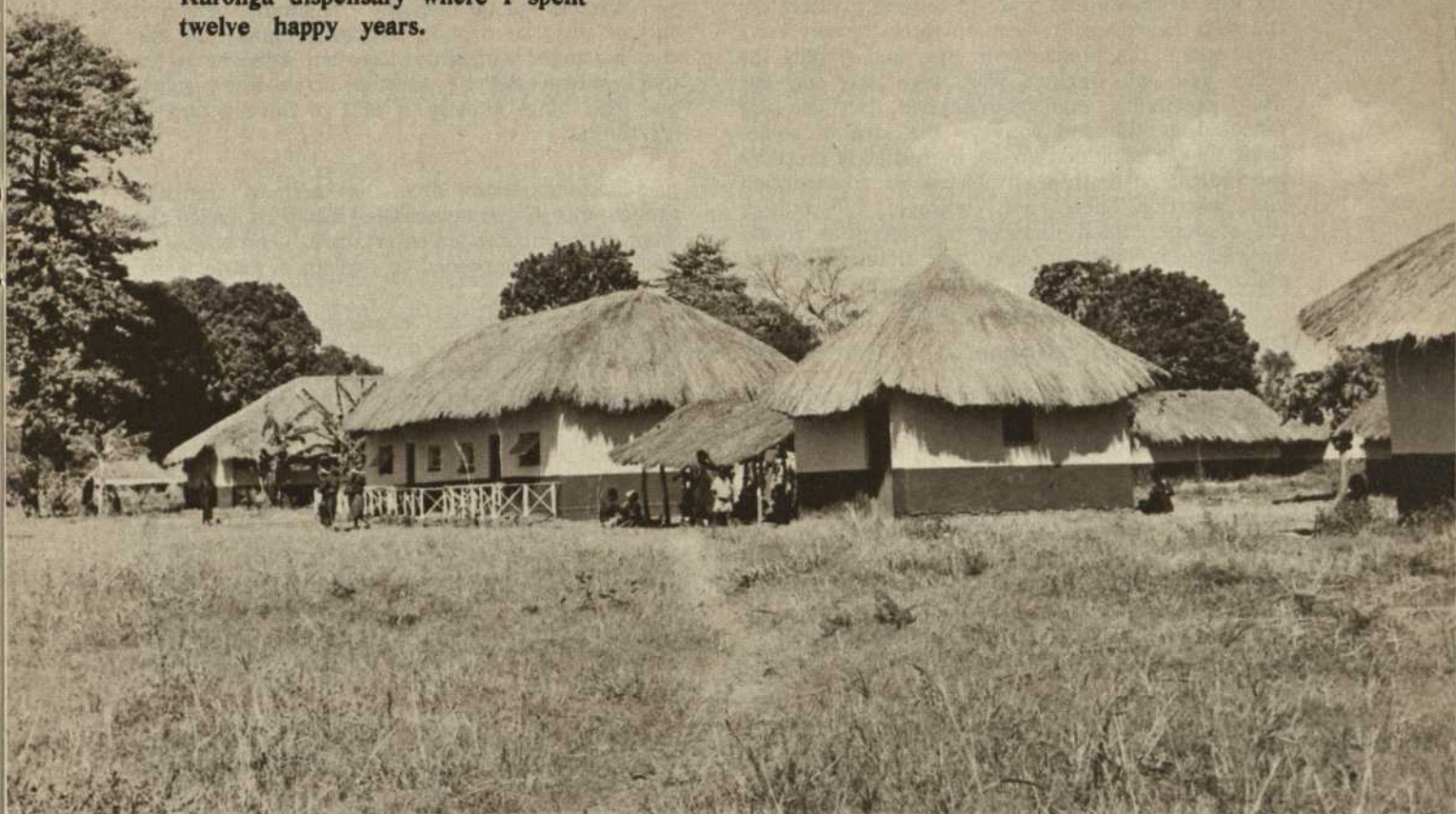
Moreover, pioneer missionaries among Bantu peoples codified the laws governing local tongues. This code adapted to divers dialects still guides whoever wishes to speak them in a correct and elegant manner. Vowels are pronounced as in French except for the u which is always sounded like oo in the English word too, and the e which is pronounced like the French é. Syllables are divided after the vowels — *ci-nthu*, not *cin-thu*, thing; *mba-mba-yira*, not *mbam-bayira*, potato; *Ci-tum-bu-ka*, not *Citum-buka*.

In the Citumbuka dialect, the noun governs the sentence, i.e., determines the agreement of verb and adjective. Nouns are divided into a dozen classes according to the initial letter or to the thing mentioned. The plural is usually formed by altering the first syllable: *mu-ntu*, man, becomes *wa-ntu*; *ci-jaro*, door, *vi-jaro*; *mu-kondo* lance, *mi-kondo*.



Medicine bottles
are no bogies
to this young patient.

Karonga dispensary where I spent twelve happy years.



The systematic classification of nouns makes for clearness and facilitates the study of the dialect notwithstanding the many exceptions encountered. With the coming of the British, the Watumbuga (*wa* designates people who use the *Tumbuka* dialect) have enriched their mother tongue with numerous words borrowed from English to describe imported items unknown in the region, and, therefore, having no appellation. Thus glass became *galasi*; bottle, *botolo*; school, *sukulu*; blanket, *bulanketi*; pen, *peni*. Such words were adapted to the Citumbuka rule which decrees that all consonants must be wedded to vowels. Thanks to this *tumbukanization* the newcomer who speaks English finds a ready-made vocabulary.

True adjectives which are rare are evolved from a radical to which a prefix is attached, prefix which varies according to the classification of the noun. For instance, *tali*, great, becomes *mutali* for a person, *citali* for a thing belonging

to the second class... Another qualificative adjective is the nominal adjective derived from a noun preceded by the genitive corresponding to the class of the subject mentioned. Thus, a strong man is a man of strength. Finally there exists a third species of qualificative adjectives which might be called verbal adjectives since they are made up of a verb in the infinitive preceded by the genitive particle: *kukora* means to hold; *cisulo*, a good tool which holds well will, therefore, be *cisulo cakukora*.

The verb consists of a radical to which may be joined prefixes in great number, entailing a verbal complexity which proves a headache for many a newcomer. Take for example, *nitinizenge*, future of certainty of the verb *kwiza*, to come, in which only the *z* of the radical has been retained! *Mungatilonzonga*, «lead us not into temptation» of the Our Father illustrates the elasticity of the Citumbuka verb. If we break

up this word, we find that to *longozga*, radical of the verb *kulongozga*, to lead, to show the way, have been added the prefixes *mu*, *nga*, and *ti* plus the suffix *nga*; *mu* signifies you; were only one *nga* used, possibility would be implied, but the *nga* repeated at the end conveys the idea of something that is forbidden; *ti*, we, immediately precedes the radical. All these problems of construction and insertion, need not, however, discourage the student. Such nuances but serve to reveal the clearness, precision, and logic of the Tumbuka dialect.

Proverbs and idioms

Among the two hundred Tumbuka proverbs, which I have noted, many have a distinct local flavour, while others are variations of proverbs in universal use. Thus, the saying "United we stand, divided we fall" is typically rendered, "A single finger cannot catch lice." "Once bitten, twice shy" the Watumbuka translate, he is prudent who has been stung. The equivalent of "Talk of the devil and his horns will appear" is if you mention a lion, be sure to climb up a tree. "There is no smoke without fire," goes the old English proverb; the Watumbuka say "When smoke comes out from somewhere there is a fire somewhere". To appear bright but to be dull inside, corresponds to our expression "to bluff". Who among us has not deplored that his memory was like a sieve? The people of Nyasaland put it this way, "Memory has no mother; it strays easily."

Here are a few other sayings dear to the elders: "It is better to lie on a straw mat than on the bare earth," implying that a wise man is content with little. "He has sent up smoke without fire," signifies that someone has stirred up a quarrel by his words. Nothing good comes from smoke; fire alone is useful. "You may wash the outside of a wound, but it will still hurt inside," others may forget your fault, but remorse keeps it alive inside your heart. "Royalty is in the hand"; a man's power and importance are disclosed by his gifts.

An inferior who requests a favour from a superior, begins his plea thus: "The tiny ant delegated the elephant..."

Whenever it grows very dark, the Tumbuka say, *pali biii*, the sound *i* being stressed according to the darkness. When something white is mentioned, they say *tuuu*, when yellow *pyu*.

Typical idioms abound. A kindly person is full of pity; of a short-tempered man it is said that his anger is uppermost; to cut someone to the quick is expressed by pinching a raw sore; someone who sings sweetly is said to have a bird in his throat.

Circumlocutions must be used to translate French into Citumbuka: the parlour is called the room-where-visitors-are-entertained. Sometimes a whole sentence is needed to explain a single word.

Moral concepts are expressed in an original and precise manner: to have a black heart means to be wicked, to have a clean heart, to be pure, to be ardent, to have a heart of fire. If you wish to say that you are feeling fine, you may use the comparison, I'm as strong as a rock.

Terms designating natural phenomena recall such occurrences by their construction, earthquakes, *cindindindi*, waterfalls, *cipopomo* (sound of falling water) a spring, *kawinduwindu*, (murmur of flowing water). A person who imitates a rooster's cry is called *wakukokorika*. *Ctkwiwkw* is the word for hiccups; *kumbwambwantha* means to tremble.

Daily conversations are interspersed with a series of interjections which add piquancy to the most commonplace subjects and justify the African's reputation for being outstanding storytellers.

Difficulties encountered in mastering Citumbuka have caused many a missionary to deplore the confusion of Babel, but the efforts realized in conquering such linguistic difficulties prove their friendship for the autochthons. Words being the vehicle of thoughts and feelings, how could one hope to communicate with one's fellow men if one did not use their language? The Africans say of someone who understands them, who can converse with them in their dialect, "He is one of our own. He knows what we mean and uses the same expressions as we do!"

Saint Augustine's words, "Love is proved by difficult works", are forever true.

The Herrings and The Codfish

The best fish that is caught in the seas of the North are the herrings. If you eat them on the spot, they are delicious; transported to Southern countries, they quickly lose their flavour and become insipid. Hence all kinds of devices were tried by fishermen to make the herrings reach the countries of Central and Southern Europe unaffected in their taste by the change of climate. No visible good results were obtained.

Then fishermen thought of making the herrings travel alive in reservoirs filled with salted water which are installed in ships. Even so, the herrings lost three-fourths of their natural flavour.

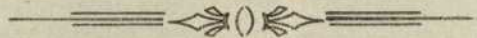
At last a captain of the English Navy had a bright idea. In the reservoirs of the herrings he put some aggressive fish, like the codfish. These forced the sleepy, inactive herrings to run continually in all directions and throughout the journey in order to save their life. A number of them, of course, were killed and eaten by the codfish; but most of them arrived at their destination safe and... delicious to the palate.

Thus, it is evident that the herrings lost their flavour because of their inertia and sluggishness. They preserved it in movement.

From the above experiment the famous philosopher of history, A. Toynbee, has drawn the following conclusion. The herrings are the Christians: the codfish their ungodly persecutors, who, by attacking the faithful, force them to move and be active for their immortal soul and for heaven. It is their inertia that makes Christians insipid, both in their religious and moral life, and... for Heaven.

"To them that love God," says St. Paul, "all things work together unto good", (Rom. 8. 28) even the most cruel persecutions.

(Condensed from *Citta Nuova*)



The children who say these beautiful prayers every day (the Hail Mary and the mission invocation) show that they have in their hearts all those for whom Jesus shed His most precious blood.

Pope Benedict XV



CIKUNGU. NORTHERN RHODESIA

Dedicated to an anonymous benefactor...

ZIKOMO

by Sister Saint Alexandrine, M.I.C.

(Evelyn O'Neill, Quebec.)

One day, in Cikungu, we received a donation marked "for needy children". No name, no address, not the least clue as to where it came from or who had sent it. Evidently, the donor wished it to be a stringless gift.

We, however, want our anonymous friend to know to what use his donation has been put.

As soon as our new mission of Cikungu was opened, we started a Domestic Science Centre for the town housewives. First, a few weeks before Christmas, thanks to the funds received, we bought some sugar, a rare and precious treat, and made a general distribution. Secondly, each mamma was provided with enough material to make a child's dress. Thirdly, we organized a "cup of milk" movement.

Every afternoon, towards two, the mothers arrive at the Domestic Science Centre accompanied by their young hopefuls. No sooner have the latter espied me than they shout, "Sister, please, please, give us some milk."

They are darlings everyone and my heart swells with pride as I watch them contentedly sipping their delicious treat. You should see how chubby they are getting. But if the children are getting fat, the milk containers are, alas, slowly growing empty.

Thanks also to our anonymous friend, the children now are properly dressed, for their mammas have learned how to cut and sew.

Home visits are on our schedule here as they were in Fort Jameson. I, for one, am convinced that without them our teaching would not be so successful. These visits serve to fan the interests of our students and alter formal teacher-student relations into warm friendly feelings. At school, we are respected as teachers, but in the home we are looked upon as friends.

As I visited one of my pupils, I noticed that her six-year-old boy popped in and stood watching me solemnly. When I was about to leave, he blurted out, "Sister, won't you give Mamma a star for patching my pants?" and he swung around to show me a neat patch. He had examined the weekly card I give to my students with notes for hygiene, cooking, sewing, and had decided that his dear mamma deserved a star.

One Sunday, before Mass, three-year-old Rubeni sang out as I came up to the church entrance, "Amayi, will you give me a cup of milk today?" Many eyebrows went up at what the elders considered as impertinence, but Rubeni was unabashed. Whenever he sees a Sister, he always makes it a point to run up to her and shake hands politely.

"Amayi, will you give a cup of milk today? Tomorrow? and later on?" I wish our dear anonymous benefactor could hear the clear childish voices pleading and feel the chubby black hands trustingly slipped into his own. Certainly, then, dwindling cans of powdered milk would be refilled and the precious ration assured for weeks and months. Cikungu sends this "angel unawares" a hearty *Zikomo*, Thank You!





Chinese
countryside.

"Rise, clasp my hand and come..."

FROM SHANGHAI TO PONT VIAU

by Sister Agnes of the Immaculate ¹, M.I.C.

Childhood milieu

I was born and spent my childhood in the good city of Shanghai, main outlet of the Yangtze Valley and chief seaport on the eastern coast of Asia. At that time, it was a thriving cosmopolitan centre with numerous foreign residents who lived in the International Settlement. In these foreign concessions there were several Catholic churches; elsewhere in the city a few such churches could also be found.

An only child, I was brought up in a Buddhist family where belief in the Enlightened One had been transmitted from generation to generation and where nobody knew anything about the Christian faith.

My given name was Shoo Wah. Often my mother would say as she cradled me in her arms, "My little Shoo Wah, I carry you as the *shoo wah* carries its blossoms!" (The *shoo wah* is a lovely flowering tree.) I was proud of my graceful name. Within the family circle, however, everybody called me by my nickname, Neu Neu, Dolly.

Educational milieu

As soon as I was old enough, Mamma enrolled me as student at the Catholic school of Zi Kai Wei. The parish in which it was situated had been named in memory of a famous Chinese courtier who, long ago, had become a convert to Catholicism. Ardent faith burned in the hearts of the parishioners who held tenaciously to the creed of their ancestors.

The boarding school of Zi Kai Wei was then in charge of the Helpers of the Holy Souls, a French sisterhood. My stay in this establishment was to change the course of my entire life.

Being a boarder, I often heard the Sisters praying to Jesus and Mary. On Saturday afternoons and on Sundays, they would tell us stories about Christ and His blessed Mother.

Before long, I made friends with some Catholic students who introduced me to the priests. Although the virtuous and dedicated life led by the missionaries made a deep impression upon me, their religion at first left me indifferent.

I was to grasp the importance of seeking the true faith only during a retreat made at Zi Ka Wei.

Baptism

Gradually, I felt drawn to investigate into the claims of Catholicism. The more I studied its doctrine the more I came to appreciate it. I began to yearn after baptism. When I told my mother how things stood, she vehemently opposed my desires, repeatedly declaring, "If you insist on becoming a Catholic, I will no longer consider you as my daughter. You will be driven from my home." Saddened by this decision and unwilling to cross my dear mother further, I decided to wait. Turning in all filial trust to our Lady, my heavenly Mother, I entreated her to arrange matters. Three years were to elapse during which I could only pray and hope. Eventually, my prayers were heard and Mamma gave her consent.

First call to religious life

When I was baptized, God made me feel in a mysterious way that He wanted me to become a religious. For a long time I resisted the call to a higher life as I could not then grasp the grandeur of a religious vocation.

About two months after my baptism, the Communists invaded Shanghai. I left for Hong Kong where I pursued my studies in a school conducted by the Canossian Sisters. Although convinced that God was calling me to the religious life, I struggled against the idea with all my might. Six years did I spend in this interior strife before I surrendered to the will of God. It now only remained for me to determine into which religious community I would enter.



"Within the family circle, everyone called me Neu Neu, Dolly."



Morning Star
School,
Zikawei.

Boarding Star Ferry Boat
for Kowloon.



Good Hope
Secondary School.
Sister Saint Denise.
(Odile Malbœuf,
Sudbury).



Graduating Class,
Mount Good Hope.
Sister Therese Martin
(Therese Beaudette,
Beauvallon, Alta).



Obedience shows the way

When my spiritual director learned that I had at last made up my mind to enter the convent he urged me to contact the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Kowloon.

Although I knew nothing of this Community, I immediately left for Kowloon in obedience to my director's advice.

The Sisters received me as an aspirant. With what enthusiasm I shared in all their apostolic activities! Theirs appeared to me as the most wonderful of vocations. Daily, I taught the doctrine, visited the sick and the needy, helped the refugees, gave assistance to the dying. God's call heard on the day of my baptism became clearer and clearer. I now knew what my life work would be. God wanted me to be a missionary.

The response

My mother who was still a non-Catholic found it extremely hard to give up her only child. Time

and again she strove to make me change my mind. It was hard for me also to ask this sacrifice of her who could not be expected to understand what a religious vocation meant. Indeed, to those deprived of faith it appears as nonsensical.

But, fortified by God's grace I took the decisive step and left China to begin my noviceship in distant Canada.

Epilogue

Towards the end of my two years of noviceship, I was overjoyed to learn that Mamma had entered the Catholic Church. With the belief in God she found the strength to give her daughter to His service.

On February 11, 1963, she was present, moved to tears, as her Shoo Wah now Sister Agnes of the Immaculate made her perpetual vows in the Pont Vieu Novitiate chapel.

"Mamma found in the Catholic faith the strength to give up her only child to God. She was present at the ceremony of my perpetual vows, Feb. 11, 1963."





JAPANESE GASTRONOMY

In ancient chronicles, Japan is often called the "Land of rich, ripe, rice ears" proof enough that, from remote antiquity, rice was the staple food of the islands.

Does anything taste better than white rice cooked the Japanese way? I doubt it. The housewife seems to be performing a family rite as she rinses it carefully before setting it to boil on a quick fire for the first twenty minutes, then lets it simmer over moderate heat until all the water has evaporated. As it is never stirred while cooking, the grains remain whole and entire.

Cooked rice is served in small wooden casks placed close to the low family table beside the mother who fills up the bowls as they are passed around.

On feast days, *sekihan*, rice cooked with small red beans is eaten. Even at present, certain families observe the custom of serving *sekihan* on lucky days, i. e., the 1st and the 15th of each month.

by Sister Marie Theotime, M.I.C.

(Simonne Frigon, Cowansville.)

The essence of Japanese cooking may be said to be a conscious attempt to preserve the natural flavour of foods rather than to experiment with rich and aromatic sauces.

Seasoning

Like bread, rice has no particular taste. A favourite seasoning is *o miso*, a sort of bean paste used as a basis for soups. Other relishes are: slices of pickled *daikon*, radishes, or of *hakusai*, Chinese cabbage, thin strips of seaweed, fresh or dried fish, etc.

Every autumn, housewives in rural areas fill wooden casks to the brim with radishes, cabbages, turnips, cucumbers. After being

cut to convenient size, the pieces are laid in the casks row upon row with generous sprinklings of coarse salt in between; then, heavy weights are placed on the covers and the whole is left to soak. Prior to serving with the rice, these pickled vegetables are rinsed in cold water, then cut into thin slices.

Plums pickled in the above manner or in rice wine and imbedded in balls of cooked rice provide an appetizing quick lunch to take on trips or picnics. These pickled plums are said to possess certain medicinal properties useful in the treatment of common colds and in bowel complaints.

But the chief seasoning is

shoyu, a thin, piquant sauce concocted out of soy beans and cereals. The beans are first cooked for several hours in hermetically closed containers; roasted wheat or barley, malt, and brine are added, then the mixture is poured into huge vats to ferment. Once the fermentation is complete, it is filtered and bottled. *Shoyu* is used with nearly all Japanese dishes. This largely vegetarian regime may in part be explained by the fact that most of the islands being in a temperate clime, the people do not feel any great necessity for using animal fat. Another reason is that fish and vegetables are more readily available than poultry and meat. Finally, Japanese culinary habits have been strongly influenced by

YOKAN, a delicacy served on festive occasions.



Buddhism, which forbids the killing of animals. The permission to eat fish although that also entails a taking of life contrary to strict Buddhist tenets, seems to have been a concession to human frailty.

Sea food

Japanese cuisine has also been influenced by the great variety of fresh food available in the nearby sea. The four main islands with their landlocked bays teem with some of the world's tastiest fish. Raw, dried, broiled, or boiled, fish is on the daily menu of most families. A much appreciated dish is *o sashimi*, slices of raw fish flavoured with soy sauce, grated ginger, or sweetened vinegar. Another dish, which appeals to the Japanese palate is *unagi*, broiled eels, dipped in a pungent sauce made of sugar, *shoyu*, and *mirin*, sweet rice wine. To eliminate the trouble of eating eels and rice separately, a dish called *mamushi* has been developed consisting in a sort of sandwich of two layers of rice with the fish pressed in between.

Vegetable and fruits

There is no lack of vegetables in Japan. Among the more common are huge radishes sometimes a foot in length, Chinese cabbages, onions, several kind of potatoes, pumpkins, bulbs of the lotus, the lily, the iris, flowers and leaves of edible chrysanthemums, ginger roots, bamboo shoots, etc.

Beans play an important role in Japanese cuisine. From the small red bean, *azuki*, a thick, sweet sauce is concocted to be eaten poured over *nigiri*, cold rice balls, or between two wafers. When a little gelatine is added to the sauce to solidify it, it becomes the *yokan*, a delicacy served on festive occasions.



Japanese dishes appeal to the eye as well as to the palate.



Small plates and dishes are used.



Tables are

Japanese style —

food western style.

Tofu, bean curd, is made from the soy bean. Although tasteless it adds nutritional value to soups and stews. Squares of this cheese fried in vegetable oil, then dipped in sweetened *shoyu* are used as sheaths for balls of cold rice to be carried as lunch to school or to work.

Fruit-bearing trees are cultivated throughout the islands. In the south, the chief crop is the *mikan*, a small orange, of which there are many varieties. Apricots, figs, loquats, persimmons are found in abundance. In the north there are fine orchards which produce tasty apples. The Japanese pear is quite different from ours. Round and hard, with a coarse rind, it is, nonetheless, a juicy refreshing fruit according to local tastes.

Udon, Somen, Soba

Among the most popular dishes are *udon*, a kind of noodles and two varieties of vermicelli, *somen*

made from wheat flour, and *soba* from buckwheat. These are regarded as "livelong" foods in Japan. First used in the Edo era (18th century) they were then served in homes on the occasion of funerals or of memorial services during the Lantern Festival. Today, numberless shops specialize in quick lunch-time delivery of *soba* or *somen* to office or factory workers. *Udon* carts, little stalls on wheels, operate throughout busy cities at fixed locations well known to those who stay up late.

In Tokyo, until recently, "*soba* boys" used to stack tray upon tray of buckwheat noodles in bowls upon their shoulders and nonchalantly pedal through the snarl of traffic. Although they performed with the dexterity of circus acrobats, they were such a headache to the worried police force that a law has been passed requiring the stacks of trays to be carried on racks in the back of their bicycles.

Food for gala occasions

Tempura — prawns, fish, or vegetables cooked to a crisp golden brown in batter — is a dish appreciated by the Japanese as well as by their foreign guests. Another dish of international renown is *sukiyaki*. It consists of thin slices of beef, translucent circles of raw onions, neat squares of bean curd, mounds of fresh greens, slippery coils of transparent noodles cooked on the spot in an iron skillet placed over an electric hot plate or a charcoal brazier placed close to the table. Ingredients are dropped one by one into the skillet. The hostess stirs, adds soy sauce and sugar, and urges her guests to snap up with their chopsticks choice tidbits as fast as they are cooked.

Beverages

The Japanese drink green tea during and after each meal. Visitors who call at any time of



the day are offered the national beverage always served without milk or sugar. Choice brands of tea made from the most tender leaves of the tea shrubs are used in higher classes. *Bancha* the so-called tea of the lower classes is made out of chopped leaves, stalks, and bits of wood taken from trimmings of the tea-plant. There are several varieties in between.

In the famous *cha-no-yu*, tea cult ceremony, the best grade of powdered tea is used.

Sake, rice wine, is usually served to guests invited for a formal meal.

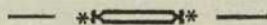
Table service

Rice and soups are served in small bowls, fish in a small, shallow dish, pickled vegetables on still smaller dishes. Our foreign cups and plates are a source of amusement for those unaccustomed to western ways who consider them as fit to be used only in

Gargantuan repasts. Today, however, there are very few Japanese who are not familiar with foreign ways and customs; indeed, in large urban centres numerous families have adopted western cuisine and dishes.

To the traditional *bento* of rice, fish, or vegetables, the greater

number of modern school children prefer bread sandwiches or cakes. But, steaming, appetizing bowls of rice cooked in the ancient manner are always served at the evening meal. There is nothing like it to restore one's depleted strength after the labours of a long hard day.



JAPAN

Gravel Gardens

Hothouses extending over an area of thirty acres are being utilized by gardeners of the Kochi Prefecture in Japan for year long cultivation of summer produce.

Kochi lies in one of Japan's most temperate zones. Its farmers have perfected their techniques in such a way that their annual agricultural income has been estimated at \$2,778.00, a very high figure in this part of the world.

Hothouses are built of vinyl instead of glass. Some are as small as 450 square feet; others are huge. All are heated by steam. Semiautomatic irrigation networks are in use.

Fruits, vegetables, and flowers are grown in these modern gardens and sold throughout Japan thanks to a co-operative organization made up of about 24,000 farmers.

At the foot of Mount Fuji, a group of farmers utilize ordinary hothouses for the cultivation of vegetables in gravel. No soil is used, plants being set in forcing-beds of gravel laid in wooden trenches.

Liquid fertilizer is then poured over the beds to hasten the growth of seedlings. Wooden trenches are used in order to prevent loss of precious liquid, costs being thereby cut by half.

More and better vegetables can be cultivated in this manner than by ordinary methods.



SCHOOL FOR LITTLE ONES

by Sister Saint Thomas Aquinas¹, M.I.C.

Erected on the site of the old parish church, the new school is a low brick building with a zinc roof, housing six large classes for the primary school children.

On September 15, His Excellency Right Reverend C. Rolland, M. S., came from Antsirabe for the inauguration ceremony. So many people had gathered for the occasion that a number of Christians had to stand in the vestibule during the Holy Sacrifice.

The spiritual leaders of the various dioceses were happy to grasp this opportunity of imparting doctrinal instruction to the faithful of scattered parochial centres.

After Mass, towards 11:15 a.m., Christians and non-Christians as well came flocking over to the school to hear His Excellency explain in their own language the significance of the ceremony and the importance of Christian education.

Although our ears are as yet unfamiliar

with Malagasy, our eyes are already getting used to Malagasy things and lights and colours. The crowd around us appeared like a living, mobile rainbow; young girls sheltered from the searing sunshine under dainty parasols in pastel shades; fat babies riding on their mammas' backs placidly munching sticks of sugar cane or sucking on oranges; older men and women draped in their *lamba* listening with rapt attention; students in various school uniforms, patiently waiting for the end of the long religious ceremony and the opening of the great *kilalao*, athletic performance...

It was high noon before the guests were guided to their seats of honour on the playground of the old school. On the right of His Excellency sat Reverend Father Jean Guy, his Malagasy secretary, Reverend Fathers Raffin, pastor, Martel, of Antsirabe, and Torre, chaplain; on the left, Mr. Botokey, Minister of Education, his chief of cabinet, Mr. Louis Samat of Morondava, and other important personages. Were also present the superiors of our three houses: Sisters Saint

¹ Angèle Lemaire, Pont Viau

Adelaide ¹, Marie Helene ², and Margaret of Scotland ³, and the Sisters newly arrived from the homeland.

Mr. George, always so sympathetic towards the missionaries, whom he calls "voluntary exiles", gave the address of welcome and offered the customary gifts; the Honourable Minister of Education then spoke in turn.

At long last, the 800 pupils of the school who had been waiting for two hours began to perform. Malagasy *kilalao*, athletic entertainments, are typical affairs whose actors usually are children. Contests are often held among the various educational institutions; thus, last year, our Grade 8 students, under the direction of their teacher, Mr. Casimir, won the top prize.

The programme consisted of mimes, folklore dancing, songs, legends, etc., presented by the youthful actors dressed in colourful costumes.

Malagasy children have an inborn sense of music and rhythm and follow the measure with extraordinary precision. I admired the endurance of the local musicians squatting on their bare feet for hours on end.

They surely deserved the two thousand francs allotted the winners.

After the performance, refreshments were served to the guests, then the crowd went away, delighted with the pleasant entertainment.

We, tyro missionaries, also enjoyed this uninauguration ceremony which afforded us an insight into the Malagasy mentality. Already, we love our dear charges and are determined to do our share in training them to be upright citizens and ardent Christians.

¹ Adelaide Tremblay, Saint Cyprian, Temiscouata

² Rose Helene Turgeon, Saint Anselme

³ Marguerite Legendre, Megantic Lake





SHIH KUANG TZE, FORMOSA

Rescued Through the Miraculous Medal

Typhoons are frequent occurrences in Taiwan. For a few days past, radio broadcasts had been warning us of the approach of another, whimsically named Gloria. It came in in grand style with two days of squalls as forerunners; then, the rain swept down in torrents upon the Hsinchu region.

On the morning of the third day, many rooms on the lower floor of our convent were flooded. Lashed by a furious gale, the rain penetrated through crevices in doors and windows. Outside, the yard was transformed into a miniature lake.

Before the end of the third day, the dam in a river at a short distance from here broke down, flooding the surrounding area in an alarming fashion. Police officials were rushed to the rescue of several families trapped on the roofs of their half-submerged farm houses.

Meantime, the water level in our convent slowly rose, but we were reluctant to leave until neighbouring police officials urged us to do so as our position was growing more serious. The Sisters hastily made small bundles of essentials, while I went to the chapel to take out the Holy Species from the tabernacle and carry them away to safety. Placing the ciborium in a small traveling bag, I saw to last minute preparations and gave the signal to go. At the last moment, how-

ever, the four mammas with babies hospitalized at our dispensary refused to budge. As our guides refused to see to their safety, we decided to remain where we were. How could we abandon these frightened women to their fate? I replaced the Divine Guest on the altar with a whispered prayer for help, then I surveyed the scene from a window, and threw a miraculous medal into the waters which swirled angrily about our walls.

During the next hour, we almost forgot the peril we were in, as we moved first the Blessed Sacrament, then all perishable goods, food, medicine, medical kits, upstairs.

Sisters Saint Elizabeth¹ and Marie Esther,² who had arrived here for a visit a day ahead of Gloria, helped and encouraged us in our trial.

Towards evening, Our Lady gave us a tangible proof of her maternal protection. The village chief approached the house in a boat, shouting the reassuring message that the principal breach in the dam having been repaired, there was no immediate danger. The water was even starting to go down.

Notwithstanding this message, two Sisters kept watch all night. It was 2:00 a.m. when another message came through, saying that the way was clear. Deo gratias!

¹ Blanche Ménard, Saint Elizabeth, Joliette

² Alice Buteau, Our Lady of Guadalupe

Reverend R. Gagnon, S.J., sloshed through the muddy streets at 4:30 a.m., to inquire after our safety and say Mass in our dismantled chapel.

During the following days, distressing news were broadcast of the death of hundreds of persons many Christians among them, who had lost their lives in the floods. A great number of people had also been rendered homeless as their flimsy dwellings had been carried off on the roaring water.

As soon as possible, we went out to give what assistance we could. To our surprise, we heard no complaints. We were deeply impressed by the dignified and serene attitude of these people who

had lost all their earthly goods. Their noble behaviour under stress redoubled our gratitude to God and Our Lady who had protected us in such a wonderful way.

How we wish it were in our power to help these afflicted people in a practical manner! This is one of the missionaries' keenest sufferings — to feel how limited are their spiritual and material means in the face of all the good to be done. Perhaps, after all, this very suffering is not without weighing its weight in gold in the total redemptive plan of Christ.

by **Sister Saint Rosalie, M.I.C.**
(Ursule Charette, Three Rivers)



Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

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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.
NOMININGUE, 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., 85 Victoria Street.

UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, Mass., 207 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

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

FORMOSA

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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.

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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.
ANTSIRABE St. Therese's Parish of Mabozoarivo

PERU

PUCALLPA.
LIMA, Escuela Maria de la Providencia Napo.
Entre Centenario y San Luis, Azcona (Brena.)

GUATEMALA

TOTONICAPAN, Guatemala, A.C. Colegio P. Betancourt.

BOLIVIA

SANTA CRUZ, Cardinal Cushing Business
College, Calle Lemoine, Casilla 70.
COCHABAMBA, Academia Comercial, Calle Oruro No 300, Casilla 1667.
IRUPANA.

CHILI

ANCUD, Colegio Inmaculada Concepcion, Calle Errazuriz.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, Immaculate Conception Anglo Chinese
Academy, Gen. Luna St., Intramuros.
MANILA, 2212 S. del Rosario St., Tondo.
SAN JUAN, Little Baguio, Rizal.
LAS PINAS, Rizal.
MATI, Davao Province.
DAVAO City, Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall.
PADADA, Davao Province.
BAGUIO City, 11, Pacdal.

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, Orphanage, cite No. 2, Haiti.
PORT AU PRINCE, Novitiate, Cite No. 2, Haiti.
CROIX DES BOUQUETS, Haiti.
DESCHAPELLES, Albert Schweitzer Hospital
Post Box No. 4, Saint Marc, Haiti.
LA BOULE, Haiti.
HINCHE, Haiti.
COLON, Province of Matanzas, Cuba

AFRICA

KATETE MISSION, Champira P.O. Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZAMBAZI MISSION, Eutini P.O. Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
RUMPI MISSION, Rumpi P.O. Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KARONGA MISSION, Karonga P.O. Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
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Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.
NYIMBA MISSION, Sacred Heart Hospital
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CIKUNGU, CATHOLIC MISSION
Kazimuki P.O., Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.

