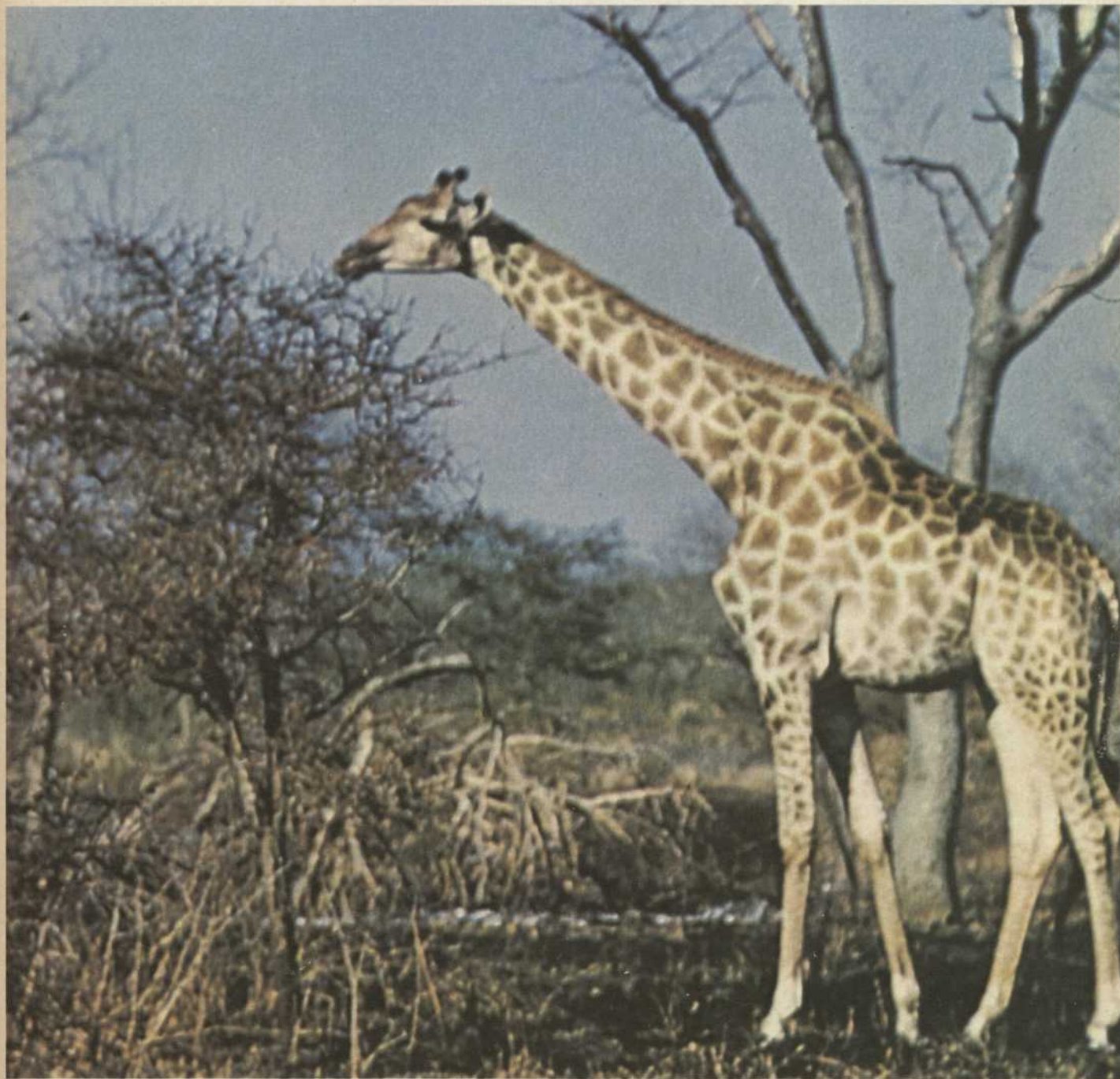


THE PRECURSOR

May — June 1968 Montreal — Vol. XXVIII — no 3



Exploring the Lumimba Game Reserve.

Photo: Whysall's



MISSIONARY INTENTION FOR MAY: The Gospel, wellspring of unity among races.



MISSIONARY INTENTION FOR JUNE:
The Church in China.

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No 3 — May — June 1968 — Vol. XXVIII

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Reverend A. Cossette, p.m.e.
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**LAYMEN AND
MISSIONARY**

**THIRD WORLD
CONGRESS OF
LAY APOSTOLATE**

Jean-Paul Pelletier

THE CHURCH'S ACTIVITIES

It was my privilege, in October 1967, to be present at the rendezvous of the Christian laity in Rome. Close to the Holy Father, next door to the Bishops' Synod, Christian laymen from all over the world had assembled in Congress so as to define the presence of the People of God in the modern world, according to the teachings of Vatican II.

During the eight days that the Congress lasted (October 11 to 18), the participants had every opportunity for an interchange of ideas, for giving

and receiving advice, for relating experiences, for speaking and for listening... The programme comprised two series of meetings on sixteen related subjects.

In the first series, *Man Today*, we were invited to consider the soul of peoples everywhere, that is to say, their intimate lives, in order to discover their aspirations. Before doing anything about situations, it is necessary to acquire adequate knowledge of background and of environment.

This first series of meetings having helped to pinpoint the situation of present-day man and his spiritual attitudes with regard to family and society, the Congress went on to shed light upon the task of the laity in the Church's post-conciliar renewal.

In order to reach all men, the People of God must unceasingly renew itself and accept the exigencies of its mandate in the world today. It must, therefore, enter into the spirit of the Council, that is, it must act in perfect accord with the Sovereign Pontiff and with the hierarchy, interpreters of the wishes and decisions of the Council. Its vision of the Church must be worldwide, for the whole world expects a genuine Christian testimony.

The seventh theme of the second series of meetings — *Role of Laity in the Missionary Activity of the Church* — held keen interest for a great number of participants. This encounter proved profoundly enlightening on the vast, universal problem of evangelization.

For those who participated in the discussions, the real value lay in the interchange of ideas, but above all in the knowledge gained from one another, "delegates from all climes, all colours, all cultures". Due to the worldwide character of the Congress (103 countries represented), to the difference in languages used (5 official languages), and to the diversity of milieux concerned (Catholic and non-Catholic Communities), the dialogue was colourful indeed. The manifestation of the missionary activity of Canadians differs a good deal from that of Africans or Asians because Canadians do not feel the influence of the other beliefs such as Buddhism for instance. Our missionary activity, therefore, is rather an activity of sustaining than a genuine witnessing through presence...

Taking into account this diversity of environment, we clearly grasped why, in this meeting, the religious values of different peoples were emphasized. The report was summarized as follows in the bulletin of the permanent committee for Lay Apostolate International Congresses: "Greater liberty is to be left to particular Churches especially to those recently implanted, enabling them to realize their own experiences in order to discover the true expression of their Christian spirit. This value of authenticity requires an appropriate formation of priests and of laymen, and a revision implying in turn dialogue between the hierarchy and the laity at all levels, as well as dialogue and collaboration in the ecumenical sphere."

"Attention was drawn to the presence of millions of aliens, workers or students, in traditionally Christian communities. These communities should be more open to the difficulties of such persons in their midst. They should also be ready to admit that Christian emigrants are co-responsible for the evangelization of their new environment."

"In closing, the Report stressed the generally acknowledged fact, that the two notions of development and evangelization are closely related. As a Christian, I am expected to develop and to evangelize."

The above lines are a résumé of a few of the Lay Apostolate's concerns with regard to the missionary activity of the Church. They are mass impressions which stem from the testimonials brought by participants in the Congress.

Our hearts must be filled with charity for our modern world in its quest for truth, security, and peace. Charity consists in our approach to others, in our efforts to understand them better so as to assist them better. In his allocution at the Congress, Father Congar compared this charity to the parable of the Good Samaritan.

Loyal trust in the Church's teaching authority must reign among the People of God. The Christian laity should walk in the ways of obedience, especially in the accomplishment of their missionary duty. They must obey the Church and trust in her guidance, for she continues here below the evangelical and sanctifying mission of her Founder, Christ Jesus.

The vital organizations of the Church bring to the "poor" the assistance of the "rich". In the light of Vatican II, the Christian today is the hope of the world, because he is mission-minded, and because to be mission-minded is to carry within oneself the solution to men's problems.

Two thousand five hundred delegates of the Lay Apostolate have considered the joys and trials of the world, and have endeavoured to elaborate a programme of adequate assistance at "grass root" level in each society represented at the Congress. It now remains for the entire Christian laity to participate in this great enterprise of a renewal of the forces of good in order to ensure peace to men, our brothers. Peace is not merely a cease-fire, but interior serenity for each and everyone in the environment of normal life.

Part of the landscape

Among the men of courage and achievement who were responsible for the first permanent settlements in America, a great number could be termed as knights-errant of our Lady. They lived in an epoch when her name was "embroidered on the bright mantle of the European world" as the fairest decoration. Despite innumerable wars, revolutions,

MARY PERU'S PALLADIUM

civil strifes, clashes of ideas, Europe remained faithful to her. How aptly Henry Adams expresses this in his "Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres":

For centuries I brought you all my cares,
And vexed you with the murmurs of a child;
You heard the tedious burden of my prayers;
You could not grant them, but at least you
smiled.

Veneration of Mary in Europe was "part of landscape". Those hardy men who brought the Old World to the New — discoverers, settlers, missionaries — carried with them tender devotion to the Mother of God as their best treasure for a new life in the lands they opened to the world. Here as in Europe, Marian devotion became "part of the landscape".

Wherever we go today, from the desolate stretches of Terra del Fuego, through Brazil, up Central America we encounter, as nowhere else perhaps, tender attachment to and filial veneration for Mary, the Mother of God and the mother of men. The people needed a protectress; they turned to Mary

by Sister Simone Sabourin, M.I.C.

with the overflowing trust of children, and were not rebuffed. There is no doubt that devotion to our Lady was the most important single factor which vitalized and maintained the Christian faith among the great masses of Indian converts.

Material aspects of veneration for our Lady appears in hundreds of churches and chapels. Shrines created by the early Spaniards and by the Portuguese were vast and splendid. For their part, the Indians brought the gifts they possessed; a colourful folklore, a dramatic sense of life. Their relations with Mary were of an extraordinary intimacy, of a rare sensitivity of emotion. They honoured her under such titles as *Mamita*, Little Mother, *La Pequenita*, the Little One, *La Chaparita*, the Delicate Beloved.

Universities, colleges, towns, cities, military orders, city officialdom, commercial concerns, etc., vied in honouring Mary. Her name, her images under various representations were and are still copied and recopied, photographed, carved, printed, indefinitely reproduced throughout the vast reaches of Latin America, from the lofty sierras to the fertile valleys, from the greatest cities to the humblest *barrios*.

Some forms of Marian devotion may seem strange to our way of thinking, but the intentions behind them are pure. The Indians' lack of skepticism is a blessing. Who are we to criticize their mode of prayer, their bottomless confidence, their total surrender to God through our Blessed Mother?

Marian manifestations in Peru

Among the numerous devotional practices introduced by the Spanish missionaries in Peru, was the singing of the *Salve Regina* and of the Litany of Loretto, every Saturday of the year. In 1605, Pope Paul V granted an indulgence of 50 days to all who were faithful to this practice.

The settlers favoured various pious confraternities established in honour of our Lady. Funds were contributed out of which dowries could be provided for destitute young girls. Considerable amounts were also spent in the ornamentation of favourite statues or shrines.

Much has been written and said regarding processions in Latin America and, to the critical eye, they may appear somewhat heterodox. For the Indians, however, they are a means of expressing





1- One of the splendid shrines created by the conquistadores.

2- *Maria Auxiliadora*, another of Lima's Marian shrines.

3- *La Merced's* interior, oasis of serene recollection.

4- Altar dedicated to Our Lady of Roses in *La Merced*.



President Fernando Belaúnde arrives at La Merced to attend Mass, September 24, 1966.

their religious fervour. There is no officiousness about these manifestations, no ordering of any kind, no hurry, but a serenity that springs from a profound understanding of the role of Mary as the mother of men, the *Mamita*.

At the time of the Spanish conquest the Indians excelled in masked dances which they performed in honour of the Mother of God, on the occasion of her most important feasts. These dances are still performed today, more particularly at the great pilgrimage centres. Richly garbed in exotic costumes, the dancers enter the church, accompanied by a troupe of musicians. They dance and sing as they proceed up the aisle to where the statue of Mary stands, ready to be carried out in procession. Outside, on the plaza, the dancers begin all over again until they drop from sheer exhaustion. The words of the songs, usually composed on the spur of the moment, are always simple and affectionate — the genuine expression of the love of children for their Mother.

One form of Marian devotion, particular to our good city of Lima, is the daily visit to Mary. Members of pious associations organize these

"visits" in such a way that she is honoured somewhere every day under a different title. In other towns or cities, the custom of the Pilgrim Virgin is appreciated, a favourite statue of our Lady being conveyed from one family to another. Everywhere she is welcomed with enthusiasm.

Devotion to the Immaculate Conception

From the time of the Spanish conquest, the two principal feasts of Mary in Latin America have been the Assumption and the Immaculate Conception. The majority of the cathedrals in Latin America are dedicated to Mary Immaculate. Lima's third episcopal Council decreed that all preachers were to begin their sermons with the invocation, "Praise to the Most Blessed Sacrament of the Altar, and the Immaculate Conception of our Lady conceived without the stain of original sin."

Universities joined in the concert of praise which rose in honour of Mary Immaculate. One of their by-laws rendered obligatory, in all superior degrees the following oath: "I affirm that I will always believe and teach, in word or in writing, that Holy Mary, Mother of God, was conceived without original sin, from the first moment of her existence." Those who refused to take this oath were barred from receiving university degrees. Whoever went against this stipulation incurred a fine of 100 ducats, and was further deprived of his office if he failed in apprising the Rector of any violation of the said by-law. On February 2, 1619, consequently years before the promulgation of the dogma by Pope Pius IX, the University of San Marcos of Lima, oldest on the continent, vowed to uphold the privilege of Mary's Immaculate Conception. A public holiday was declared on this occasion. All the colleges in the city took part in a triumphant procession where figured a number of colourful floats. Statues of Mary, adorned with flowers and vigil lights, stood in front of shops, schools, factories, private homes.

On August 10, grandiose celebrations again took place when the municipal council presided by the Archbishop declared Mary Immaculate patroness of Lima.

When Pope Pius IX consulted the bishops and archbishops of Latin America with regard to the projected proclamation of Mary's Immaculate Conception, their approval was unanimous. Their response proved that belief in this prerogative had been instilled in the faithful from the very beginnings of the evangelization of Latin America.



VIRGEN DE LA MERCED (LIMA)
Patrona de las Armas del Perú

(excerpt)

*But years, or ages, or eternity,
Will find me still in thought before your throne,
Pondering the mystery of Maternity,
Soul within Soul — Mother and Child in One!*

*Help me to see! not with my mimic sight —
With yours! which carried radiance, like the sun,
Giving the rays you saw with — light in light —
Tying all suns and stars and worlds in one.*

Prayer to the Virgin of Chartres

*Help me to know! not with my mocking art —
With you, who knew yourself unbound by laws;
Gave God your strength, your life, your sight, your heart,
And took from him the Thought that Is — the Cause.*

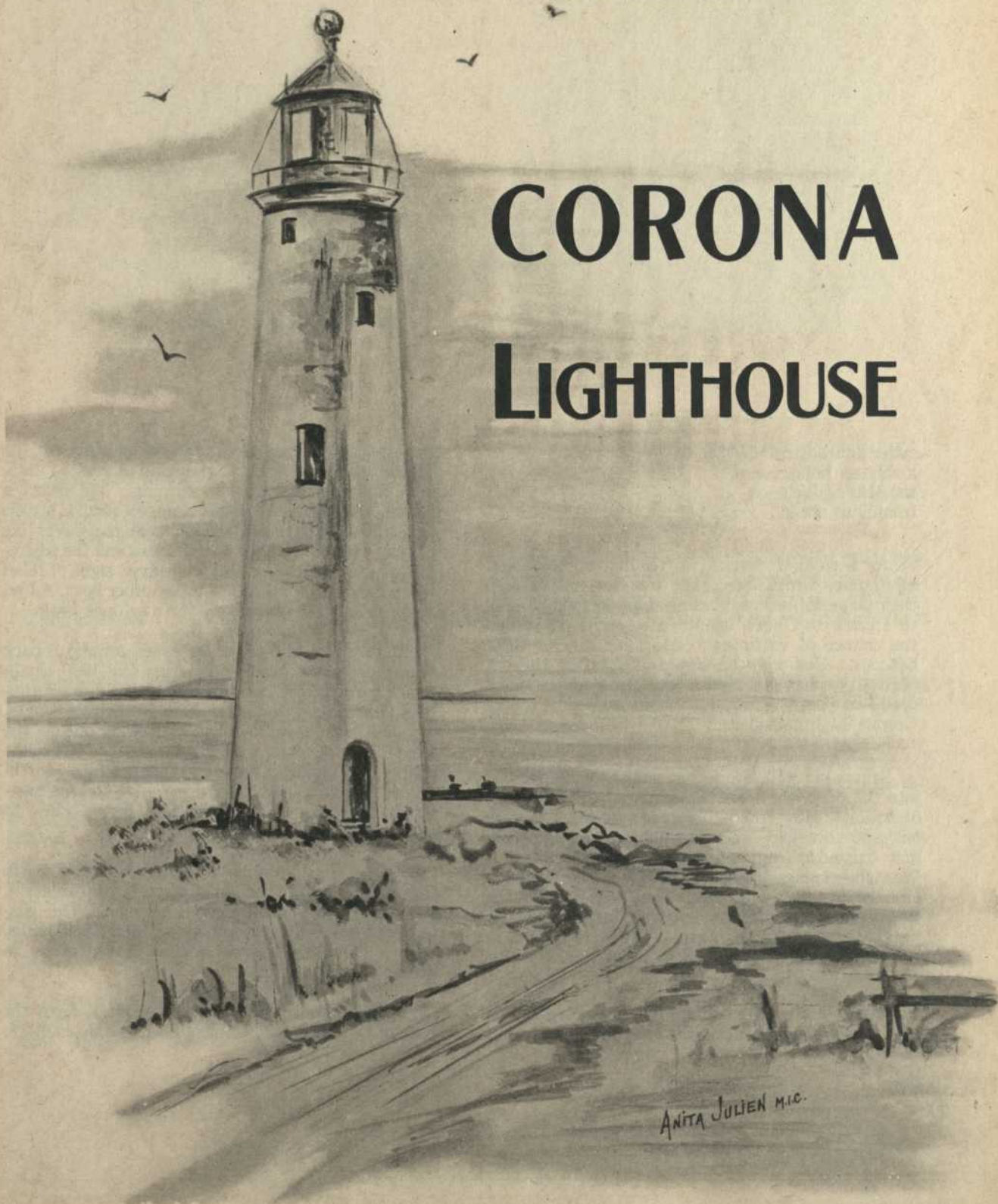
*Help me to bear! not my own baby load,
But yours; who bore the failure of the light,
The strength, the knowledge and the thought of God, —
The futile folly of the Infinite!*

Henry Adams (1838 - 1918)

CHILE

The lighthouse teaches many a practical lesson. Like it, must we not bring light to those who are tossed over life's stormy seas in order to guide them safely home to the eternal shore?

CORONA LIGHTHOUSE





...the lighthouse looked
lovely as hope,
the star of life's
tremulous ocean...

As a child, I revelled in reading stories about lighthouses which sweep the trackless waves with their powerful beams, guiding ships to safety. Until I came to Chiloe Island, however, I never had the chance of visiting at close hand any of these beacons. You may be sure I jumped at the opportunity when we Sisters were invited to join a group of people going out on an excursion to the Corona Lighthouse.

Sailors are well aware that once they launch out into the deep, they lose something of their freedom of action. How true old Horace's saying, "Surely oak and threefold brass surrounded his heart who first trusted a frail vessel to the merciless ocean." We stepped gingerly aboard the *lancha* (motorboat) already crowded with passengers, shivering in the sharp air and moist fog. All around us, the sea heaved in a boisterous mood. We were chilled to the bone in spite of our warm sweaters and coats.

Hardly had we gone forward when a cargo laden with timber, pulled alongside our *lancha*. One of

the crew shouted an order, and our captain cut the engine while a barrel was thrown across to him. The passengers shouted a warning. We heard a splash, and the motor raced again as a sailor strove to retrieve the barrel, now dancing on the waves like a cork. It was hard for us to understand the wherefore of this manoeuvre, but we heaved sighs of relief when the captain called out to the other boat, *Adios, hasta luego*, and we were on our way once again.

During an hour or so, we sailed around a cape cut off from the mainland during the 1960 earthquake. All around us, stretched a wild and primitive panorama. Here and there, in sheltered coves, we glimpsed flimsy little houses looking out on the sea. How welcome to us was the sight of the rustic chapel of Guapilacui, recently damaged by an earthquake, but still used as parish centre for the scattered Christians of these desolate shores, close to the south pole!

After a short stop at the chapel, we sailed on to Corona. Standing tall and erect in its isolation, the lighthouse suddenly came to view. The passengers were glad for a chance to stretch their limbs, even if climbing the steep incline proved quite an ordeal for most of them.

Four buildings, painted salmon pink, form the base of the tower said to have been put up in 1927:



Inside the guardian's quarters are large machines of English and French make, besides several radios and telephones. On the right, a building houses three huge drums of compressed air used as whistles. A stairway goes up from this spot to the tower proper.

I stood as if hypnotized before vistas of surpassing grandeur. Before us swung the long smooth swells of the Pacific, and rocks heaved their mighty shoulders up from the depths of the ocean. Is there anywhere else on earth such a magnificent expanse of blue-green waters? In the distance appeared like dots of green our home island of Chiloe and its girdling chaplet of islets.

Closer to where we stood, there emerged from the waves the half broken masts of a ship which went down with all on board during the 1960 upheaval. "I saw it floundering," recalled the guardian, "but was powerless to do anything to save it from its plight." He shrugged his shoulders and put out his hands in the impressive Latin American gesture, as he added, "The sea is a tyrant!" Yes, the sea is a tyrant, but bold men continue to ride its waves and to tame its furies.

In spite of monotony and isolation, the guardians of the lighthouse faithfully keep at their outposts, night and day. They indicate the safest routes,

warn against incoming storms, confirm meteorological conditions, keep in contact with mariners at sea. Whenever dangers threaten, they send out powerful beams over the waves.

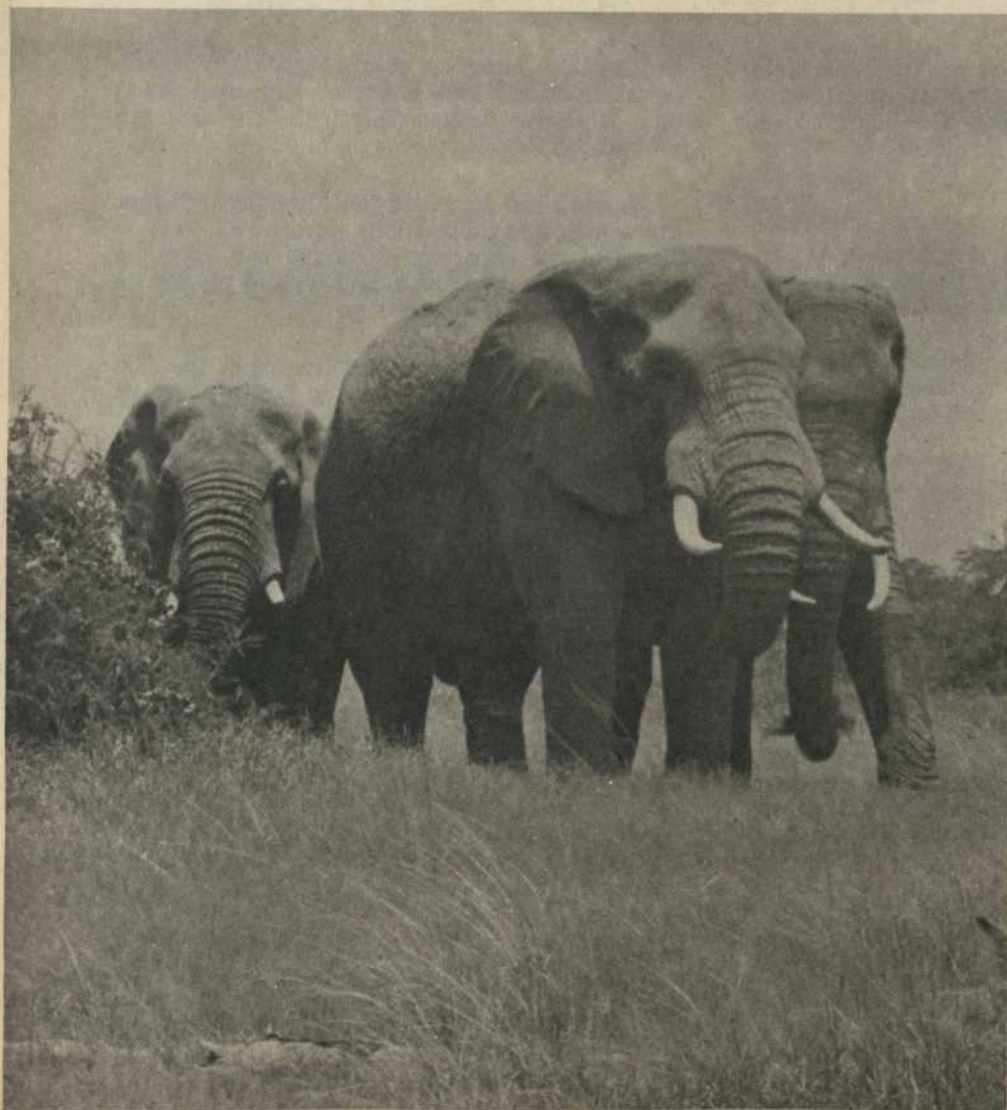
We remained for a long time listening with rapt attention to the explanations given by the men in charge of the apparatus or gazing out upon the seascape below. At last, it was time to go, and we reluctantly took our leave.

We turned again for a last glance at the slim tower and its flaming eye as the *lancha* nosed its way homeward. The lighthouse teaches many a practical lesson. Like it, must we not bring light to those who are tossed over life's stormy seas in order to guide them safely home to the eternal shore?

Gilberte Perras, M.I.C.



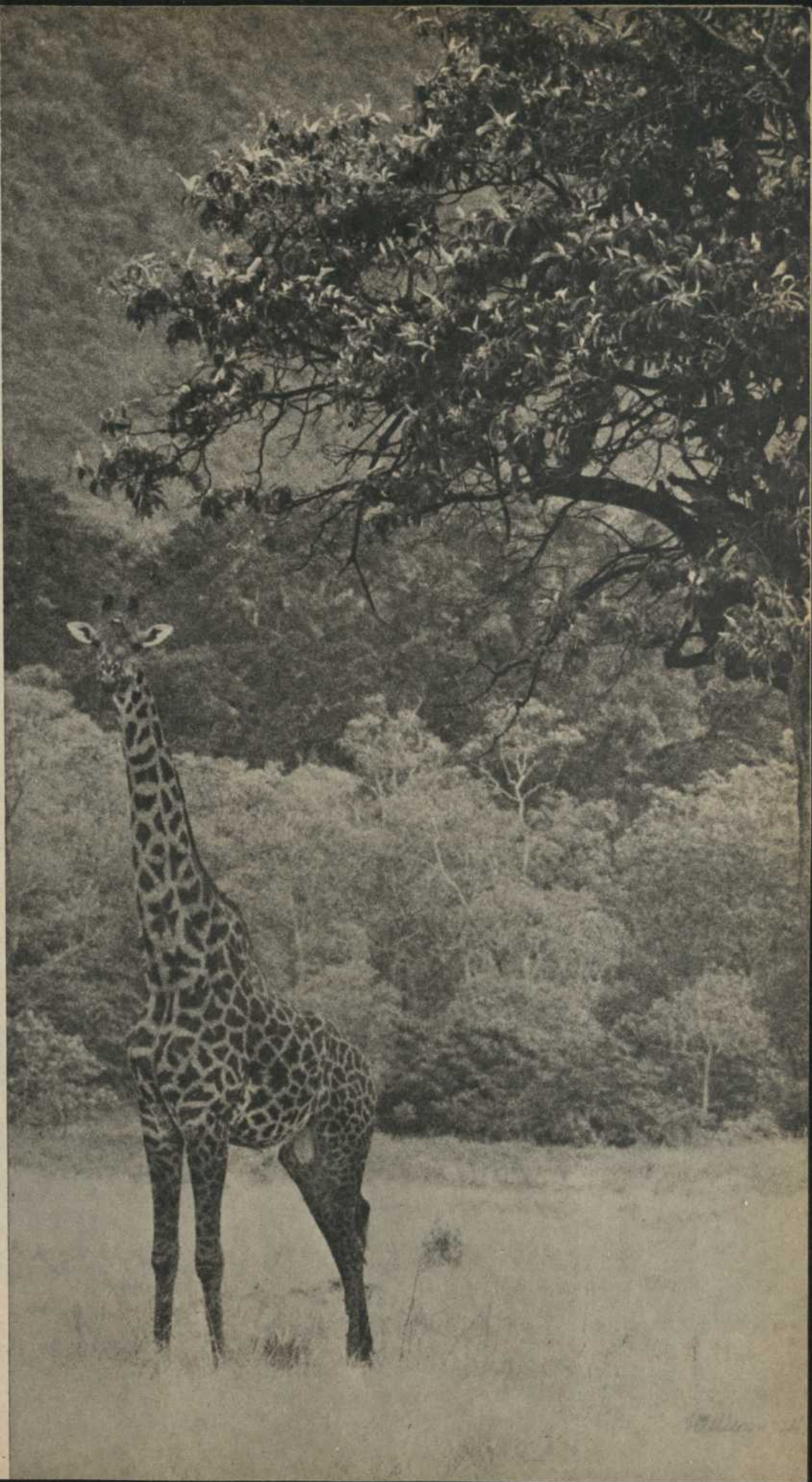
Zambia



Minus Bars



and Cages



Of course I had often read about the animals men call wild. I had even heard the muted thunder of their roar from a safe distance. However, I was caught napping when, for the first time, I came face to face with them. How sure they are of their tremendous strength, how proud their demeanour, how majestic their tread!

During my recent stay in Fort Jameson, I had the opportunity of visiting, in company with Mother Regional, the Lumimba Game Reserve which lies at about 100 miles outside the city limits. Lumimba is a place where elephants, rhinos, and lions are far more numerous than cats and dogs back home. Here, safaris take place under the expert direction of one governmental guide and one African guide. Close to the entrance gate of the Reserve, a road leads to the *rondavels*, quaint circular African dwellings, where tourists find accommodation.

As we drove away from the camp, after lunch, in the first curve of the winding road we almost collided with an enormous elephant leisurely feeding on the leaves of a tree whose branches it pulled down with its trunk. I immediately stopped and reversed gears in case the old gentleman, disturbed at his meal, should decide to charge. Better be on the safe side, I reasoned. I knew that irate elephants can travel fast in spite of their bulk and that they have the strength of sixteen oxen. But our friend peaceably went on browsing, much to our relief. We watched it, fascinated, as it whisked down the higher branches, stripping them in a trice. Though the animal's trunk contains not a bone, it can lift a ton of timber or deftly pluck a daisy.

The principal difference between the only two living elephant species, African and Asian, lies in the ears, those of the African being three times as large. Ordinarily reaching a height of eleven feet or more, the African elephant stands a foot taller than its Oriental cousin. An average adult weighs between three or four tons. Infants weigh from two to five hundred pounds, yet they look like dwarves compared to their ponderous mothers. The hide of these animals, nearly two inches thick, is of a greyish colour. There seems to be too much of it and it hangs loosely all over. In their much wrinkled suits, baggy at the knees and rubbed at the elbows, the beasts look as if they slept in their clothes. Although their hide is inch-thick, they are sensitive to cold, sunburn, and insect pricks. They love to guzzle and to frolic in water holes, consuming great quantities of water.



A graceful antelope casts an alert, inquisitive glance at passerby.

We were driving slowly forward when we spied a herd shuffling across the park; "Little Totos" scampered close to the "Jumbos" for protection. Although stampeding elephants can make the forest shudder, they can pad with eerie stillness when caution dictates.

In Zambia, the elephants usually climb the mountains late in December, in quest of *musuku*, a kind of fruit of which they are very fond. Feeding in the forest, they make a deafening din; branches crack like pistol shots; whole trees crash to the earth; and the woods generally suggest the coming of a storm.

Almost as remarkable as their trunk are the elephants' feet. Believe it or not, they can literally walk on their toes which are encased in bag-like skin, with well padded bottom. Feet swell under their weight and contract when pressure is removed. Thus, they can move through swamps without getting stuck in the mud; when they lift their legs, the feet shrink reducing suction.

As we drove along, a herd of graceful antelopes streaked by. One of the number, sporting lyrate horns, paused to glance in our direction then leaped in pursuit of its companions...

Many of the animals around here are called by names originating from various languages. The great majority of these names were undoubtedly introduced by the Boers of southern Africa,—*springbok* (gazelle), *waterbok* (hydrophile), *hartbeest*, (antelope), *wildebeest* (gnus).

When frightened, springboks literally take to the air, their leaps spanning over ten feet. Living in thick bush, on the edge of open country, they like to travel in herds with gazelles and kudus, a species of large antelope.

Waterbucks and reedbucks look very much alike. Stocky animals with a coarse grey or brownish coat, they feed on grass but live near water.

Clowns of the animal kingdom, wildebeests, commonly called gnus, seem to be made up of spare parts from many animals. Their heads are suggestive of the buffalo, while their sloping rear parts have features of both horse and cow. Indistinct stripes on necks and bodies make them appear as if their bones were protruding.

At sight of our car, a herd of impalas stood still and considered. These animals are among the most beautiful and the fleetest of the antelope family, "swift as the wind, graceful as ballet dancers".

Among four-legged mammals, only bull elephants outweigh hippos or river horses which may weigh as much as five tons. They delight in water, living in lakes, rivers, and estuaries, and feeding on water-plants. At night time, they often leave their watery habitat and trudge long distances to grassy pastures. Excellent swimmers and divers they can remain under water for as long as eight to ten minutes.

In the woods, monkeys by the dozen climbed trees, screamed insults, made faces at us, then leaped to safety as our car went past. A group of bold baboons followed us a short distance, chattering excitedly, their babies riding pickaback.

A family of jackals slinked past as we drove on. Small, active, doglike animals, with a sly cunning look, they inhabit holes and burrows, coming forth at night to hunt in packs. Although they subsist largely on carrion, they kill prey for themselves,

The ponderous hippo pauses in pensive mood, before trudging on to grassy pastures.





William H. French



On the lookout for some tidbits to replenish the family larder.



their packs hunting down antelopes, deer, or other animals, besides much small fare as mice, lizards, etc. They are also fond of certain kinds of vegetable food, and they do considerable mischief in gardens and plantations.

Hyenas have large, rather short heads, powerful forequarters, and feeble, drooping hindquarters. They are nocturnal animals whose favourite food is carrion. Their cry which resembles cynical laughter sends little shivers up and down your spine. They are rarely seen in the daylight about African villages, but all are familiar with their dismal night calls.

In general appearance the leopard resembles the tiger although it is considerably lesser in size. It is, however, the peer of the former in its ferocious habits, making up in wit and agility for lack of

weight and power. Among the farmers and herdsmen, it is dreaded for its depredations. It considers dogs a delicacy, often snatching them from doorsteps. Seeing a few of these great cats skulking around a boulder inside the Reserve reminded me of our poor Fort Jameson puppy which was devoured by one of these prowlers. Nothing was left of the poor animal save bunches of hair and bloodstains on the verandah.

By a branching road we entered the realm of the lion. A stately old dowager came forward to investigate. In lion society, females are the "breadwinners". Towards sundown, they emerge from cover and stalk their prey; cautiously advancing, a few yards at a time, they move into striking distance, then leap to the kill.

◀ Lumimba Reserve is a place where lions, giraffes, hippos and elephants, roam at will.

Watch out!
▼



H. Paine



Keep at a distance, please!

We kept on driving slowly so as not to miss any of the wondrous beasts in the Reserve. Next came to view a troop of tiger horses or zebras. The sleek striped beasts are a favourite food for lions who often chase them into ambushes. Kicks, snapping teeth, and fast getaway are the zebras' only defenses. When nearing a water hole, at sundown, the herd sends out scouts to warn against ambush by lions.

The last spectacle that offered itself to us before we left the region was a tussle between two huge elephants. Big ears waved the danger signal and loud trumpeting accompanied the charge. Other beasts on the Reserve watched the outcome from a safe distance.

Much to our regret, we had to leave without making a complete tour of this wonderland where wild animals are left free to roam. We found it to be quite the opposite of a zoological garden where beasts are kept behind bars.

Covered with dust and having had our fill of excitement for one day, we returned to our 'Fort Jameson convent early in the evening. That night I dreamt of tall giraffes, nature's fourlegged skyscrapers, ridiculous ostriches strutting in feathery tutus, graceful impalas with whitefringed tails, wildebeests fiercely duelling in the plain, playful hippos cavorting in the water, a pride of lions staring at us as if we were the quaintest sight on earth...

This trip to the Lumimba Reserve has proved an enriching experience for us. For my part, I have discovered therein something of the power and glory of the Creator extolled in that cosmic hymn of praise, Psalm 148:

Let earth praise Yahweh!

.....

mountains and hills,
orchards and forests,
wild animals, and farm animals,
snakes and birds.

.....

Let them all praise the name of Yahewh

.....

transcending earth and heaven in majesty.

Céline Laurin, M.I.C.

—*—

YAMATO POETS POEMS

Sister Madeline B. Maillet, M.I.C.

The Japanese have a remarkable capacity for detecting beauty in the simple things of life. Newly fallen snow, bird song, a spray of wild flowers, an oddly shaped stone, the croaking of frogs in the rice fields call for their admiration, lend their lives new perspectives, a richness of unexpected depth. This sixth sense—the sense of appreciation—has been further refined by centuries of Buddhism.

In his preface to the anthology Kokinshu, the celebrated writer Tsurayaki (901-923) describes as follows Japanese literary tastes: "The song of Yamato (poetical name for Japan) springs from the heart of man and flows out into myriad words. Men living in this world of ours express what they feel by means of the things they see and hear... Listen to the nightingale singing in the glade, to the frogs croaking in the pond... Is there a single living thing that does not sing its own peculiar song?"





The Golden Age (710-1186)

The Japanese consider poetry more as the production of a period than of an individual. This explains why, as a rule, they do not publish the works of any given author, no matter how famous. Instead, they compile anthologies of all the great poetical works of an era. Most ancient among such anthologies is the Manyoshu, Collection of Myriad Leaves (770), comprising some 4,173 *tanka*, poems of 31 syllables written in a pattern of 5 lines of 5, 7, 5, 7, and 7. Among the authors of these miniature poems, emperors, court nobles, humble soldiers, the most celebrated is Kinomoto Hitomaro (655-705) who during his frequent travels as court official, wrote poems of rare intensity of feeling. In the following verses we find depicted the beauty of a star-spangled night:

*Over skyey seas,
The moon's silvery craft rides
Billowy cloud waves,
To the edge of starry groves,
There its radiance to veil.*



The Nara period, golden age of Japanese literature, was followed by the Heian era during which flourished a refined, sophisticated culture. From a literary point of view, this may be considered as the classical age, characterized by numerous works in prose as well as in poetry. While the men believed that writing in Japanese was beneath them and devoted themselves to the composition of poetry and prose in stilted Chinese style, the women wrote masterpieces in the native language.

In 922 was edited the Kokinshu, an anthology of ancient and modern verse. Unlike the poets of the Manyoshu, the Kokinshu poets confined themselves to a relatively small range of subjects, but within this range they approached perfection. The shortness of the *tanka* obliged them to resort to suggestion as a means of expanding the content of their verses, a literary device characteristic of Japanese poetry ever since. Most of the authors in the Kokinshu have remained anonymous. Among those whose names have come down to us, the most famous are Ono no Komachi (834-880), a court lady whose style was full of freshness and spontaneity, and the bonze Saigyō whose songs are among the most beautiful and the most melancholy in the Japanese language.

In a pensive mood, Lady Ono no Komachi comments on the rapidity of time:

*Already they have faded
The lovely flowers,
And all the while my gaze
On vulgar things lingered
Along the path of life.*

Living in constant harmony with nature, Saigyō expresses an ultimate desire:

*My earnest desire
Is that I may die
Beneath the cherry blossoms,
In spring, the second month,
At the full moon. (Buddha's birthday)*

Feudal Period (1186-1868)

The Middle Ages in Japan were filled with the din of bitter warfare between feudal lords and court nobles, an atmosphere hardly conducive to the flowering of literature. During this period, the Buddhist monks were almost the only ones who kept alive the flame of traditional culture. Eventually, a great literary revival occurred with the inauguration of the Noh plays, lyrical dramas of religious origin.

Basho Matsuo (1644-1694) at once monk, poet, and moralist infused a new spirit into Japanese poetry. He transformed the humoristic epigram — the *haiku* — into a poem of grace and sobriety, a flash of humour, truth, or wisdom. To the symbolistic school of the great *haiku* master succeeded the impressionistic school of Buson Yosa (1716-1783), the latter characterized by a sense of irony and of suffering. Among women writers of the *haiku*, none excelled Kaga no Chiyo (1703-1775).

Once, while on a pilgrimage to the famous Buddhist monastery of Rishakuji, oasis of silence and quietude in a troubled world, Basho composed the following *haiku* considered as a masterpiece:

*How still it is!
The cries of the cicadas
Stab into the rocks.*

Buson's verses have the delicacy of fine cameos:



*Hopping back and forth
Uneasy, fretful,
The parent sparrow.*

In the following lines, Issa, the master of pity, reveals his love for the small, humble things of life:

*Do not kill the fly.
See, how it wrings its hands,
Its feet!*

Mourning the death of her little son, the poetess Chiyo writes this exquisite *haiku*:

*I wonder in what fields today
He chases dragon-flies,
My little boy who ran away.*



Under the government of the first Tokugawas, in the sixteenth and seventeenth century, Japan entered an era of order and of broadened culture. A deep wave of Chinese influence swept the islands; renowned scholars of Chinese learning acted as advisers to the *shoguns*. However, the popularization of less-learned forms of prose literature during the Tokugawa age had bad as well as good results. The average level of taste and refinement was distinctly lowered and this period produced no great literary works.

Modern Period (1868-1950)

The era of Meiji inaugurated a revival in all fields, poetry itself being affected. Until then, the Japanese knew nothing of Western literature except Easop's fables translated towards the close of the eighteenth century. In 1882, excerpts from the works of Shakespeare, Tennyson, Gray, and Longfellow were translated for the first time. Japanese poets then endeavoured to Europeanize their own poetry by the introduction of rhyme and other innovations; the attempt failed, the genius of their language proving essentially unsuitable.

For the first twenty years of the Meiji era, national literature went through a crisis. The Japan of the 1890's was already a different country from the Japan of fifty years earlier, and the poets could not remain absolutely faithful both to the old traditions of literature and to their own society. In order to maintain as far as possible in this field the classical traditions, Emperor Meiji founded in Yedo a *O Uta Dokoro*, sort of ministry of poetry, which exists to this day.

Meantime, Masaoka Shiki (1867-1902), a fervent admirer of Basho and of Buson, restored the fame of the traditional *tanka* and of the *haiku* which had fallen into affectation and mannerism. For their part, certain youthful poets, chafing under the yoke of literary conformity, discarded the ancient forms and adopted the *shintai shi*, free verse, favouring freer expression on a wider scope of subjects. Among the most remarkable poets of this period were Ishikawa Tokuboku (1885-1912), one of the precursors of modern verse, and Shimazaki Toson (1872-1943), first great *shintai shi* poet.

The early works of Ishikawa Tokuboku were inspired by human life and its complexities. Filial piety reveals itself in the following lines:

*Half in jest, I held
My mother pickaback,
Alas! How frail, how light
My burden! I stood stock still
And wept for pity.*

Shimazaki Toson's poems breathe freshness and simplicity. They were influenced by Western literature as may be gathered from the following excerpt:

*Off' down the valley I have wandered
Where moulder dreams of glory,
Where clear waters swirl o'er golden sands...
O'er the banks of Chikuma, low droops the willow.*

*Spring has come, waters leap and run.
Solitary I wander among lonely dunes.
And moor my loneliness to the rocks.*



From this time on, Japanese poetry is divided into two opposite currents: that of serene tradition and that, stemming from foreign sources, marked by tumultuous emancipation. But, the spirit of the Manyoshu has not been completely extinguished. Although Japanese modern poets seek in the *shintaisshi* or free verse a new mode of expression, all have not definitely disowned the classical forms of the past. Such forms are gradually being adapted to modern thought. In the first rank of promising modern Japanese poets are Miyoshi Tatsuji and Tanigawa Shuntaro.

The lyrical works of the former reflect his admiration for French literature as may be inferred from the following verses:

GULLS

*Free are the gulls
Who frolic in the skies,
The clouds their downy beds;
Free are the gulls.
Theirs unlimited liberty
As they fly through the mists;
Their dining room the sparkling sea,
Theirs unlimited liberty.*

.....
*Free are the gulls
Singing in the morning calm,,
Singing again in the evening haze,
Free are the gulls.*

The talented poet Tanigawa Shuntaro has been widely acclaimed by Japanese critics of modern poetry. The verses titled "Museum" give an idea of the break with the traditional poets:

*Quietly, on the shelves of a cabinet
A stone ax lies among other objects.
Constellations revolve,
Many among us die.
Many among us are born.
Time and again, comets barely escape collision.
Pots are dashed to pieces.
Eskimo dogs trot to the South Pole.
East and West, famous tombs are uncovered.
Anthologies of poems are autographed,
And recently, the atom has been disintegrated,
And the daughter of a President has started to sing...
Lots of things have
Since occurred.
But quietly, on the shelves of a cabinet
A stone ax lies among other objects.*

つね

女
背美せん

詩
三三

知里



SACRED ART AND HANDICRAFT IN TAIWAN

Last year, at the Sun Yat-sen-Museum of Wa Shuangsi, Taiwan, an exhibition of Chinese art was held. Its success was due in great part to two notable large paintings done by a Milanese, Brother Giuseppe Castiglione, best known as Luang Shir-Lin — an artist of the sixteenth century at the court of the Ch'ing dynasty. Today, missionaries recognize with gratitude the very important office this man fulfilled for the support of the Church in the Chinese Empire.

At an interval of four centuries, another auxiliary Brother of the Society of Jesus helps to keep flourishing in Taiwan a living

faith, thanks to his ability in handicrafts.

If it happens that a typhoon plays havoc with the roof of a cathedral, if a parish priest wants a tilt-yard for the kindergarten, if a convent chapel has to be built and furnished, if, accidentally, electricity or water is lacking, everybody knows that the first thing to do is to call for Brother Etienne Bencze.

Since 1954, date on which he arrived at Port Keelung with forty cases containing carpentry tools, he has made projects, and built and directed the construction of a

hundred churches and chapels in the diocese of Hsinchu. Once such constructions as churches, hospitals, social service centres, kindergartens, etc., had their walls erected and their roofs set up, Brother Etienne saw to the completion of the enterprise.

Let us suppose that you need a certain object; just let Brother Etienne know about it. Give him a description of the thing you desire, or at least its name. If he has it on hand, he will give it to you; if not, he will make it for you. Rest assured that he will, in one way or another, manage to get you what you want.



Photo : Le Brigand

There is no exaggeration in saying that all the religious congregations at work in Taiwan have had recourse, at least once, to Brother Etienne, and benefited by his skill with carpentry tools.

Anybody can buy at Brother Etienne's shop. During slack periods in construction enterprises, he and Chinese collaborators turn out many objects expertly carved in wood. Some genuine masterpieces in wood carving have brought fame to the artist and have allowed him to realize the establishment of a new, modern, three-storied workshop quite sufficient for his purpose, at least for the time being.

How it came about that the products of this studio are at present appreciated all over the world can be explained by the fact that the wood used is of excellent quality, that in this art the ability of the Chinese is exceptional, and this is an important point, that Brother Etienne is a competent supervisor. The Christmas Cribs which constitute one of the studio's specialties have helped to make the Christ Child and His Virgin Mother known in many non-Catholic regions. Statues of Our Lady carved under Brother's supervision now adorn not a few churches in the United States.

Brother Etienne's workshop furnishes work to 90 persons: carpentry apprentices, and artists who learned crafts under the direction

Chapel of Jesuit College, Hsinchu, decorated by Brother Etienne Bencze.



Photo: *Le Brigand*

of Japanese masters in wood carving. The remarkable development of the establishment is due in great measure, if not totally, to the diligent supervision of the Brother director as well as to his solicitude for the welfare of his workers. The salary he gives is the highest in the city; employment is assured. It follows that a good number of those who had come only to learn, at the beginning of the Jesuit mission in Hsinchu, are now working full time for Brother Etienne.

It is easy to say that no one is indispensable, but the Jesuit Fathers of Taiwan and many others draw the line as far as Brother

Etienne is concerned. They have good reason to wonder what would have been the success of their apostolate there without his carpentry.

Several of his statues and Cribs sent to various countries may one day or other be exhibited in museums, just as were the works of Brother Giuseppe Castiglione. The future will tell. For the present, customers and friends of the Jesuits are satisfied with the esthetic enjoyment these pieces of art provide.

(*Osservatore Romano*, October 6, 1967, p. 9)

The life of Chinese women is
as new as May flowers.



CHINESE WOMEN



OF YESTERDAY
AND TODAY

IN HONG KONG

With its beautiful and well developed harbour, Hong Kong is one of the most important ports in Asia. Numerous stores and thriving markets make it an attractive shopping area, while its teeming population accounts for a rapidly expanding industrial centre, second only to Japan in the Far East.

Here live three types of Chinese women very different from one another but who manifest in a certain manner the evolution of contemporary

Chinese womanhood: farmers' wives of the New Territories; boat women at present in full transformation; urbanites from all strata of society.

During many centuries Chinese women were confined to the home. Under the watchful eyes of their elders, they dutifully learned how to sew and embroider, to manage the house, to care for the children. In short, they were taught to become loyal wives and attentive mothers.

With the passing of the years and the adoption of modern ways, however, they came to move in circles much more conducive to the dignity of their womanhood. Their sphere of action widened so as to include participation in national and international affairs. In 1947, the new Republic of China gave them the right of suffrage. They have also achieved remarkable success in such fields as painting, literature, the theatre, music, the cinema.

In the farming districts, there are two distinct classes of women: the *Pounte* (home folk,) and the *Hakka* (visiting families).

The *Pounte*, said to originate from the Kuang Tung province, is the model housewife, the mother always ready to devote herself to the tasks of the home. She helps with the farm without being allowed, however, to assume the heavier chores as is the case with her sister, the *Hakka*.

Sui Lin is representative of another type of a farmer's wife; she helps with the plowing, the harrowing, the harvesting...



A bamboo pole slung across her shoulder, she easily carries a hundred pounds or more.

Sui Lin is representative of another type of the farmer's wife—the *Hakka*, quite different from the *Pounte* as regards customs, dialect, and dress. Hard-working and aggressive, she is not, in general, good at housekeeping; she prefers plowing, preparing plantations, weeding, harvesting, and threshing rice.

With a bamboo slung across her shoulder, Sui Lin easily carries a hundred pounds, walking miles to market or back again to the farm. You meet her pulling carts piled high with produce or labouring as a hod carrier. Up with the dawn, Sui Lin sets to work outside, barefooted, wearing coarse blue or black cotton jacket and trousers, her head shielded from the sun's rays by a quaint, wide-brimmed hat. Often, she has a lusty baby strapped to her back. After her laborious day in the field,



Mak Pooi Sui belongs to the industrious boat people.

women, well-educated and well-to-do, are to be found teachers, social assistants, secretaries, air stewardesses, tourist guides. The latter are appreciated for their fluency in three, four, and at times as many as seven languages.

Wealthy, highly qualified women of the upper classes occupy important governmental posts, a case in point being the Honourable Ellen Lee Shui Pui. Today, Chinese women in Hong Kong have access to all the liberal professions: architecture, medicine, the arts, law, etc. Girl students do not hesitate to travel to England, Australia, Canada, the United States in order to pursue studies at higher levels in chemistry, the arts, music, the

She prefers her floating village of Aberdeen to the unyielding paved streets of the great city.



she trudges home to cook supper, see to the children, and do the family washing.

Although subject to her husband in everything, she is not unhappy. The *Hakkas* hold to their traditional way of life wherein they find strength and security. They glory in the grim determination not to give in to modern ideas. Very chary of change, they accept it only with great reluctance. Around the countryside, in the New Territories, the *Hakkas* remain what they have been for generations: hardworking, frugal, taciturn, never losing a minute of their precious time.

Mak Pooi Sui, for her part, belongs to the industrious boat people. She also must daily grapple with the world of harsh realities. As did her ancestors for centuries, she lives on and from the waters around the South China Sea. All her household tasks are performed aboard her home craft. Being a remarkably neat housekeeper, she keeps the premises spotless, in spite of the numerous activities carried on within its confined space. The boat people are respected for their thriftiness, their honesty, and their personal cheerfulness in the face of life's annoyances.

After her housekeeping chores have been done, Mak Pooi Sui likes to eke out the family subsistence by ferrying people to and from Hong Kong. Thus she can always keep an eye on her younger children, while the older ones are away at school.

Mak Pooi Sui bears on her wiry frames the marks of her laborious existence. Forced to work all day in a crouching position or bent against the rolling motion of her craft, her awkward gait, when she goes ashore, immediately signals her out to passerby. Her hands are gnarled and roughened by much handling of rope and tiller. But her grin is infectious. She has been forged by unrelenting labour bravely and cheerfully accepted.

She wanted nothing more than to spend her life afloat. "Never had I dreamed that I would one day be forced to move ashore to live!" she often remarks to her cronies. But, Mak Pooi Sui, alas, has had to leave her beloved sampan, "Cloud o'Pearl", one of the hundreds of boats riding the waters at Aberdeen, *Hong Kong tsai* Small Fragrant Harbour, situated southwest of Hong Kong.

Lately, the government decided for the common good to fill up the Bay which had so long afforded the boat people a haven against the fury of typhoons. In order to accommodate the families thus rendered homeless, apartment housing units were put up in a hurry. Mak Pooi Sui now lives

on the fourth floor of one of these drab apartments; naturally, she feels the confinement and the promiscuity, but most of all the lack of fresh air and of water. Dizziness often overcomes her as she painfully climbs up the narrow, steep flights of stairs leading to her room.

Her children, however, are convinced that they have come up in the world since they now have a street address and a room number. They no longer have to say, in reply to inquiries, "I live on Tong Fan boat, in the 3rd row", but can proudly reply,



Urbanites comprise nurses, teachers, police officials, tourist guides, etc.

"My address is 40 Wang-Fou-Tching, Princely Manor Street".

For Mak Pooi Sui, the change imposed by circumstances comes close to tragedy. How she misses the picturesque, independent life of the boat people! Of big cities she had always been apprehensive, she who was born and raised on the beautiful waters providing sustenance and security. How can she ever forget the rush of the wind, the lap of the waves, the fresh air, the hard but congenial work?

Both the boat women and the farmers' wives of the New Territories find that their life pattern is being daily altered by modern transformations. But the best example of Asian feminine evolution is found in Chinese women born and raised in large urban centres.

These women comprise urbanites of the working class, poor and illiterate, or of scant elementary schooling: shopgirls, factory hands, dressmakers, domestic servants in schools and factories, cooks in hotels, hospitals, etc. Among the middle class



theatre, linguistics, technology. It often happens that married women are keener about their profession than about their family.

Remarkable evolutionary progress has been made in recent times. Armand Gatti was right when he said that "the existence of Chinese women is as new as May flowers". Nonetheless, Chinese women, no matter how emancipated from ancient standards maintain a traditional reserve and dignity which continues to set them apart from their Western sisters.

These three types of Chinese femininity — the farmer, the boat woman, the urbanite — represent Chinese women between today and tomorrow in Hong Kong. If we may be allowed to express a wish it is that they may preserve their kindliness and their charming simplicity. It is highly to be desired that the modern evolution of Chinese women respect the traditional culture of the Middle Kingdom.

Gracia Blanchet, M.L.C.

PREPARATION FOR CHINESE MENU

How would you like to invite your friends to a tasty and exotic dinner? All you have to do is to go shopping at specialized counters where you will find soya beans, ginger roots, bird's nests, Chinese cabbage, etc.

When preparing a dish, keep in mind the old Chinese saying: "it must be pleasing to the eye, have a pleasant aroma, and be appetizing."

TYPICAL CHINESE DISHES AND UTENSILS:

Dishes

A bowl for rice, one for soup, a dish for main course, a small dish for dessert, a wine cup, a porcelain spoon, and a pair of chopsticks.

Tea

Chinese tea is usually blended with different fragrant flowers, like roses, camellias, etc. Jasmine tea is a favourite.

Meat and vegetables

All ingredients to be used in Chinese dishes are cut into convenient sizes before serving, so that no carving instruments are required at the table.

Rice

Rice is used instead of bread. Each guest must have his own bowl filled with rice, at his place.

RICE COOKED À LA CHINESE

For 4 persons: pour into a saucepan with heavy bottom, two cups of cold water; add 1 cup of soft rice that has been washed until water runs clear. Boil over a high flame until most of the water is absorbed. Turn flame low and let rice simmer for 20 minutes, leaving the cover on. Never stir rice cooked à la Chinese. Cooked rice will keep for 1 week in frigidaire and may be used for fried rice.

BARBECUED SPARERIBS

Ingredients: 2 lbs. spareribs, unseparated; 2 cloves garlic; 1 slice ginger root; 1 tbsp. salted black soya beans. *Seasonings:* 1 tbsp. soy sauce; 1 tbsp. brown sugar; 2 tbsp. sherry wine; salt to taste.

Pound garlic and ginger with salted soya beans. Add seasonings. Mix well. Pour mixture over unseparated spareribs, and let soak for 30 minutes. Place seasoned ribs on rack in a baking pan and bake in moderate oven 350 F for 50 minutes, or until well cooked. Turn ribs and baste with pan sauce several times during baking. Separate ribs before serving. Serves 4. Note: Salted black soya beans are available from Chinese groceries.

FRIED RICE WITH MEAT VARIETES (Chop Kum Chow Fan)

Ingredients: ½ cup diced roast pork; ¼ cup diced bacon; ¼ cup diced canned mushrooms; 2 cups shredded cabbage; 2 tbsp. chopped green onions; ¼ cup salad oil; 4 cups cold cooked rice. *Seasoning:* 4 tbsp. soy sauce; ½ tsp. pepper. Salt to taste.

Fry together thoroughly diced pork, bacon, mushrooms, cabbage and green onions in 1 tbsp. hot oil in a frying pan over high heat for 2-3 minutes. Add seasonings and 2 tbsp. water, cook for 2 minutes. Remove and set aside. Heat remaining oil in the same pan, add cold rice and fry until rice is heated thoroughly. Stir in cooked meat and vegetable mixture. Mix well with rice and fry for 2 minutes. Remove and serve. Serves 4.

NEST SOUP (Inn Wo Tong)

Ingredients: 3 ozs. nest; 6-8 cups chicken broth; 2 tbsp. uncooked, minced ham; 1 cup uncooked, minced chicken breast.

Seasonings: 1 tsp monosodium glutamate.
Salt to taste.

Soak bird's nest in warm water for 1 hour or longer until water is well absorbed. Wash in fresh water and drain. Add drained nest to boiling chicken broth in kettle; add seasonings. Cover again and simmer over moderate heat for 40 minutes. Add ham and chicken meat. Stir thoroughly. Cover again and cook for 15 minutes. Remove to small bowls and serve. Serves 4-6. Note: Birds' nests are available at Chinese groceries.

ORANGE TEA

3 oranges (or 1 can Mandarin oranges); ½ cup sugar; 2 tablespoons cornstarch; 2½ cups water (or juice from can plus water).

Peel 3 oranges (or tangerines), removing membrane and seeds. Break pulp into pieces; or use 1 can of Mandarin oranges without removing membranes. In a separate pan mix the sugar, cornstarch and water. Boil for a few seconds, stirring constantly. Add oranges (or tangerines) and simmer a few minutes. (If Mandarin oranges are used, simmer only a few seconds.) Serve hot. Serves 6.

HOH-TAY TANG

½ pound slice of ham; 5 cups cold water; 1 teaspoon salt; 1 Chinese cabbage (about 1 pound).

Cut ham into ½" cubes having removed rind and bone. Put in deep kettle with bone. Add water and salt. Cover kettle and on high heat bring to rolling boil. Turn down heat and simmer 20 minutes. While simmering, separate and wash cabbage. Lay leaves together and cut in narrow strips. Add to broth. Heat to boiling, then simmer 10 minutes.

Makes 6 to 8 servings.

Caution: Don't let soup stand too long before serving or it will become bitter.

CAN THE CHURCH

Test

Faced with the urgent religious problems of our modern world you have perhaps, at one time or another, asked yourself this question.

The following test is not meant to provide spectacular answers to your query. It will help you however, take your bearings with regard to your obligations as a baptized Christian and as a member of a Church which is missionary by its very nature.

*(Colour the squares corresponding to your answer.
TRUE — FALSE)*

1- The evangelization of the world rests with the priests and religious. It is none of my business.

☐☐

2- There are plenty of poor and ignorant people around us in this country. We need not bother about the poor in mission lands as long as the former have not been provided for.

☐☐

3- Our world has heard all the arguments. The only ones left to convince unbelievers are the good works of saintly people.

☐☐

4- Every day this week, 10,000 all over the world will die of starvation. But, there is nothing at all I can do, I had better forget about it.

☐☐

5- To be a Christian does not mean just to go to Mass on Sunday. To be a Christian means to become involved in the welfare of others.

☐☐

RELY ON ME?

6- Manna in the desert rotted when it was hoarded. The light of faith which burns in our minds will be extinguished unless it is passed on.

7- Today we are in touch with every corner of the globe by plane or short wave. We have technological togetherness with others, but we are not any closer to them than if we did not know them because we refuse to become involved.

8- The missions are not a pious extra; rather, they are as much an integral part of our faith as the sacraments.

9- In the Bible, Kings IV, we read that a poor little housemaid brought salvation to a Syrian V.I.P. No matter what my condition, I also can help spread God's message to mankind.

10- All my natural endowments, voice, charm, competence, present an opportunity to do missionary work for the Church.

T- TRUE

F- FALSE

☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐☐

You can gauge your mission-mindedness by the number of squares you have coloured on the left (True).

If the coloured squares are more numerous on the right (False) then some improvement in the missionary spirit is called for.

Editorial Team

ZAMBIA

TEXT: Sister Jeanne Piché, M.I.C.



MAIZE

Photos : G. Guyot, W. F

in Photographs



Golden promise of the maize.

A plentiful harvest means a full silo.



The family enjoys corn-husking bees.





Deft fingers fashion various pretty objects out of leaf sheaths.

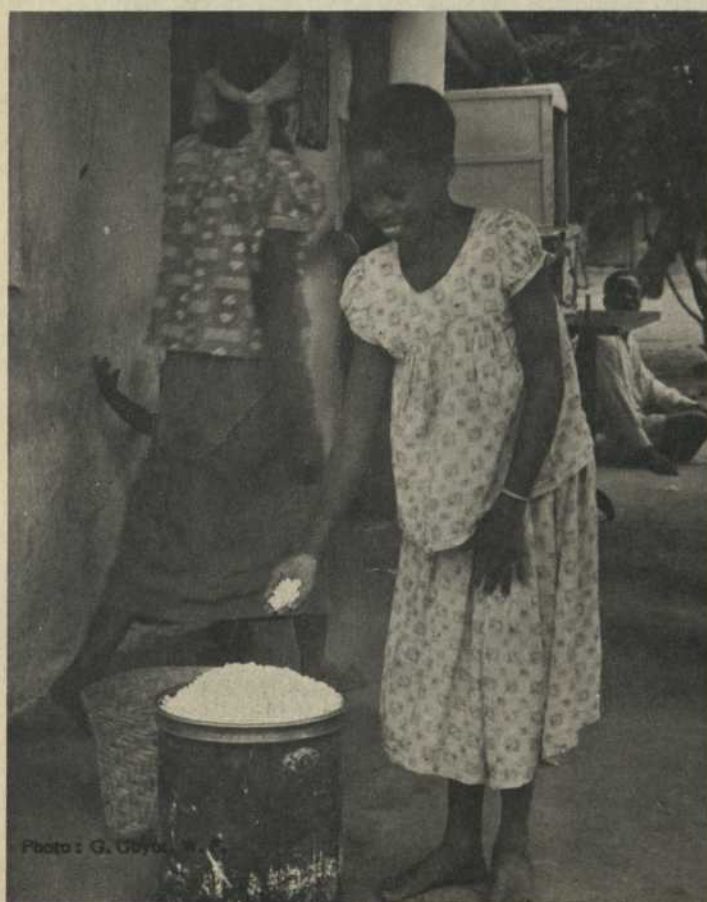


Photo: G. Goyou



Maize is pounded in a mortar with a hard wooden pestle.

The grains are picked off.



The flour is dried in the sun and bolted.

Photos : G. Guyot, W.F.

Large baskets hold the precious flour.



Then, Mamma cooks the *sima* (corn mush).



Side dishes of ground peanuts and vegetables add flavour to the staple food.

Photo : G. Guyot, W.F



Delicious! The *sima* is eaten with one's fingers. A small amount is deftly rolled into a ball and dipped into the peanut sauce.

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LIMBE, Haiti
CAP HAITIEN, Haiti
SOUTH CHANTAL, Haiti
TROU DU NORD, Haiti
PORT AU PRINCE, Orphanage, Cité No. 2, C. P. 1085 Haiti
PORT AU PRINCE, Novitiate, Cité No. 2, C. P. 1085 Haiti
CROIX-DES-BOUQUETS, Our Lady of the Rosary School, C.P. 1291
CROIX-DES-BOUQUETS, Holy Childhood School, C.P. 1291
DESCHAPELLES, Albert Schweitzer Hospital,
Boite postale 2213, B. Port au Prince, Haiti
LA BOULE, C. P. 1085, Haiti
HINCHE, Haiti

COLON, apartado 21, Province of Matanzas, Cuba

CENTRAL AFRICA

KATETE, St. Teresa's Parish, Champira P.O., Malawi
MZAMBAZI, St. John's Parish, Eutini P.O., Malawi
RUMPI, St. Patrick's Parish, Rumpi P.O., Malawi
KARONGA, St. Mary's Parish, Karonga P.O., Malawi
KASEYE, St. Michael's Parish, Chitipa P.O. Box 100, Malawi
NKATA BAY, Nkata Bay P.O. Box 9, Malawi
MZUZU, Mzuzu P.O. Box 24, Malawi
MZIMBA, St. Paul's Parish, Mzimba P.O., Malawi
FORT JAMESON, P.O. Box 107, Zambia
KANYANGA, Lundazi P.O., Zambia
NYIMBA, Sacred Heart Hospital, Nyimba P.O., Zambia
CIKUNGU, Kazimuli P.O., Zambia

Monika grinds maize
for the family meal.

Photo : Sister Evelyn O'Neill, M.I.C.

