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A color photograph of a young woman with two long, dark braids. She is smiling and looking towards the camera. On top of her head, she is balancing a large, round basket filled with ripe, yellow bananas. She is wearing a light-colored, short-sleeved, off-the-shoulder top. The background is slightly out of focus, showing palm trees and a bright, outdoor setting.

The Precursor

The Precursor

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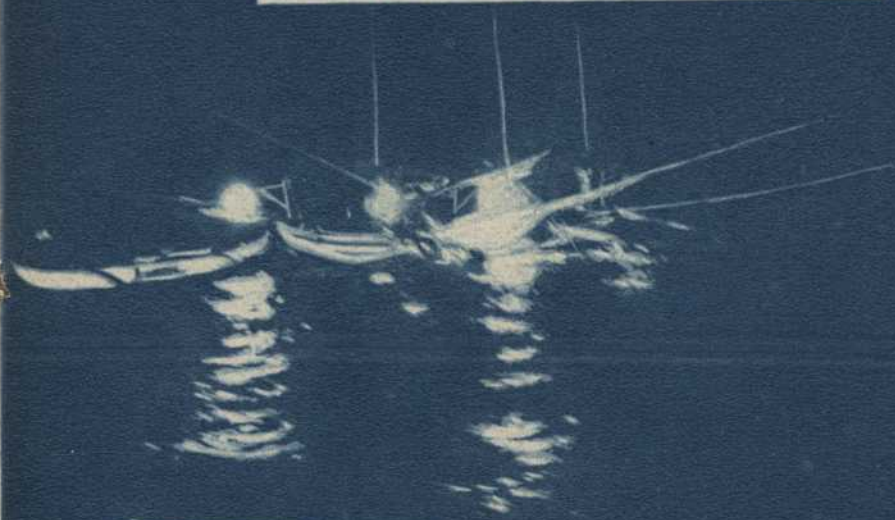
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Our Cover Picture :

Lolita returns from market.

Island Fishermen



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

by Sister SAINT EDMUND¹, M.I.C.

When the setting sun smites Manila Bay with quivering arrows of crimson and gold, gay little fleets of boats towed by mother launches bob out into the deep. Equipped with huge nets each fleet is manned by about seventy men. Tourists who witness this spectacle for the first time might easily imagine the whole thing as a colourful pageant. For the fishermen aboard, it is all in a night's work.

Like an inexhaustible treasure-trove, although constantly drawn upon, the Bay has never yet failed to produce succulent fish of more

than one hundred and fifty varieties. In its vast basin, twenty-five miles wide, are yearly captured seven million kilograms of marine fauna; not a small portion of the total annual fishing output of the Philippine Islands. Land of the ten thousand isles the peninsula is truly a fisherman's paradise, having better access per unit area to bodies of water teeming with life than any other country in the world. A more systematic programme of exploitation coupled with effective methods of preservation might easily place it in the first

¹ Irma De Ladurantaye, Cap Saint Ignace.



rank of fishing exportation. The Department of Agriculture and Natural Resources through the Bureau of Fisheries is at present pursuing a program with a view to favouring this national industry and improving fishing methods.

In some districts, modern fishing gear operating on the principle of radar singularly facilitates labour. A screen indicates where lie unsuspecting schools of fish; all that remains to be done is to cast the net, then bag the catch. The ordinary fisherman, however, possesses neither these modern instruments nor indeed any tackle to speak of. All he calls his own is a numerous family and perhaps a small *banca* (boat). He hires himself out for team work preferably on night shifts as darkness is the most favourable time for abundant draughts. He has no sentimental regard for the moon's silvery loveliness; indeed, he hopes it will dim its radiance which keeps the fish wary of the nets spread out to catch them. Although he appreciates

natural beauties, he is of a practical turn of mind.

Preparations for a fishing expedition usually start at four in the afternoon. The men folk who have dozed part of the day now rub the heaviness out of their eyes and anxiously scan the horizon. Nets and tackle are hauled from the drying sheds; the boats powered by sail or outboard motors are carefully inspected. Great animation reigns as, in the softly falling dusk, the fleets are launched. Fishing is not merely work to the Filipino — it is a glorious adventure. What can rival the thrilling experience of skimming over the waves, while stars innumerable wink overhead? Who can tell the satisfaction felt by these humble labourers when success crowns their efforts?

Often enough, several hours of cruising elapse before the fish are located and the nets can be cast.



The men labour all the night long, battling at times against adverse winds and rough seas. The most critical part of their task consists in heaving aboard the huge nets while the boats gather in an ever narrowing circle.

In the early dawn, the fleet turns shoreward where the women stand ready to dispose of the night's harvest. Sorting the fish to be sold on the spot, they carry the rest home, where it is chopped up and copiously salted before being put into large jars or else spread out to dry on bamboo frames.

At low tide, housewives, children trooping at their heels, tramp about mud pools in search of edible crickets, freshwater shells, and other delicious sea fare thus adding to the family budget. Meantime, the men folk run their boats high up on the sands, slosh buckets of water over the interior, then hastily bail them out; after freeing the nets of seaweed or coral they hang them to dry between palm trees.

When the moon rides high, distant fishing expeditions are temporarily suspended. The *sakag* (spider), a rectangular net, then comes into its own enabling the men to catch big fish in shallow waters whenever they feel like it; as for the smaller fry, they are caught in finely woven conical snares. The *salakad*, a sort of trap shaped like a basket through which fish is caught barehanded, is also used in certain regions. In clear streams and placid rivers, the fish may be harpooned. Be they ever so agile, few are the plump carps that escape as expert fishermen hurl their spears with unerring aim.

Chinese fishermen living in the

Philippines have long been adepts at cormorant fishing. The training of the birds is begun by slipping a ring of bone or of metal over the lower part of the neck. This ring is drawn tight enough to prevent their swallowing marketable fish but loose enough to admit the smaller prey which serve as food to the birds. After a while the cormorants learn to deliver the fish without having the ring on their neck. Their masters usually treat them very well, allowing them to eat their fill after the catch is complete. It is a very picturesque spectacle to watch the fishing boats with but one or two men on board and a regiment of cormorants, plunging at their signal, adroitly seizing the fish, then giving it up to their masters.

Although most Filipinos use antiquated fishing methods, a kind sea amply rewards their efforts. Providence has, moreover, endowed them with a patient, serene endurance which balks at no difficulty. They love the sea with a passionate love that seems to blind them to its fickle moods and its treacherous outbursts. Their small nipa huts are built facing its blue mirror. Never would they dream of enlarging or embellishing their homes; instead, all their economies go into the buying of a slim new *banca*, fitted with neat bamboo outrigger. This is their most precious piece of property. Their whole lives are spent in an atmosphere of unruffled contentment. Thus lived their forebears, unencumbered with taxes and bills, blissfully unaware of the sophistications of so-called civilized society. Why should they pretend to be wiser than their ancestors?

Gypsies of the sea, these fisher

A home-made
arrow-gun and underwater glasses
are all the equipment
this fisherman
needs to get an evening meal.



folk at times reveal themselves true poets and philosophers. Daily cruising the great watery wastes, they discover in nature new aspects of beauty, rhythms infinitely varied, wellsprings of comfort and inspiration. The whisperings of the breeze, the behaviour of the small creatures of the bay and of the more powerful denizens of the deep, the tempo of the tides, from all these they draw lessons of practical, salty wisdom. God's presence broods over the waves. As the fishermen hoist their sails to catch the good sea breeze, so they set their hearts to hold the wind of divine grace. Musicians like all those of their race, their voices often blend in quaint fishing songs and ancient ballads praising the sea as a bountiful mother and generous provider, recounting the doughty deeds of the fishermen of old.

But the crude hardships of such a life wear down the strength of the most robust; premature old age creeps on them unawares. Even when they no longer have the strength to take the lead in arduous fishing expeditions, they keep close to the sea, sharing with the younger generation their experience, initiating them into the secrets of meeting it and wresting from it a living for themselves and their families. Occasionally, when the waters are unruffled, they board their *bancas* and drift out to the open sea.

Time comes, however, when they have to be content with squatting under the shade of the swaying palms, quietly mending nets, nodding in the tropical sunshine, dreaming of adventures long past. Even then, every evening, the aged ones find themselves drawn as by a magnet to the seashore. Like a mother fondling

her little one, the sea murmurs endearing things that they alone can hear. Softly as if on tiptoe, the wavelets break around their feet in cool, caressing gestures. The old men's dim gaze dreamily wanders over the quivering expanse, then up into the dark blue vault where stars gleam, remote and serene, like rare jewels set on the sable draperies of night. Chubby hands pluck at their sleeves and anxious grandchildren murmur, "Grandfather, it is late. Let's go home."

"Wait... Just a little while longer."

"But the wind is freshening, Grandfather."

"The sea wind brings in the life-giving breath. Can't you smell it, little one?"

"I can't smell anything Grandad... Let's go home to bed." How could the young understand?

A last lingering look at the sparkling waters, and with shuffling gait the old fishermen turn homeward. Inside their nipa hut at night, lying on their coarse mats, they dream of the Master who once sailed with his disciples the blue waters of the sea of Galilee. What good fortune to think that to Saint Peter, the fisherman, have been entrusted the keys of the heavenly Gate!

In peaceful resignation Filipino fishermen await the landing on the eternal shore where the Master is waiting and watching for them. There, they hope, He will have prepared for their eternal enjoyment a graceful *banca* with golden masts in which they will forever cruise the ocean of God's infinite Love.

AFRICAN HUSBANDS and Domestic Science

Conference given by Sister St. Alexandrine¹, M.I.C., at the Congress of Religious Communities held at Lusaka from June 10 to 20, 1958. During this Congress various missionary techniques of penetration were discussed. Schools of Home Economics were the object of lively interest on the part of the members of the Congress. Upon our Sisters of Fort Jameson devolved the task of making known the opinion of African husbands regarding the education of their wives and of exposing under what conditions, domestic sciences may achieve their educational and missionary aim.

In general, African husbands are eager to have their wives follow Domestic Science courses. Why? Because like most other people their interest centres on things and projects from which they hope to derive some sort of benefit. Not a few among them have come to the conclusion that the training of their wives in the household arts is the best means at their disposal to raise the family standard of living to that of the European. Other African men are desirous of seeing such a course given in the interest of their family; still others appreciate it solely because of personal advantages.

For instance, Mr. Tembo declares that he wants his wife to be taught how to keep the house clean, how to sew and to cook in a satisfactory manner. On his part, Mr. Cibwana inquires whether it would not be feasible to teach African wives to raise the standard of family living to

that of the Europeans. Mr. Cibwana emits the opinion that the time is ripe for such progress which can be effected only through the co-operation of African women. Mr. Mwale wants his wife to follow the Domestic Science Course that she may be on a level with his neighbour's wife who after following lessons in household arts for three months can now sew, knit, cook, and keep a tidy house. This, he adds, puts an end to gossip and idleness.

Mrs. Banda had been enrolled only a week at the Course, when her husband asked the Sister in charge when would his wife be able to knit him sweaters and socks, sew fine shirts, cook roast beef and cake.

"My greatest ambition in life," says Mr. Phiri, "is to provide a good education for my six children. How can I do so, however, unless their mother can continue at home the good work started in school? Please,

¹ Evelyn O'Neill, Quebec.



Sister Saint Epiphane (Gemma Ouellet, Saint Epiphane) visits the home of a Domestic Science Centre pupil. Each gold star fixed to the chart on the wall testifies to the progress made by this African mamma.

Sister, accept her as a student and teach her how to bring up our children properly, how to sew and keep the house in order."

The case of Mr. Phiri is the case of 95% of educated African men. While husbands have gone through Standards 6, 8, or even 10, wives have not even been inside any schoolhouse. All their knowledge consists in pounding maize, cooking *nsima*, shelling beans or nuts. The fantastic disproportion between the education of men and that of women explains, to a certain extent, the unhappiness and misunderstandings which wreck so many homes. A youth graduated from Standard 8, let us say, marries a girl who is lovely of form

and figure, but entirely illiterate. What is bound to happen? After a year or at the most two he tires of her inaptitude to understand him; he is ashamed of her awkwardness. He, therefore, resolves to discard her and to take unto himself a smart, educated wife who will be a credit to him at home and in society. This story would doubtless have had another ending if both parties had been equally educated, for then husband and wife could have shared thoughts and opinions and achieved mutual understanding.

There is no doubt as to the urgency of solving this problem — namely, the education of African women, but lasting results cannot be



obtained without the co-operation of fathers and husbands. In the African home, as a rule, it is the man who makes decisions; the woman merely follows, being dependent upon him for the slightest details. Should he, therefore, decide that she will not attend the Domestic Science Course, the matter will be settled. Experience has taught us that numerous women who wish to attend these classes are prevented from doing so by their husbands, nearly always on account of the financial side of the problem. Not a few among our students manage to sell flour or vegetables at the local market in order to have the money needed for paying their fees and buying the necessary materials to sew and to knit. Although the cooking recipes on the Course are purposely very simple, a good number of women cannot use them at home, as their husbands refuse to buy the ingredients or to provide them with necessary utensils. This point must be brought to the attention of the men when they come to have their wives registered at the Centre; otherwise, when the question of money comes up, they are apt to lose all interest in the movement.

As soon as they can sew and knit properly, the women are encouraged to make or to knit a garment which they will present to their husbands; they also take home to him the dish prepared at the weekly culinary session. At the beginning of the semester, they are given charts including all the subjects taught at the Centre; for every lesson well learned they are allowed to pin a gold star corresponding to the subject. At the end of the first semester, a tea party is organized during which the women serve

their husbands dishes they have cooked for the occasion. Some husbands are appreciative of the progress realized; others, selfishly refuse to co-operate. A few are so enthusiastic that they want us to give them also a chart whereon may be noted the work they do to help around the house! In homes such as these, results are inspiring.

When we inaugurated a Domestic Science Centre at our mission convent, we had no thought of including men in our schedule. Time and experience having proved that their participation in the formation of their wives is essential, we later organized for them especially home visits which had hitherto been restricted to the women.

What is the real object and the value of such home visits? They give excellent opportunities of getting acquainted with the practical aspects of family life in Africa, its problems, its joys, and its trials. At first, we felt tempted to criticize certain manners and customs we could not understand; but eventually we came to realize how closely bound these people are to tribe and family and superstitious beliefs. We grew more indulgent and comprehensive and therefore better able to help them out. Better understanding makes for a better world. These visits, moreover, provide many an opening to bring about the reconciliation of estranged couples. The following may be cited as a case in point. One of our Christian women had been married for five years to a man who had gradually given up all religious practices and who spent his time and money in drinking bouts with boon companions. One day, when a Sister



**Sister Saint Alexandrine (Evelyn O'Neill, of Quebec)
visits a well-to-do family in Fort Jameson.**

visited her home, she confided how desperate she had grown over this situation. Parting from her husband, she thought, was the one and only sensible solution. Sister gently brought her to see where her duty lay at the same time encouraging her and promising to pray for the erring one's conversion. On the other hand, she also managed to contact the husband and to discuss with him his personal difficulties and the effect of his conduct on his wife and children. The result was that the

two were brought together again, Sister continuing to visit their home regularly. The man gave up his wild companions, amended his ways, and returned to the regular reception of the Sacraments. The happy little family can now be seen attending Mass every Sunday at the Mission Church.

Where home visits also prove effective is in the breaking down of prejudices arising from the colour bar. The fact that we never refuse invitations to have tea with the

family in the intimacy of their own home, greatly pleases the Africans.

Home visits are a marvelous means of apostolate. Non-Christians can thereby catch a glimpse of the motherly figure of the Church, while neglectful Christians are drawn back to it from their strayings. Here is another example to stress this fact. Ignatio, a lapsed Catholic, had married Esther without benefit of clergy. During the seventeen years of their union seven children had been born. When the Domestic Science Centre was organized, Esther was among the first to enroll. The fact that she was a student gave the Sisters access to her home — a home which should rightfully have been Catholic. When the question of having his marriage regularized was raised, Ignatio at first demurred, "It will be too difficult," he objected. "I have not been to church for nearly twenty years."

"All the more reason for not delaying another day," Sister parried.

"If my marriage was blessed, do you think I could receive Holy Communion afterwards?"

"I am sure Father would be happy to have you do so once you had gone to confession." The wistful look vanished from the man's face and little flames of joy danced in his dark eyes. The whole family now attends Mass every Sunday and the time is not distant when Ignatio will have his matrimonial situation entirely rectified.

In our visits to African homes, we have noted that in general, quarrels, discontent, the breaking up of the family may be traced first of all to the misdemeanours of the husband. True, a good number of women are lazy and shiftless, apparently having not the slightest interest in keeping the home tidy and pleasant; but usually when one gets to the bottom of things one finds that their men think only of berating their wives, criticizing them, complaining about their stupidity, neglecting them in every way. No wonder the poor things grow apathetic! A second cause of unhappiness springs from the disparity between the education of the husband and that of the wife, and a third from superstitious beliefs and bad customs which continue to hold sway even in our Christian families. Husband and wife should unite in an effort to abolish such usages prejudicial to true Christian living. Vainly will girls and married women be urged to break away from pagan superstitious rites if boys and married men are not convinced that the abolition of these rites is essential to the building of Christian homes.

This essay on "African Husbands and Domestic Science" has turned into an encomium of home visits. The reason for this is that I daily grow more assured that without such visits our Domestic Science Centre would determine but a slight progress in the material life of Africans and would have absolutely no influence on their spiritual life.





MORONDAVA, MADAGASCAR

Missionary Doings in the Bush

by Sister MARIE VIATEUR, M.I.C.

(Thérèse Drainville,
de Laval-des-Rapides)

With our one hundred and five boarders we are kept busy teaching in the various classrooms throughout the week. On Saturdays, however, while the girls attend to their washing and hairdressing, Sister Saint Felicite¹ and I are free to make home visitations in the bush. One of the outposts regularly visited is Tanabao, a small bush village situated at about one kilometre from our mission.

Walking along the narrow highway under the broiling sunshine, we often dream of a fairy godmother who might present us each with a C.C.M.

¹ Therese Leblanc, Saint Sylvere.

bicycle... But, we soon forget about our dream, the heat, and our fatigue when we reach the cluster of adobe huts surrounding a tiny church still under construction. Groups of adults and of children eager to receive religious instruction give us a hearty welcome.

Among the people of Tanabao many are nominal Catholics but, according to Madame Marie Rose who first brought them to our attention, they suffer from chronic *kamo* (laziness). In their justification it may be said that they have scarcely ever benefited by the presence of a regular pastor, such is the scarcity of priests in these parts. When first we began

our weekly visits, we were content with grouping the people for the recitation of the Rosary in the half-finished chapel. Then, while the women did their mending or spinning we conversed with them regarding their household problems. One day, we were led to the shack where lived an aged grandmother who was deaf and blind. During the course of our visit, we learned that she had never been baptized. On many a succeeding Saturday we visited our old friend and aided by Madame Marie Rose we finally succeeded in preparing her to receive the sacrament of Baptism.

Since the last month of May, we

Sister Saint Adelaide (Adelaide Tremblay, Saint Cyprien of Temiscouata) advises Morondava boarders on the best way to get their clothes washed clean.





Sister Marie Viateur
(Therese Drainville
of Laval des Rapides)

have been carrying on our weekly excursions a statue of Our Lady of the Smile around which the devotees of the Rosary gather in increasing numbers. After these prayers and the singing of hymns, catechism lessons are now regularly given.

Returning home from Tanabao, some time ago, we stopped at the county hospital to visit the mother of one of our pupils who was seriously ill. While we were about to take leave, a man burst into the ward, saying, "Quick, Mother, my baby is dying and he has not yet been baptized." I followed the man into the

children's department where a mid-wife led me to the baby's crib, "Marie Georgine I baptize thee..." This was the very first time I experienced the great happiness of pouring the regenerating waters. My hand trembled with emotions but my heart sang with joy and thankfulness.

The following Saturday, I stopped to inquire after the child only to learn that Marie Georgine had wisely made immediate use of her heavenly passport. Ever since I invoke her in favour of her Malagasy brothers and of the missionaries at work among them on this great Red Island.

Kill Me If You Like!

by Sister MARY OF FATIMA¹, M.I.C.

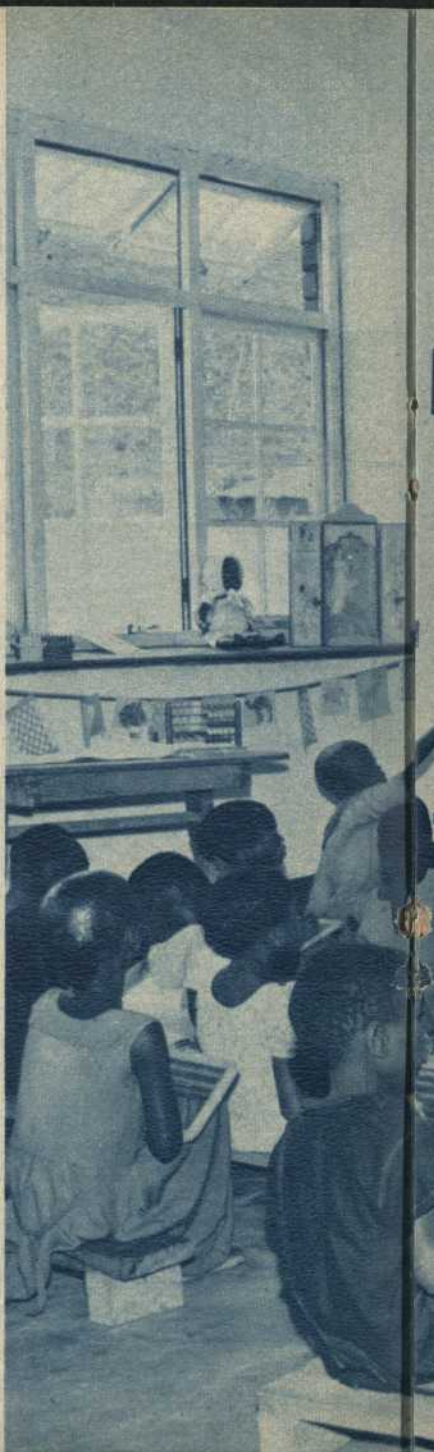
It was nine o'clock in the morning. Among the postulants of the Rosarian Sisters several were busy teaching in the primary grades; the others were attending classes at the Normal School or helping our Sister-Nurses at Sacred Heart Hospital.

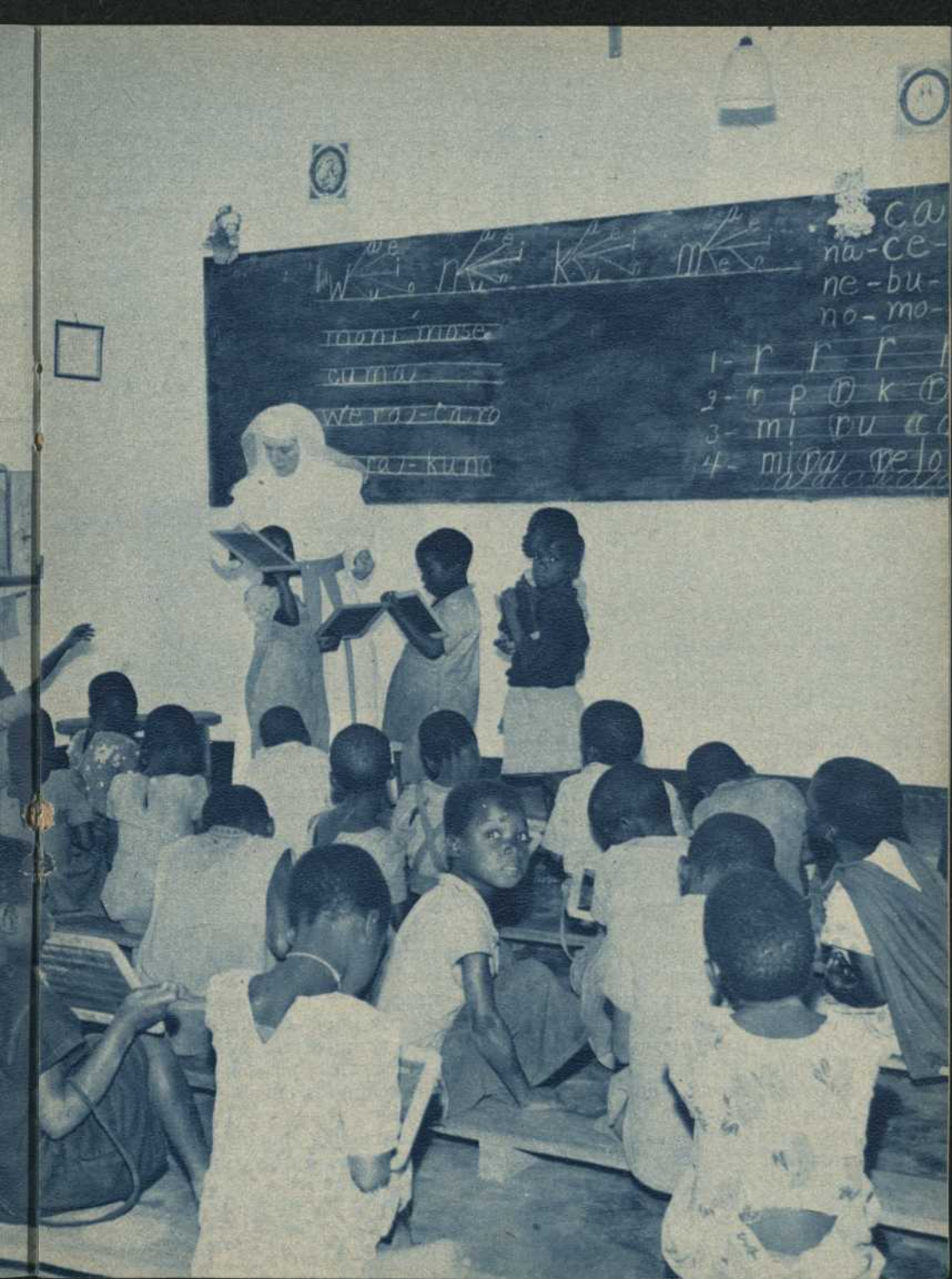
I was teaching subs A and B when someone brought me the startling news that, brandishing an axe, the father of Tomaida, a new postulant, was asking for his daughter. With fear in my heart I flew to the Domestic Science Centre where Tomaida helped Sister Marie Corinne² with the older girls. "Tomaida," I said, "Your father is here. He wants to see you." Tomaida's face fell, and as she prepared to follow me, I noticed that she was trembling like a leaf in the wind. "Cheer up, Tomaida," I tried to comfort her, "We'll face this together."

We reached the parlour at last where Mr. Phiri stood like a hunter ready to pounce on his prey. He strode towards his daughter and roughly declared, "You're coming right home with me, else I'm going

¹ Marguerite Legault, Les Cedres.

² Rollande Langevin, Quebec.







Postulants of the Rosarian Sisters.

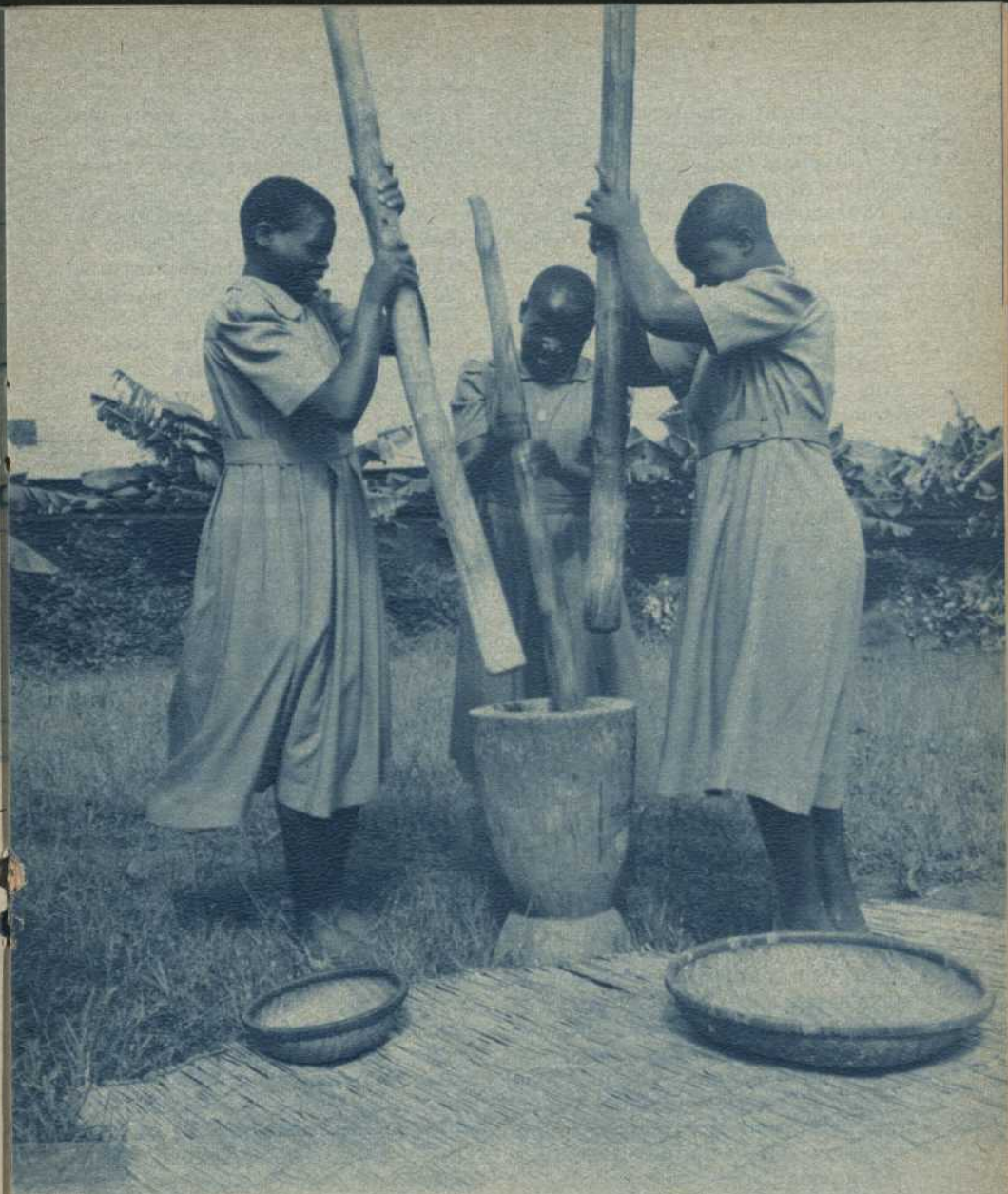
to kill you." Tomaida's trembling ceased. She suddenly appeared a foot taller as she calmly replied, "Kill me if you like but I am here to stay."

Mr. Phiri, his face contorted with anger, turned to me and shoved a paper into my hand. It was, I found, a letter from the great chief himself asserting that Tomaida having entered the convent of the Rosarian Sisters without her father's consent, the latter had every right to claim his daughter and take her home. Was this paper genuine? Puzzled, I decided to submit the case to Reverend Father Van der Pol, Superior of the Mission. Having attentively perused the document, Father remarked, "If there exists no law

stating that from a certain age children are majors, consequently free to act as they wish, there is nothing to be done. I regret to say, Tomaida would then have to obey her father. Try to bring him here to me. I might persuade him to let the girl have her own way."

With a heavy heart, I retraced my steps to where father and daughter awaited me. Before going in, however, I stopped at my classroom door asking my pupils to offer their work for a very important intention.

I found Mr. Phiri on the outside porch looking as amiable as a bear. "Mr. Phiri," I addressed him, "How about discussing your *mlandu* (problem) with the Father Superior?"



Grinding corn for the SIMA.

"All right," he growled, "but you and Tomaida must come along."

Reverend Fathers Van der Pol and Riopel invited us into the parlour. Everybody looked as solemn as if in a courtroom. Suddenly Tomaida buried her face in her hands and began weeping disconsolately. Tears started to my eyes in spite of the efforts I made to remain calm. The Fathers consulted recent issues of the Nyasaland Time to find out whether any law had been made regarding the majority of girls. There was nothing to be found.

It was common knowledge that Mr. Phiri wanted very much to take a third wife. Now, to get this third wife he needed cows as a dowry. This no doubt explained his insistence on taking his daughter away from the convent, Father Riopel reasoned. Her dowry meant the gratification of his desires. He, therefore, inquired pointblank, "Why do you want Tomaida back? To have her married, I suppose, and to get three or four cows paid for her dowry? If you are in need of money, tell me. I might be able to do something for you."

Mr. Phiri remained unmoved. "I want my daughter back. That's all I have to say," he stubbornly repeated.

In vain Father Superior stressed man's real goal in life, the eternal issues at stake. Tomaida's father rose, cutting short any further discussion. "The girl is mine," he bellowed, "She had no right leaving without my permission. I've come to take her home. That's all there is to it."

Tomaida dared challenge him once again, "Father, kill me if you like, but I don't want to leave the convent." Seeing that there was nothing

to be gained from Mr. Phiri who had put the law on his side, the missionaries told the girl it was wiser for her to give in.

On leaden feet she returned to her dear Rosarian Convent. Passing by the chapel, she entered and prostrated herself in a mute appeal for help. The postulants were there reciting the last decade of the Rosary; sensing their companion's distress, their Aves rose in husky pleading cadences to the throne of Our Lady of the Rosary.

I touched Tomaida lightly on the shoulder and she followed me out to the dormitory where with tear-blurred eyes she started packing. The crucial moment was reached when she exchanged the blue costume of the postulancy for the flowered dress she wore when first she arrived here from her distant village. She spread the livery of Mary on her cot and arranged its folds with tender, reverent hands. "Dear Blessed Mother protect your child always," I heard her whisper as she turned away without a last look behind.

Below, her companions awaited her, a hushed, deeply saddened group. To please them, Tomaida accepted the *sima* they had prepared, for she had a long way to go on foot. She choked over the first mouthfuls, however, and hastily taking leave almost ran into the yard where the pupils waited, huddled together, gravely watching the irate Mr. Phiri punctuating his hatred of Christianity with flourishes of the axe he carried. They crowded about Tomaida with affectionate gestures. "Paweme," she said, all her heart in the simple words of farewell. Turning to the group of postulants, she pleaded, "*Mumilom-*



Sister Marie Corinne (Rollande Langevin of Quebec)
gives a lesson in domestic science.

bere ine (pray for me). I'm going away with a satan!" She walked quickly out of the yard with her father close at her heels, still shouting vociferations.

Never had I known such sorrow. How could I help shuddering at the dangers this eighteen-year-old girl would encounter in her village to remain true to the Faith of her Bap-

tism? You who read these lines, please remember in your prayers this courageous African who has had to forego her cherished ideal of a dedicated life. And you, dear girls of my homeland, who enjoy the liberty to answer the call and who are perhaps tempted to draw back, after reading this, will you still refuse to rise to the challenge of the divine Master's invitation?



Legend of the Buddhist Rosary

by Sister JOSEPH ARTHUR¹, M.I.C.

Old and young fraternize at the catechumenate. Among my latest group of pupils, there is a seventy-year-old Chinese lady, a fervent disciple of the Illuminated One. While her eyes are scanning for the first time the bright horizons of faith in Sen Chen, the true God, she remains closely attached to her practices of devotion towards Buddha. Thus, after reciting the Our Father and Hail Mary recently learned, she takes up her Buddhist rosary and murmurs over and over her favourite invocation. But divine grace will soon reign victorious in this soul of good will and Grandmother, discarding her pagan chaplet, will definitely adopt that of Our Blessed Mother.

Are you fond of legends? There is a curious one attached to the Buddhist beads and to the invocation repeated on each one, *Nam mo oh lei tooh faat*.

It happened in the days when Saint Thomas, the apostle, brought the good tidings of the gospel to India. He could at first find no place of worship wherein to offer the divine sacrifice for his neophytes; as a last

resource, he approached the Buddhist bonzes with a request to use one of the large halls in their temple. The abbot, a shrewd old gentleman, unwilling to refuse point-blank, showed Saint Thomas into a spacious room crowded with stone statues of various divinities each weighing one thousand pounds. "This room I will gladly place at your disposal," he smirked, "If you will but remove the statues for your service and replace them when it is over." Saint Thomas rubbed his hands with evident satisfaction. "No trouble at all, my dear abbot. Thanks for obliging. I will come early tomorrow morning."

The following day, the monks were on the lookout when Saint Thomas and his Christians arrived. The Abbot was laughing up his sleeve.

When the entire congregation had assembled around him, the apostle knelt in prayer. Suddenly, there was a commotion among the gray company of the gods. The earth shook under their tread as they majestically filed out of the temple before the startled gaze of the spectators. After

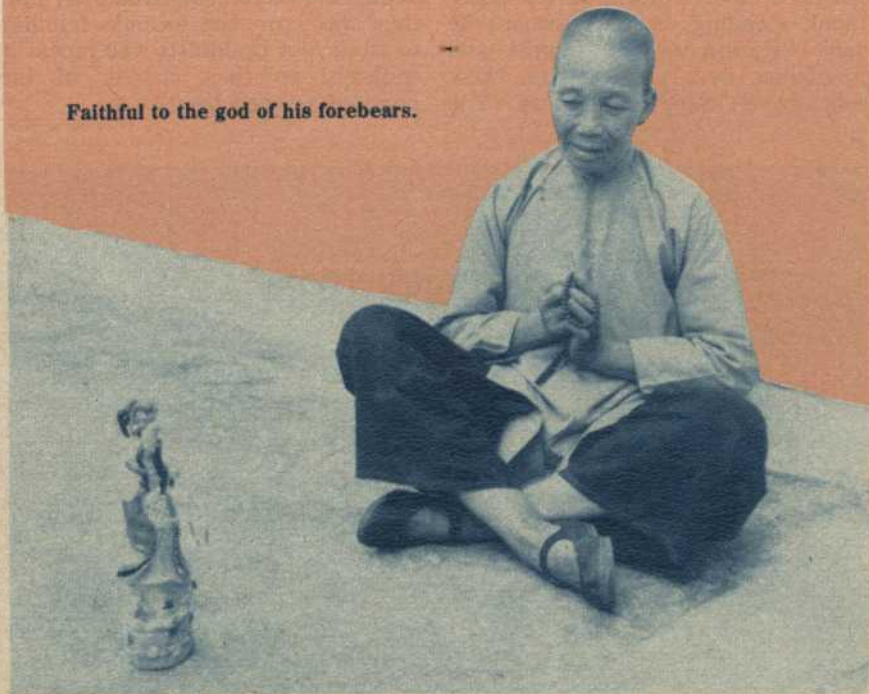
the last divinity had vacated the premises, Saint Thomas celebrated Mass and distributed communion to the faithful, then dismissed them with a blessing. All returned home praising God and thanking Him for His wonderful intervention in their favour.

Meantime, the bonzes had got over their amazement and were now seething at the insult proffered their gods. Like a swarm of angry bees, they surrounded the saint threatening him with the worse mistreatment if he did not reinstate their ousted Buddhas. Saint Thomas put up a hand to appease their anger. "You have not given me time to make good my promise. Never fear. I will leave the hall in perfect order." Raising his

eyes to heaven, he prayed for a few moments in silence. Again the earth trembled under the measured march of the stone gods who re-entered the hall and resumed their rigid postures. This event sealed an enduring friendship between Saint Thomas and the pagan priests. From this time onward, the ponderous statues moved every morning to make place for the minister of the true God and his devotees.

One day, however, the apostle received during Mass revelation that the Mother of Jesus was about to die. He left the temple in haste, without

Faithful to the god of his forebears.



giving the divinities leave to re-enter their dwelling. Going down to the seashore he found a vessel about to start for Palestine and made arrangements to sail that very day.

The anchor had been lifted and the sails hoisted, when a gesticulating bonze ran to the water's edge. "You scoundrel!" he shouted shaking his fist at the saint, "What do you mean by running off leaving the honourable ones to wait in the courtyard? Is that how you repay our good abbot's hospitality?" Saint Thomas bowed his head and apologized for his forgetfulness. What was he to do? If he took time to go back to the temple, the boat would leave without him and he would thus be deprived of his last chance to find the Mother of his Lord alive. Turning to the angry monk standing on the seashore he said, "Return to the temple and pronounce over your statues these four words: *San cap loh, loh* (The

Spirit commands you to re-enter). Take care not to forget the words," he warned; but already the flying figure of the bonze was only a speck in the distance.

Rushing into the temple courtyard the monk hurled at the head of the gods the command, "*San cap loh loh!*" The assembled bonzes scampered left and right as the mighty procession swung into the temple.

Later, the messenger was plied with requests, "Please, teach us the powerful words," But, his memory was a blank. Try as he might he could remember nothing of the original message. In his efforts to recapture the magic sentence, he could only stutter "*Nam mo ch lei toh*". To these meaningless words was added the word *faat* (Buddha), and thus was born the formula familiar to all devout Buddhists who repeat it endlessly on their chaplet of the hundred wooden beads.

MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

JULY: For the prosperity of the Catholic Church in Siam.

AUGUST: That lack of resources may not hinder the recruitment of vocations in mission countries.

PONT VIAU, NOVITIATE

Afraid to Meet the Challenge?

Then these lines are addressed to you.

I also was afraid to meet the challenge of the Lord's call to the religious and missionary life until.... But, let me tell you about it.

I was sweet sixteen and going

through my last year at Normal School. What a tempest the first intimation that God wanted me for



His own stirred within my soul! You see, I had fondly imagined that life would be spent doing exactly what I liked. I felt a burning desire to do something different, something daring, exciting. Of course, entering the convent suggested none of these things, or so I thought. But so irresistible was the vocation-proposal of the Holy Spirit, that I surrendered at last. It remained for me to decide what form of religious life I should embrace.

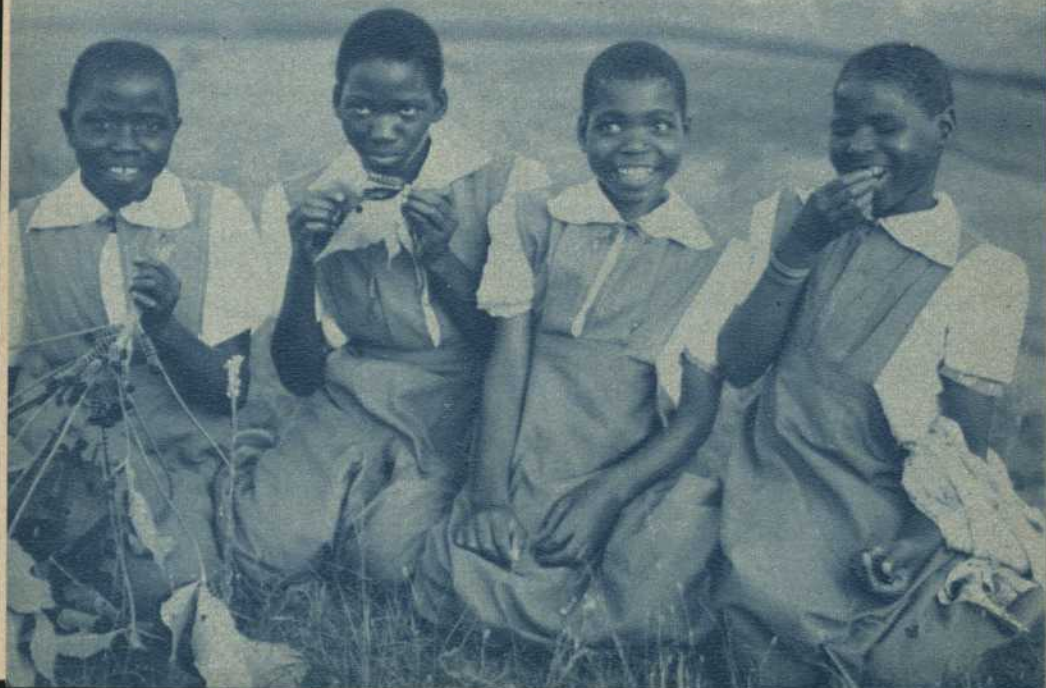
No easy matter let me tell you.

One afternoon, as a special treat, the Normal School Principal arranged to have a film of the Little Flower's life shown to the students. It was then I felt the secret urge to spread the Gospel message. Again, I re-

belled. Was it not enough that I should become a nun? Could it be that I would be required to leave my homeland and go to the ends of the world to boot? Little shivers of apprehension tingled up and down my spine. Visions of cannibals, of paint-smearing savages, scorpions, serpents, wild animals danced before my mind's eye. Gruesome menus of caterpillars à la béchamel, rat steaks, or ant soup were conjured... Such at that time were my ideas of the missionary calling. It took genuine heroism to assume a similar burden and I felt anything but heroic.

The best thing to do was to forget about the missionary vocation and develop a keen interest in the educational field. But, at home, my mother

Will you have some MPHALATA?



who was a faithful subscriber to numerous missionary magazines, took good care to scatter them about where they would draw attention. I could

not resist picking up and leafing through at least a few. While engrossed in their reading, I one day noticed a caption in large characters:

THE MISSIONARY VOCATION

QUALITIES AND APTITUDES REQUIRED OF A MISSIONARY

I decided to read the article attentively if only in order to convince myself I really had no call to such a vocation. And that is how I got caught. I realized that, being a missionary did not require extraordinary gifts or qualities. If all that was needed was mental, moral, and physical alertness plus the desire to devote

one's energies to the service of God and the salvation of souls, I could not very well deny that I did possess the needed qualifications.

Before going any further, I laid the problem before my spiritual director, resolved to abide by his decisions. He took the time to dis-

At Sacred Heart Hospital, Sister Mary of the Presentation (Berthe Surprenant of Swanton, Vt.), distributes milk to the maternity patients. But the African mammas prefer fried MPHALATA.



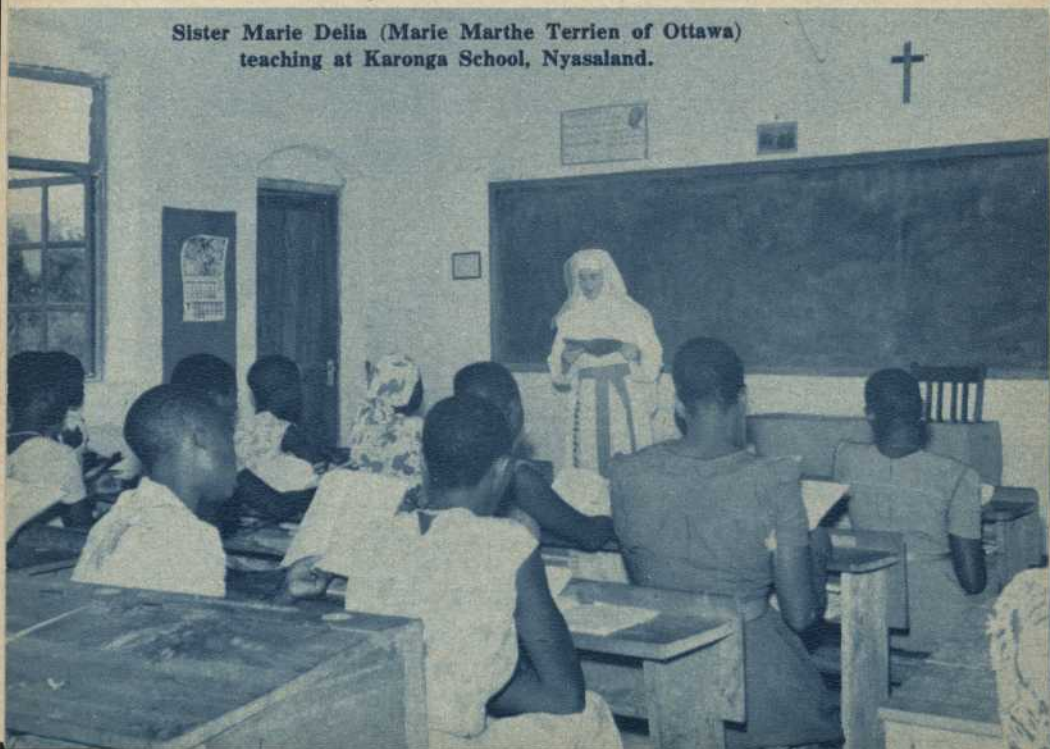
cuss it from every angle, then he declared he firmly believed I had a vocation to the missionary life. I barely stifled an Alas! Immediately, as if evoked by a magician's wand, the procession of cannibals, ants, scorpions, serpents, lions paraded in my imagination.

Mother had early impressed on my mind that no duty was ever to be shirked. I, therefore, contacted the Pont Viau Novitiate without delay, asking for precise details on my life as a future novice and later as full-fledged missionary sister. To my relief I learned that ants, rats, or caterpillars never figure on the menu of the Sisters; that scorpions are not legion; that wild animals are often more afraid of man than man

need be afraid of them. To my delight I also learned what a wide scope there is in missionary life for educational work of all kinds; on the missions, more especially in Hong Kong and in the Philippines, the Sisters conduct elementary, secondary, high, and normal schools that can stand favourable comparison with the best anywhere.

At present, I am a novice in the Society of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. How eagerly I look forward to dedicated service in the field afar! But, I do not forget to pray every day in a special manner for those who, as I once did, dread to meet the challenge.

**Sister Marie Delia (Marie Marthe Terrien of Ottawa)
teaching at Karonga School, Nyasaland.**





Insect Medley

in

Japan

by Sister MARY OF THE REDEMPTION,¹ M.L.C.



Children of a country that shows itself a beautiful and temperamental artist, the Japanese derive one of their keenest enjoyments from the contemplation of its charms. For them, art is a living thing that permeates the dull fabric of every day living. They may be found lost in mute admiration before the gnarled branch of a withered tree, an oddly shaped stone, the print of an animal's foot on newly fallen snow. And this sensitiveness to beauty is not confined to an elite but also belongs to the common people. As someone has aptly remarked in a recent essay, "Whereas almost anyone has at least some appreciation of art, the Japanese have made an art of appre-

ciation". Living on the most intimate terms with nature, they understand her better than do westerners, at least in her visible forms. How heartily they would agree with G. K. Chesterton that "men... might fast forty days for the sake of hearing a black-bird sing!" Is it any wonder, then, that such a people should feel the deepest veneration for the poor little rich man of Assisi, the gentle St. Francis who talked to the birds and fishes, and tamed the wolf of Gubbio?

Each season in Japan brings with it some picturesque festival. Crowds in holiday mood visit temples or celebrated places merely for the sake of paying poetic tribute, for instance to the

¹ Basilisse Maillet, Saint Louis, N. B.

cherry trees in full bloom or to the flaming glory of maples in autumn. Special trains, buses, and trolleys are regularly run for these pilgrims to the shrine of Beauty.

Among the most original summer pastimes are insect-hearing parties. According to the *Manyoshu* (Myriad leaves) and other classic anthologies of Japanese verse, this amusement originated as far back as ten centuries ago. In these early times when only the most primitive musical instruments existed, the people took delight in satisfying their taste for music by listening to the rustic, rhythmical minstrelsy of katydids, crickets, cicadas. Public markets for the sale of such insects are said to have started some time towards the

age, have known a surprising resurgence at least in certain quarters. His Majesty the Emperor himself is said to be very fond of this entertainment. Although the trade dealing in singing insects has admittedly been on a decline for the last fifty years, the fact that most department stores maintain sections for it during the summer season proves that insect rhapsodists continue to be in demand by many classes of people. Moreover, every year in the first days of July, independent dealers carry on a brisk business in their picturesque stalls on the Ginza, gay business centre of the capital, or inside the courts of Buddhist and Shintoist temples and shrines. You may meet coming out of these stalls grave business men, modest labourers, elegant damsels, merry school children



middle of the Yedo period (1603). The popularity of the pastime reached its climax early in the nineteenth century, a popularity retained for a good hundred years after this date.

This genteel art apparently holds scant appeal for the people of today who live in a high-tension atmosphere of neon lights, movies, and jazz music. Of late, however, many of the old entertainments, apparently inconsistent with the spirit of the atomic

all carrying dainty bamboo cages and all listening, enraptured, to the timid chirpings of the little captives within. These cages are usually made of wood because insects, it is believed, dislike metal; during the night they are hung outside so the insects may enjoy the refreshing coolness of the dew.

Among the more interesting insect musicians are the *semi* (cicadas).

These Japanese tree crickets, of which there are several species, are supposed to be sweeter songsters than the famed cicadas of tropical climes. Finest musician of them all is the *minminzemi* whose name is derived from its melodious song; devotees of Buddha assert that it chants like a Buddhist bonze reciting the *sutras* (Buddhist aphorisms). When autumn is still young, the *minminzemi* is followed by the *higurashi* whose note sounds singularly clear and mellow like the rapid chime of a bell — *kana, kana, kana, kana*. Another "bell ringer" is the *suzu mushi* (bell insect) with a tinkling *rin, rin, rin, rin* refrain. But the most remarkable creature in this orchestra of the garden, is a diminutive grasshopper of a lovely amber colour known to the Japanese by the strange name of *holoke no uma* (horse of the dead) perhaps because its head has a faint resemblance to that of the horse. It emits a tremulous sound which the Japanese interpret as a repetition of the syllables *junta*. Another frog about one inch long, the *kajika*, will also sing sweetly if properly trained. This involves a rather tedious process, hours being spent blowing on a special whistle whittled out of bamboo trying to induce the creature to reply. Fortunately for the frog and its "fans" patience is a virtue that is not lacking in Japan. So much for the insect-hearing parties; now let us turn to insect-viewing parties, if you are agreeable.

Other favourites of the insect world, although not musicians, are the *hotaru* and the *tombo*. While in

our dictionaries, the *hotaru* (firefly) is accorded only a brief and commonplace description, in anthologies of Japanese prose and poetry it holds an honourable rank. We find it mentioned in the mythological section of the *Nihon Shoki* wherein a certain god is portrayed "as radiant as the firefly". Do we not see here a manifestation of the high degree of reverence shown by man since pre-historic times to all objects reflecting light?



At the epoch when Japanese knight-hood was in flower, groups of nobles, court ladies, and *samurai* (knights) enjoyed attending *hotaru* viewing parties from the decks of gaily decorated barges. To the flowing of much *sake* (rice wine) and the accompaniment of the *shamisen* (Japanese guitar), they vied with one another composing short verses in honour of the graceful dots of light flitting to and fro on the banks of streams or rivers. Of these poems, some are exquisite cameos of thought such as the following *waka* (poem of 31 syllables):

Yuku hotaru
Natsu no yo sugara,
Ika ni shite
Kemuri mo tatazu
Moe wataru ramu.

"How is it that the firefly is able to glowingly flit about on summer nights without emitting any smoke whatever?"

The nobles were not, however, the sole admirers of the *hotaru*. From ancient times, Japanese children have eagerly looked forward to the summer season when they may enjoy themselves catching fireflies. Out they troup, flourishing tiny contrivances fashioned out of the stalk of the rapeseed plant (*colza*), and merrily singing in chorus the old ditty: "Ho, ho, fireflies! Come right over here where the water is sweet. Don't go over there where the water is bitter. Ho, ho fireflies!" In Tokyo, there is at least one restaurant where the managers make



it an annual practice of enabling Tokyoites, so inclined, to enjoy firefly catching within their spacious compound; against a mere nominal fee of one hundred yen, guests are, moreover, entitled to a little cage for the purpose of taking home a certain number of fireflies as souvenirs.

The *tombo* (dragon fly) comes next in popularity. Numerous are the poems that laud the streamlined beauty of its form, its translucent wings, and its delicate colouring.

One day, the poet moralist Basho (1644-1673) was strolling about the countryside accompanied by his favourite disciple, Kikaku. The latter inspired by a red dragon fly on the wing composed a haikai (verse of 5, 7, and 5 syllables):

Aka tomo
Hane wo tottara
Togarashi.

"Take away the wings of the red dragonfly, lo, you have a red pepper." To which the gentle poet wishing to instill in the heart of Kikaku his own tenderness and pity for all living things, parried,

Togarashi
Hane wo tsuketara
Akatombo.

"Give the red pepper wings — it becomes a red dragonfly." One of the most beautiful varieties with a jewelled gleam to its slender body is appropriately called *Tenshi Tombo* (the Son of Heaven's dragonfly). A larger species is much appreciated by the children as a plaything. On the whole, Japanese children are fond of all insects and do not evince any repugnance whatever in handling them. At the kindergarten, lately arrived Sisters are apt to suffer a minor shock upon finding pressed into their hands a bunch of squirming insects by a friendly boy or girl. They are being paid the compliment that they enjoy living playthings better than dull mechanized affairs!

In their love for nature Japanese poets have not disdained to sing even of common flies, mosquitoes, fleas or — lice. Did not Scotland's beloved Bobbie Burns himself also dedicate a delightful poem to a "lousie"? In these *waka* or *haikai* sparkles the humourous whimsicality one is delighted to find in Japanese literature.

A poet inviting a friend of his, a Buddhist monk, to visit his rustic hermitage writes:

Waga yado wa
Ka no chiisaki wo
Chiiso ka na!



"At my hut all that I have to offer you is that the mosquitoes are small."

Issa, a famous ascetic poet, humourously addresses the following *haikai* to the fleas infesting his one-room shack:

Semaku tomo
Iza tobinarae,
Io no nomi

"My hut is small but please do practice your jumping, fleas of mine!"

Making light of his own troubles,

the same poet sympathizes with the imaginary woes of the flea:

Nomidomo mo
Yonaga dara zo
Sabishikaro.

"For you fleas too, the night must be long. It must be lonely."

Always close to the knees of nature, the Japanese remain indifferent to none of its varied facets. When will they come to acknowledge the Creator of the Universe who has lavished His gifts with such prodigality on their own sunrise land?



BARBATO

Our Lady's Protegee

by Sister SAINT AMEDEE¹, M.I.C.

Our Las Pinas Convent stands next door to the parochial centre whose activities we are happy to share. Liturgical offices, processions, various religious ceremonies successively find us gathered with the parishioners within the walls of this venerable sanctuary over two centuries old. These frequent meetings with the good Filipino people, by nature so deeply devout, afford us many a subject of edification.

For some time past I had noticed in one of the rear pews, opposite the chapel dedicated to Our Lady of Protection, an aged cripple who heard Mass every morning. Dressed in rags, he was the picture of misery as he crouched in the pew, his wistful eyes riveted on the altar. Never would he go up to the altar rail when Communion time came. Fearing to be indiscreet I refrained from asking him why he did not receive the Sacraments, but I faithfully remem-

bered him in my prayers begging Our Blessed Mother to console and relieve him.

One day, as I was pacing the convent verandah saying my Rosary, I espied the aged cripple shuffling along the road in front of the house. I hastily went down into the garden, culled a few flowers and waited to give them to him as he passed. His trembling hands closed around the flowers and his eyes travelled from the blooms to my face, a look of blank astonishment in their watery depths.

"Where do you live, Grandfather?" I inquired.

"Over there," he replied with a vague gesture towards the seashore.

"Do you live alone?" I probed.

"Yes, Madre."

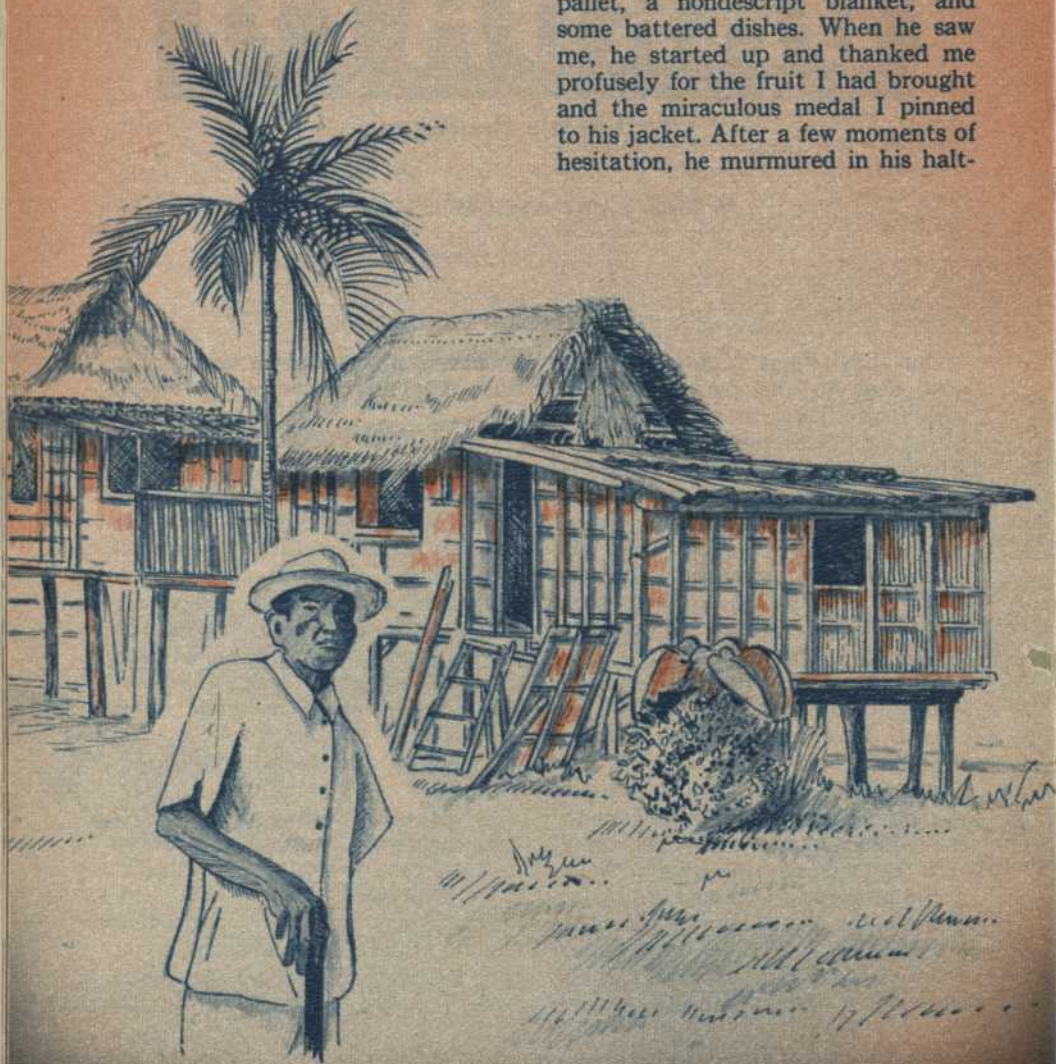
"God must be very pleased to see you at daily Mass in spite of your poor legs."

His sombre, weatherbeaten face

¹ Emilienne Vezina, Quebec.

relaxed into the ghost of a smile. With a nod of thanks, clutching the flowers to his breasts, he painfully dragged himself along the path that skirted the beach and was soon lost to view behind clumps of bushes.

A few weeks later, I found out where he lived and paid him a visit, accompanied by one of my music pupils. The only home Barbato knew was the empty space under a nipa hut built on stilts. His earthly possessions consisted in a miserable pallet, a nondescript blanket, and some battered dishes. When he saw me, he started up and thanked me profusely for the fruit I had brought and the miraculous medal I pinned to his jacket. After a few moments of hesitation, he murmured in his halt-



ing speech, "Madre, I'd like so much to have a scapular... a rosary."

"I will bring these to you soon, my friend," I assured him as I took leave.

When next I called, Barbato unburdened his aching heart to me. For years he had kept away from the confessional. Why? Because his poor tongue being affected by paralysis, he could not easily make himself understood. Then, he dared not go to receive Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, for his twisted knees refused to allow him to kneel. How relieved he was to learn that such matters could easily be arranged with the pastor of Las Pinas! Timid and unfortunate, he had never dared speak of his condition to anybody.

The following day, I took him to the rectory where Father kindly arranged to hear his confession. From that time onward, every morning after the consecration, Barbato could be seen making his way to the altar rail, his stick tapping loudly as he went to keep his tryst with the God of love. For this ailing, crippled man, the fact of assisting at daily Mass was nothing short of heroic. Once, he stumbled on his way to church and fell into the water whence he was rescued in the nick of time. But nothing could stop him now from receiving Jesus, his divine Friend.

Meantime, I was recalled to the homeland for a rest after twenty years spent in the missions. Before

leaving, I visited Barbato once again. He was deeply affected. "Madre, I'm so sorry that you have to leave. You were the only one who cared for me. Now I'll be all alone..." I could hardly bear the look of loneliness in his eyes as he wiped away his tears.

Hearing the tolling of the church bell when I was about to leave the convent, on the day of my departure, I inquired whose death it announced. "Your friend Barbato has gone home to God," the Las Pinas pastor replied. "He fainted this morning coming out from Mass. When he came to, he insisted on going 'home'. Some kind persons helped him to his pallet but his strength was gone. I was called in haste and arrived just in time to administer the last Sacraments."

Poor Barbato! Had the pain of feeling himself alone once again killed him? In haste, I took the little path that led to his shelter for a last farewell look at my aged friend. He was lying on the ground wearing the white cotton suit we had given him. The time to kneel beside his mortal remains for a fervent prayer, and I had to go.

While I was borne away across the ocean from my dear Philippines, memories of gentle friends followed me, and blessed memories of Barbato, the forgotten cripple, whom Our Lady had helped me to lead to Jesus, her divine Son.



New Post in Ambohibary

Sister St. REMI DE FRANCE¹ writes to
her Sisters of the Motherhouse.

On September 7 we took possession of our new post in Ambohibary. The first task entrusted to us here was to assume the direction of the Catholic school which has a roster of 450 pupils from the first to the seventh grades inclusively. What were our reactions in this new environment, you would like to know? We found the bright-eyes Malagasy children studious, docile, and lovable. It is a real joy to teach pupils who are so very eager to learn in spite of the unfavourable conditions in which they have to study.

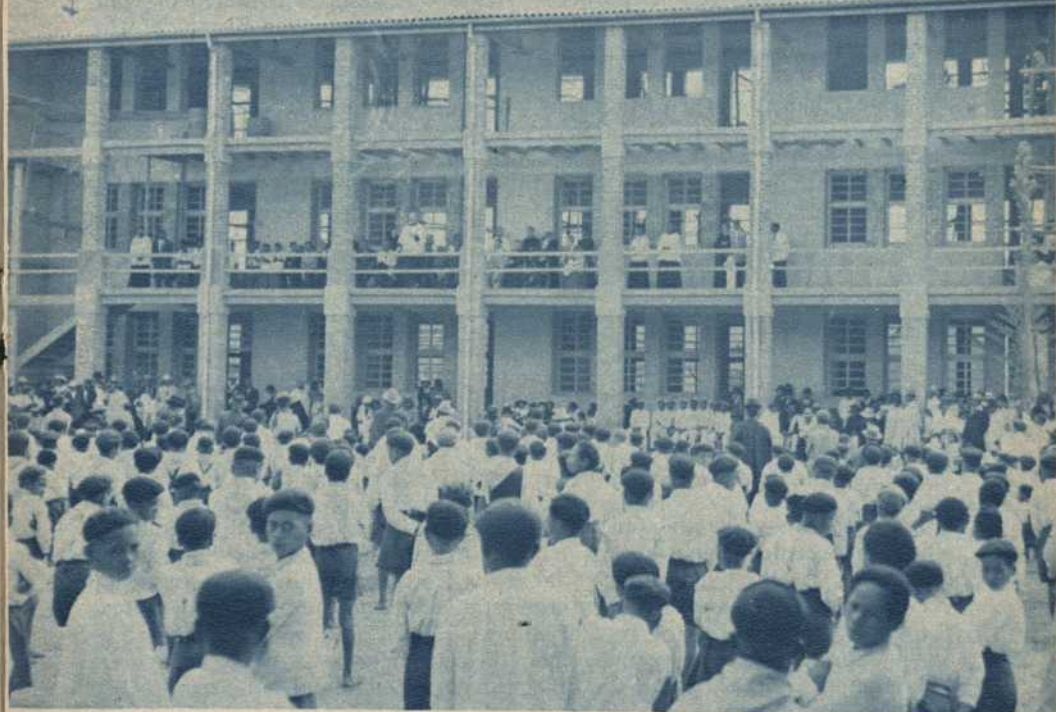
Their school is dilapidated; their classrooms are too small; the furniture is inadequate; scribblers and lead pencils are unavailable; text books are so few that in my class of forty-nine, only one child has an arithmetic to her name! All writing is done with inferior ink, with not enough bottles to go around. And the pens! Don't for a moment imagine

Sheaffers, Watermans, or anything ultra modern. The old-fashioned pens with steel nibs are the only ones known in the school; they are passed around to be dipped while the writers placidly await their turn.

Should our Malagasy pupils find themselves sullenly whisked into one of our spacious, airy Canadian classrooms, they would believe they had strayed into fairyland. How they would enjoy having a pencil of their own and paper on which to scribble! If they saw beautiful religious pictures hung about their walls, their interest in doctrine classes would be heightened. All this would, moreover, contribute to their moral and intellectual development.

A few days ago I visited the department of the younger children. It made me sad to see them shivering from the cold. Their clothes were thread-bare and there was no heat

¹ Rose Blanche Noël, Lauzon.



Ambohibary School.

anywhere. Although it is spring now around here, the weather is still cold more especially in the early forenoon and late afternoon.

Already we have grown very fond of our dusky little charges and we long to improve their lot. But several years will be needed before we can change anything much; one learns to be patient on the missions. Bring

along a good dose of this virtue when your turn comes to leave for Madagascar.

The educational programme is quite difficult especially as regards mathematics and French. Summer holidays last three whole months; every week there is a day and a half off, and there are, besides, numerous

extras. Class hours are thereby diminished in a regrettable fashion. With time, we hope to set things right. It would never do, however, to start changing the traditional schedule after only a few months of teaching. This first year is very important, for it will establish the reputation of the school far and wide.

We are relying on the help of your fervent prayers, dear Sisters of the Motherhouse, to succeed in this important missionary work. So humble are our beginnings that we have every reason to believe God will have to do everything. After all this work is His more than it is ours. Could He fail to bring it to happy fruition?



DON'T LEAVE OUT OUR NAMES

Khiang Ming So, the old go-between, was perplexed. A Communist official had come prying around her remote country village asking various questions. As she lived with her family in a miserable hovel, he could not very well accuse them of being capitalists, and for once he completely missed the point that they might be Christians. He carefully noted their names and ages on his pad, writing under them the caption NO RELIGION. So anxious was Khiang Ming So to see the official depart that it did not occur to her that she should protest.

That night, however, she called a family council. "What have we done? We have allowed that bird of prey to set us down as people without any religion. In a few more days, the Christians will be killed and we will be left out..."

"No, no," they all chorused. "Such a thing must not happen. Let us all go to town and tell the official we are Christians."

"I will go alone," declared Grandmother. "After all, I am the head of this family and responsible for everyone of you."

So, without even taking time to rest, Khiang Ming So walked the long hard way to the next town. She arrived with the first rays of the sun and made a beeline for the police headquarters. She stated, "One of your men came to our village yesterday and he wrote us down as people without any religion. I want you to change that declaration, for we are all Christians, always have been. Be sure not to leave out our names if anything happens... You see, we don't want to miss being martyrs if we can help it."

C.L.M.

How the Ylang Ylang Got Its Blossoms

In the days when the world was young, there were as yet no flowering trees or shrubs. Then, one by one, the various trees were given blossoms as rewards for kindly service. Once, men began to shiver with cold and by a happy chance huddled under the fire tree. "Rub my branches together and make fire," whispered the tree. Sure enough, fire sprang forth from two rubbed sticks, and the tree was rewarded with the flaming flowers that deck it to this day.

And so it happened for other trees. The only one that provided nothing valuable was the poor twisted ylang ylang. Far from being selfish it wanted to be helpful, but there seemed to be nothing it could do. When the world was completed, when all the flowers and fruits had been distributed to different trees, the ylang ylang at last gracefully agreed to accept its humble fate.

Then a terrible typhoon swept over the land. All living things sought shelter from the driving rain and lashing wind. The only thing left

abroad in the storm were two yellow butterflies so newly hatched from their cocoons that they fluttered helplessly about not knowing where to go. They alighted at last on a mango tree.

"Please let us hide under your leaves," they begged.

"Go away!" cried the mango tree. "Can't you see that I have my own baby green fruit to protect?"

The two little butterflies flew off, frightened by such unkindness. Soon they found a dap-dap, (Coral tree) beautiful in its scarlet dress.

"This tree is so beautiful it must surely be kind as well," thought the butterflies, alighting among its red blossoms.

"Off with you!" exclaimed the dap-dap impatiently. "You are knocking off my flowers? I shall have few enough left by the time this rain is over without having you destroy more!"

By this time it was pouring rain and the yellow butterflies were panic-stricken. They flew to the first tree





they saw, a tall slender acacia.

"Please cover us," they begged.
"We have just been hatched. This rain will drown us."

The acacia shook its proud head.

"Stay if you like," it replied
"But, for my part, I warn you I
always close up when it rains."
And it began to fold its leaves tightly,
leaving the two butterflies unsheltered
from the downpour.

There was nothing to do but to



move on. One of the little butterflies was quite wet and almost fell to the ground. But it struggled bravely on and the pair fluttered off forlornly. At last, a gust of wind hurled them onto the branches of an ugly twisted tree with a rough gray trunk.

"We can't stay here," gasped one butterfly to the other. "Where on earth shall we go?"

"Why not stay here?" inquired a friendly voice above the roar of the storm.

"Because, because... we might injure your fruit or flowers or perhaps you will fold up," began the butterflies apologetically.

The tree laughed a pleasant little laugh.

"You don't know me," it said. "I am the ylang ylang. I have nothing you can injure and I never fold up. Stay with me as long as you like. You are so tiny I am sure you can keep quite dry beneath my leaves."

So the shivering yellow babies snuggled under the curling leaves and kept dry while the typhoon raged. When the wind at last blew over, they came out into the sun to thank the tree.

"Don't thank me," protested the ylang ylang. "I did only what any friend would do. Besides, I have nothing you could spoil. You see, when flowers were being distributed for rewards, I was not given any. I am a useless sort of a tree, anyway."

"Oh, no, you are not useless," exclaimed the butterflies. "You saved

our lives. You gave us shelter. Surely you will be rewarded!"

"It's too late," sighed the ylang ylang. "Now fly away and learn all about the world. But be sure to come back if you ever need a friend."

"We will certainly call again," promised the butterflies as they flew away.

The next morning the ylang ylang awoke to find its branches loaded with yellow butterflies.

"Hello! what is the meaning of this?" it asked in smiling wonder. Not a butterfly moved.

"What is the matter," cried the ylang ylang, "are you all dumb?" Still silence reigned. The tree looked more closely. Wonder of wonders! These were not butterflies after all, but lovely fragrant blossoms, the reward of friendliness shown to helpless little yellow creatures lost in the storm.

The ylang ylang, like the pili nut, grows only in the Philippines. From the fragrant yellow blossoms is made a valuable oil called "essential essence of ylang ylang". This oil is exported to America and France where it is used in the manufacture of perfumes.

The most common of "essential essences" besides the ylang ylang is "attar of roses". The latter is cheaper and easier to produce because the blossoms are pulpy and rich in oil. They are used in increasing quantities each year in the making of perfume.

A Filipino legend

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

- MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.
NOVITIATE, Pont Vian, Montreal 9.
OUTREMONT, 314 St. Catherine Road,
Montreal 8.
CHINESE HOSPITAL, 112 Lagachetiere 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, P. Q., 279 Main Street.
CHICOUTIMI, P.Q., 766 Cenacle Street.
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, P.Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.
PERTH, N.B., P.B. 259.
OTTAWA, Ont., 443 Gilmour Street.

UNITED STATES

- MARLBORO, Mass., 207 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

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

FORMOSA

- KUANHSI, Catholic Church, Hsinchu Hsien,
Taiwan.

- SHIH KUANG TSE, Catholic Church,
Hsinchu Hsien, Taiwan.

- TAIPEI, 363, An Tung Chieh, Taiwan, Free China.

- SUAO, Catholic Mission, P.O. Box 2.

- Suao Vilanhsien, Taiwan, Free China.

JAPAN

- KORIYAMA 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi,
Fukushima Ken.

- WAKAMATSU 480, sakae machi, Aizu Wakamatsu.

- TOKYO, 108-4 cho me Fukazawa cho, Setagaya ku.

ITALY

- ROME, via Giacinto Carini, 8.

MADAGASCAR

- MORONDAVA, Madagascar.

- AMBOHIBAR V, Madagascar.

BOLIVIA

- COCHABAMBA, Acade mia Comercial,
Calle Oruro No 300, Casilla 1667.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

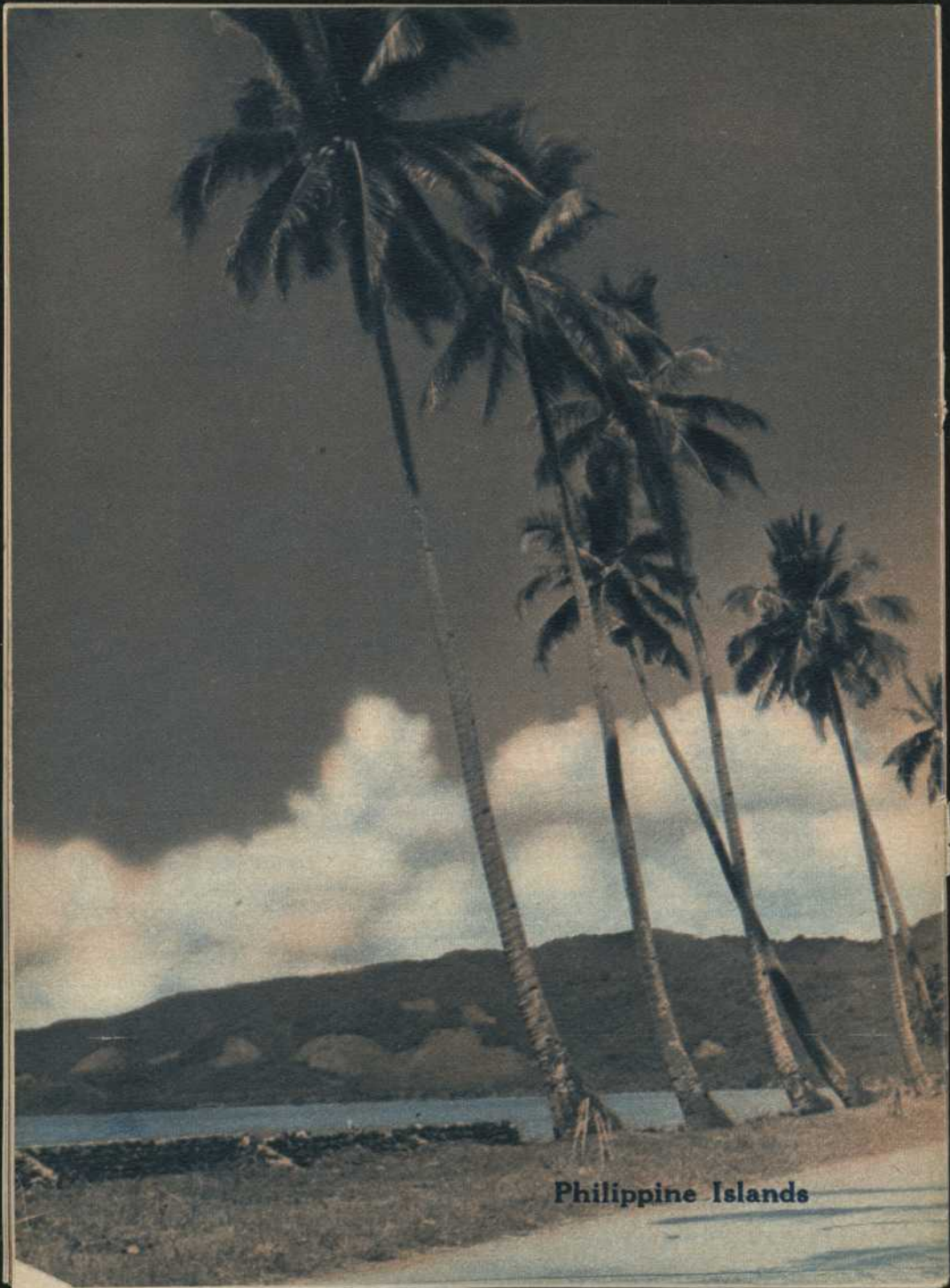
- MANILA, Immaculate Conception Anglo Chinese
Academy, Gen. Luna St., Intramuros.
MANILA, 2212 S. del Rosario St., Tondo.
LAS PINAS, Rizal.
MATI, Davao Province.
DAVAO City, Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall.
PADADA, Davao Province.
BAGUIO City, 11, Pacdal, Mountain Province.

WEST INDIES

- LES CAYES, Haiti.
LES COTEAUX, Haiti.
ROCHE A BATEAU, Haiti.
PORT SALUT, Haiti.
CAMP PERRIN, Haiti.
MIREBALAIS, Haiti.
LIMBE, Haiti.
CAP HAITIEN, Hqaiti.
CHANTAL, Haiti.
TROU DU NORD, Haiti.
PORT AU PRINCE, cité No 2.
DESCHAPELLES, Albert Schweitzer Hospital
Post Box No. 4, Saint Marc, Haiti.
LA BOULE, Haiti.
MERCEDES, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MARTI, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MANGUITO, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
LOS ARABOS, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MAXIMO GOMEZ, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
COLON, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
SAN JOSE de LOS RAMOS, Prov. de Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

- KATETE MISSION, Champira P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZAMBAZI MISSION, Kafukule P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
RUMPHI MISSION, Rumphu P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KARONGA MISSION, Karonga P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KASEYE MISSION, Fort Hill P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZUZU, Convent School, Mzuzu P.O., Box 24,
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
NKATA BAY MISSION, Nkata Bay P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
FORT JAMESON, P.O. Box 107
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.
KANYANGA MISSION, Lundazi P.O.
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.



Philippine Islands