

goes of these ships the people of Hong Kong live. But one day, many years ago, there came into the harbour of Hong Kong a very special ship—the vessel of God—loaded with blessings and graces. The One Apostolic Catholic Church of our Blessed Lord appeared on this island. And from the “cargo” of this Divine Vessel the people of Hong Kong earn their everlasting lives.

If I ended here, you would probably think that every person in Hong Kong is a member of the Church and things are very simple! Unfortunately it is not so. Something more must be said about it.

For nearly a hundred years, if I am right, missionaries one after another have come to Hong Kong; and by their devotion and sacrifice the Church stands now firm and powerful on this busy island. But when you know the fact that only a little more than two hundred thousand out of the three million are Catholics, you may think that I, very likely, do not know the meaning of “firm and powerful.” Let me assure you then, that the rapid growth of our Church in the past decade in Hong Kong gives me the courage to use these words. By rapid growth I mean that more and more are entering the Kingdom of God. As a result, more priests and churches are needed. Even though there now only about 200,000 Catholics in Hong Kong (less than 10% of the whole population), we have already some difficulty in accommodating them in the churches. Every Sunday in the Cathedral, Masses start from seven till eleven o'clock in the morning and from six to eight in the evening. Inside there are close to 2,000 seats, but the cathedral is crowded with people at each Mass and some of them have to stand there throughout the whole ceremony. The same scene is found in every other parish. The reason for this is obvious. There are not enough churches and priests. But we must remember that the Church in Hong Kong is in rapid growth. The demand for spiritual food is greater and greater every day. How can we solve this problem then? The answer is again simply—more priests and more churches. But where do these priests come from? As priestly vocations among the local people are just beginning to flower, we still have to depend on the foreign missionaries to come to our aid. There are now, in Hong Kong, the Jesuit fathers, the Salesian fathers, the Maryknoll fathers and many others. But among them, very few are Canadians. Young men of Canada, if you have the vocation to be missionaries, the people of Hong Kong are waiting for you eagerly.

—ALFRED TSANG

#### ON THE FLOODS OF FAITH

The latest effort of the Dramatics Society has been the presentation of a fantasy in which is dramatized the biblical narration of Noah's deluvian voyage told in the manner of a fairy tale. The play describes with humorous informality what might have happened aboard the famous craft on its voyage to Mount Ararat. It is told with a delicious innocence and naivety, and yet, humanly and with what is basically an exquisite reverence. Its idea is whimsically attractive; its dialogue is amusing and at times poetically beautiful; and the contrast between antique customs and modern slang is tactful and refreshing. It is true that even in the script itself, there are a few tenuous moments, but these are compensated for by the tremendous drama of the story itself.



The scene opens with Noah talking to the Lord. The Ark is finished and the animals begin to enter, after them Noah's wife and three sons along with the three maidens heavenly chosen to be their wives—and they embark in the hope of and on the quest for a brave new world. When at length the rains have subsided, the beauty of the great waters fills them with rejoicing, and they dance with exuberance around on the deck at the dawn of a golden age. But the canker of the old world had crept on board. The sons and the wife begin to doubt that the waters will ever recede. Ham especially is a sore spot; he doubts, he taunts his shipmates with old misgivings, he belabors his father with skeptical questions. The animals have faith, however, and this comforts Noah. To pacify his family, he sends out the raven, and finally the dove, who returns with an olive branch signifying that there is some land above water. The Ark finally comes to rest on Mount Ararat, and Noah's children desert him the moment they touch foot to land; the animals desert him likewise, and the bear whom he thought his friend tries to kill him. His wife, too, no longer seems able to sustain him with her belief, and by the last scene, she is quite definitely insane. It is a touching moment when in the bleakness of his old age, on the damp earth of a cold land, alone beside the deserted Ark, Noah raises his eyes to God and prays, asking for a sign that his faith is justified.

This is the simple story, but the homily teaches of philosophy, the passages of poetry, the tenderness of Noah's character, his love and forbearance with his children, his solicitude for the animals, his rectitude and unmoving faith in God—all must be seen to be appreciated. The character of Noah himself is a veritable symbol of faith, and what is unusual with a modern dramatist, there is neither irony nor condescension in the telling of the story. On the whole, the play is refreshing in its praise of simple faith.

—MARTY '57

#### IN RETROSPECT

One often reads nostalgic words penned by a son or daughter as he or she stands lingering on the threshold of the Alma Mater for the last time, and the theme is usually the same as if each sipped of the same heavy wine of reminiscence before placing pen to paper. Let us, rather undertake this perennial chore before this draught has reached its full fermentation, and in a more sober frame of mind, cast a final reflection on this page and inspect its images closely.

In a telecast a few weeks ago, Bishop Fulton Sheen undertook to answer three questions of primary importance to college students in general, and the answers he gave have such a bearing upon Saint Dunstan's academic life, that the opportunity to apply them must not be overlooked. He asked: What makes a good teacher? What courses should one follow in college? What should be the psychological attitude of a student for learning?

Bishop Sheen began by recalling a simple but expressive line from *De Magistro*, in which St. Thomas says that the teacher or professor is related to the student as the doctor or physician is related to his patient. Working from an analogy between a doctor and his pills to the situation of a teacher and his pupils, it is easy to see that a teacher may have all the knowledge of the world in his head, but if he is not able to communicate that knowledge to others he is sterile as a teacher. The Bishop says that one of the major faults, possibly, of college teachers is that they read their message, their classes, with the result that the educational process consists in the transfer of some memoranda from the notebook of the professor to the notebook of the student without having to pass through the mind of either. In this case, the professors become merely textbooks wired for sound, and we can think of more economical ways of reaching that arrangement. A teacher must, therefore, teach as an inventor invents, he must think every moment that he is teaching; and it follows then that he will at the same time be learning, learning, yes, and learning how to teach. When Bishop Sheen was leaving the University of Louvain, Cardinal Mercier gave him this bit of advice on teaching: Tear up your notes at the end of every year. He did, and you can judge the result for yourselves. You might also, then, understand why he leveled one of his most lethal blasts of the evening at the professor who uses the same notes year after year until they are yellow with age, until he, the professor, is thoroughly mired in and unrealistically secure in a note-lined rut; until the students, who seem to sense the lack of freshness in content and delivery, are lulled into unproductive slumber. Honestly, they might just as well hand out their notes to their students and let them go to their rooms and copy them. Why copy them in the classroom? If the notes never differ from year to year; if the students insist on passing on their diligently scribbled manuscripts from year to year; if some of the more industrious even type them up several copies at a time; why not take the next logical step and have them printed and call the printing a text-book?

But now, what courses? The Bishop stipulated the two prevailing methods of deciding courses, and compared one to the orderly arrangement of the various disciplines and subjects in a pyramidal arrangement according to the degree of wisdom in each and the interrelation of each upon the others. The second system, he likened an array of non-related bottles on a shelf; and in this system, the important thing would seem to be the collection of bottles without any consideration of their contents. According to this latter system, if one carries one hundred and twenty bottles to the dean and if he is convinced that they've pulled the wool over his eyes, he is given a sheepskin.

We are indeed most fortunate that our system, here at Saint Dunstan's, does not follow the latter system; but this is not surprising. Our courses here are so arranged, that as soon as a student is deemed to have the necessary mental acumen, he is given the opportunity to apply himself to the works of Aquinas; he is given the opportunity to study the pyramidal subordination of the sciences, of the disciplines, of the various subjects that he is taking, which St. Thomas has passed on from the Greeks; he is

given the opportunity to prove to himself, and for his own satisfaction, that the system of courses he is following is the most satisfactory, that the subordination of one to another is the most logical, that the sequence of one upon the other is the most satisfying. We have much, then, to be thankful for in the inclusion of the philosophical disciplines of St. Thomas in our curricula; for the Artsmen, because it is expected of them; for the Science students, since they crown their sciences; and for the Commercial ranks, because they offer a set of directive principles.

One has to wonder, though, whether we have embraced the whole model that is our Grecian and Roman heritage in the tradition of the Arts. Can we conceive of an Arts program in which art itself is not included? Apparently someone did. It is understandable that here at St. Dunstan's, it will be awhile before there will be faculty and facilities for teaching the actual mechanics of artistry in its various forms; but would it be expecting too much to look for a course devoted to the introduction of the fine arts; a course that would impart even a little understanding to combat the fear, disinterest, and downright disgust, in some cases, of this present generation for the artifacts of the past? We are looking, but we are not seeing. It would seem that the financing of such a venture would be but a small burden compared to the benefits that would be derived from it even if it were only, let us say, fifty percent effective. Perhaps in the same venture could be included a program to encompass the rapidly growing engineering faculty so that the budding engineers might glean some knowledge of even an inkling of the cultural and esthetic meanings of the structures which they will erect, as well as the position of these structures in the general progression of architectural development over the ages.

In concluding, Bishop Sheen indicated the proper psychological attitude of the student towards study. He must cultivate two dispositions: Humility, and Good Morals. If a man is truly learned, he becomes more and more humble as he studies. He sees new avenues of knowledge down which he might travel for a lifetime; and a student is never more humbled than at his graduation, his most exalted moment, for he sees then in the best light just how much he is leaving behind, and how little of it he is taking with him. It is then that he understands that by becoming humble, one becomes teachable, and by becoming teachable, one becomes wise.

—EDITORIAL

### THE CHIP

She ran, not walked, into my arms  
All breathless from the taxing course  
Of stairs that railed us at that night;  
As cradled in a sweet delight,  
We wondered at the awesome force  
Of heaven's signaled fierce alarms.

While sound and fury 'round us spent  
Itself in echoes sharp, exciting,  
Her breast, still heaving, held in scope  
A vested palpitating hope  
To sympathetic sway inciting  
All within me, now content.

"Thank you", as I whispered low,  
Thought a bridge from kiss to kiss,  
"Now I know I'll hear someday,  
Now I know I'll hear him say,  
'Daddy, how do you do this?'"  
And, "What makes this here thing go?"

—CHOYA