

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.