



The Precursor

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The Precursor

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Vol. XX, No. 8

MONTREAL

March-April 1955

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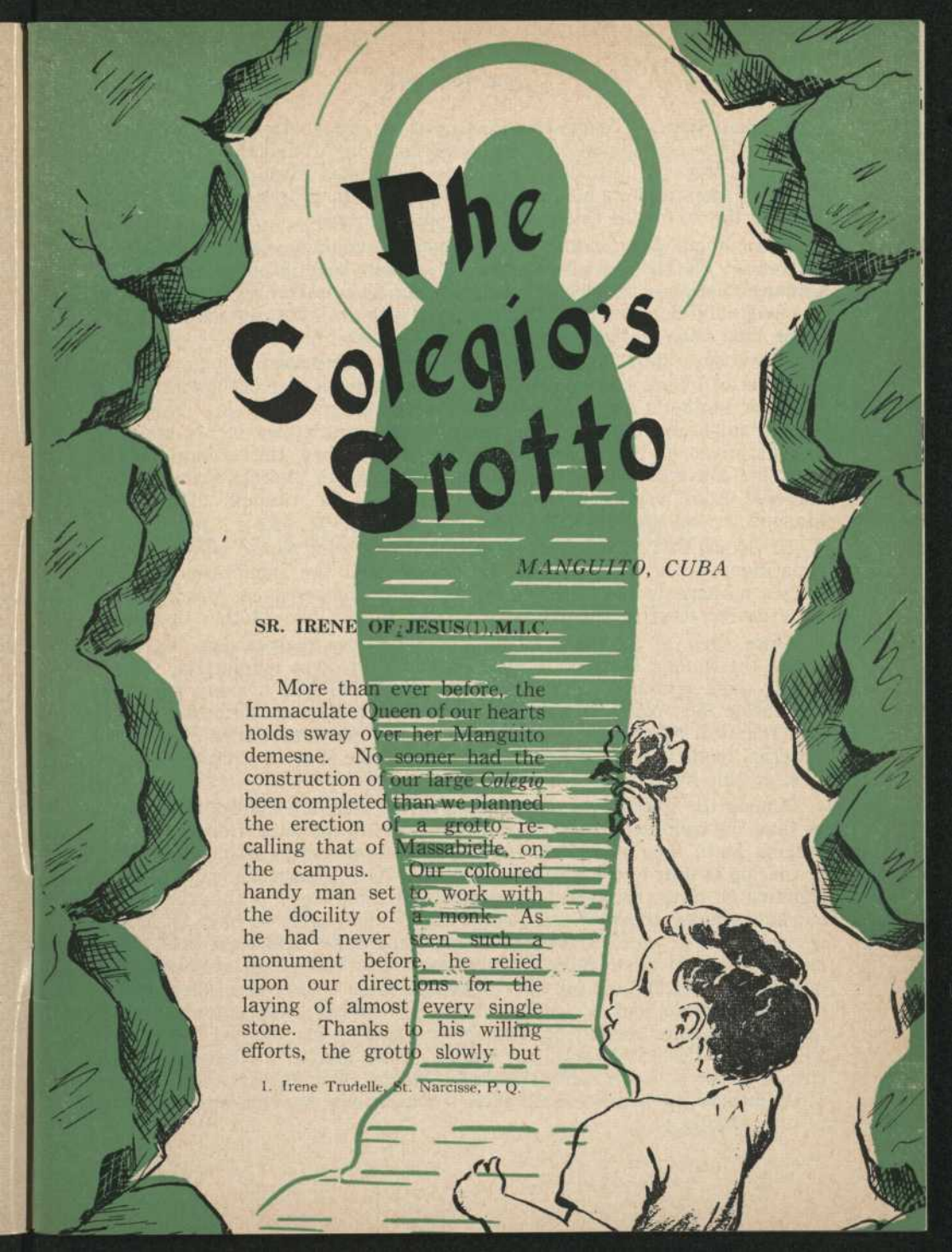
COVER PICTURE: Francine Lee thinks this is a wonderful life.

IMPRIMATUR :

His Eminence P. Emile Cardinal Leger
Archbishop of Montreal
January 7, 1955.

Nihil obstat :

J. Chartiez, cens. dep.
January 5, 1955.



The Colegio's Grotto

MANGUITO, CUBA

SR. IRENE OF JESUS (D.M.I.C.)

More than ever before, the Immaculate Queen of our hearts holds sway over her Manguito demesne. No sooner had the construction of our large *Colegio* been completed than we planned the erection of a grotto recalling that of Massabielle, on the campus. Our coloured handy man set to work with the docility of a monk. As he had never seen such a monument before, he relied upon our directions for the laying of almost every single stone. Thanks to his willing efforts, the grotto slowly but

I. Irene Trudelle, St. Narcisse, P. Q.

surely materialized. When the time came to fashion the pedestal for the statue, all the pupils of the *Colegio* joined in trying to find the prettiest and smoothest stones, "precious stones" as they called them. Many a recess they thus spent under a broiling sun, happy to do their little share in erecting a fitting throne for the Queen of their youthful hearts.

On a bright May morning, a large case containing Our Lady's statue arrived at the *Colegio*. "*Que linda!*" (How beautiful!) exclaimed our Cubans at sight of the blessed image in her blue and white raiment. The people around here are hardly familiar yet with any representation of Mary other than that of their own Virgin of Caridad.

A few days later, Our Lady of Lourdes smiled down upon us from her pedestal of "precious stones." The solemn inauguration of the shrine took place on Mother's day. In the quiet of the tropical evening while the ageless stars above formed an immense glittering crown in her honor, a swaying river of light slowly unfurled below, along the avenue leading from the convent chapel to the grotto. Enthusiastic throngs of people had gathered from neighboring villages to witness the triumph of the new Madona as she was called.

In eloquent terms Reverend Marcel Gerin, p.m.e., related the wonderful apparitions which had occurred at Lourdes and the signification of Our Lady's message to her children everywhere. The ceremony was climaxed by a consecration of those present to the Immaculate Mother of God.

Since then, at all hours of the day, numerous persons come to kneel before the smiling Lady or to gaze up at her in silent admiration. Many among these visitors do not even know their Hail Mary; many are never seen inside their parish church on Sundays. But they are forming a friendship that will ripen into love. Our Lady will eventually draw them, with maternal tenderness, to her divine Son who is the Way, the Truth, and the Life, of this we feel assured.

Among the pilgrims to our outdoor shrine none are more interesting to us than the children. They file past our doors in the dusk, fresh from their evening bath, their arms laden with bouquets of flowers which they insist on placing as near to the statue as possible. What joy when one or the other standing on tiptoe succeeds in slipping a "red, red rose" within the Lady's hands! Among those who are daily callers many wish to have their own personal vase in which to arrange their floral tribute. Albertico, aged three, usually makes two or three pilgrimages a day. When he announces his intention of setting out on his "devotions" the maid is expected to lay everything aside and accompany her little master. We enjoy watching him as he toddles contentedly through our garden, his dimpled hands filled with rose petals to throw at the statue. Once arrived at destination, the cherub kneels down to recite the *Padre Nuestro* (Our Father) then he sings a few lines of the hymn *Un dia yo ire*. On his way back he waves joyfully at the Madres.

But none feel happier over the erection of this Marian shrine, than our friend, the handy man. In fact, he is so proud of his successful venture that he assures being ready to build similar monuments on the grounds of every *Colegio* in Cuba. Surely Mary must smile down with special tenderness on her dusky knight's chivalrous devotion.

During the school year, the pupils never fail on entering the grounds in the morning or during recess, to greet their heavenly Mother. Who can or will give them better success in their studies? What deep-felt happiness it is for us to see them running to her confidently in all the little joys and annoyances of their student life! Yes, Mary reigns in Cuba. She reigns as Queen most powerful, as Mother most merciful, who leads all her subjects and children to the King.



A PLEA for VISITORS

TO THE SAVIOUR OF THE WORLD . . .

Our Lord lives neglected, lonely, and unappreciated in so many of
His Tabernacle Homes.

Empty benches — shadowy aisles are His only company through many long hours.
ELSEWHERE there is plenty of cheer, happy gatherings, pleasant conversations.

But HE

The fairest of the Sons of Men

The most magnetic personality

The most sincere Friend

The most interested Listener

The most powerful Helper

He is LEFT ALONE.

Is His Company tedious? . . . The fault is yours.

Have you treated with Him as a HUMAN PERSON?

Have you realized His special interest in You individually, and in every

TINY DETAIL of YOUR life?

Have you understood that YOUR company is NEVER tedious to Him?

Have you considered the great NEED you have of Him?

"Come to ME all you who labour and are burdened and I will refresh you."

The Social Reign, U.S.A.

Where She Reigns

SR. THERESE OF THE CHILD JESUS(1), M.I.C.

It happened in the early morning hours of June 9, 1950. A Filipino dealer in smuggled explosives was returning to his quarters laden with his dangerous merchandise when he stumbled and fell. The roar of the explosion which followed rocked the entire section of the city where our Anglo Chinese Academy is situated throwing terror and panic among the population. Needless to say, the body of the ill-fated smuggler was blown to shreds and his house reduced to ashes. Under the impact of the explosion, one of the walls of a neighboring house crumbled to the ground as if a mysterious hand was drawing aside the curtain previous to a consoling apparition. A spacious living room thus came to view at the farther end of which stood a beautiful statue of Our Lady of the Rosary adorned with silken robes and rich jewels. The shock had slightly displaced the statue inside its glass niche but had left it intact.

While this tragedy was taking place, the owners of this dwelling with three of their children were hearing Mass at the celebrated shrine of Quiapo

1. Yvonne Geria, Coaticook, P.Q.



as they usually did every Friday. Of the members of the family who had remained at home one girl working on the ground floor found herself hurled against the opposite wall, but remained otherwise uninjured; another barely escaped being killed by a falling cupboard and two little boys were the object of an almost miraculous protection. The fire which soon broke out also spared the house of these devoted clients of our Blessed Mother. It would be difficult to tell the transports of gratitude which moved the hearts of the parents when they returned home from Mass and learnt of this tragic event. As soon as they had mastered their first emotion, they resolved to show their thankfulness in approved Filipino fashion by vowing a commemorative procession. This was to be held every year on June 9, preceded by a solemn novena of prayers.



Because of this vow, the chapel of our Narra Street convent has had three times the honor of receiving the statue of Our Lady of the Rosary within its walls. The novena services which start on June 1, are also held in our chapel. Members of the privileged family never fail to do all in their power to honor their celestial protectress usually being joined in loving homage by their friends and acquaintances who keep the Lady altar banked with flowers and recite the Rosary almost without interruption.

On the morning of the great day, the streets are gay with bunting as if for a *fiesta*, and a band is hired to serenade the Queen. Then the musical cortege unwinds along the neighboring streets scattering notes of gladness on its way. In the evening, the good people take part in a joyful procession highlighting this festival of thanksgiving. How happy they are to sing the praises of their good and gracious Mother!

Yes, Mary is loved in these Islands, loved with a love that is simple and sincere. The Filipinos think nothing of requesting her to work miracles in their favor on the slightest pretexts. Has not Our Lady more than once shown her condescension by granting their childlike petitions? It seems that her motherly heart is reluctant to refuse them anything and even favors their innate bend for the miraculous.

There is hardly a household in the Philippines where extraordinary events are not reported to have occurred thanks to trusting appeal to the Mother of God. Indeed, one may venture to say that the Filipino's faith in her powerful intercession is of the type that moves mountains. But it would take a much more eloquent pen than mine to recount all the bounties of Mary for her dearly beloved Filipino nation.

Bleeding Heart

I feel the raindrops falling without sound,
(The Blood of Christ is dripping on the mound.)
The clouds drain faster, raining to excess,
(He cries "I thirst," from love and emptiness.)

The wind blows, sighing, for what? no one knows,
(Great cry of Jesus uttered in death throes.)
The darkness gathers, thunder splits the air,
(I see Him dying, dying on a prayer.)

Now all is silent, over is the storm,
(A borrowed tomb contains His lifeless Form.)
Behold the sunburst! beauty is restored,
(O Easter morning! may we have one, Lord.)

DESMOND LONERGAN

K NIGHTS

of the

MERCED



MERCEDES, CUBA

SR. LEO JOSEPH(1), M.I.C.

Since the last days of August, a mood of despondency hung over the pueblo like a stifling fog. Whenever they met, the good people of Mercedes seemed to have on their lips only one pessimistic refrain, "What's the use of hoping against hope? Because of the economic slump we will not be able to celebrate the *Merced* this year..." Public morale had all but reached its lowest ebb when young militant Catholic Actionists stepped to the fore. With the buoyancy of youth they determined to find ways and means of holding a celebration in honor of Our Lady. While a certain

number went about gathering what meager funds they could get, others recruited new members for their units. The last few days before the feast were spent in giving the little church a new coat of paint, and in cleaning out and decorating the quarters rented for the festive manifestation.

On the evening of September 23, the fiesta was ushered in by a *velada* (entertainment) given at the *Liceo* and attended by an audience of several hundred persons. Much to the delight of all, our Federates presented a gay

1. Simone Sabourin, St. Isidore of Prescott, Ont.



Ri
Sr
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Sa

program of typically Cuban dances and folk songs. On the stroke of midnight, church bells and firecrackers joyfully hailed the advent of the *Merced*. We barely had time to snatch forty winks before, in the first rosy light of dawn, the silvery notes of the *Diana* (national anthem) spilled along the streets of the *pueblo*, their lilting melody dissolving the remaining cobwebs of despondency.

As the last strains of the *Diana* drifted away on the morning air, the more prosaic sound of hammering issued from the Park where Catholic Actionists were at work in the *glorieta* (kiosk) putting up a temporary altar for the fiesta Mass. At 9 a. m., Reverend Jacques de Charette, p.m.e., offered the Holy Sacrifice during which some sixty persons received Holy Communion. Reverend Y. Bergeron, p.m.e., afterwards gave a stirring allocution on Mary's merciful role in the history of the Church. By helping redeem souls from the slavery of Satan, he said, Catholic Actionists were urged to follow the glorious example set hundreds of years ago, by the Order of Mercy for the redemption of captives. A hymn to Our Lady of Mercy was afterwards rendered by the combined choirs of the Federates and of the Colegio.

In the evening took place the traditional Marian procession. Thanks to the generosity of the Administrator a profusion of firecrackers, rockets, and Bengal lights enhanced the splendor of the picturesque cortege.

For once the joy of the evening did not spoil the joy of the "morning after," for the *Merced* was prolonged until the 26th. On this date, members of the different groups of Catholic Action offered their public and official homage to the Bishop of the diocese. The initiation ceremony for the aspirants was held at Manguito. At the banquet presided by a Carmelite Father delegate of Bishop Alberto Martin, were gathered over one hundred guests among whom representatives of various Catholic Action groups from Matanzas and other neighboring parishes. If no miraculous multiplication of bread was reported at this numerous gathering, it goes without saying that there was a multiplication of delicate attentions to ensure the visitors a heart-warming reception. Bags of rice of all sizes from three pound packages to bulky thirty-five pound sacks had been provided by the parishioners for the gala occasion.

The preparatives for the banquet were not without mishaps. On the evening of the 26th, the mother of Oscar one of the chief organizers gave us a humorous account of her son's tribulations on this subject. She had awakened Oscar bright and early on the morning of the fiesta, bidding him call the cook hired beforehand. First disappointment — the man was sick in bed, hence incapable of keeping his appointment. Nevertheless, he suggested one of his friends as substitute. The latter unwilling to shoulder the responsibility of the irksome job refused to oblige giving as pretext that

Riding out to the Cuban "campos" are Sr. St. Mary Magdalen (Anne Marie Magnan, Berthier), and Sr. Leo Joseph (Simone Sabourin, St. Isidore of Prescott, Ont.).

he had forgotten how to cook. After several futile attempts to secure a chef, the crestfallen Oscar returned home. "Then" added the worthy lady "I decided to take matters into my own hands since none of the men could be relied on. 'Sweet Lady of Charity', I implored, 'Come to my aid unless you want your fiesta to fizzle out.' I called on my neighbors to lend me a hand. While a group peeled the vegetables, the others supervised the cooking of the black beans in the *senor caldero* and the roasting of the two pigs. I did not want it to be said that the women of Mercedes were not as good cooks as the men."

Oscar felt very proud and happy to have had his mother and the neighboring women get him out of a fix. So heartily did the one hundred and fifty guests do justice to the banquet that they literally "licked the platters clean." Before leaving, the diocesan directors, addressed their warmest congratulations to the Mercedes Federates for realizing in a practical way, the charitable resolutions adopted by the 1953 diocesan Congress. During the holidays these young people gave free lessons of grammar and arithmetic to about twenty adults. The Federates of the feminine section, contributed to this apostolate of charity by organizing sewing circles in favor of the poor. On the occasion of the fiesta, the results of their laborious enterprise were exhibited for all to admire in one of the Colegio classrooms.

The *Merced* has come and gone. Our young people have found in its celebration an incentive for working more zealously than ever at the extension of Christ's kingdom upon earth.



FOR TWO DAYS AN OLD MAN had been busily pulling weeds from the courtyard in front of the little Japanese church and sweeping the street. No one had asked him to do it. When he came back the third day Father Spea asked who he was.

"That doesn't matter," was the answer.

"What are you doing?"

"Can't you see?"

Father Spea insisted, "This is the third day you have worked without pay. Why do you do it?"

"Well, Father," came the answer, "these days there is much talk in Japan about helping the poor, but few do anything. For two days I have watched this place. Many poor persons have rung the bell and none has left empty-handed. I thought, here is someone who does help. I consider it my duty to thank you for these people by doing something myself."

That night he left after finishing the job. He was a monk from a Buddhist monastery in Tokyo.

Missionhurst

579

Nathan Road

SR. ST. JEAN BAPTISTE(1), M.I.C.

It certainly was no easy task to locate in Kowloon an apartment suitable for the inauguration of our new Doctrine Center. We did succeed, finally, with the help of good St. Anthony invoked on his patronal feast, in discovering just what we needed right in the heart of the city, on the fifth floor of a newly erected building. Three large rooms, attractively furnished, their walls covered with interesting catechetical charts, serve as classrooms. Two smaller ones are put to varied uses as occasions demand. Our installation over, we felt quite satisfied with our new quarters exception made for the appalling flights of stairs which number eighty-four-steps. But why complain? They will add to the merits of those who climb up with an apostolic aim in view, and to the souls searching for God they will appear somehow like a Jacob's ladder on the top of which they will find that for which they search.

On July 10, as our Pastor was absent, we invited Rev. Father Dominic Frare to bless the new Center which immediately began to function. Beginnings were slow and laborious but this we consider normal. Nevertheless, the Work is progressing as may be gathered from the fact that the initial small group of catechumens has grown until we now have 193 enrollments; this, without taking the children into account, for entire families also come to us for instruction.

A young Cantonese lady, Miss Suzette Wong, teaches the Chinese from the South; Mr. Yu, a young gentleman who speaks Mandarin, gives instructions to Chinese men from the North; Sister Blandine of Jesus(2) teaches the women and children from this same region. Nearly all these catechumens, except a few rare exceptions, are refugees from Communist China. So intensely have they suffered that they turn with eagerness to the Christian message of hope and love. But our Center is not solely meant for the instruction of catechumens. Christians are also welcomed, for our missionary work consists not only in leading souls Godward but in endeavoring to assure their perseverance. The classes for neophytes at present are attended by about sixty persons. Straying sheep sometimes come, trying to find their way back into the Fold. For the present the practical results of our apostolate

1. Irene Pelland, West Glover, Vt.

2. Blandine Simard, Roberval, P.Q.



The Quest for God in Hong Kong.

Sr. St. Jean Baptiste (Irene Pelland, West Glover, Vt.).

show in four Baptisms administered on Pentecost Sunday, six on the Feast of the Holy Rosary, as well as in 17 Confirmations.

On September 23, we requested our Pastor to preside the examinations of six little boys we had prepared in view of Baptism. Mr. Yu profited by the same occasion to introduce his group of thirty-five students. Our devoted parish priest was much pleased with the organization of our Doctrine Center and congratulated both Sisters and catechists. To the catechumens he said: "Those among you who faithfully attend the doctrine courses and who truly believe in God will be allowed to receive Baptism while those who refuse to make the necessary sacrifices towards their religious instruction, will be left outside the Fold. Remember you must study hard at the Center for several months before being admitted to preliminary catechetical exams. Good luck to everyone of you!" The Pastor left with the promise of sending a curate to give supplementary instruction to the Cantonese group, once a week. Rev. Edward Petit, S.J., has for some time past been teaching such a class every Tuesday to the Mandarin-speaking group. This injects added interest to the doctrinal course which lasts from six to eight months. If our Orientals are justly renowned for their patience, the same does not always hold good for their constancy; steps must therefore be taken to ensure continued interest and durable effects. The faith of our Christians must be on a level with that manifested by their heroic brothers in Red China.

Since the closing days of September, the Doctrine Center has inaugurated evening courses for those who are unable to attend the daytime classes on account of their occupations. One such special evening instruction is reserved to the newly converted workers.

This brief sketch of our missionary activities would be incomplete if I omitted mentioning the visits made at the Hospital for the Poor, our near neighbor. What a consoling mission is ours to exercise in this abode of suffering! Three times a week, accompanied by the zealous catechist, Suzette Wong, I am privileged to cast the seeds of Christian hope and love in the souls of the hundreds of unfortunates hospitalized within these walls. You are anxious to know the result of this apostolate, I am sure. During the past six months, 1,303 children and adults most of them moribunds, have been baptized. Is not this alone a most worthwhile achievement? A great number of patients in the charity wards, once lived a life of ease and luxury. They are cultured, dignified people whom the Mao regime has robbed of nearly all their earthly possessions. Like the tender father that He is, God makes up to them by substituting to the flimsy, capricious material riches they have lost, the celestial treasures which no man may pilfer from them, and which will last forever. None better than these refugees can grasp this truth.

"Who made you?" asks Sr. Blandine of Jesus (Blandine Simard, Roberval)

in Mandarin to her Chinese friends from North China.



The mercies of the Lord are extended not only over the pagans but also reach out to rescue the tepid, negligent Christians. The soldier Wong, baptized three years ago somewhere in northern China, may be cited as a case in point. Grown remiss in the practice of his religious duties, he obstinately refused to have me call a priest to his bedside. However, he accepted the books and pamphlets I casually offered him on my weekly visits, and willingly chatted about his affairs unless he was in a particularly black mood. When it became evident that his days were numbered I made a supreme effort to obtain his reconciliation which met with a curt refusal. With a heavy heart, I pinned to his bedclothes a medal of St. Joseph, patron of a happy death and hurried home to ask the Sisters for particularly fervent prayers. On my next visit the moribund himself broached the all important subject. He died soon after, shriven and repentant.

The wards of crippled and paralyzed patients afford us the most consolation, for we are able to instruct these catechumens with greater thoroughness. Already, five have received solemn Baptism on their beds of pain; eleven new converts were confirmed at the hospital by special permission, on the feast of Christ the King.

This immense catechetical venture at the Center as well as at the Hospital for the Poor cannot be accomplished without considerable expenditure. At present these works prosper to the rhythm of the generosity evidenced towards both by benefactors and refugees. We are whole-heartedly grateful to all those who have rendered the Nathan Road project possible and who contribute towards its support even in the slightest manner. Let them look upon this work, with its merits and its fruits, as their very own. Its future lies within their hands and we look forward to it with unwavering confidence.



SISTER WHOSE PARENTS WERE IMPRISONED FOR THE FAITH, DIES IN NAGASAKI.

Sister Dominique of the Sisters of the Infant Jesus of Chauffailles whose parents were imprisoned in Japan for 6 years because of their Catholicism, died in Nagasaki last April at the age of 83.

Sister Dominique was born in 1872 during her mother and father's captivity in a prison in the Ishikawa area and was almost two years old before she and her parents were released with the passing of the edict of Religious Emancipation in 1874.

17 years later Sister Dominique entered the Congregation of the Sisters of the Infant Jesus of Chauffailles in Nagasaki, and had the distinction of being the first Japanese Sister of that Congregation. All her life she devoted herself to the education and moral training of the young.

Tosei News

RAIN, RAIN Go AWAY!

SR. MARIE PIA(1), M.I.C.

For three whole days, the rain has been falling, falling almost without interruption. Never in my life have I seen such heavy and such continual downpours. I fondly imagine each new shower to be the last but invariably, after a few fugitive sunbeams have succeeded in piercing the lowering clouds, another squall even more violent than the rest drowns out all my illusions. It seems to me as if some prankish cherub were at work overhead, turning on celestial faucets for the fun of seeing the people below scurry into shelter.

The Academy playground looks like a miniature lake from which emerge a few islands of grass and the two basket ball stands. As the streets are unpaved in this section of the city, they present something of the universal chaos before God separated the solid element from the liquid. It may easily be imagined the discomfort of our neighbors living as they do in miserable shacks of ill-adjusted planks since even our school which is sturdily built suffers from the continual humidity. The rain seeps through every crevice. Our mobile windows may be perfectly adapted to the tropical climate of the Philippines; they certainly cannot be said to be rainproof.

Does this abundance of the watery element annoy our Filipinos? As far as I can judge, they accept it with their usual good humor and easy non-chalance. Just now I can see them coming and going along the streets, their heads sheltered under a piece of newspaper, a banana leaf, or an umbrella. They apparently make light of being wet to the skin. The small fry are as happy as ducks in a pond. Innocent of almost any clothing, they gleefully splash in puddles, squirt water over one another, or blissfully stand still for a moment under the warm natural showers that freely cascade down upon their lithe, brown bodies.

Being as yet but imperfectly acquainted with the customs of my "Promised Land", my reactions furnish many a good laugh to my companions who are nearly all veterans. Yesterday, the rain fell with such violence that I interiorly concluded no pupils would dare venture outside. Already I was planning how to use to the best advantage this providential holiday, when at the appointed hour, I saw dripping students filing in, their glistening faces wreathed in cheerful grins. While this period of daily deluges lasts, the

Filipinos discard stockings and ordinary footwear for the *bakias*, light wooden soles held to the feet by a strap. These clogs are left on the doorstep. Late in the afternoon, one of my older pupils arrived for her lesson, barefoot, but elegantly gowned in embroidered muslin. While she went through scales and arpeggios I kept wondering how she would manage to use the pedal for Chopin's Waltz which came at the end of her lesson. But this proved a problem only to my Occidental imagination. At the right moment I noticed the lean brown feet pressing the pedals with the easiest possible grace. Chopin was brilliantly interpreted by the youthful barefoot artist.

As music teacher, I can hardly refrain from mentioning the free-for-all concerts offered by the frogs during this season. A husky bullfrog with a powerful bass voice gives the opening signal; a few timid rhythmic notes follow; here and there, isolated voices take up a special theme always the same; and finally, the entire choir explodes in a formidable refrain. The croaking of thousands not to say millions of frogs produce such a deafening noise that, at evening recess, we Sisters sometimes have trouble in hearing one another above the cacophony. We may look forward to being serenaded in this manner while the season lasts. Can this mighty chorus be said to be pleasant or unpleasant? Opinions on this matter vary among our Gag-alangin personnel. One thing, however, is certain — the frogs enjoy to the full the rainy season which provides them with free swimming pools all over the place.

The sheets of falling rain could well have made me think a second deluge was on its way, were it not for the comforting reassurance dealt out by my companions. They tell me this is the usual style of premiere offered at the beginning of every month of June. The fact was brought to my knowledge yesterday, when I inadvertently and naively exclaimed, "Will this rainstorm ever end? It has been pouring for three whole days!" With an amused smile, the Sisters said, "Cheer up, Sr. Marie Pia! This rainstorm won't last much longer than two months anyway!" I made up my mind then and there to pretend that I also enjoyed this rainy business. After all, adaptation is no empty word for missionaries! Dear Sisters soon to be assigned to this corner of the Master's vineyard, please note — here *rainy* faces are not appreciated, the rainy season lasts too long.

The pitter patter of the raindrops continues to play a monotonous accompaniment as I type out this letter. I hope to write soon again on more cheerful subjects — gorgeous flowers, regal palm trees, brilliant sunshine.

THE HAIL MARY

This prayer is low in words, high in mysteries, small in speech, great in might, above honey sweet, and above gold precious. It is woven of passing few words, and is spreadeth into the most wide torrent of the heavenly sweetness.

THOMAS A. KEMPIS



TELLTALE

Figures and Photos

*Survey on the ravages wreaked by the hurricane HAZEL
in the southern department of Haiti.*

Although several months have elapsed since *HAZEL* blazed its way along the coast of Haiti, the event will not soon be forgotten, for it has left behind deep and painful traces. In the diocese of Les Cayes on a total population of 800,700 inhabitants, 100,000 have lost absolutely all they possessed in houses or personal effects. 400,000 still live and will continue to live until the next harvest on the weekly rations distributed in all towns and communes by the Welfare Committees organized under the high patronage of His Excellency The Most Rev. Louis Collignon, O.M.I., Bishop of Les Cayes. The generous and sympathetic succor extended by several countries, among which the United States and Canada, have rendered possible this miracle of rescuing helpless human masses from the peril of starvation.

The Church in Haiti has suffered great material damage. The fifteen hours during which the hurricane unleashed its fury sufficed to annihilate the work realized during ten years at the cost of incredible efforts on the



part of the missionaries. We give here the list of damages as noted by Bishop Collignon for his territory.

1.— Parochial churches:

- a) Completely destroyed: 3, *Dame Marie, Moron, Haute Guinaudee*
 - b) Roofs blown off: 16
 - c) Other churches having undergone minor damages: 18
- Approximate total losses — \$104,000.00

2.— Parochial residences:

- a) Completely destroyed: 2, *Dame Marie and Pestel*
 - b) Seriously damaged: 13
- Approximate total losses — \$40,000.00

3.— Chapels:

- a) Almost entirely destroyed: at least 100
 - b) Seriously damaged: 100
- Approximate total losses — \$310,000.00

4.— Schools:

- a) Completely destroyed: 2
 - b) Seriously damaged: 13
 - c) Slightly damaged: 5
- Approximate total losses — \$83,000.00

5.— Convents:

- a) Roofs blown off: 7
- Approximate total losses — \$30,000.00

6.— Dispensaries

- a) Seriously damaged: 2
 - b) Slightly damaged: 5
- Approximate total losses — \$6,000.00

7.— Mazenod Seminary:

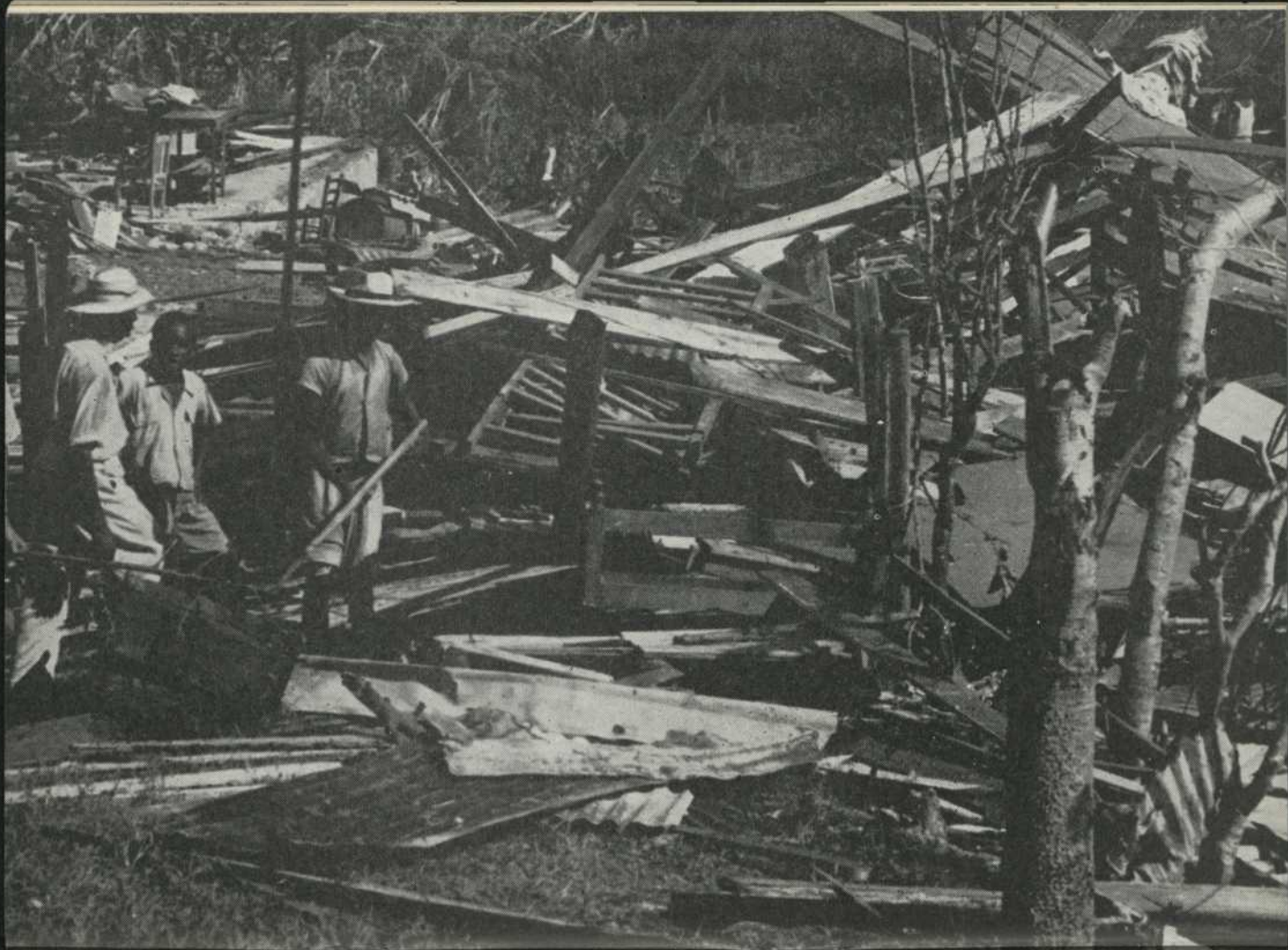
10 buildings seriously damaged (*chapel, novitiate, study hall, refectory, three residences for missionaries, two godowns, one recreation center.*)

Approximate total losses — \$20,000.00

8.— Furniture and ecclesiastical vestments:

Sacred vestments	50%	Spoilt	10%	Unfit for use
Sacred vessels	50%	"	10%	"
Missals	50%	"	10%	"
Harmonium	5%	Unfit for use	20%	Spoilt
Benches	5%	"	20%	"
Altars	5%	"	20%	"
Statues	5%	"	20%	"

Approximate total losses — \$50,000.00





Our Lady's statue stands undamaged in the roofless church of TIBURON, Haiti.

Some of HAZEL'S pranks in Haiti.







TOTAL LOSSES for the LES CAYES diocese — \$643,000.00

* * *

To make fresh starts has always and everywhere been the role of the Church throughout the ages; to rebuild upon ruins is the gigantic task now confronting the Church of *Les Cayes*. And yet to quote the words of its great missionary Bishop, "From a spiritual point of view the trial with which the diocese has been visited must be looked upon as a blessing in disguise . . . Yes, a blessing for the people who have seen the hand of God in this disaster; a blessing for the missionaries who have thereby been given the opportunity of offering a new proof of their loving submission to God's adorable will; a blessing for the Catholics of the whole world who have thus found the occasion of exercising universal charity such as must exist among members of Christ's Mystical Body. We might also add that the hurricane *HAZEL* was a blessing in disguise straight from Our Lady's hands. Occurring as it did during the Marian Year, on October 11, feast of Mary's divine Maternity, it miraculously spared three Madonnas: one, a plaster representation of *Our Lady of Fatima* which fell from a height of ten feet onto a cement flooring and was found unscathed, another plaster statue of the *Immaculate Conception* which remained standing intact over the main altar of the *Des Anglais* parish church while the roof was blown off and the rain and wind worked havoc all around, and the lastly in Tiburon a statue of *Mary Immaculate* that was found undamaged in the midst of accumulated ruins."

MIDDLE PAGE: The sorry plight of Dame Marie parochial church, HAITI.

CATHOLICS IN AFRICA

To-day there are 15,200,000 Catholics in Africa — 8.7 per cent of the population. In 1901 Catholics numbered about a million and a half.

In the Congo 70 years ago there was not a single Catholic. To-day there are almost 4 million.

The Cameroons had but 2,500 Christians 50 years ago: to-day there are 500,000.

To-day there are 1,800 French priests working in Africa, 1,583 Belgian, 916 Dutch, 807 Irish, 482 Italian, 327 English, 311 German, 282 Canadian, 236 Swiss, 134 American, 129 Spanish, and 132 of other nations.

A hundred years ago Ecclesiastical Circumscriptions in Africa numbered only 20; in the year 1901 there were slightly more than 60; in July, 1953, they numbered 233. These include: 2 Patriarchates of Oriental Rite; 15 Archdioceses including Lourenco Marques, the See of a Cardinal-Archbishop; 65 Dioceses, 3 Abbacies "nullo"; 98 Vicariates Apostolic of Latin Rite; 2 Exarchates of Alexandrian Rite; 47 Prefectures Apostolic and 1 Mission "sui juris"

At the beginning of the present century one would look in vain for a resident representative of the Holy See on the Dark Continent. To-day, there are Internuncios in Cairo and Monrovia and Apostolic Delegates in Dakar, Leopoldville, Pretoria, and Mombasa. There is also a special Envoy of the Holy See in Addis Ababa.



Finishing touches put to the Easter "lamb" at the Novitiate



Ring in Easter joy!



What joy to hear from the home folk after the Lenten fast !

The Cost of Religious Vocations

SR. BERNADETTE OF FRANCE(1), M.I.C.

It is always a great joy for us missionary Sisters when October comes around to witness an increase of vocations for the native novitiate. This joy, however, is never entirely unalloyed. In our bush mission where Christian ideals have but lately been introduced even the elite among our Catholics are loath to surrender their children to God in the religious life. The young girl about to enter the convent who is spared painful bouts on the part of her family is considered as being extremely lucky. It must be admitted that the Atumbuka of Northern Nyassaland, although open to evolution, still live under a rigid patriarchal regime going back it seems to antediluvian times. In this primitive clan the birth of a girl child can mean only one thing — the four, five, six or seven cows she will eventually add to the paternal possessions. The fortune of these dusky patriarchs consisting in cattle, the more a man has the more influential he will be and — most important of all — the more wives he will be able to marry. This problem is the chief obstacle in the way of feminine religious vocations in Nyassaland.

On October 10, five postulants were scheduled to enter the Society of Rosarian Sisters. Among them numbered Marselina who for the two past years had been vainly trying to win her mother's assent. This year, she had resolved to override all protests and accordingly kept secret her resolution of entering the novitiate until October 9. Before leaving she wrote her mother Salome a touching, respectful letter explaining her conduct.

Very early on October 10, the irate Salome armed with a club, a wild look in her bloodshot eyes, posted herself beside the chapel door. As soon as the unsuspecting Marselina appeared on the scene, she felled her to the ground and with the help of a relative, dragged her on a distance of nearly one hundred yards. Marselina fought her off desperately, crying, "I don't want to go back to my village not even for a short while. I want to enter the convent. Leave me alone."

Upon his arrival, Msgr. St. Denis tried in vain to reason with the infuriated woman. She kept on trying to drag her daughter away, while pouring out a torrent of abusive language to the address of the Prefect Apostolic. Monsignor let her have her say, then traced the sign of the Cross over her remarking that he believed her to be possessed by the devil. He added with

1. Bernadette Dumas, St. Anselme of Dorchester, P.Q.

grave dignity that because of the present circumstances he felt it his duty to refuse Marselina permission to enter the novitiate but that her mother would be held responsible before God for opposing her child's legitimate wishes. After this warning, Msgr. St. Denis proceeded to the chapel where he offered the Holy Sacrifice and presided the reception ceremony of four postulants. In his allocution, he asked the aspirants to pray for Marselina, "Even if she has been prevented from entering your Society she is one with you all in spirit."

The novices whose annual retreat was to finish that same afternoon, stormed heaven with prayers, in order to obtain Salome's conversion. How could the Queen of the Rosary have turned a deaf ear to such fervent requests? Some time after dinner, Salome who, incidentally is our chief lay helper at the dispensary, called on Sr. St. Leo the Great (1). She had recovered her usual pleasant dispositions, and declared that she would no longer oppose Marselina's religious vocation. "When Monsignor blessed me," she explained, "I felt something like thunder in my heart..." Apparently, her bewildered mind was having difficulty understanding its own surprise, but she went on. "At any rate I want my daughter to be happy in her chosen vocation." While these good dispositions were fresh upon her, we sent Salome to our first Pastor who arranged everything in such a satisfactory manner that Marselina was admitted to the postulancy without any further delay. He blessed the new postulant's medal and was present while she recited her lonely act of consecration to Our Lady.

In the late afternoon hours, two postulants received the Holy Habit of the Rosarian Sisters at the Mission church thronged with curious natives. Msgr. St. Denis gave an eloquent discourse on the excellence of religious life. After the ceremony, the two new novices were surrounded by their compatriots who never tired of exclaiming over their transformation. If there was sadness in the dawning of this eventful day, joy crowned its waning, as black and white Sisters rejoiced together with the Lord's newly elected brides.

But it had been decreed that this happiness would not long remain undisturbed. Immediately after breakfast on October 11, the five new postulants went out to the interior courtyard to meet the boarders who were eager to get acquainted with them. Unexpectedly, above the merry conversation and gay laughter, rose an angry shout, "Where is she? I'm going to kill her right here. Tell me where she is..." Sister Franciska shuddered as she recognized the voice of her father, Rafael. How could she hope to appease his kindled temper?

Gleeful shouts froze on the children's lips when Rafael appeared in their midst, swinging an axe in one hand and a club in the other. In a trice the girls scattered like chaff before the wind, Franciska among them. For a brief moment, Rafael, his face distorted with baffled rage, hesitated on which

1. Pauline Longtin, Montreal.



course to adopt. But having caught sight of his fleeing daughter just as she turned the corner near the convent entrance, he threw his club after her fortunately missing her by a few inches. Just then, Rafael's son, Roberto, joined his father in the chase. Together, they unceremoniously began to rummage through the convent, bellying ferocious threats, "Give her up... Don't think you can hide the hussy! We'll kill her like a cow as soon as we find her." In an attempt at bringing the father to his senses, Sr. St. Imelda⁽¹⁾ declared, "Franciska is hiding, we know not where. Since you threaten to kill her, you can't very well blame her for trying to evade you, can you?" Meantime I ran out to warn Msgr. St. Denis of the unexpected "invasion" of the novitiate.

All this time what had become of Franciska? She

had last been seen rushing past the community room but nobody knew exactly where she had hidden. The Sisters looked on anxiously while Rafael and Roberto continued searching for the fugitive. At the chapel door, Roberto hesitated then turned on his heels, "This is God's house... I must not go in," he muttered to himself as he took another direction. How well God knows how to protect His faithful ones! Franciska who had sought refuge in the confessional sent up a thankful prayer as she heard her pursuers moving away.

A few minutes later, Msgr. St. Denis arrived on the scene accompanied by two natives devoted to the Catholic Mission. He tried to argue with Rafael who, refusing to be appeased, kept on brandishing his axe and shouting, "Out with the hussy! I'll kill her as soon as I lay hands on her." Seeing the futility of reasoning with a madman, Monsignor traced over him the sign

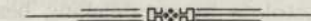
1. Imelda Saurette, Letellier, Manitoba.

of the Cross just as he had done for Salome on the previous day. Immediately, Rafael dropped his axe inquiring in aggrieved tones, "Do you take me for the devil?"

"No," replied Monsignor, "But I really think you must have a devil in you and I want to chase him out." Under the effect of this blessing, the fury of the father seemed to abate as if by magic and he began to talk sense. It was not so much his daughter whom he regretted (!) but the six cows he would never get as her dowry now that she intended to enter a convent. Would not the Mission make good his loss at least in part? Monsignor St. Denis called in two witnesses and a lively *milandu* ensued where requests were made and bargains were clinched to the satisfaction of both parties. Only then did Rafael and Roberto desist from their pursuit and quietly return home.

It was nearly noon when Franciska was at last free to leave her hiding place in the chapel. Before going out, she calmly knelt at the altar rail to recite an extra prayer of thanksgiving to God for His protection. When asked what she had done during her three-hour-captivity, she replied that she had recited the Rosary without interruption for her father's conversion. At noon, when the novitiate bell gave the signal for spiritual exercises, and the novices saw Franciska in their midst, their gratitude rang out in a vibrant *Magnificat*.

O you all, who read these lines, Christian parents who feel so proud of offering one or other of your children to God, please remember our Katete novitiate in your prayers. Pray that our Africans of Northern Nyassaland may soon come to understand the grandeur and importance of the religious vocation. The grace of God alone can alter their scale of values. Would not these prayers of yours also be the best means of proving your thankfulness to God for the priceless gift of Baptism?



I thank Thee, for things to do

And hands to do with.

I thank Thee for good food to eat

And teeth to chew with.

I thank Thee for the eyes to see
The printed page.

I thank Thee for the will to live
In this strange age.

I thank Thee that we can exchange

A word of cheer;

No profit comes from peddling gloom

While we are here.

Bertha Thierolf

Difficulties of the Evangelization

Msgr. GARON, M.S.

None of the attempts made before the 19th Century to introduce Catholicism into Madagascar were successful. The tardy hour at which the Malagasy were to hear the call of the Father of the human family had not yet struck.

When in 1810, Andrianampoinimerina, one of Madagascar's most genial rulers died, he left in the center of the island, a kingdom solidly established at the expense of numerous kinglets. Its capital was Tananarivo.

This kingdom was kept jealously sealed against all foreign influence. The time was to come, however, when under the pressure of new ideas, the influential Malagasy would turn envious eyes towards the realizations of European countries. Tananarivo would then be called to play, in a small way, the role wielded by Rome in the conversion of the pagan world.

Members of the Catholic clergy on the neighboring Reunion island had not forgotten Madagascar. But being pitifully few in numbers there was not much they could do. At least they laid out their plans to begin its evangelization by the Tananarivo capital.

In 1820, a Catholic priest vainly endeavored to secure a permit to enter the country. Twelve years later, came Father de Solages' dramatic landing on the eastern shore. His efforts to obtain the authorization of entering the capital remained fruitless and he was left alone to die of hunger in a makeshift shelter erected on the shore, December 8, 1832.

Father Delmond who had been named Prefect Apostolic in 1845, resolved to prepare his future apostolate by establishing beachheads in the neighboring islets named *Petites Iles*. Called upon to share in this apostolic venture, the Jesuits agreed to become Father Delmond's auxiliaries. As rallying base a central residence for these missionaries was built in Reunion.

Once in a while, the opaque curtain veiling the life of the Malagasy would be lifted as if by magic. When Ranavalona I, the bloody Queen, died August 16, 1861, her son Rakoto acceded to the throne, under the name of Radama II. It was known that he was disposed to look on foreigners with favor and that he already entertained secret but sympathetic relations with Catholic missionaries. The old Malagasy party was losing ground. At present, it may be affirmed that only the sorcerers have inherited its fanatical spirit.

The door to Madagascar stood ajar. Fortunately the missionaries were ready to launch their apostolate having learned the language and become

familiar with the mentality of the people during their seventeen years of arduous labor in Nossy Be, Mayotte, Baly, and St. Mary's. The first Catholic priest arrived at Tananarivo, on September 23, 1861, and the second a few weeks later on October 13. These two pioneers were soon followed by whole caravans of apostolic laborers, both priests and Sisters. The sympathetic attitude of the king facilitated the installation of the missionaries without, however, doing away with the hardships and the difficulties of the foundation. Under the reign of Radama II, the Protestants had gained a foothold in the kingdom. Moreover, the English Protestant pastors who had for a time been expelled from the capital, were now allowed to return. The curiosity of the Malagasy was awakened. Of a naturally inquisitive turn of mind, they began to compare Catholics and Protestants, French and English.

It did not take long for the Catholic missionaries to understand that the chief source of opposition would arise not from paganism but from the heresy of Protestantism. Nevertheless, their first sowings did not fall among thorns nor on rocky soil. On Nov. 13, 1861, Holy Mass was offered for the first time on the island. The initial group Baptisms took place in the last part of 1863, and by the end of 1864, there were already 300 adults having entered the true Fold.

Meantime, took place the barbarous assassination of Radama II. It was to be feared that the old Malagasy party might succeed in overthrowing the party favorable to foreign influence. Fortunately, this latter party kept the reins of power when the widow of the murdered King succeeded him on the throne. Rasoherina was really a Catholic at heart, (she was baptized in *articulo mortis*) but she saw her efforts to favor the evangelization of her kingdom balked by diplomatic difficulties which arose between her own government and that of France. English Protestant ministers made the most of this situation by betraying the Prime Minister into the hands of the English nation. This marked the beginning of endless vexations for Catholics.

Under the reign of Ranavalona II, conditions grew from bad to worse. To the general astonishment, at the coronation ceremony the fetish habitually placed beside the royal throne was replaced by a monumental Bible. Moreover, on this same day, the Prime Minister divorcing his legitimate wife of whom he had had sixteen children, publicly married the Queen, and together with her received the Protestant Baptism. Protestantism thus became the State religion. Paganism was outlawed, fetishes burnt, idols discarded. Before the year was over the Queen had commissioned one hundred-and-twenty-six evangelists to promote the new prayer to the ends of her kingdom. Heresy had triumphed. Numerous members of Madagascar's aristocratic society conformed to the new order. Even to this day, many influential descendants of these old families, faithfully cling to Protestantism once considered the State religion.

Under this new order what was the fate of Catholicism? Thanks to the providential intervention of the French Consul, the Queen granted liberty of prayer and Catholicism thereby avoided suppression. The Prime Minister admired the Catholic Missionaries but as he could not hope to get anything out of them in the shape of personal advancement, he turned to Protestantism in order to secure the support of the English. One of his sons remained a Catholic. His dearly beloved daughter-in-law, Victoria Rasoamanarivo, was a woman of pluck and of unusual sanctity of life.

The struggle between these two religious forces continued to be waged until 1885. It was not one of those spectacular struggles where heroes shed their blood with magnificent courage, but pinprick warfare requiring the hidden courage of unalterable patience. A war of nerves in which the enemy endeavored to wear down his adversary's endurance, presented paltry excuses for admitted wrongdoing, only to start on the same harassing course of action over and over again. Missioners and Christians proved more than a match for these vexations. If they were not martyrs, they were at least confessors of the Faith.

The accounts of this daily struggle fought by priests and faithful makes painful and tedious reading. The Queen's one hundred and twenty-six evangelists established houses of prayer in the rural centers. In every place where rose a Protestant temple the missionary priests tried to build a Catholic church. Later on when public education became compulsory, they also started a Catholic school for every official Protestant school that went up. These were arduous realizations, for the Catholics had to fight against crushing odds. Local representatives of Protestant persuasion relying on practical immunity from governmental disapprobation did their worst to annoy the Catholic missionaries and their catechumens.

As we look back today over this period of Madagascar's religious history, the mode of action adopted by the missionaries may seem a trifle unwarranted and even ridiculous. But a serious scrutiny of conditions then existing convinces us of the contrary. The Malagasy required tangible proofs that the Queen had not withdrawn the liberty to pray according to the dictates of each one's conscience. What better proof of this could be given than the setting up of a Catholic church for every Protestant temple, of a Catholic school for every Protestant educational establishment? One could not ask for a sounder course of applied apologetics. Freedom of worship really existed since none had to retire into catacombs to pray.

In the midst of this turmoil, Catholicism continued to grow and to prosper. Converts were soon called upon to prove their mettle. Fresh trials gave rise to increasing difficulties when the first war between French and Malagasy broke out in 1883-1885. The French resident and all Catholic missionaries being evacuated, the Malagasy Catholics were thus deprived of their supporters and guides. Moreover, they were held in suspicion for daring to differ from the Queen in religious matters and for following what was regarded as the cult of the French — the national enemy. (To be continued)

THE POPE SENDS BLESSING TO THE PHILIPPINES

AUGUST 13. — His Holiness Pope Pius XII has sent a message to President Ramon Magsaysay conveying the Apostolic Blessing to the government and People of the Philippines.

The Holy Father's message was in reply to one sent by President Magsaysay on the occasion of the canonization of St. Pope Pius X.

Addressed "To Our beloved son, Ramon Magsaysay, President of the Republic of the Philippines," the papal message said:

"The sentiments to which you gave expression touched Us and brought Us consolation and comfort because they are indicative of deep Catholic Faith and of admirable Christian piety.

"We would assure you of Our thankfulness and we earnestly ask Almighty God, through the intercession of St. Pope Pius X, to bless your beloved country and to grant it peace and prosperity."



PROBABLY THE MOST PUZZLING THING with which the theological mind must come to grips is the demand of Christ, insisting on the one hand that "all the nations" be taught by His Church, and that His Gospel "be preached to every creature"; and on the other hand, His withholding the grace of vocations from so many who could well do that work for Him.

But from a remark Christ made on a different occasion, the clue to the solution of this puzzle is implied. He spoke of the greatness of the harvest, and the fewness of the laborers; and, on that account, asked His followers to "pray to the Lord of the harvest that He may provide the laborers."

It is regarded as axiomatic by theologians that if the Lord be interested in the accomplishment of any purpose He will provide means adequate to achieve the same. It must, therefore, be our fault and not that of God that there are insufficient vocations to the Priesthood, to the Brotherhoods, and to the Sisterhoods in many lands.

Our Sunday Visitor

ODYSSEY

of an OLD CAR

VUA, NYASSALAND

SR. ST. YVES(1), M.I.C.

WITHIN a radius of five hundred miles is there a Nyassalander who has not, at one time or another, seen the Sisters' old car, stalled by the roadside? Car seems rather a pompous word applied to such a battered, wheezy affair. When we bought it from a white in financial straits, four years ago, its most desirable quality appeared to be its capacity for accommodating besides seven passengers an enormous amount of baggage. Before going any further we must honestly admit to the praise of this veteran of African highways, that during the last few years it really ran the career of an elephant in trips to and from our different missions. When the quota of passengers was not doubled, that of the luggage invariably was. Hundreds of miles separate one outpost from the other and occasions of shopping are few and far between. Today I would like to set down here in writing the old car's last valiant stand in the bush so that its remarkable odyssey may not be lost to history.

The annual retreat of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception had come to a happy close on September 8. The missionaries from the various outposts were busy packing personal belongings and sundry supplies. After an absence of nearly a fortnight all were eager to get back to work as soon as possible. It was therefore arranged that the old car would first accommodate the Mzambazi, Rumphi, and Nkata Bay party; it would then take care of the group having as destination via Rumphi, Kaseye, Karonga, and Vua. To give a clearer idea of the distances to be covered, I will add that a hundred miles separate Katete, the central mission, and Rumphi; from this post to Kaseye, stretch one hundred and fifty miles; from Kaseye to Karonga, ninety and from Karonga to Vua, a paltry thirty-five — all in all, almost four hundred miles.

1. Yvette Ricard, Grand'Mere, P.Q.

As driver Msgr. St. Denis obligingly put at our disposal, Marius, a youthful Portuguese mechanic, with the patience of an angel. Early on the morning of September 10, as had previously been arranged the first group of seven Sisters stood waiting by the highway surrounded by the baggage, a thousand pounds *avoirdupois*. Nine o'clock came and went and still no Marius. A messenger sent in quest of information, presently returned with the cheery news that the mechanic wanted only a few minutes more to tighten some loose screws and wavering bolts. The few minutes stretched into exactly one hour and fifteen minutes. At long last passengers and luggage jammed the car, all ready to go. Not so fast! Just as he started the engine, Marius discovered that the tank had sprung a leak and that a quart of gasoline had spilled during our installation. More tense moments elapsed while he disappeared under the car to screw some bolt or other.

Finally, everything being in relative order, the old car shuddered, and sighed, and rolled out on the first leg of its Katete-Vua journey. One mile, two miles — then came a hill; the engine growled, and wheezed, and sputtered. To appease its distressing symptoms, the seven passengers nobly decided to relieve the car of their weight while it climbed uphill. Another few miles of smooth driving then another hill where the passengers repeated the same act of generosity. Seeing it roll so merrily along, one of the Sisters whimsically suggested, "Let's leave the poor old thing alone. It seems to run well only when we're not in it!" Wonder of wonders! Twenty whole minutes went by uneventfully. We were both delighted and astonished, but this was too good to last! The engine next developed a case of hiccups. "Something wrong," muttered Marius. "We'll have to stop." Gravely, he began to inspect and examine, flat on his back under the car, endeavoring to clean, and oil, and repair all the ailing spots. To while away the time, someone proposed that we eat our lunch as it was nearing the noon hour. We had as yet gone a mere ten miles from Katete. One hour later, Marius announced that he thought we could now safely venture along to Mzimba where he knew there was a garage of the Public Works Department. A white mechanic employed there would be able to diagnose the motor trouble and speed us on our way home.

We arrived at Mzimba only to meet with the pessimistic verdict, "Your case is desperate. No car in such a condition can hope to make even ten miles. I'll lend you a battery; yours is burnt out. Just return to Katete and try to make other arrangements." Marius' pride was stung to the quick. He flatly refused to lose face by taking us all back to the Central Mission. Someone he knew in town would surely help him out, he assured. His friend, a charitable Indian, obligingly worked with him for two hours at the end of which Marius declared, "We can't go on without a new belt." Alas, in Mzimba such an article could not be had neither for love nor for money. Already, the sun was sinking in the west. We thought of our Rumphu Sisters who were probably worrying over our delay. At all costs, we must try to reach that mission before dark. Hoping against hope

that the belt would somehow manage to hold on until we reached Rumphu, we set out once again. After two miles the engine came to a dead stop. The belt had given out. One of the Sisters then vaguely remembered having seen a strap somewhere in the car. Rummaging under the seats, she triumphantly came forward with one which proved much too large, however. Marius beamed, "It's better than nothing at all!" He immediately set it in place stuffing some packing to make it adhere to the engine and the fan. "All aboard! We'll soon be at destination!" he cheerfully called out. In a more or less skeptical mood we stepped inside wondering what would come next. We were nearing Kafukule when Marius spied a lorry stationed by the roadside and recognized the driver as one of his acquaintances, a Portuguese mechanic like himself. He stopped, "I think I had better consult my friend here about our motor trouble." Followed a one-hour consultation during which the motor was taken apart and screwed together again while we looked on. When everything was in place, I asked "Marius, how much must we pay your friend for his trouble?"

"Oh, never mind paying him," he replied, "I gave him two pence."

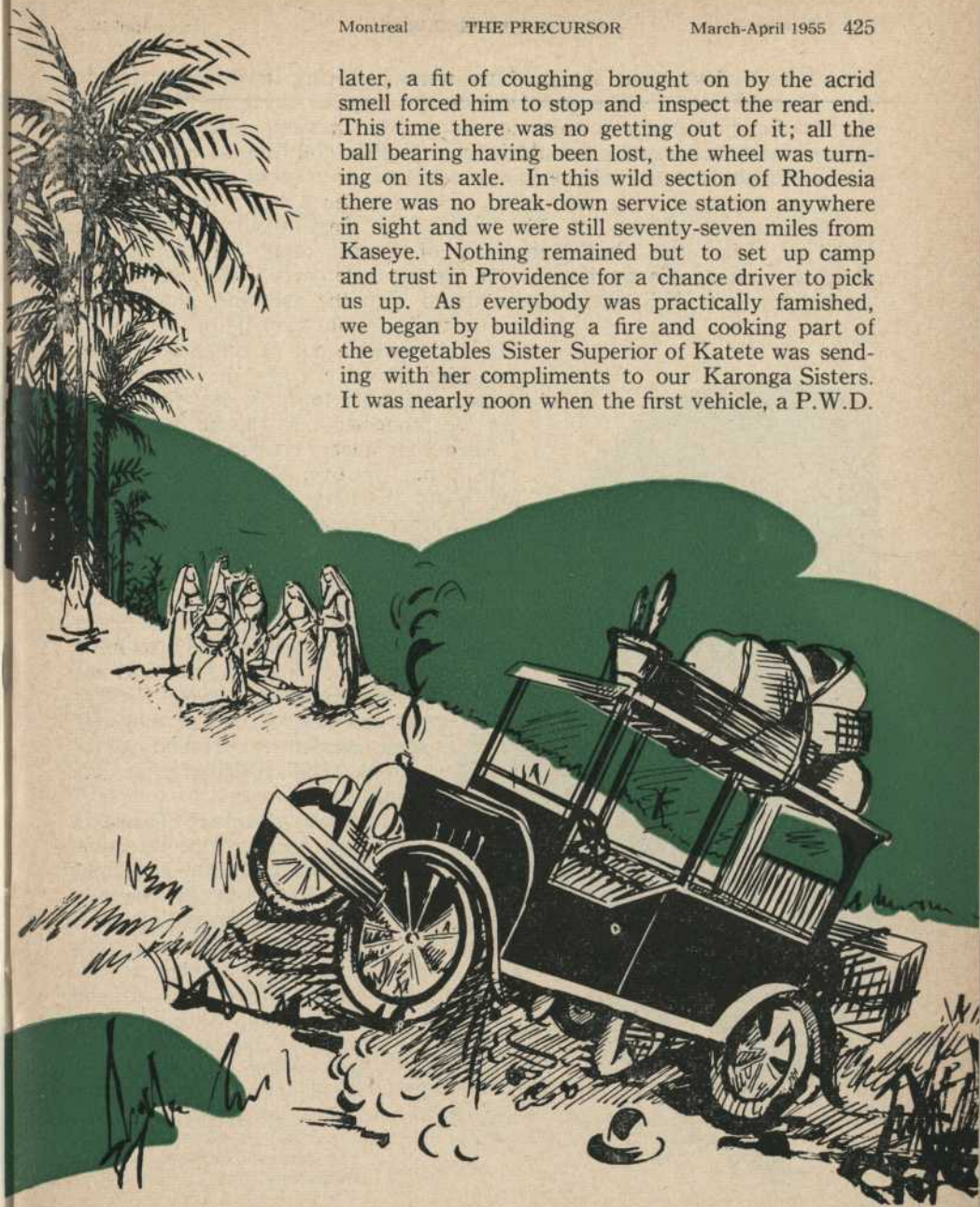
We had a hard time keeping a straight face. Surely something must be amiss with our driver's scale of values. Imagine, giving two cents to a mechanic for an hour's work!

All this tinkering had certainly improved the motor's temper, for we rolled on blissfully without a single halt until we reached the Njakwa filling station. It was two o'clock a.m. when we at last entered Rumphu. The Sisters rose and served us a gay reveillon while we recounted all our mishaps. In spite of their insistence that we spend the rest of the night at the convent, we resolved to make the most of the engine's conciliating mood. So bright was the moonlight as we started that we drove with dimmed headlights. After a record driving of a whole hour without any accident, the motor began sputtering in a most alarming manner.

Out hopped Marius. "Something wrong again," he mourned as he peered under the hood. Some thirty minutes later sounded the "All aboard!" signal but we had not gone a quarter of a mile when occurred still another breakdown. As it was by now three a.m. and we were in the neighborhood of a native village, we resolved to try to take a nap while waiting for the daylight to get necessary repairs done. The village folk who had heard the noise of the motor soon surrounded us, anxious to know who were their nighttime visitors. They kindly started a camp fire so we would not be incommodated too much by the keen night air.

Towards seven a.m., Marius who had been fussing around all this time, clapped on the hood and decreed that we could proceed our way. The old car seemed indeed rejuvenated after its several hours of rest. It rolled on serenely until a strong smell as of something burning issued from one of the rear wheels. Refusing this once to let himself be impressed, Marius persisted saying "There can't be anything wrong. Let's go on!" A few minutes

later, a fit of coughing brought on by the acrid smell forced him to stop and inspect the rear end. This time there was no getting out of it; all the ball bearing having been lost, the wheel was turning on its axle. In this wild section of Rhodesia there was no break-down service station anywhere in sight and we were still seventy-seven miles from Kaseye. Nothing remained but to set up camp and trust in Providence for a chance driver to pick us up. As everybody was practically famished, we began by building a fire and cooking part of the vegetables Sister Superior of Katete was sending with her compliments to our Karonga Sisters. It was nearly noon when the first vehicle, a P.W.D.

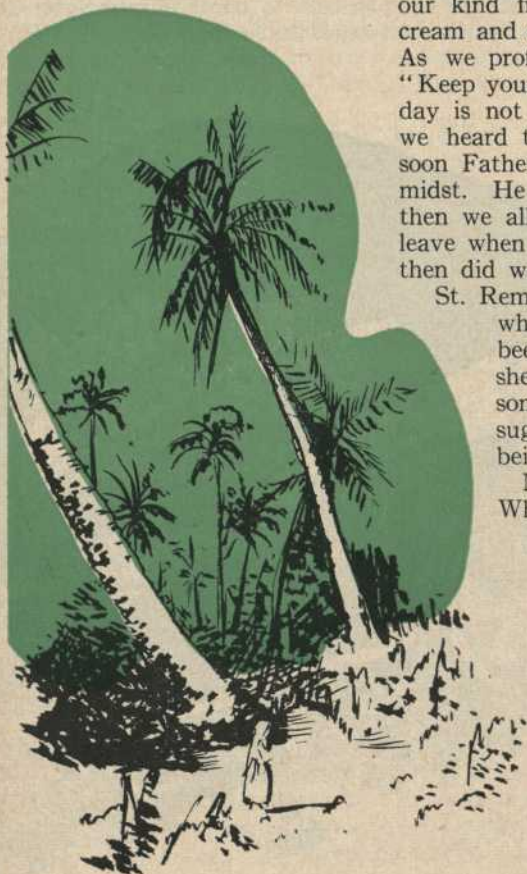


lorry from Njakwa, came along. After some parleying its driver agreed to take Marius back to Rumphu; thence he would drive to Mzuzu in Father Superior's jeep in order to secure the missing pieces. By the same occasion a messenger would be sent to Fort Hill to ask for help.

That night was one of the longest we had ever spent and never did we greet daybreak with such relief. Towards ten a.m., a jeep appeared on the highway driven by Mr. Elger, an Englishman en route for Blantyre. Like the Good Samaritan of Gospel fame, he halted and obligingly offered his services to our forlorn little party. He immediately set out for Fort Hill whence he returned with the assurance that a jeep and a trailer would soon be on their way. Having brewed a pot of coffee we offered our kind friend a cup. He brought out cream and sugar from his own provisions. As we proffered our thanks he replied, "Keep your fingers crossed, Sisters. The day is not yet over." At this juncture we heard the noise of a motorcycle and soon Father Langlade, W.F., was in our midst. He also accepted a cup of coffee then we all set to work to pack up and leave when the jeep would arrive. Only then did we notice the absence of Sister

St. Remi⁽¹⁾. Nobody seemed to know where she had gone. She had last been seen around eleven. Perhaps she was sick . . . or had met with some accident . . . Nobody dared suggest the possibility of her being lost.

Mr. Elger, organized the search. While we went in one direction, Father Langlade and some boys set out in another. The men climbed up trees the better to explore the mysterious depths of the forest, where wild animals roam at will. One — two — three — hours went by and still Sister St. Remi was nowhere to be found. While this was going on arrived



1. Josephine Beneteau,
Amherstburg, Ont.

the jeep and the trailer previously requisitioned. What were we to do? We had almost given up hope of finding Sister alive after so many hours of fruitless search. At length, we decided that four Sisters would board the jeep with the baggage and drive towards Kaseye, asking for help and searchers along the way. The scene of separation was anything but joyful.

When the first group had left, we sat down a few moments to rest and to discuss our problem as calmly as we could. A Mass of thanksgiving was promised if we found the missing one safe and sound. Then Sister St. Jean de la Lande⁽¹⁾ and I started to search again in another direction, fervently reciting the Rosary as we went. Another weary hour dragged by without any success. Suddenly, we heard not very far off "She's been found! She's been found!" Mr. Elger soon returned to confirm the happy news and to offer to drive us immediately to Fort Hill in his own jeep. At that moment a station wagon rumbled past, then stopped at sight of our party. The occupants, New Zealanders on a business tour, learning of our sad plight willingly agreed to take us as far as Fort Hill which was included in their route. We cordially thanked the charitable Mr. Elger and offered him a modest retribution which he refused. As we assured him of a remembrance in our prayers in return for his great kindness to us, this perfect gentleman replied, "Everybody is kind. It is only the occasions that are wanting for people to show themselves as they really are."

Halfway from Kaseye, we came across some White Fathers of the neighboring mission post, setting out to join the search for the lost "sheep". How relieved they were to know that she had been found and spared any serious accident. Kaseye was reached in the early evening hours.

We served supper to our friends from New Zealand, and the Fathers invited them to spend the night at the mission. Early the next morning they took up their interrupted journey through the heart of Africa, while we heard with great fervor the Mass we had promised in thanksgiving. The rest of the day was spent trying to find transportation for the groups of Sisters returning to Karonga and Vua. Providence sent its agent in the person of Mr. George Trinidad who in spite of the luggage piled up in his station wagon, accepted to take five passengers along. Towards the end of the afternoon we arrived in Karonga. The Fathers there arranged for the homegoing trip of the Vua expedition.

LOST IN THE WOODS

Let us now flash back to Sister St. Remi wandering in the dark forest, the heroine of a modern version of Perreault's tale, "Petit Poucet". While the other Sisters were preparing to cook some vegetables at the point selected for our temporary camp, Sister St. Remi searched about for smooth stones

1. Clemence Caron, St. Jean Port Joli, P.Q.





on which to set the kettle. She remembered having seen some at a short distance from the spot where the party had stopped. Away she went without once doubting of her ability to retrace her steps. She walked on and on and on and still the stones she had imagined so near remained conspicuous by their absence. Better turn back, she decided. But, alas, she realized that she had by now completely lost her bearings. She tried several footpaths which only led her more deeply into the bush. Almost despairing of ever finding her way back, she climbed up a tree and cried herself hoarse calling for help. Only the echoes of the forest answered her mockingly. She slid down to the ground, scratching and bruising herself in the process. After stopping to rest and catch hold of herself for a few moments she tried again a certain path which was wider than the others. It seemed to her that she had been walking for ages, when she at last stumbled onto the highway. "I was on the verge of breaking down" she later confessed. "Another half hour and I would have dropped in my tracks. As it was I kept on saying 'Magnificat' to Our Lady for *getting myself found*."

EPILOGUE

We have not been told how the old car returned to its Katete garage, but who cares? Together we pray that it may rest forever in peace! Together we also storm heaven that some generous benefactor may soon be inspired to replace it by a new car. We need one so badly to carry supplies to our mission outposts buried in the bush of Northern Nyassaland. Whether this conveyance goes by the name of lorry, station wagon, jeep or trailer, it matters little as long as it does not leave us stalled on the almost deserted African highways of these regions.



OUR BELOVED DEAD



Rev. Rene Larochelle, **St. Alban of Portneuf**;
Mr. F. Bernier, **St. Epiphane**, father of our Sr.
St. Joseph of Nazareth; Mr. Wilfrid Allaire,
Montreal, father of our Sr. Marie Majella;
Mr. Jerry Butler, Mrs. E. J. McAsey, Mrs.
James Sage, **Montreal**; Mrs. Mary Richard,
Haverhill, Mass.; Mrs. Marie Charland,
Beverly, Mass.; Mrs. T. MacPherson,
Three Rivers; Mrs. Joseph Laplante, **Crysler**,
Ont.; Mr. Paulhus, **Southbridge, Mass.**; Mr.
Alphonse Bourbeau, **Webster, Mass.**; Mr. Ade-
lard Chenard, **Salem, Mass.**; Mr. Rene Mous-
seau, **Pont Viau**; Mr. Leo Beaudry, **Trois-Ri-
vieres**; Mrs. Charles Paquette, Mrs. Arthur Ga-
gnon, Miss Lise Turcotte, Mrs. Albert Couillard,
Miss Alice Theberge, Mrs. W. Dupont, Mrs. W.
Gauthier, Miss Alice Gougeon, Mr. Philibert
Charland, Mrs. Josaphat Pilon, Mrs. J. A.
Lacombe, Mr. Jean C. Paquet, Mrs. Joseph
Cousineau, **Montreal**; Mrs. D. Ouellet, Mrs.
Art. Julien, Mrs. J. E. Marcil, Mr. J. E. Marcil,
Mr. J. E. Perreault, Mr. Conrad St. Amand,
Mr. Pantaleon Bouchard, Mr. Hector Racicot,
Mr. C. Lussier, Mrs. J. R. Aidams, Mr. Alph.
Lachapelle, Mrs. Lucien Bonin, Mr. and Mrs.
Emile Aubertin, **Montreal**; Mrs. A. Trudeauau.

Outremont; Mr. Massue, **Varenes**; Mr. A. Desaulniers, Mrs. Lucien Cournoyer, Mr.
O. Meunier, Mr. Louis Pare, Mrs. Philippe Autotte, **Rosemont**; Mrs. Edmond Brunet,
Pointe Claire; Mrs. Ald. Brissette, Mrs. Michel Lamarre, **Longueuil**; Mr. Wilf. Mouney,
Mr. Thomas Tremblay, **Laprairie**; Mr. Marcel Bétournay, **St. Lambert**; Mrs. J. Cou-
vrette, **Ile Bizard**; Mrs. Hyacinthe St. Pierre, Mrs. O. Chauret, **St. Genevieve**; Mr.
Albert Thivierge, **St. Bruno**; Mrs. Joseph Alary, **Terrebonne**; Mr. Roy Poissant,
Delson; Mrs. F. Lefrancois, Mrs. Gaston Crevier, **MacKayville**; Mr. Nap. Bussieres,
Mrs. J. G. Malouin, **Vercheres**; Mrs. Honore Courville, Mrs. J. E. Mailloux, **St. Luc**;
Mr. Louis Beaulieu, Mr. H. Thibodeau, **St. Jean**; Mrs. Henri Desjardins, **St. Jerome**;
Mr. Iva Guay, **Lacolle**; Mr. J. O. Languedoc, **Abbotsford**; Mrs. Geo. Marcil, **La Reine**;
Mr. Marc Henri Frappier, **St. Robert**; Mrs. Francois Parent, **St. Aime**; Mrs. Geo. Des-
meules, Miss Lucia Latouche, **St. Louis de Courville**; Mr. Marc Henri Fournier, Mrs.
Emile Messier, **Granby**; Mr. Jean Godin, **St. Louis de Bonsecours**; Mr. Eugene Godin,
St. Basile; Mr. Philibert Goulet, **Joliette**; Mrs. Modeste Marcil, **St. Paul de Joliette**;
Mrs. J. A. Nicole, Mr. Normand Garceau, Mrs. Odilon Laporte, **St. Elisabeth**; Mrs.
Arthur Maheu, **Lanoraie**; Mr. Armand Monette, **St. Thomas**; Mr. Zenon Sabourin, **St.**
Alexis; Mrs. Nap. Leveillee, **St. Lin**; Mr. Paul Dumas, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Miss Eva
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Ancienne Lorette; Mr. Philippe Simard, Mrs. Jos. Gagnon, **Bagotville**; Mr. Emile
Bureau, **St. Georges de Beauce**; Mr. Joseph Berube, M. Emile Sirois, **Cacouna**; Mrs.
Joseph Cantin, **St. Ulric**; Mrs. Lucien Leclerc, **St. Jean Port Joli**; Mrs. Onesime Fortin,
St. Janvier de Joly; Mrs. Germain Demeule, **La Baleine**; Mr. Philippe Morin, Mrs.
Rene Dallaire, Mr. Louis Tremblay, **Chicoutimi**; Mr. Arthur Larouche, Mrs. Henri
Lajoie, Mrs. Georges Munger, Mrs. Jos. Albert Cote, **Naudville**; Mr. Wilfrid Caron,
Arvida; Mr. Joseph Gauthier, Mr. Alfred Simard, **St. Joseph d'Alma**; Mrs. Jean Baptiste
Turgeon, **St. Joseph de Lepage**; Mr. Stanley Bourgeois, **Valleyfield**; Mr. Raoul Moisan,
Doctor Albert Labrosse, Mr. Wm. J. Geeves, Mrs. A. Leeming, **Montreal**.

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Montreal 1, P. Q.

Nominingue, Labelle County, P.Q.

Rimouski, P. Q.

Joliette, 750 St. Louis Street.

Quebec, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.

Vancouver, Oriental Hospital,
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Vancouver, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward Street.

Three Rivers, 1325, de la Terriere Street.

Granby, 35 Dufferin Street.

Chicoutimi, Cenacle Street.

St. Marie, Beauce County, P.Q.

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Kowloon, Our Lady of Protection,
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Formosa.

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Fukushima Ken.
Wakamatsu, 480 sakae machi,
Aizu Wakamatsu.
Tokyo, 108-4 cho me, Fukazawa cho,
Setagaya ku.

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Las Pinas, Rizal.
Mati, Davao Province.
Davao City.
Padada, Davao 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, Haiti.
Chantal, Haiti.
Mercedes, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Marti, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Manguito, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Los Arabos, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
Maximo Gomez, Prov. of Matanzas, Cuba.
Colon, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

Katete Mission, Katete River, P. O.,
Nyasaland, B. C. Africa.
Mzambazi Mission, Kafukule, P. O.
Nyasaland, B. C. Africa.
Rumphi Mission, Njakwa 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.
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