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The Precursor

The Precursor

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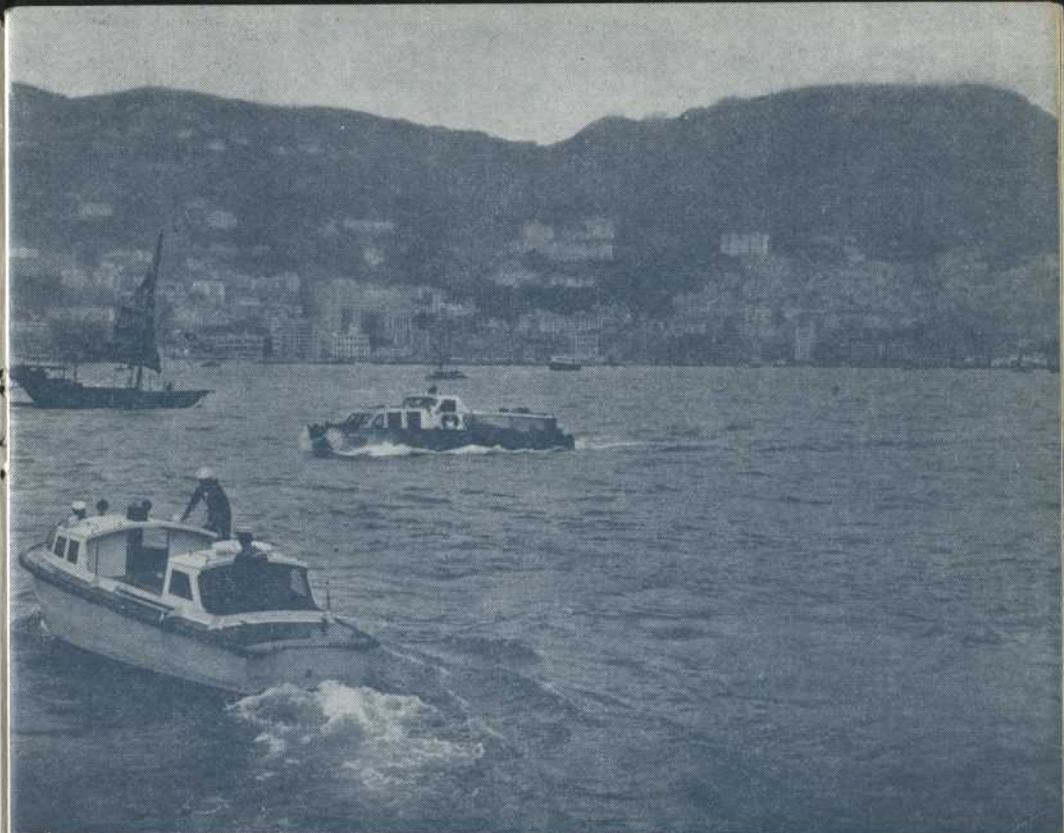
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Our cover page : this merry Japanese sprite
wishes you a Happy New Year and smiles
"The Precursor's" grateful thanks.
Back cover page: Winter scene in Tokyo.



KOWLOON, HONG KONG

Clear Water Bay

Sister St. JEAN L'EVANGELISTE¹, M.I.C.

A fairer site could hardly have been selected than Clear Water Bay Road as location for our new convent, placed under the patronage Our Lady of Protection, and for our Good Hope School. Perched on Kowloon's loftiest peak, the building seems on the very landing of heaven.

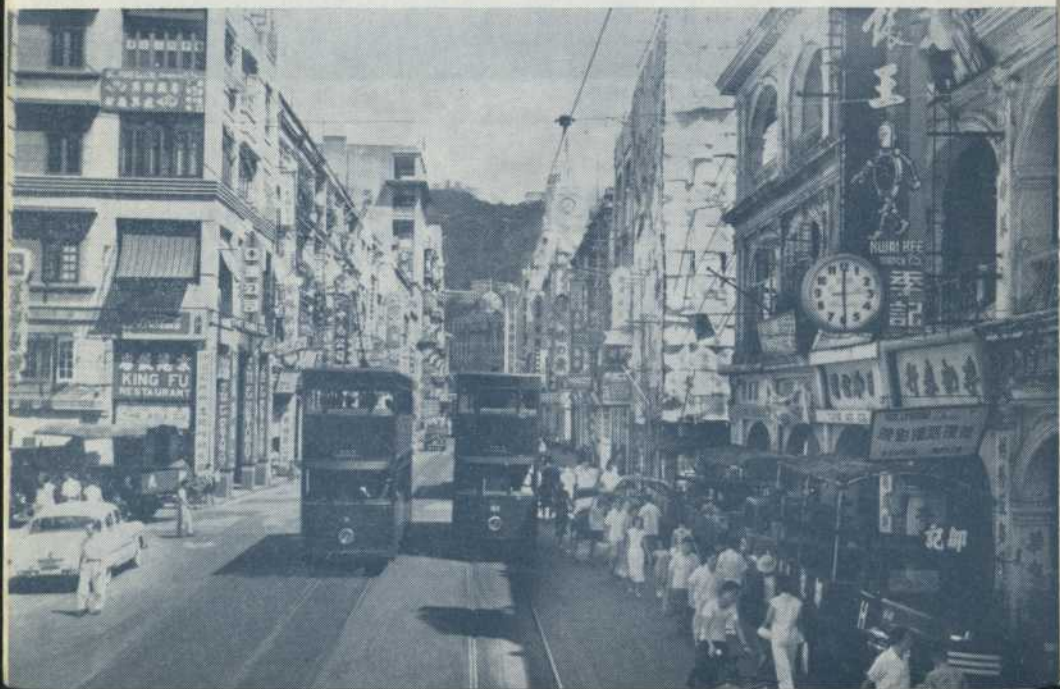
It looks down on a panorama of unique scenic grandeur; below, on the right, lies Kai Tak Airport where at every hour alight huge metal birds from all parts of the world; on the left, rising out of turquoise waters is the island of Hong Kong with its handsome white houses

¹ Gertrude Campbell, Bedford, Que



Canadian plane alights at Kowloon Airport.

Hong Kong street scene.





The Peak on whose green slopes nestles
our new Kowloon Convent.



is one of the world's proudest beauty queens.

Between the island and Kowloon, the bay stretches its waters of jade and amber skimmed by fleets of junks with high sterns and patched orange sails. In the distance, the sea is visible between mounds of verdure that emerge from the waves like fairy islands.

Kowloon is a neat modern city spreading out on the green hillsides — a city where East and West meet in startling contrasts marking a gradation from the very primitive to the ultra modern. Plastic bowls keep company with ancient Ming vases; radio sets are found in fashionable villas as well as in Chinese style cottages. Alone, the population appears out of all proportion to the area. In Hong Kong, Kowloon, and the New Territories live at present nearly two and a half million people.

Nearer to our own premises, right at the foot of the hill, rises the large establishment conducted by the Reverend Sisters of the Good

clinging to the rocky slopes, scaling the dark green summits. When night strides over the land and multicoloured lights twinkle like thousands of fallen stars all over the city and in the harbour where ships lie at anchor, the spectacle is one of breathtaking splendour. Tourists, aviators, business men, journalists, all agree that Hong Kong

Shepherd. In the background, the Dairy Farm surrounded by trees and vast pastures stands, a delightful reminder of our Canadian countryside. Still further, the eye roams beyond Lasalle Academy and the regional headquarters of the Maryknoll Sisters to the belfry of our parochial church dedicated to St. Therese of the Child Jesus.

The corner stone of our new Clear Water Bay Convent was blessed in March 1955. So swiftly did the building go up notwithstanding torrential rains in June, July, August, that the school was ready to open its doors in September to over five hundred children boys and girls, enrolled in the primary grades.

On February 11, 1956, His Excellency the Most Reverend Lawrence Bianchi, Bishop of Hong Kong, blessed the convent and the school. This ceremony coincided with the perpetual profession of our dear Sister Helena Marie¹. Double feast and double rejoicings, all the more so that our beloved Mother General was then in Kowloon on an official visitation of the Society's Oriental missions.

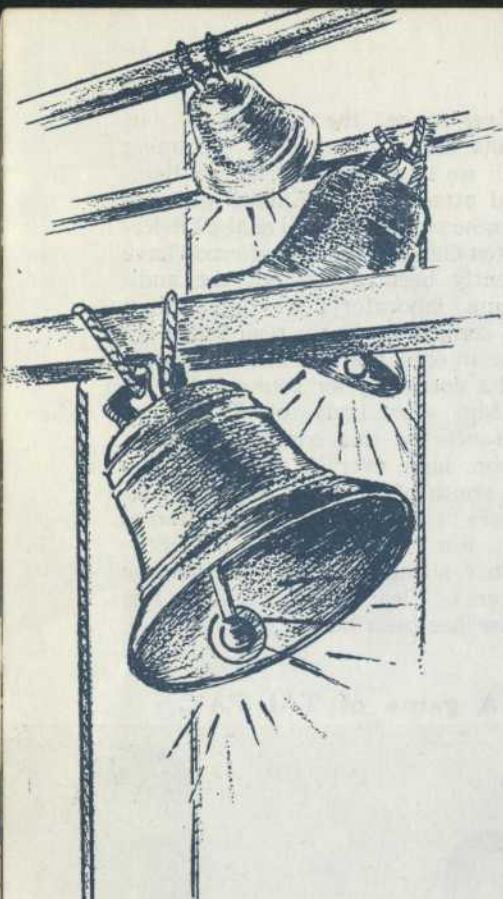
¹ Helena Fong, Canton, China.

Ever since, the number of our pupils has kept steadily increasing until we now have nearly one thousand attending the English and the Chinese sections as well as the kindergarten classes. The playgrounds have recently been completed; the auditorium, laboratory, and gymnasium will come later. In the near future we hope to open the intermediate course and a dormitory for young girls.

May our Lady of Protection, patroness of this educational institution, have ever in tender keeping the youth of Kowloon drawn to our classes by the charms of her maternal love. For it is in her honour, whose beauty is infinitely clearer than the waters of Clear Water Bay, that this house has been built.

A game of TAI PAY.





LIMBE, HAITI

Waiting for a Belfry

Sister JEANNE D'ORLEANS¹,
M.I.C.

In 1952, three sisters, Marie Therese, Rose de Lima, and Joan of Arc sailed from France to the out-of-the-way town of Limbe in northern Haiti. Marie Therese the sturdiest of the bronze trio — for we are speaking about bells — measures all of eight feet across; Rose de Lima has a slenderer waist while Joan of Arc is a dainty “belle” of almost fairy build. For four years after their arrival they lived a life that was secluded and unnoticed.

Usually, the steeple is made ready

for the bell. In this land of topsyturvydom, the opposite often proves the case. The three bells from France had to wait and wait until the faithful had enough money put aside to house them in a becoming manner.

Four years crawled past. At last, one fine day, a scaffolding went up beside the parish church. At the leisurely pace of the tropics, the bell tower rose in the air. Finally, everything being ready, preparations were set on foot for the solemn baptism of the three French “recluses”

¹ Jeanne d'Arc Nolin, Quebec.

Marie Therese, Rose de Lima, and Joan of Arc who had suddenly grown very popular. His Excellency the Most Reverend A. Cousineau, bishop of Cap Haitien, accepted the invitation to celebrate a Pontifical High Mass on this occasion, while His Excellency the Most Reverend J. Jan, titular bishop of Edistiana, was requested to preside the liturgical ceremony of the blessing of the bells.

On the eve of the feast of Saints Peter and Paul, patronal festival of the parish, Limbe was all agog. Numerous priests arrived from outlying districts to lend their confreres a helping hand. As sacristan, the ornamentation of the main altar fell to my lot. With bouquets of pink laurel sent by our Sisters of Cap Haitien and clusters of huge fragrant roses offered by a parishioner, the sanctuary was soon transformed into an enchanted garden.

On the morning of June 29th, the weather was on its best behaviour. Crowds of people from Limbe and its vicinity packed the little church, spilling over in the aisles and even in the vestibule. All craned their necks to catch a glimpse of the French "belles" attired in gay bunting and wreathed in flowers.

Towards half-past eight, the cortege of dignitaries solemnly wended its way from the rectory to the parochial church. A stirring sermon preached in Creole commented upon the life

of the first of all Popes, St. Peter, the illustrious patron of Limbe. Bishop Cousineau next gave a sympathetic address to his people and Bishop Jan presented a detailed explanation on the symbolism of church bells and on the ritual used for their consecration. Followed the blessing proper. Immediately afterwards, godfathers and godmothers availed themselves of their privilege to set the metal tongue of their respective godchild praising the Lord God. For the first time since their arrival in Haiti, the French recluses broke their silence to relay their message of love, in rich mellow tones. It was high noon when the picturesque ceremony came to an end. The heat had grown so intense that the poor Fathers were literally bathed in perspiration.

After waiting four long years to inaugurate their religious service, the three bells now seemed impatient to be hoisted into place in the belfry so as to let their bronze hearts beat in unison with those of the Limbe parishioners. Three times a day they will henceforth reverently hail the Queen of Heaven and invite her children to unite their voices to theirs; every morning they will warn the faithful that the drama of Calvary is about to be renewed in the church of Limbe; in mournful accents they will toll for departing souls; gaily they will chime for weddings and baptisms.



The birth of every child is a world-shattering event. That is what our faith teaches us. And that is what our ears would tell us if we could only eavesdrop on heaven's airwaves. Like the shepherds of Bethlehem, we, too, would hear jubilant angels celebrating once again the birth of a child.

J.A.C.

Turris Eburnea

What palace-temple of the mystic East
Bequeathed this title to thy Sitar?
What wide courts jubilant with minstrelsy,
What tower-chambers whence the weary priest
Might watch the still sky when the psalms had ceased—
Watch the still spires of fretted ivory,
And press to God in lonely ecstasy,
And with the Angels hold sublimer feast?
Many, within thy courts all nations meet
To praise the King whose citadel thou art
And temple, and the altar is thy heart,
And thy white soul his chosen mercy-seat;
And by thy stair we shall find strength to part
With earth for heaven, and climb, and reach God's feet.

Anonymous





HROUGH PAIN TO BLISS

Sister MARIE BERTHE¹, M.I.C.

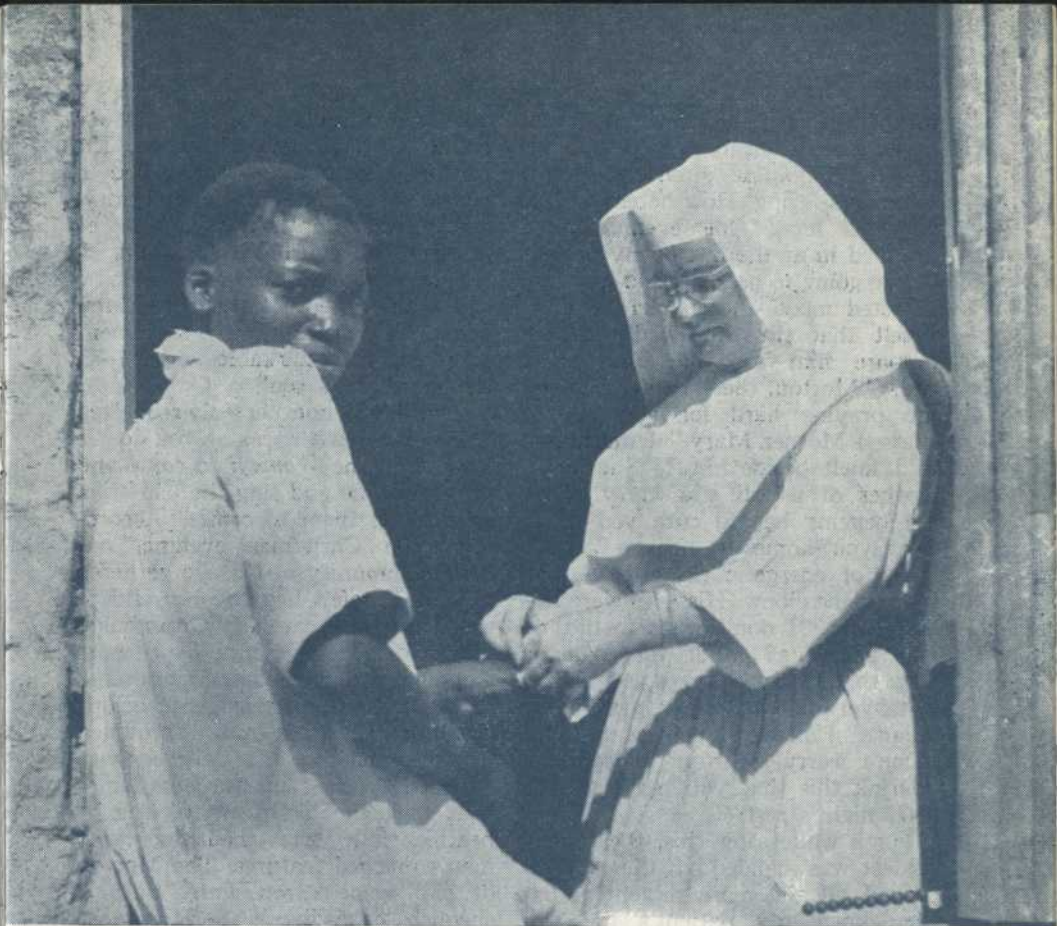
Until not so very long ago, the people of Kaseye and of neighbouring hamlets shunned our Mission dispensary. Malicious gossip had been circulated which rendered them suspicious. They carefully kept us in the dark when members of their families were seriously ill or dying, preferring to have recourse to witch doctors. Gradually, however, such prejudices began to melt like snow under spring sunshine. At present, people readily bring us their sick, even the most hopeless cases, in the firm belief that we can make them well again thanks to our undisputed power as white "sorcerers".

Thus it happened that Morton Munienieba came to be treated at our clinic early in December 1955. Abraham, his brother, a mason by trade, had often been hired to work on the mission buildings. At such times he had more than once been witness of the good care given to patients at the dispensary. One day he confidentially told me about a brother of his who was desperately ill and who had endured a great deal at the hands of several native quacks. "Sister," Abraham anxiously inquired, "Will you do something for him if I bring him to Kaseye?" I assured him that I would do everything in my power; the sooner he brought him, the better, I added. A few days later Morton arrived accompanied by his obliging

brother. What a pitiful wreck of humanity the man was! His emaciated frame was racked by a deep hollow cough that left him almost no respite. Besides, a tuberculous abscess had ravaged the articulation of his left knee so that the whole leg was swollen and running with pus. The least jolt caused the patient excruciating pain. No sooner had I taken off the dirty rags that did duty as bandages than it appeared evident amputation would be the only way to alleviate the patient's sufferings and to prevent further infection. Morton who was anxiously scanning my face, guessed what was in my thoughts. "*Wamayi*, I will never, never consent to have my leg cut off. Can you imagine me, a young man of thirty, with two wives, going back to my village, hobbling on crutches? I simply can't allow it." This settled the case. "Never fear, Morton," I said, "We will not amputate if you are against it. You will keep your leg unless it falls off by itself."

During the weeks that followed, daily dressings and the use of sulfa drugs helped to deaden the pain somewhat although abundant supuration continued. For the first time in months, Morton slept and rested almost comfortably. As he began to feel slight improvement, a wild hope surged in his heart. Once, while I was changing his bandages, he ventured to inquire, "Sister, why

¹ Berthe Alice Champagne, Montreal.



Sister Marie Berthe, R.N.

Caring for a minor casualty.

not try to straighten out my leg as you did for Iripo?" Iripo was another patient of mine, a boy of twelve, who had suffered a fracture falling off a mango tree. His father had carried him to the dispensary and I had made a crude plaster cast placing his leg under traction. Now the boy no longer moaned in pain but was patiently waiting for the regulation

forty days to elapse when he would be able to run around once again. Morton's case was quite a different matter, so I guardedly replied, "The treatment given to Iripo would hardly do you any good, at least not just now." I felt like warning him there and then that he had much better worry about his soul.

In the back of Morton's mind

lurked the thought that I ought at least to try straightening out his afflicted limb. He often asked how Iripō was faring. How he envied the boy his luck! One evening as I dropped in at the hut of my patient before going to bed, I found him in a dejected mood and in terrible pain. I felt that the time had come to prepare him for his approaching end. "Morton, the *Wamayi* (Sisters) are praying hard for you to our Blessed Mother Mary," I murmured as I knelt beside him. "She is the mother of us all you know. They are begging her to cure you or to take you home to heaven." In a burst of energetic protest, he half rose on his elbow. His eyes were like live coals. "I don't want to die, do you hear me? Let the *Wamayi* pray that I may be cured. All I want is to get well and to return to my village." I mixed a quieting draught. "Don't worry, Morton," I soothed. "Drink this that you may enjoy a good night's rest."

For a while after this, the touchy subject was avoided but the *Wamayi* prayed all the more fervently that they knew my patient's life was fast slipping from its earthly moorings. He was now too far gone even to think of inquiring about Iripō's leg. A fit of alarmingly high fever which made death seem imminent, gave me the occasion of making another attempt to turn his thoughts heavenward. "Morton, don't you want to make ready for the meeting with your heavenly Father? You have only to give your assent and tomorrow or the day after or Monday perhaps you will find yourself happy with Him forever."

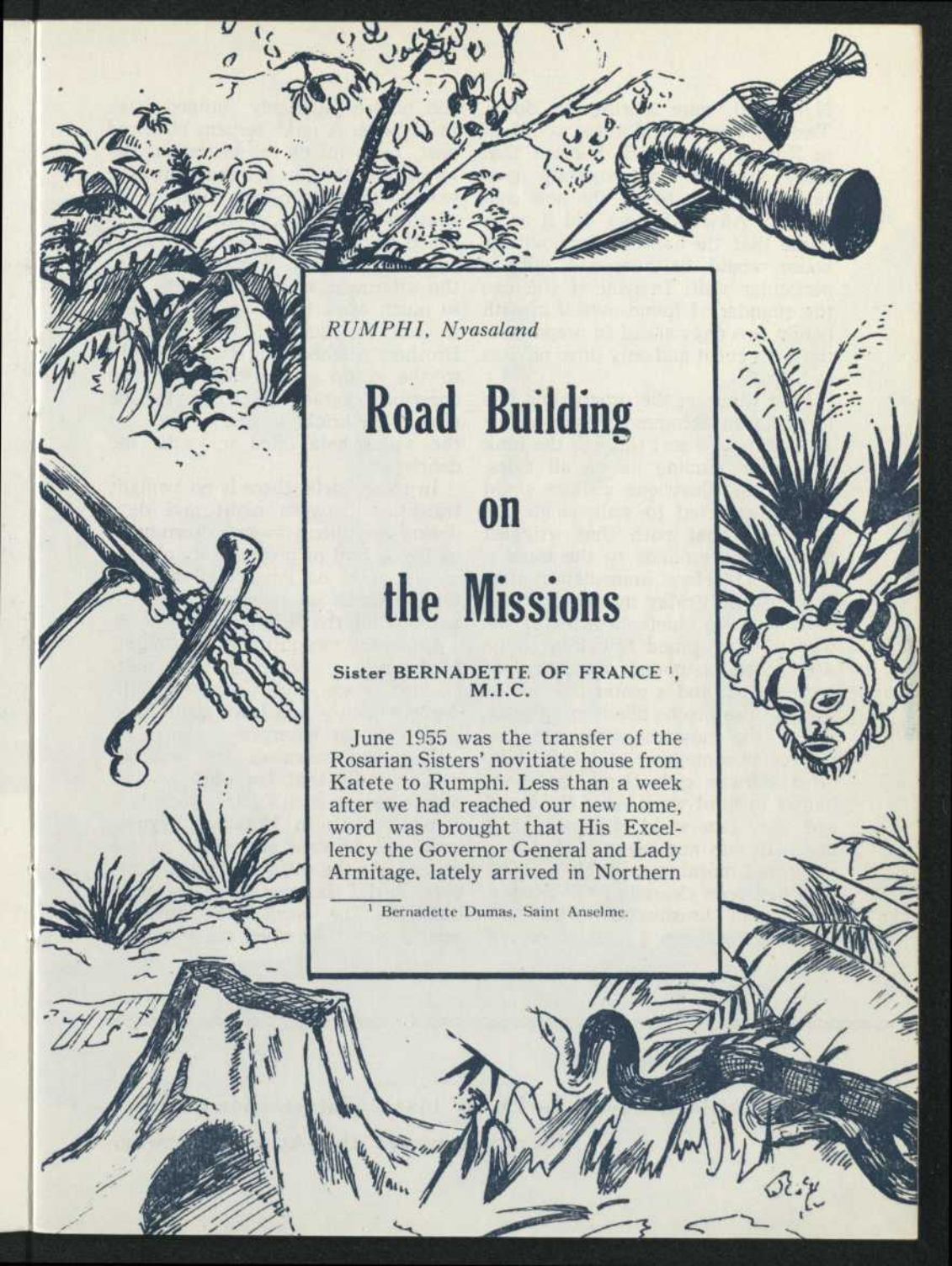
Morton's fiery eyes seemed to

bore me through; then he slowly nodded. That same afternoon, the catechist Bartholomeo was called to his side to prepare him for the priceless grace of Baptism. Mine was the privilege of pouring the waters of regeneration a few days later. I called him Joseph, Yosefe in Citumbuka. The grace of the sacrament operated a remarkable change in the moribund's soul.

One day he unexpectedly requested "Show me how to pray as you do . . . I want all the *Wamayi* to come and pray with me and sing the Christian songs. Tell them to come." Accordingly, on Christmas evening, our little community of Kaseye gathered around Yosefe's bed to pray and to sing Christmas carols in Citumbuka. Never did I experience in a more startling manner the missionary sense of the Saviour's coming here below. The only light in the hut was provided by an open fireplace where twigs crackled sending up leaping flames that took the figure of aureoles. A beatific smile brightened the dying man's pinched features. The Morton of old seemed transfigured into a shepherd or a king in adoration near the manger.

He lingered on for two more days. During the night of December 28, he passed away so gently that neither his mother nor his legitimate wife watching in the hut beside him noticed that he no longer breathed. When they did realize that he was dead, they rushed to wake me up.

And now I like to picture him at the feet of Our Lady of Africa, exploring the grace of Baptism for his dear ones, for the people of his village, and for all Africans, his compatriots.



RUMPHI, Nyasaland

Road Building on the Missions

Sister **BERNADETTE OF FRANCE** ¹,
M.I.C.

June 1955 was the transfer of the Rosarian Sisters' novitiate house from Katete to Rumph. Less than a week after we had reached our new home, word was brought that His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Armitage, lately arrived in Northern

¹ Bernadette Dumas, Saint Anselme.

Nyasaland, were touring the Boma. Two days more and they would be in Rumphu. Not until I learnt that Lady Armitage had expressly mentioned her wish to see the new convent for African Sisters, did it occur to me that the half-finished novitiate house would be honoured with a particular visit. Imagine if you can the quandary I found myself in with barely two days ahead to prepare for the great event and only three novices to help.

First thing on the programme was to make an accommodation road or an avenue of a sort through the rank vegetation circling us on all sides. Surely our illustrious visitors could not be expected to walk single file along the goat path that wriggled through the grounds to the mission church. Therefore, immediately after breakfast on Friday morning, we set to work. The chief obstacles in the way were a ruined brickkiln to be demolished, a mound of rubbish to be removed, and a water hole about five feet deep to be filled up. Fortunately the novices considered the project as something of a lark. Like other African girls they have been inured to hard work since childhood and they can wield the spade and hoe with vim and vigour.

By mid morning a sizable piece of land had been cleared of tall grasses, rocks, and brushwood. While attempting to loosen a boulder, one of

the novices suddenly jumped back in surprise. A large serpent slithered past, resentful of the intrusion. Before it had time to get away into the woods, another novice beat it to death with her hoe. A short halt was called at noon, then back we went to our road building. Towards three in the afternoon seeing there was still so much work to be done I decided to call for help at the Rosarian Brothers' neighbouring school. Thanks to the group of stalwart lads who cheerfully agreed to come to the rescue, the brickkiln was leveled and the water hole filled up with the debris.

In these parts, there is no twilight transition between night and day; darkness suddenly swoops down upon us like a bird of prey. At six o'clock as we could no longer tell a stone from a shrub we reluctantly had to adjourn for the time being.

Under my mosquito net that night, I dreamt of serpents and half-finished roads and Canadian bulldozers which would have come in so handy in our enterprise.

The next morning, the weather was so chilly that the work at first progressed at snail's pace. June is a winter month in Northern Nyasaland, and Africans are very sensitive to cold. As the sun rose higher, however, so did the courage of the road builders. The work progressed in such a way that when the sound of

**African novices — Ebony black against snowy white.
Pounding maize the Atumbuka way.**



the noon Angelus floated to us from the steeple of the mission church, our self-imposed task was all but completed. Only the leveling remained to be done by the gardeners from the mission compound sent to give the finishing touch.

Late that same afternoon, Nyasaland's First Lady and her suite arrived in Rumph. After visiting the dispensary and the maternity, she inaugurated the new road leading up to the novitiate. Lady Armitage was accompanied by Reverend Grimonpont, W.F., Superior of the Mission, and by Sister St. Bonaventure¹, Superior of the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception; the ladies of her suite and the Sisters brought up the rear. Her ladyship had gone the length of a few yards when she suddenly stopped as if rooted to the spot. A cry of terror broke out, "A serpent! A serpent!" As protocol did not provide for carrying hoes or spades along, this once the serpent, probably yesterday's mate, was stoned to death by Sister St. Bridget². Our illustrious visitor who has lived in Africa for twenty-nine years, confessed that this was the first time she had ever seen any serpent outside zoological gardens.

Barring this unexpected interlude, the visit was very pleasant. Lady Armitage graciously conversed with the novices, inquiring after their way of life, congratulating them on their fine deportment. She even gave them news of their companions, the postulants, whom she had met in Katete two or three days ago.

Wending my way back home after

their Excellencies had left Rumph, the freshly made road appeared to me as a parable of missionary life itself. Is not the surrounding bush a figure of pagan masses where missionaries strive to clear little roads leading up to God? Boulders, underbrush, tall grasses represent fetishes, pagan customs, superstitious practices; stumps so difficult to uproot, are the image of polygamy. Nothing is lacking to this parable, not even the serpent, figuring the witch doctors whose influence remains so powerful especially in remote bush districts where paganism is still strong. Africans walk the earth in constant dread of these sinister emissaries of the devil. Who can blame them? They have known by bitter experience what it means to incur their resentment or their revenge. Much spiritual hoeing and spading is needed to open up numberless little bits of road into the divine so that the Saviour's ascendancy may destroy the witch doctor's prestige.

Tracing spiritual roads within the souls of their compatriots, such is the aim of our fervent and courageous Rosarian Sisters. They have not hesitated to leave their families, villages, and clans to heed the call to Christian perfection. But they are poor — these brave daughters of the bush — and they need the succour of your prayers, sacrifices, and alms, dear friends of the missions everywhere. Will you not extend a helping hand? Thus you will be tracing into the great beyond a broad spiritual highway built of generous deeds and leading straight to the merciful Heart of God.

¹ Hedwige Lapierre, St. Marie de Beauce.

² Jeannette Caron, St. Jean de la Lande.

Thank You!

Come Again

GAGALANGIN, P.I.

This letter goes out to all of you who answered my S.O.S. published in the March-April issue of "The Precursor". Whether your answer was in form of fervent prayers, hidden sacrifices, or financial assistance, you all deserve our most heartfelt "thank you". We are deeply indebted to you for all the good it will be given us to accomplish during the coming school year by giving religious instruction again to the six thousand public school children confided to our care. Thank you for the rosaries which will bring joy to many Filipino boys and girls, and which will be the source of thousands of fervent greetings to our heavenly Queen. Thank you for the many prayers and sacrifices known only to God and the recording Angels, prayers and sacrifices which will surely serve to draw hundreds of little souls to God. Thank you for everything and may I presume to invite you all to COME AGAIN? Yes, dear friends, do please come again, for our Catechetical fund during the new school year, from June to March in the Philippines, is still incomplete. Indeed we are about one thousand dollars behind. However, we are starting out as confidently as we did last year. True, our pockets are not as empty as they were, but they are not yet full enough, so we count on Divine Providence to fill them.

It will surely please you to know that at the end of the last school year, in March, over three thousand little boys and girls made their First Communion. Isn't that wonderful? Besides, over eight hundred of the older ones made their Easter duties before the closing of school. Eleven hundred children confessed and received our dear Lord in the Holy Eucharist thanks to the zealous work of our Catechists and thanks to you all who helped us pay the salaries of those Catechists. This year, after two years of religious instruction, the children should be better prepared and we should have even more First Communicants.

Please keep on helping us in this truly apostolic work. Help us with your prayers, sacrifices, rosaries, and financial aid. Come again to the Philippines, the land of perpetual summer. Our dear Filipinos need your help. They have clung for generations to an understanding of the tremendous importance of Baptism, (whether administered in a Catholic or a non-Catholic Church it too often makes no difference to them) but, in the majority of cases, they have either forgotten the rest of the great gifts of the Redemption or have never learnt about them because of the lack of priests. This will help you grasp why our cate-



**The library, Gagalangin High School.
In the rear, Sister St. Patricia, M.I.C.**

chetical work in the public schools is of such great importance.

Remember that all the good we will do this year, will be accomplished, under God, thanks to your spiritual and material support. And your reward? "Exceeding great" since you will be giving to the "least" of His brethren.

Thank you and may God bless you.

Still very hopefully yours
in Our Lady.

Sister St. Patricia, M.I.C.
(Patricia Blanchet, Southbridge, Mass.)



Catholic parents in the Philippine Islands would rather have their children do without medicine than to have their religion undermined in the classroom. They are protesting vigorously to public school authorities against permitting Protestant missionaries to hand out Protestant literature to their children in the schools after giving them immunization injections. They appreciate the medicine and the kindness of those providing it, but they will not permit the faith of their children to be imperiled during the process.

The Christian Family

Ma Tsou

Goddess

of the Sea

Sister St. ELIZABETH¹, M.I.C.

It was past one o'clock in the morning. I had not yet slept a wink, obsessed as I was by merciless air waves. Outside the night was alive with the throbbing of drums, the

¹ Blanche Menard, St. Elizabeth of Joliette.



clashing of cymbals, the rumour of loud acclamations. Several times I rose and stepped to the window trying to find out the cause of this unusual racket. After a while I resigned myself to the inevitable and I even came to find a certain odd charm to this nocturnal concert.

Morning brought me the key to the enigma. The young lady who teaches us the Hakka dialect arrived in high spirits. "*Kin pou gait ta' in nao gnat* (great rejoicings ahead)!" she exclaimed. "The goddess Ma Tsou, patroness of the sea, will arrive in Kuanhsi today. The townsfolk are going out in procession to meet her cortege at Moa Tze Pou, a neighbouring hamlet, where she was acclaimed last night." "But who is this Ma Tsou?" I inquired. "We never heard about her before." Our language teacher then told us the story of this heroine held by Formosans in highest veneration.

During her childhood Ma Tsou was known as Liou Mei (sixth girl). At the time of her birth her father who wanted very much to have a boy was so angry and disappointed that he resolved to do away with this useless baby girl. To pacify her irate husband and gain time, the mother told him about a wonderful dream with which she had been visited. "In my sleep," she added, "A spirit assured me that our daughter would one day become a goddess." Thanks to her mother's pleadings Liou Mei was allowed to live. She grew up into a remarkably precocious child noted for her kind dispositions and her tenderhearted pity for those who were in trouble. She eventually became the idol of the countryside where all marvelled

at her fresh beauty and at her lovable character.

When she was five, she once took it upon herself to free a pet bird of a rare species which her father kept in a cage. One of her sisters believed to be the culprit was about to be punished for the misdemeanour, when Liou Mei came forward and bravely took her defence. She admitted that she alone had set the bird free as she could not bear to see suffering of any sort without trying to relieve it. Some time later, noticing a group of boys who were teasing an aged beggar, she went up to him, speaking words of comfort and giving him part of the jewels she wore. Never did gentle Liou Mei miss an occasion to be helpful and charitable. She even gave up her life to save that of her father who was on the point of being drowned at sea.

Legend has it that Liou Mei always remained a virgin. Because of this, the gods endowed her with extraordinary gifts and even raised her to the status of a local deity. Once, when her brothers were out fishing on the open sea, they were caught in a violent storm and were about to suffer shipwreck. Suddenly, Ma Tsou appeared on board, took the helm, and guided their craft to safety. Ever since, Taiwanese have acclaimed her as goddess of the deep. In gratitude for her merciful patronage, they raised a monument in her honour on an islet in the neighbourhood of the Penghu Islands. Fishing crafts and merchant junks who shuttled back and forth between Taiwan and the continent used to stop at this point to pay their respects to the goddess and present votive offerings. Today not only fishermen and



**Are these boats sailing under the protection of
the STAR of the sea or of Ma Tsou ?**

sailors but the whole population invokes Ma Tsou in sundry necessities.

When she had finished telling us about the goddess, our teacher urged us not to miss the splendid pageant put up to welcome the goddess. At noon, a colourful cortege began to spill over the usually drab quiet streets of our little town. In the lead, were fifty drums so large their bearers had to be replaced at every halting place. In spite of the relatively cool weather, their brown skin glistened with sweat. After the drummers, came the urn bearers wreathed in clouds of fragrant incense. Masked dancers trooped behind, executing bizarre contortions around the casket enshrining Ma Tsou whose statue was decked in jewelled satin and brocade. In the rear, followed the

townspeople bearing small incense burners; a crippled old man intent on joining the procession rode in a *pedicab*. These good people who are quite sincere in their devotions prove that, even in paganism, men retain a confused idea of the divine, an instinctive belief in supernatural powers.

Our hearts were filled with sadness as we noticed the words *Ma Tsou, Queen of Heaven*, written in bold characters on the goddess' float. How could we help grieving over the ignorance of these poor pagans? And yet, somehow, we feel that since they are so fervent in their pagan cult, they will turn with all their hearts to the true Queen of Heaven once they are taught to know her and Jesus, her divine Son our Saviour.



S^r Marie de l'Esprit Saint



S^r Saint Mathew



S^r Saint Rose



S^r Saint Jean Baptiste



S^r Saint Cyrille



S^r Saint Albert le Grand



S^r Saint Jacques le Majeur



S^r Michael de l'Assomption



S^r Saint Julien

MISS DEPART



S^r Marie Genevieve



S^r Saint de l'Assomption



S^r Saint Claude



S^r Marie Celeste



S^r Saint Louis



S^r Yvonne de Jesus



S^r Saint Anne Baptiste



S^r Marie Alfred



S^r Saint Anne Baptiste



S^r Marie des Granges



S^r Saint Jean Thomas



S^r Joseph de Bonis



S^r Saint Anicet



S^r Saint Jean Baptiste

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SSION RTURES



S. Saint Alban



S. Mother of Mercy



S. Mary Martha



S. Saint John



S. Saint Peter



S. Joseph de la Providence



S. Mary Joseph



S. Saint Paul



S. Saint Elizabeth



S. Saint Ann of the Visitation



S. Saint Hilary



S. Saint Anne of the Visitation



S. Saint Elizabeth



S. Saint Angela



S. Saint Charles of the Visitation



S. Saint Elizabeth



S. Francis de Sales



S. Saint Ignace



S. Saint Bernardine



S. Saint Rita



S. Mary Esther



S. Peter de la Visitation



S. Marie Karmine

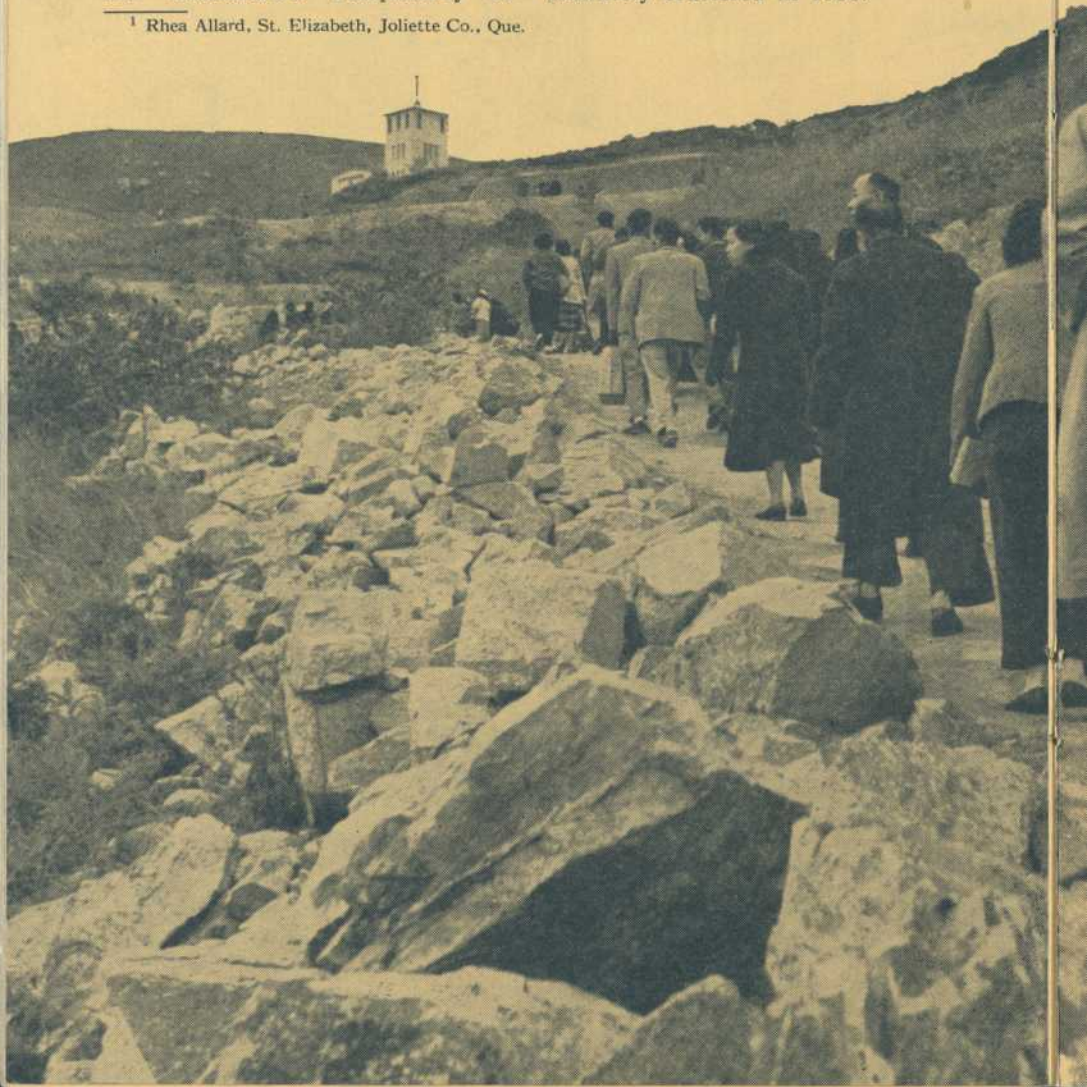
Lantao Chinese Trappist

Sister ELIZABETH OF THE TRINITY¹, M.I.C.

Catholic monks in China have fared no better at the hands of the Communists than did Catholic priests and missionaries. Temporarily ex-

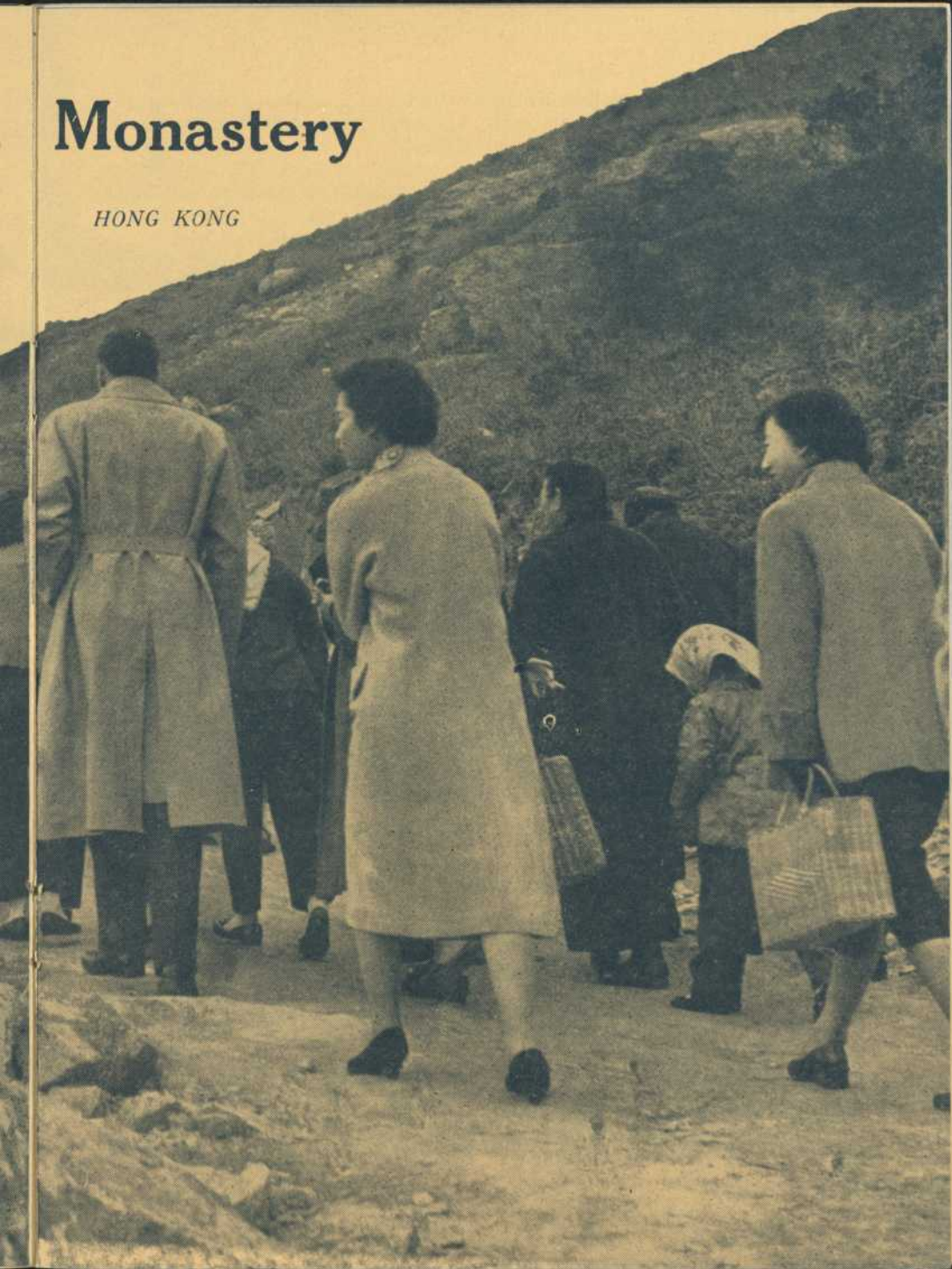
pelled in 1947, the Trappists of Our Lady of Liesse Monastery, in the diocese of Chengtinbgfu, Hopei, were definitely scattered in 1950.

¹ Rhea Allard, St. Elizabeth, Joliette Co., Que.



Monastery

HONG KONG





LANTAO CHAPEL.

On the right, part of the guest house.

The community numbered forty monks. Their courageous superior, Dom Paulinus Lee, obtained shelter for ten of his spiritual sons in the Monastery of Our Lady of the Prairies, near Winnipeg. But these exiled monks had no intention of settling down in America for good. Dom Paulinus therefore soon took the road back to China. Within six

months the Trappist Prior covered nearly twenty thousand miles by plane, ship, train, car, rickshaw and on foot trying to reunite his dispersed children who had escaped the clutches of the Reds and restore them to Cistercian life. The efforts of the wandering Prior met with meagre results until he returned to Hong Kong for the third time. Thanks to

the good offices of Reverend Father T. Ryan, S.J. plans were made for the establishment of a new monastic centre on the island of Lantau. Until 1951, this island although twice the size of Hong Kong, remained practically unknown and few people even realized that it was part of the colony.

Taking with him a group of eight Brothers, Dom Paulinus assisted by Father Bernard Chao went in search of a suitable site. After tramping the better-known western and southern shores of the island, they had almost made up their minds to settle down in a small valley near She Peik when someone suggested that they first have a look at the present site, Tai Shui Hang. Accordingly, the Prior and two companions climbed to the top of a peak rising 3,067 feet above the valley where the monastery now stands; after carefully surveying the land, they decided that the possibilities of this location far exceeded those of the previous site they had considered. Together the monks sang the *Ave Maris Stella* and recited a fervent Hail Mary. Then, at the request of his prior, Father Bernard buried a miraculous medal of Our Lady begging her to reserve unto herself this spot for her monastery of Our Lady of Joy. Their prayer was heard. His Excellency, Sir Alexander Grantham, Governor of Hong Kong, granted them seventy-three acres of land for the establishment of a new "School of Divine Service" as St. Benedict loved to call his establishments.

Construction work began in the spring of 1951. The first group of eleven monks found not even a cave as shelter on this primitive island

which had remained unchanged since the days of Creation. Beautiful scenery abounded but there were no roads, no houses, no electricity, no markets. Pessimists shook their heads and asked "Will the monks ever succeed in the face of such odds?" They did succeed, thanks to their supernatural courage and their ardent desire of establishing a house where they might, unimpeded, serve God according to the rules of their Order. God alone knows what it cost them to do so.

Some time later Dom Paulinus made a second trip to Our Lady of the Prairies in Canada arranging to bring back his young priests to Lantau. Generous donations from friends in America enabled the monks to open a road that would facilitate their work of construction; for three years, they had had to carry everything from the beach to their temporary home. As it took one hour for each heavy load, building on a larger scale remained out of the question. The roadbuilding cost them a great deal of strenuous labour but how proud they felt when they at last watched Lantau's first tractor riding triumphantly upon it!

The next problem to be tackled was the installation of a water system. It took the Trappists two months to dig a canal on the heights and to build a filter bed and a reservoir. With the completion of these two projects, they were ready for heavier tasks. Within two years they put up a simple but graceful chapel, a Chapter Room, a Novitiate, and a Cloister all as required by Canon Law. Beyond the flowing stream, successively rose a guest house, a dairy, and a barn accommodating ten



ALONG THE MONASTERY ROAD.

head of cattle. When, on last February 19, took place the inauguration of their new quarters, they had every right to break out in a jubilant *Magnificat* in honour of their Queen and Mother, Our Lady of Joy.

The ceremony began with Holy Mass celebrated in the early part of the forenoon by Very Reverend Dom Gabriel Sortais, Abbot General of the Cistercian Order. His Excellency the Most Reverend Lawrence Bianchi was present. Outside, on the vast grounds, knelt large groups of priests, religious, people of all ages and social conditions. All had come by boat, from Hong Kong to share in the joy of the monks. Towards noon took

place the official reception highlighted by the gracious presence of His Excellency the Governor General and Lady Grantham.

Henceforth on this lonely outpost of Lantau will exist a dynamic powerhouse of supernatural life. In their monastery facing the huge Red empire, the silent monks of St. Benedict will, through prayer and penance, contribute to the welfare of mankind and obtain ultimate victory for the tortured Church of their beloved fatherland. As the thinker Saint Exupery expresses himself somewhere in one of his works, "Nothing is lost and the cloistered monastery itself sheds its beams afar."

Essay

on Cuban Music

Sister MONIQUE D'OSTIE¹, M.I.C.

When the Cuban composer Mr. Sanchez de Fuentes wrote, "The songs with which our mothers rocked us to sleep came from Spain and each was a gem of Spanish folklore," he graciously revealed the predominance of the Spanish element in the music of his country. But how did it happen that the cantilena's ancient modalities should have brought forth the modern *Guajira* or the *Rumba*?

The Island of Cuba was at first inhabited by several aboriginal tribes, the oldest of which, the Siboneys, lived on the western coast. These natives were of a gentle and peaceable disposition. When, in the fifteenth century, the Spanish conquered the Island and settled there, some among them married Siboney maidens. And so it happened that in many a palm thatched hut the haunting melody of primitive Indian *areitos* mingled with refrains from Castille, Andalusia, or Estramadura.

Unfortunately, the white rulers of Cuba oppressed the Indian tribes in such a shameful manner, that in less than a century these races were slowly dying out. Finding themselves short of labourers to till their plantations, the settlers then engaged Portuguese traders to capture slaves from Africa. With the extinction of the Indian races, disappeared the melan-

choly strains of their simple melodies. For nearly the whole of the sixteenth century, Spanish music reigned supreme in Cuba. In what did this music essentially consist? Mostly in gregorian melodies transformed in the course of time, melodies which have made the Spanish folklore one of the richest in Europe together with that of Russia.

Parked inside their miserable quarters once the day's harassing labour was done, the poor black slaves also sang accompanying themselves on crude instruments of their own make. Tunes and instruments varied with the tribal groups to which these blacks belonged; this explains the amazing variety of drums and other percussion instruments which may be found in Cuba.

In the seventeenth century, the Haitian revolution scattered the white colonists who lived in Haiti; they fled to Cuba in considerable numbers, resettling in the region of Habana and Santiago. Along with French customs, these settlers introduced French dances and melodies. These widely divergent elements, Indian, Spanish, African, and French survived devoid of any specific organization for nearly three hundred years.

The banked fires of national independence having flared in the final

¹ Mamie Martel, Quebec.



Sister Monique d'Ostie surrounded by young Cuban friends.

triumph of liberty in the first years of the nineteenth century, great changes swept over *pueblos* and *ciudades*. Even at this early date of their life as a distinct nation, the Cubans attempted to free their music from the shackles of the past. Who could blame them for wanting it marked with youthful accents in keeping with the perpetual spring of their gold and emerald Isle?

Manuel Saumell, Havanese pianist and composer, dedicated himself to the task of founding a Cuban national music. His initial effort the *Antonelli Opera* in the best Creole taste, opened the way for numerous other works which permanently informed the national character of Cuban music.

In order to be considered as national

music must come up to the aspirations of a nation as a whole. It must, so to say, become its language. Cuban music, therefore, is the language of a people lulled to nightly repose to the air of old Spanish lullabies; of a people whose daily lives vibrated to the witching tempo of frenzied drum beats; of a people who, thrown into intimate contact with numerous other nationalities, thrilled always with the secret desire of personal expression. Thence resulted the language of a music that is as colourful and as velvety as the flowers innumerable that crown the island with lush beauty.

Saumell's work is characterized by the lavish use he made of various Spanish melodies and of the quadrille.

This country dance of English origin passed from Great Britain to France, from France to Haiti, and from Haiti to Cuba at the time of the Haitian revolution. After presenting harmonized in more or less classical fashion, one or the other of these melodies figured 6/8 or at time 2/4, Saumell invented in a second part numerous variations of hitherto unknown rhythms. The blacks virtually possessed such rhythms and this is the reason for their rapid diffusion. From such rhythms evolved countless dances of which the principal are the *zapateao*, the *punto*, the *bombé*, the *tongo-congo*, the *conga*, the *son*, the *criolla*, the *guaracha*. This music had an essentially popular appeal.

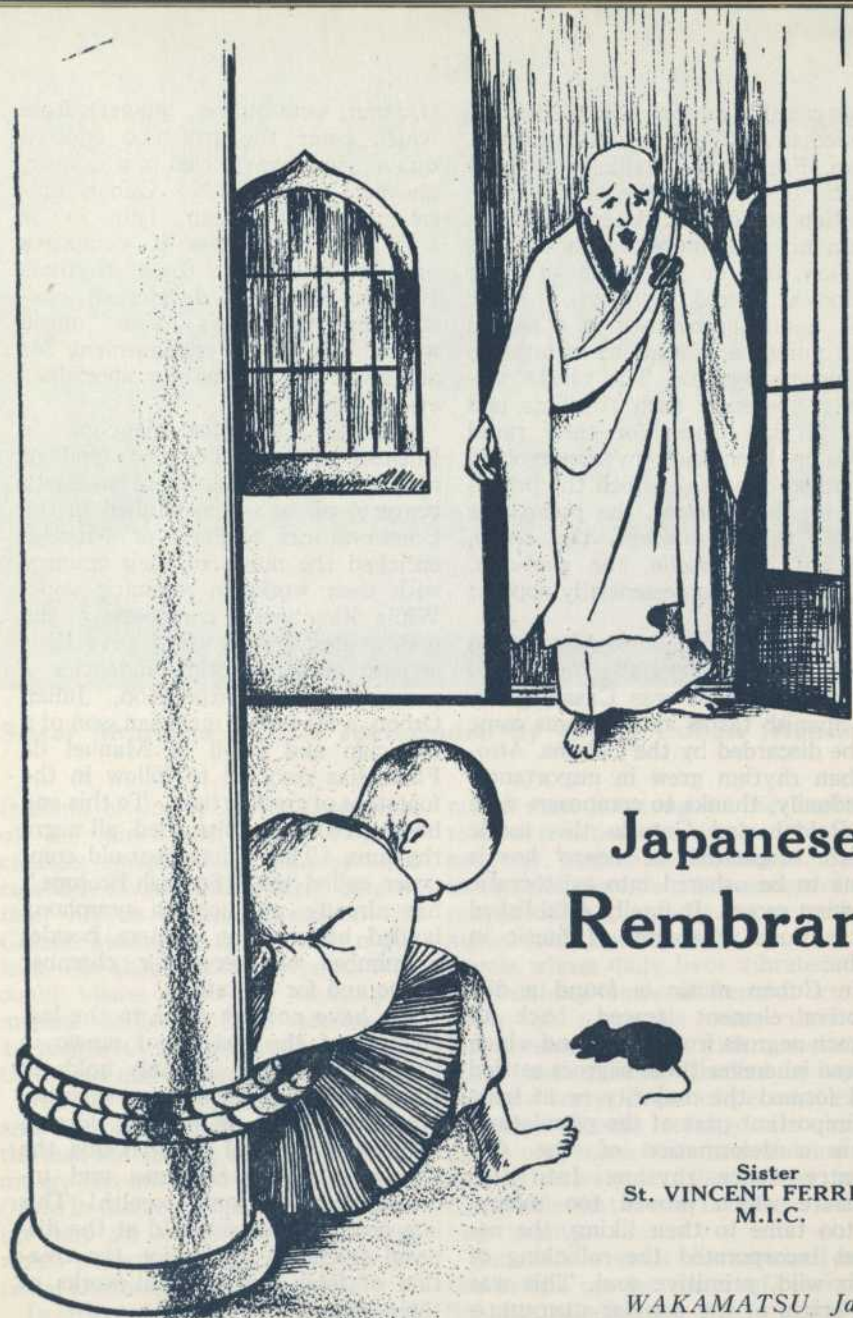
The first to harmonize Afro-Cuban rhythms more especially the *bombé* for use in bands was Casamitjana. As Spanish tastes and customs came to be discarded by the Cubans, Afro-Cuban rhythm grew in importance. Gradually, thanks to composers such as Roldan and Caturla this music which originated in negro hovels came to be ushered into aristocratic drawing rooms. It finally established the national character of music in Cuba.

In Cuban music is found a distinctive element traced back to French negroes from Haiti, and which spread wherever these negroes settled and formed the majority or at least an important part of the population. It is a deformation of the 6/8 country dance rhythm. Into this measure which proved too solemn or too tame to their liking, the negroes incorporated the rollicking of their wild, primitive soul. This was the origin of the popular CINQUILLO

(Quaver, semi-quaver, quaver) from which came the TRESILLO (dotted quaver, semiquaver tied to a quaver, another quaver). No Cuban musical composition can claim to be truly national unless it comprises one or other of these rhythms (whether simple or developed) constituting the basis of a music which holds deep enchantment for amateurs as well as for specialists everywhere.

Ignacio Cervantes, Sanchoz de Fuentes, Ernesto Lecuona (end of nineteenth and beginning of twentieth century) all of whom studied in the Conservatories of Paris or Madrid, enriched the music of their country with their works in romantic style. While other young composers of the present day endeavour to give their artistic and patriotic tendencies a purely national expression, Julian Orbon, a Havaneese musician, son of a musician and pupil of Manuel de Falla, has resolved to follow in the footsteps of great artists. To this end he has resolutely discarded all negro rhythms. This thirty-year-old composer called the "Spanish Brahms" has already produced a symphony lauded by eminent masters, besides a number of pieces for chamber music and for cantatas.

We have not yet come to the last chapter of the history of music in Cuba. The future certainly holds in store more than one alluring surprise. What a delight is for the foreign student of musical art in Cuba the discovery of its immense and incomparable rhythmic wealth! This is a precious element held at the disposal of Cuban artists for the creation of fresh and original works of their own.



Japanese Rembrant

Sister
St. VINCENT FERRIER¹,
M.I.C.

WAKAMATSU *Japan*

Sesshu (Snow Boat) the bonze-artist who flourished during the Muromachi era, (fifteenth century) the most glorious period of Japanese art, has sometimes been called the Rembrandt of Japan. He was famous chiefly for his exquisite landscapes breathing harmonious repose, and for his mural paintings on silk performed in a free vigorous touch. Like the great Dutch master, he used colour and chiaroscuro in a manner to suggest the mystery that lies under the surface of things seen, "the poetry of twilight and the magic mystery of gloom".

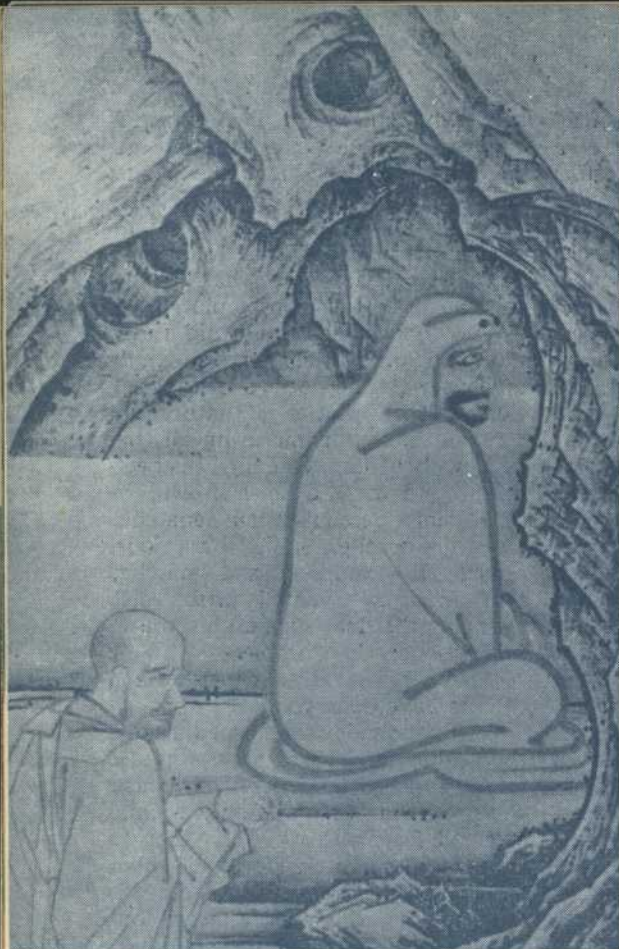
Although the history of art reveals practically nothing of Sesshu's adolescence, there is one typical fact that has come down to us. It seems that his parents early placed him as a novice in the celebrated Buddhist monastery of Hofokujii "Treasure of Happiness", situated in the district of Okayama, now a city in the diocese of Hiroshima. Apparently, the boy novice failed to discover the "treasures of happiness" supposed to be hidden in the study of the *sutras*, books of Buddhist aphorisms. What interest could they bear for one who dreamt only of brushes and colours and the painting of pictures? One day, the abbot called him for an explanation of his flighty misdemeanours and of his neglect of study. Seeing Sesshu

but slightly impressed, he thundered, "If you keep on being lazy and disobedient, you will incur the august Buddha's anger." Notwithstanding warnings and reprimands Sesshu invariably turned to his art like a sunflower to the sun. Into what delightful raptures the contemplation of even a modest floweret could throw him! The old abbot grew profoundly anxious when he noticed his absorption in the beauties of nature, his constant efforts in picturing all that he saw about him. One day, his beetling brows creased in a frown, he strode into Sesshu's room, snatched away his brushes, spilled his colours outside the window, and marched him away to a small prison cell. Clanging the door shut on his youthful prisoner, he rumbled, "We'll see now what good your brushes and colours have done you."

Twilight shadows deepened around the temple, and weird shapes like so many evil spirits danced over the walls. Sesshu, who was only a child after all, began to whimper, then to cry out desperately for the abbot to come and free him. From his apartments, the master heard but remained adamant. After a while, however, worried more than he cared to show, he tiptoed to the place where Sesshu was; cautiously opening the door he saw in the bright moonlight that the boy had sobbed him-

¹ Isabelle Ethier, Montreal.





Eka of the Stout Arm.

self to sleep. Beside him a mouse stood erect as if mounting guard. "Pssst!" hissed the abbot. All to no avail. He tried to kick it out. What was his amazement to find that the mouse was no living species but a very clever drawing made in the dust with a tear moistened finger! From that night onward, he never again interfered with the ar-

tistic vocation of his protégé who became the immortal Sesshu.

Eventually the artist-novice became a full fledged Buddhist monk at his monastery of "Treasures of Happiness" where, after he had satisfied to the exigencies of monastic life, he devoted all his spare time to his beloved art. Before settling down to his paints and brushes, it was his custom to induce serenity of mind by sipping a cup of hot tea, or playing on his flute; only then did he take up his brush and surrender to his inspiration.

Like many another artist, Sesshu was fully appreciated only after his death. Once, when visiting the mansion of a neighbouring prince he was shown a superb painting received from China and was asked if he knew whose work it was. Sesshu who had spent several years in China studying Chinese art, and its masters, replied in all simplicity, "The painting is

mine." Disgusted with what he imagined to be impudent boasting, the mighty lord gave him the cold shoulder. Years later when someone tried to clean the picture, Sesshu's signature was found in a corner on the reverse side of the picture. Filled with remorse, the prince immediately sent one of his retainers to present his apologies to the famous monk and

to fetch him to the palace, but it was too late. The painter had died at the age of eighty.

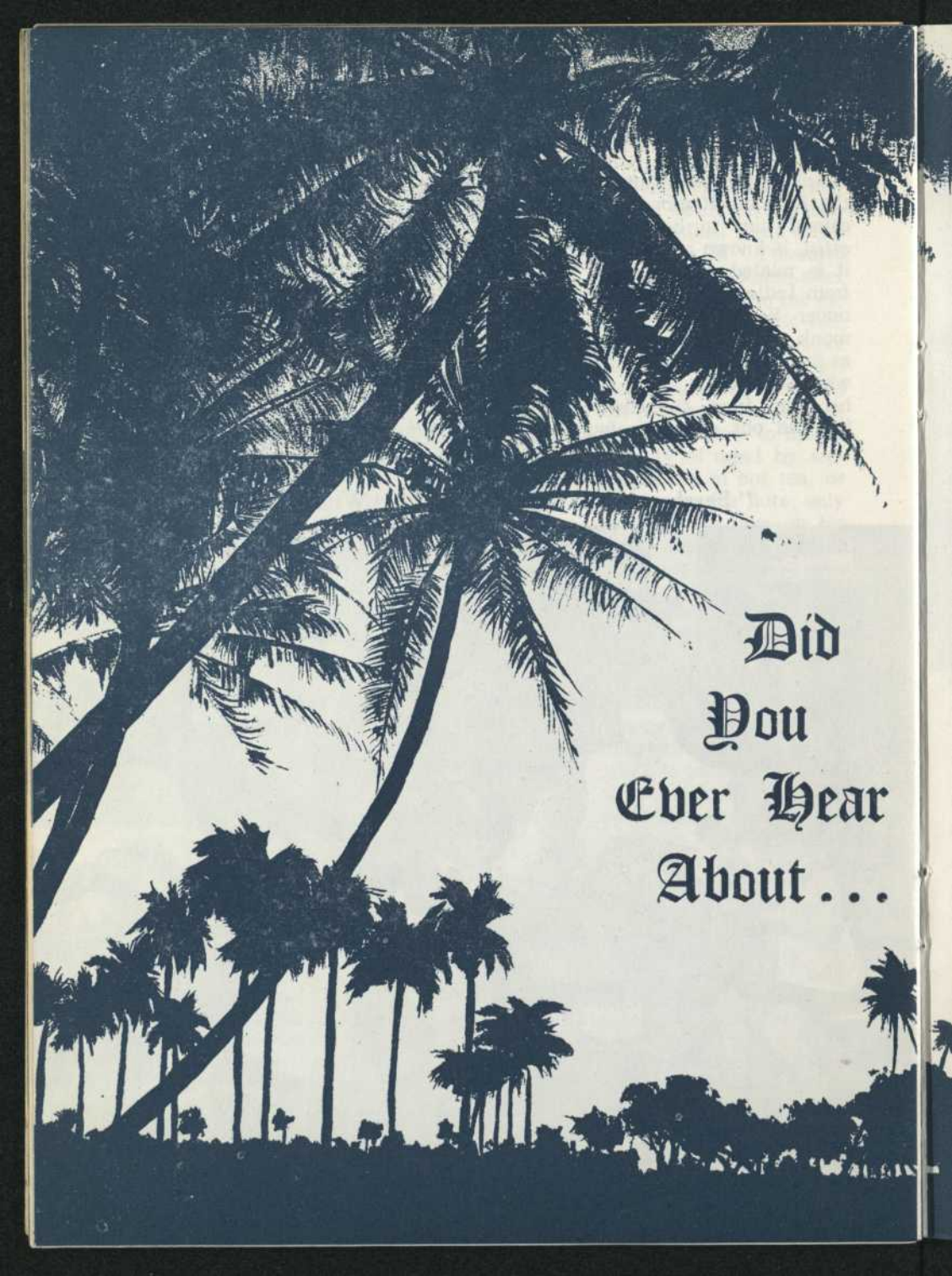
Among the most famous works of the Japanese Rembrandt, one which caused him to be called *the holy artist*, is known as *Eka Dambi*. Eka, it is related, travelled all the way from India in order to place himself under Sesshu's direction; but the monk absorbed in *zen* contemplation at first ignored him. Unabashed, Eka whipped out his sword and slashed his arm from the elbow upward. Startled out of his profound recol-

lection by this heroic deed, the master admitted Eka among his disciples and later immortalized the feat in his painting *Eka Dambi* (Eka of the stout arm).

Many of Sesshu's paintings have *San Sui* (mountain waters) as titles. All of these are done on silk, in black ink and in bold skillful strokes. His landscapes have a limpid simple quality of peace. Doubtless, his interior mood of tranquil recollection informed his quality of expression. Is not his own soul revealed in his beautiful works?

**Sister St. Vincent Ferrier with
"Sesshus" in the making... Who knows?**





Did
You
Ever Hear
About...



the Charms of Mirebalais ?

Sister St. YOLANDE¹, M.I.C.

I really don't know how to begin telling you about the witchery of this my adopted country. For one thing, the dawns are always filled with serene beauty, drenched in glowing colours, and capped with flawless blue. In fact, there is hardly anything like greyness around here where even the five o'clock showers are pleasant. Do they not refresh the earth parched by the ardours of a blazing sunshine? And the flowers! I wish you were nearer to share in their colourful munificence with me. Hibiscus in hundreds of shapes and shades blooms everyday in the year; bougainvilla vines cover whole walls with blooms in gorgeous hues of lavender, deep pink, flame orange; roses in regal array nod in old fashioned gardens. In March, our community windows are wreathed in pink laurel which sheds a delightful perfume. Some time ago, my pupils presented me with a bouquet of exquisitely fragrant lilies of a rare variety. The *cailles* (houses) in our little town smile a friendly greeting

from backdrops of stately palm trees, banana trees waving their banner like branches, breadfruit trees with deep-creased shining leaves.

What about the climate? I hear you ask. In my opinion, there is nothing to say against it. The nights are calm and restful, with refreshing breezes blowing in from open windows on all sides of the house. During the day, of course, I sometimes find myself tickled by rivulets of sweat gliding down my face and limbs, dampening coif and habit. It seems that eventually this kind of heat *evaporates* you if such an expression may be used. Without dieting or exercising, you find yourself gradually relieved of any surplus pounds you may deplore. That is probably the reason why Haiti's climate has been slandered as exhausting. But there are proofs to the contrary. Reverend Father Creache, pastor of Mirebalais, has lived in this country for forty years without once returning to France for his furlough, and without

¹ Elizabeth Vanchestein, St. Matthew, Lapierre.



ever availing himself of the noon siesta customary in the tropics.

For myself, I will confide that being overjoyed with my mission, I find everything connected with it enchanting, even the heat. The only thing that nettled me somewhat at first was the fact that during a month or so after my arrival, I did not feel myself really one with the population. I met only a few young ladies who came out of curiosity to see what the new "Mother" from Canada was like. Once I began to teach for good, however, this impression of feeling stranded, completely vanished.

One of the problems to be solved in my work as a teacher, is how to enable my pupils to cope with the programme of high culture set before them in their difficult school manuals written in a language they never use at home. Creole is the tongue used by the people; French is the formal language of the government and of the higher classes. Just imagine trying to learn ethics, psychology, and other sciences when one barely knows the elements of a language! Notwithstanding all these difficulties, my girls hold their own. They are immensely proud of the fact that their grandsires fought for the independence of their country against one of the leading civilized nations of Europe and conquered in the end. This national pride, which is quite legitimate in a certain sense, is sometimes opposed to simplicity of manner and open heartedness. How could they understand the simple frankness the educator would like to find in those entrusted to him?

Believe it or not, on the occasion of their Pastor's feastday, my pupils

played *Esther* and sang the cantata *Priere d'Enfant*? The younger set proved very popular indeed and was loaded down with congratulations. Were the parents ever elated! A makeshift theatre had been set up in the auditorium for this important event. Cloth samples received from kind friends in the United States furnished colourful and elegant costumes which the girls were very proud to wear. Miss Nina, one of the principal teachers in town, told me my girls had acted so well that they could stand comparison with Port au Prince's national troupe of actresses! Their diction was rated perfect. See how encouraging it can be to teach Haitian youth.

As soon as I had gone over the teaching programme, I started to learn the geography and history of my beloved Promised Land. What suffering has been hers and how dearly her liberty has been bought! It seems hardly credible that the white settlers should have treated the Indians and the Negroes with such shameful cruelty. Alas, history is there to prove the fact.

In a word, I am head over heels in love with my mission. To all the Sisters sighing after a mission assignment I can only wish as much happiness as mine has brought me. Haiti is eager to welcome everyone of you Sisters teaching in Granby and many others teaching elsewhere. Its educational programme is not much different from that in Canada and French is used in all the schools. Teaching on the Missions is great! It is questing for souls in the most realistic sense of the word.

Excerpt from a letter sent to the Sister Principal, Granby High School.



NOVITIATE, PONT VIAU

Letter to a Friend

Dear Yolande,

What enjoyment your long, newsy letter brought me, and how pleased I was to find you always so genuinely and refreshingly personal! Your recent promotion as professor of the secondary course has not surprised me a whit. You are young, true, but what is youth if not another trump card when one is as gifted as you are with precious qualities for teaching? It would indeed be a rare treat for me were I allowed to see you at work in the midst of your class of big girls.

And now, dear friend, I have a bone to pick with you. Whoever or whatever put into your curly head the notion that I was to be pitied



Sister St. Amédée (Emilienne Vezina, Quebec)
Teaching Musical Theory in Las Pinas, P.I.

in my choice of life? It seems that you are even set on presenting me with the halo of martyrdom! Let me quote from your last letter; "... To think that you should be missing all this fun, my dear Louise. I can hardly resign myself to the idea that your whole life will be spent dressing running sores in smelly lepers' wards or caring for dirty little tykes in a mission crèche. Brrr... Just to imagine you in such a situation gives me the shivers. Don't try to convince me that God requires such *tremendous* sacrifices from anyone let alone from a delicately nurtured young girl like you. I simply can't believe it. What about sacrificing your personality and talents? A sheer waste of splendid human potentialities, that's what I

call it. There was no use working so hard for your B.A. if you were to end up in such a blind alley. Really, I can't understand you..." My dear Yo, if you can't understand, I do. How about going over your grievances together?

Your sketch of my future is pessimistic and overdrawn to say the least. Allow me to point out that your knowledge of missionary lore seems to be out-of-date. Perhaps you would do well to take a subscription to a serious missionary review... You would then come to realize that the great modern battle of the apostolate is being waged in the schoolroom rather than in the pulpit. That modern youth must be won for Christ at any cost is a point often stressed by the



**Sister Genevieve of Nanterre (Genevieve Saint-Pierre, Montreal)
Teaching Physics at Padada High School.**

Holy Father himself: "Never more than today was there need for vigilance in safeguarding youth... The youth of today must be trained for the world and protected against the world in being forearmed against its errors. The educated Christian is not at odds with life about him but with its wrongs. He does not stunt his natural abilities but develops and perfects them by co-ordinating with the supernatural. This is proved by the whole history of Christianity which is nothing else than the history of civilization and progress up to the present day... It is plain from the missionary activities of the Church from the beginning to the present time, the torch of Faith in the hand of the missionary

has also been the torch of civilization. Such are the results of Christian education... Let us pray the Lord of the harvest to send more workers in the field of Christian education; and let their formation be one of the principal concerns of the pastors of souls and of the superiors of religious orders."

As you can infer from this, the Church "most admirable Mother, and incomparable and perfect Teacher" adapts herself to the exigencies of the times. She wants her schools to be true centres of learning and of sane humanism whose teachers will turn to profit whatever there is of real worth in new systems and methods now in favour without hastily abandoning the old which the ex-



periences of centuries has found expedient. This explains why various missionary congregations of men as well as of women desirous of responding to the Holy Father's appeal have focused their efforts on the all important work of education. They have been willing to make heavy sacrifices in order to provide their mission schools with teachers thoroughly prepared and well-grounded in the matters they have to teach.

My own community has not lagged in the promotion of this great movement. Teaching, which was held in high honour by our revered Mother Foundress herself, figures today as the principal work in forty-three out of fifty-nine of the Society's missionary establishments. From pole to pole, the daughters of Mary Immaculate mete out the treasures of Catholic education to about fif-

teen thousand pupils of both sexes in kindergartens, primary, secondary and high schools, normal schools, schools of Home Economics, business schools, besides teaching private courses in doctrine, languages, and arts. No aptitude or talent left to seed as you may judge from this enumeration! The Sisters' training begins during noviceship; it is continued at the Motherhouse scholastic-normal-school until they receive the teaching certificate A or a degree in pedagogy from the University. According to the needs of various missions, some Sisters make special studies at Family Institutes or in Canadian or American colleges. Moreover, once on the missions proper, many of our professors specially in the Philippine Islands, Japan, and the West Indies, study at the Universities of these countries in

order to obtain various teaching degrees in local languages.

It is about time to put a full stop to my letter. I have said enough I think to scatter your illusions regarding the supposed incompatibility between teaching and a missionary vocation. Do not worry about my sacrifice being useless. I will probably go on studying in preparation for work on the missions, for I have not at all given up my teaching career. Do you remember our chat on the evening of our graduation? My ideal

remains what it was then with the only difference that my dreams are now on a world-wide scale.

Before closing let me tell you a secret. I shall be clothed in the white habit of Mary Immaculate on February 11. You will be faithful to the rendez-vous, I know. Until we meet again I wish you every success in your inspiring educational venture.

Yours as ever,

Sister Louise, Postulant

If the souls of purgatory could return to this world, what would they not do to be present at one Mass! If you could understand its excellence, its advantages, and its fruits, you would not let one day pass by without assisting at it. All your duties would thereby be better fulfilled, and your soul would be stronger to bear the Christian's daily cross.

BLESSED EYMARD



In Memoriam

Reverend Sister Therese of the Child Jesus, Oblate Franciscan Sisters of St. Joseph, **Bordeaux**; Mr. J. A. Moquin, **Granby**, father of our Sisters Marie de l'Epiphanie and St. Jean de l'Eucharistie; Mrs. Gaudiose Bolduc, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister Marie du St. Sauveur; Mr. Wilfrid Rompre, **St. Thecle**, father of our Sister St. Expedit; Mr. I. W. Gagnon, **Jonquiere**, father of our Sister Bernadette de l'Immaculee; Mrs. Claude Rinfret, **Ottawa**, mother of our Sister Claude de la Colombiere; Mrs. Wilfrid Metivier, **Buckland**, mother of our Sister Marie de Sion; Mr. Leopold Bourassa, **St. Barnabe**, brother of our Sister Marie de la Charite; Mr. John H. Enright, **Montreal**; Mrs. Armand Boulay, **Waterloo**; Miss Liliane Derome, Doctor Corneilus Derome, Miss Francine Varin, Mr. Wilfrid Rousseau, Mrs. Zoel Langevin, Mr. G. Langlois, Mrs. Auguste Huguet, Mrs. Xavier Laberge, Mrs. Ernest Brunet, Mrs. Edward Ricard, Mr. Elzear Pelletier, Mrs. Josepa Forte, Mr. Bernard Lavallee, **Montreal**; Mr. Alphonse Savard, **Cartierville**; Mr. Gerard Caouette, **Montreal South**; Mr. Emile Poirier, **St. Josaphat**; Mrs. Omer Brosseau, **Laprairie**; Mrs. Telesphore Fournel, **St. Jerome**; Mrs. Leandre Adam, **St. Elisabeth**; Mr. Adinas Forest, **St. Thomas**; Mrs. Arthur Beauregard, **Granby**; Mrs. Ernest Martin, **Lac des Ecorces**; Mrs. Hector Lamothe, **St. Marc, Shawinigan**; Mr. Raoul Lacombe, **St. Thomas, Montmagny Co.**; Mr. Jean Dumont, **Levis**; Mrs. Arthur Caron, **L'Islet**; Miss Marie Anne Langlais, **Roberval**; Mrs. Jean Louis Piette, **Joliette**, mother of our Sister Delia de Jesus; Miss Mary F. Butler, **Sweetsburg, P.Q.**

Mission Assignments : 1956

Forty-six Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception left for the mission field afar during 1956.

For the Philippine Islands: Sister St. Matthew (Agnes Guenette, St. Anne des Plaines); Sister Therese of the Child Jesus (Yvonne Gerin, Coaticook); Sister St. Jacques le Majeur (Emma Labreche, St. Jacques de l'Acchigan); Sister St. Claude (Laurette Roy, Thetford Mines); Sister St. Gabriel of the Annunciation (Ida Carriere, Hammond, Ont.); Sister Pierre Julien (Jeannette Tremblay, St. Fulgence); Sister St. Flavie (Carmen Castonguay, Edmuntston, N.B.); Sister Marie Regina (Lea Chenier, Wrightville); Sister John of the Assumption (Cecile Depot, Valleyfield).

For Japan: Sister Marie Georges (Agathe Bolduc, St. Damian of Brandon); Sister St. Fidele (Gisele Lambert, Quebec); Sister St. Emilienne (Jeannine Blanchard, Montreal).

For Hong Kong: Sister St. Charles of Milan (Jeanne Bouchard, St. Eloi); Sister Marie Honorius (Veronique Therrien, St. Julian of Wofestown).

For Formosa: Sister Marie Esther (Alice Buteau, Our Lady of Guadelupe); Sister St. Emerentienne (Marie Berthe Fleurent, St. Germain of Grantham); Sister St. Rose (Jeanne Sanschagrin, Charlesbourg); Sister Marie Elmiere (Jeanne d'Arc Allary, St. Melanie); Sister St. Angela (Gabrielle Drouin, Inverness).

For Haiti: Sister St. Sylvere (Clara Leblanc, St. Sylvere); Sister Marie du Crucifix (Eva Tessier, St. Bonaventure of Yamaska); Sister St. Germain d'Auxerre (Germaine Lefrançois, Lon-

gueuil); Sister St. Germaine Cousin (Marie Anna Legris, Montreal); Sister St. Rita (Rita Legrand, St. Philip of Laprairie); Sister Marie Alfred (Marie Marthe Dube, Our Lady of the Sacred Heart, Rimouski); Sister St. Jean Bosco (Angela Desilets, Montreal); Sister Yvonne of Jesus (Pauline Mailoux, St. Angele de Rouville); Sister St. Rene Goupil (Jeannine Gagnon, Herouxville); Sister St. Aurelie (Germaine Roy, Nicolet); Sister Joseph of the Good Shepherd (Jeanne d'Arc Fontaine, Quebec); Sister St. Jean Vianney (Madeleine Grenier, St. Jean Baptiste Vianney); Sister Peter of Galilae (Jeanne Jette, Montreal); Sister Frances of Rome (Francoise Derome, Montreal); Sister Marie Hermann (Claire Chapdelaine, Sorel).

For Cuba: Sister St. Alban (Marguerite Dionne, Joliette); Sister St. Albert the Great (Marguerite Jobin, Quebec); Sister St. Cyprian (Cyprienne Miller, Montreal); Sister Madeleine du Sauveur (Alice Labelle, Montreal); Sister Marie Marthe (Marie Alice Vezina, St. Joseph de Beauce); Sister St. John Chrysostom (Lucille Brouillette, Richmond).

For Africa: Sister St. Peter of Alcantara (Madona Laliberte, Leamington, Ont.); Sister St. Pascal Baylon (Therese Deziel, Cote St. Paul); Sister St. Helen (Helen Hebert, Our Lady of Pierreville).

For Vancouver: Sister St. Yves (Yvette Ricard, Grand-Mere); Sister Joseph of Providence (Angele Rondeau, St. Elizabeth of Warwick); Sister Laurent Marie (Aline Letourneau, Three Rivers, P.Q.).

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.
NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9.
OUTREMONT, 314 St. Catherine Road
Montreal 8.
CHINESE HOSPITAL, 112 Lagauchetiere St., West
Montreal 1.
NOMININGUE, Labelle County, Que.
RIMOUSKI, Que.
JOLIETTE, 750 St. Louis Street.
QUEBEC, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.
VANCOUVER, Oriental Hospital, 236 Campbell St.
VANCOUVER, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital
3080 Prince Edward Street.
THREE RIVERS, 1325 de la Terriere Street.
GRANBY, 35 Dufferin Street.
GRANBY, 279 Main Street.
CHICOUTIMI, 766 Cenacle Street.
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, Que.
SAINT JOHNS, Que., 430 Champlain Street.
PERTH, N. B.
OTTAWA, Ont., 443 Gilmour Street.

UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, Mass., 207 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

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

FORMOSA

KUANHSI, Catholic Church, Hsinchu Hsien, Taiwan.
SHIH KUANG TASE, Catholic Church, Hsinchu
Hsien, Taiwan.
TAIPEI, Ho Ping Tung, 2nd Section, An Tung
Chieh 363, Taiwan.

JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi,
Fukushima Ken.
WAKAMATSU, 480, sakae machi, Aizu Wakamatsu.
TOKYO, 108-4 cho me Fukazawa cho, Setagaya ku.

ITALY

ROME, via Giacinto Carini, 8.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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

WEST INDIES

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

AFRICA

KATETE MISSION, Katete River P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C.
MZAMBAZI MISSION, Kafukule P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C.
RUMPHI MISSION, Rumph P.O., Nyasaland, B.C.
KARONGA MISSION, Karonga P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C.
KASEYE MISSION, Fort Hill P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C.
MZUZU MISSION, Nyasaland, B.C.
NKATA BAY MISSION, Nkata Bay P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C.
FORT JAMESON, P.O. Box 106
Northern Rhodesia, B.C.

MADAGASCAR

MORONDAVA, Madagascar.

