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The Precursor

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MONTREAL

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IN THIS ISSUE

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Front cover, Page: 481

Laundry chores at Las Pinas.

Back cover, Page: 528 Familiar Filipino land-
scape. A nipa hut framed in banana plants.

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Filipino Wellspring of Music

The Folk Songs

Sister SAINT EDMUND¹, M.I.C.

No matter how far back one may go in the history of the Philippines, one is sure to find music and song enjoyed even by its most primitive tribes. The Negritos, said to be its first inhabitants, were very fond of music and dancing. They possessed crude musical instruments such as flutes made of cane, guitars and violins fashioned out of bamboo. Besides, they had a number of work songs, choral chants, war hymns, serenades, which were sometimes harsh and strident in tone but held a strange catching rhythm of their own. In them we find mirrored in a fascinating manner the ideals, character, and simple philosophy of life of the pygmies.

With the tenth century, a wave of Malayan immigration swept the Islands. The newcomers brought along with a new culture their innate

talent for music and a great variety of instruments such as drums made of wood and cowhide, copper and bronze cymbals, flutes, harps, a guitar fashioned out of a dried cocoanut shell, a bamboo violin with three abaca fibre strings of unequal length, a sort of flageolet, and more especially the ancient Pan's flute showing the correlation of oriental peoples.

To these elements of Malayan origin were eventually added contributions from Chinese, Japanese, and Hindu merchants. All these influences the Europeans found at work when they in turn reached the Islands. Pigafetta, who accompanied Magellan on his famous expedition of 1521, relates that upon landing at Cebu they found natives playing the flute. On several occasions, the chieftain had tribal maidens sing

¹ Irma de la Durantaye, Cap St. Ignace.



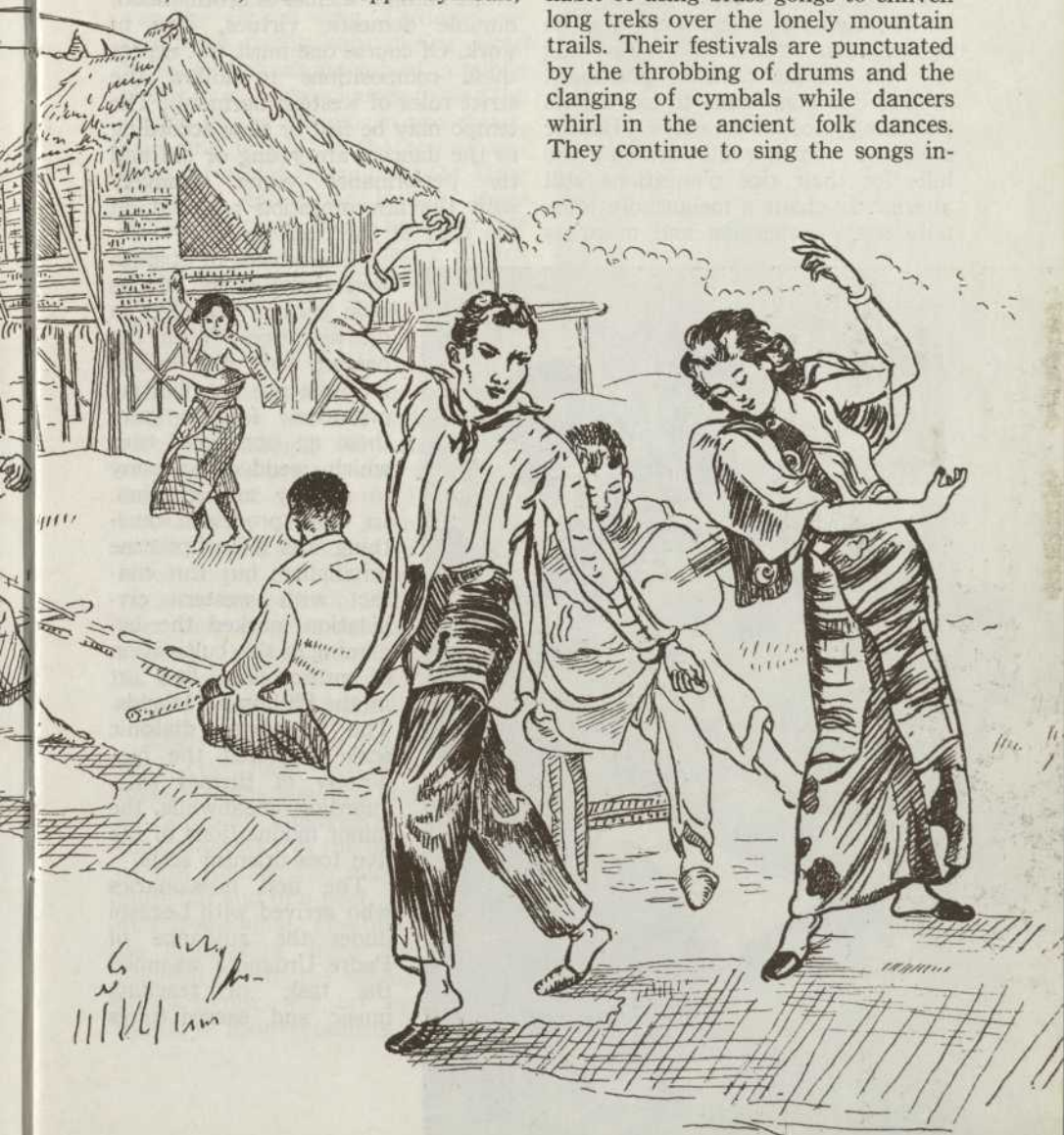
and dance in order to provide entertainment for his guests. What better proof is there than that at this early period music and collective singing formed part of local traditions?

Even to this day in various regions of the Philippines one may find a number of these primitive instruments still in use. The aborigines

who were crowded back by encroaching civilization sought refuge in remote mountain fastnesses, taking with them their utensils and their musical instruments: drums of various sorts, flutes, brass or copper cymbals,

native wooden xylophones... With the clapping of hands and the stamping of feet these provided accompaniment to their nocturnal sarabands.

Present day Igorots are in the habit of using brass gongs to enliven long treks over the lonely mountain trails. Their festivals are punctuated by the throbbing of drums and the clanging of cymbals while dancers whirl in the ancient folk dances. They continue to sing the songs in-

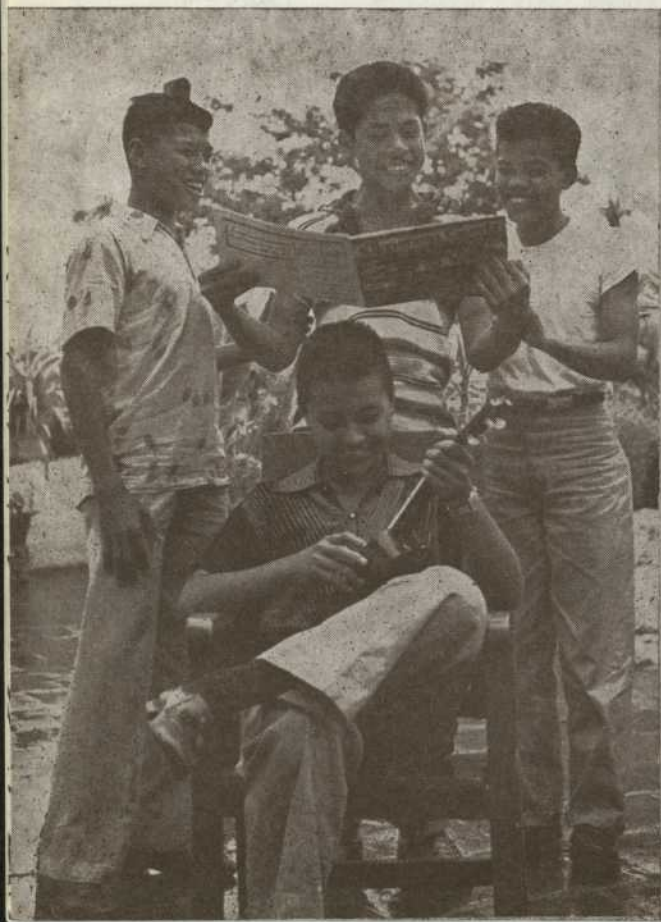


herited from their sires, songs that echo their wistful moods, the rustic felicity of their life, the whispered mysteries of the luxuriant forests. Cantilenas, ballads, serenades, rondos, work songs composed of two to five notes, all these were used to lighten their arduous toil, winnowing the rice, raising *camotes* (potatoes), milling the sugar cane to extract its precious juice. Nowadays, Bontoc men and women while terracing the hills for their rice plantations still alternately chant a melancholy four-note song. Fishermen and mariners

whistle a tune supposed to placate the wind and keep evil spirits away. Among these folk songs are funeral dirges, litanies of supplication, victory songs, calls to arms; others evoke familiar themes of brotherhood, humble domestic virtues, love of work. Of course one must not expect these compositions to follow the strict rules of western harmony. The tempo may be fast or slow according as the dancers are young or old and the performance varies strangely with the interpretation required on the spur of the occasion.

The advent of Spanish sovereignty in the Islands soon became reflected in native music. With the passing of the years its influence supplanting primitive forms gave them an occidental turn which wedded harmony to melody and rhythm. In the process, something was lost of pristine originality; but this contact with western civilization marked the beginning of the cultivation of music as a fine art in the Philippine Islands. The European diatonic scale shattered the monotony of themes safeguarding, meanwhile, the minor modulations of the five tone oriental scale.

The first missionaries who arrived with Legaspi under the guidance of Padre Urdaneta assumed the task of teaching music and sacred songs



to the aborigines as fast as conversions were wrought and as chapels went up. How congenial their task proved with such apt and docile pupils! The sacred song which knew the greatest popularity at this epoch was the *Pasion* song. During Lent and more particularly during Holy Week, Christians assembled in public plazas or in private homes to sing the *Pasion* of the Saviour in two choirs, male and female, to the accompaniment of violas or guitars. On Holy Thursday and Good Friday, these sacred concerts were kept up far into the night. A peculiarity of this chant which is still in favour is that its rendition varies from one *barrio* to another according to the taste and inspiration of local artists.

Best loved among secular songs at this time was the *kundiman*, a sort of madrigal or ballad which even at the present day is a great favourite not only in the Philippines but also in China, Japan, Hawaii, and the United States of America. How deeply its plaintive modulations stir the hearts of Filipinos wherever they may roam! Originally, it appears, the *kundiman* was an epic; its belligerent strains gradually gave way to the present appealing melody.

Easily adopted in the Philippines were two steps polkas and other musical forms of similar origin. Traces of European influence are found in the composition of the national hymn of the Islands, the joint work of a musician and of a poet, Julian Felipe and Jose Palma. The first part drew its inspiration from the Spanish national hymn; the second from the Riego hymn, war cry of the 1820 military insurrectionists in Spain;



Agong (drum) used in Zamboanga.

the third from the French revolutionary song, the *Marseillaise*. Should its authors then be accused of plagiarism? Filipino musical authors deny this, explaining that it is merely a case of coincidence of ideas and melodies based upon the general influence of European music on that of their mother country.

Finally, at the beginning of this century, contact with the United

States of America gave a new orientation to Filipino music. On the one hand, the struggle for liberty developed the tendency to blend the archaic tunes with the modern; on the other native performers fell under the witchery of tantalizing jazz rhythms, dances like the *rhumba* and the *zamba*, works of syncopated music such as Tip Toe operettas and George Gershwin's famous Rhapsody in Blue.

The organization, in 1916, of a Conservatory of Music as a branch of the University of the Philippines was the initial step taken to place music on a permanent scientific basis. To this enterprise the Filipinos are greatly indebted for the neutralization of a tendency to copy foreign authors as well as for the revival of what constitutes the essence of their primitive music framed in modern harmony, counterpoint, fugue, and canon. At first, folk songs were merely used in short pieces of the *kundiman* type; later, they were developed into the highest forms of musical composition.

Today the Filipino nation possesses a distinctive music of its own together with a rich and varied repertoire of folk songs inherited from the past. Primitive Malayan melodies became gradually influenced by Latin and Anglo-Saxon sources; these heterogeneous elements blended and finally evolved into novel modalities. Strictly speaking the expression Filipino music refers not only to autochthonous compositions but also to certain pieces of exotic origin adapted to the particular taste of the nation. Although such works betray a mixture of the oriental and the occidental, they

remain typically Malayan. Filipino music is sometimes objected to as sentimental. Expressive, full of subtle variations, wistful and melancholy it nevertheless is not entirely devoid of a healthy, vigorous quality noted in its epics. It faithfully reflects the soul of the nation with its ideals, its dreams, its rebellious moods, its exquisite sensitiveness, its artistry.

Among local authors who devoted their time and talent to the preservation of the best elements in native music, Francisco Buencamino holds the first rank. Besides five symphonies, he composed over one hundred pieces. *Mayon* his swan song, a concerto for piano, was performed in public for the first time in 1951. His death which occurred the following year plunged the Filipino musical world into deep mourning. Buencamino lives on in his works and in the affectionate remembrance of his compatriots justly proud of his achievements.

Francisco Santiago, first Filipino director of the Manila Conservatory, was a renowned pianist and composer of national songs among which the best known are *Philippines Christmas Carol*, *Ave Maria*, *Alma Mater*, *Philippines my Philippines*. Considered by his colleagues as the Filipino classical author par excellence, Nicanor Abelardo reveals in his music fertile inspiration, solid harmony, a remarkable mastering of the counterpoint, and an incomparable technique. First among his nation he composed a concerto for piano à la Mozart upon a theme of archaic folklore. Major Antonino Buenaventura, distinguished orchestra leader, was chosen during the

last war to conduct the Philippine Army Band. Inspired by his ardent patriotism he composed the march titled *America, we Stand Beside You*. This piece extolling the bonds which united the two nations during the conflict was widely acclaimed and played in military camps all over the Islands.

A good many other composers patiently delving into the treasury of

Filipino folk songs have enriched the national repertoire with numerous original pieces. Present day authors continue to draw inspiration therefrom and by the means of new techniques produce works that echo the quaint legends of the past, the plain, unsophisticated life of their forefathers, the beauty of their emerald isles.

THE VALIANT WOMAN of MADAGASCAR

The Cardinals of the Sacred Congregation of Rites have been discussing the introduction of the beatification cause of the Valiant Woman of Madagascar — Victoria Rasoa — who kept the Faith alive throughout the land for three years without the Mass or the Sacraments.

War had broken out with France in 1883 and all the priests — they were French missionaries — had to go. In spite of this and in spite of constant Protestant opposition in and around her own home, Victoria Rasoa even managed to extend the Faith. She was then in her middle thirties. She died on August 21, 1894, at the age of 46.

Victoria Rascoz was the daughter of the family second in power to the royal family. Her father became a Protestant for political reasons. Her mother, a sister of the Prime Minister, remained a pagan all her life. Victoria, however, had been sent by her mother to be educated by two Sisters of St. Joseph of Cluny, and at the age of 15 she became a Catholic. At 16 she was married to a son of the Prime Minister. He was not a good companion, but through her faith and patience she persuaded him to become a Catholic on his deathbed. Attempts were made to make Victoria apostatize, and as a lady-in-waiting to the Queen she spent her life in hostile surroundings.

But when all the priests had left she set out to save the Church. She went to the Queen, secured authority to defend Catholics — and she defended them before the Queen and in the courts. She had churches opened for such religious practices as could be observed without priests. She ran a youth organization. She visited the principal Catholic communities.

When in 1886 the missionaries returned, one of the Catholic youths who went out to meet them singled out Victoria Rasoa for them, saying: "Here is our mother."



Sister MARIE CORINNE¹, M.I.C.

KATETE,
NYASALAND

A Hunt Without Guns

It was the feast of St. Therese of the Child Jesus, powerful patroness of missions and special patroness of our Katete mission.

As I was coming out of church after High Mass, Sister Superior² whispered in my ear, "What do you say to a trip to Ludazi?" What could I say to such a tempting offer other than an enthusiastic "I'd love it!" Sister Marie Anna³ was assigned me as companion.

We were supposed to leave at ten but punctuality being a weak point

with our Nyasalanders, we had to wait a good three quarters of an hour before Patrick, the mission chauffeur, drove up to our door in his jeep.

The weather was in an amiable mood, the road was smooth and free from traffic as roads are apt to be in this part of Africa. While we rolled merrily along, we sang favourite hymns to Our Lady and St. Therese.

Suddenly disaster struck. There was a ghastly noise of splintering glass and I found myself being violently pushed backwards, a heavy

¹ Rolland Langevin, Quebec.

² Irene Champagne, Montreal.

³ Adeline Medzowiecki, Montreal.

object, I knew not what, pressing hard against my face and chest. Instinctively I closed my eyes imagining myself about to enter through the dark tunnel of death into the dazzling light of eternity. At that moment, Patrick jammed on the brakes. The thing that was almost choking the life out of me, dropped limply at my feet and I breathed freely once again.

Imagine our surprise when we found out that the cause of all this commotion was a *nyaka* (antelope)! Doubtless pursued by a leopard as a toothsome after dinner tidbit, the crazed animal in a fantastic leap had bolted right through our windshield, landing on my chest. So shaken up with my recent experience was I that I did not at first have the strength to move. Then I glanced about gingerly. Patrick was pulling out the panting *nyaka* in its death throes and giving it the finishing stroke. Mean-

time, I managed to step outside aided by my companion who being at my left had suffered only slight injuries from glass splinters. My glasses were gone; I had a beautiful black eye; my guimpe was soaked in blood but, thanks be to God, I was still alive. Patrick took the whole thing as a lark. Cleaning out the debris, he kept on exclaiming over the luck we had had in bagging such fine game without even handling a gun!

After a short pause for rest we took to the road once again. This time we recited the rosary in thanksgiving for having come through this adventure without any serious mishap.

And this is the story of my first hunt in Nyasaland minus a gun. The poor *nyaka* was served on our table in many a tasty dish for several days on end. Patrick still likes to boast of this extraordinary feat which he witnessed on the road to Ludazi.

7th Priest for Togo

When Reverend Father Robert Dosseh the seventh Togolese priest to be ordained returned to his homeland he was welcomed by the people of his country like their "own son and brother".

Reverend Father Robert went back to Lomé after being ordained a priest and having obtained, in Rome, his doctorate in theology "maxima cum laude". As subject for his thesis (693 pages in French) the young African scholar chose "The Eucharist in the Works of Bossuet". This thesis Father Robert affectionately dedicated, "To Papa and Mamma who watched so tenderly and so tactfully over my vocation and whose life is an inspiration and a programme."

HONG KONG

Missionary Activities

Sister St. JEAN BAPTISTE¹,
M.I.C.



1.

July 1, 1957, marked the third anniversary of the opening of our Catechumenate Pius X, an eminently apostolic work which owes its life and subsistence to the generosity of charitable friends in America.

During the year just gone by, over fifteen hundred persons received religious instruction within the drab walls of the unprepossessing building on Nathan Road. The long flights of stairs leading to our domain on the last floor have not deterred those who hunger after truth from seeking us out. For it is understood that this is not a place where material goods are to be sought, but a centre, a power house as it were, of supernatural means enabling men to reach their goal, the God of whom St. John states that He is Love. All those who attend our classes are earnest seekers of this

Sovereign Good whom the greater number have known late in the day of life. They are coming to us in ever increasing numbers. In 1956, about six hundred Baptisms administered in a solemn manner were recorded; at present the roster of catechumens bears more than one thousand names. Sister Blandine of Jesus¹ and four lay catechists are my devoted helpers in this work of apostolate; Sister Marie des Oliviers² also gives me a helping hand three times a week for the evening courses.

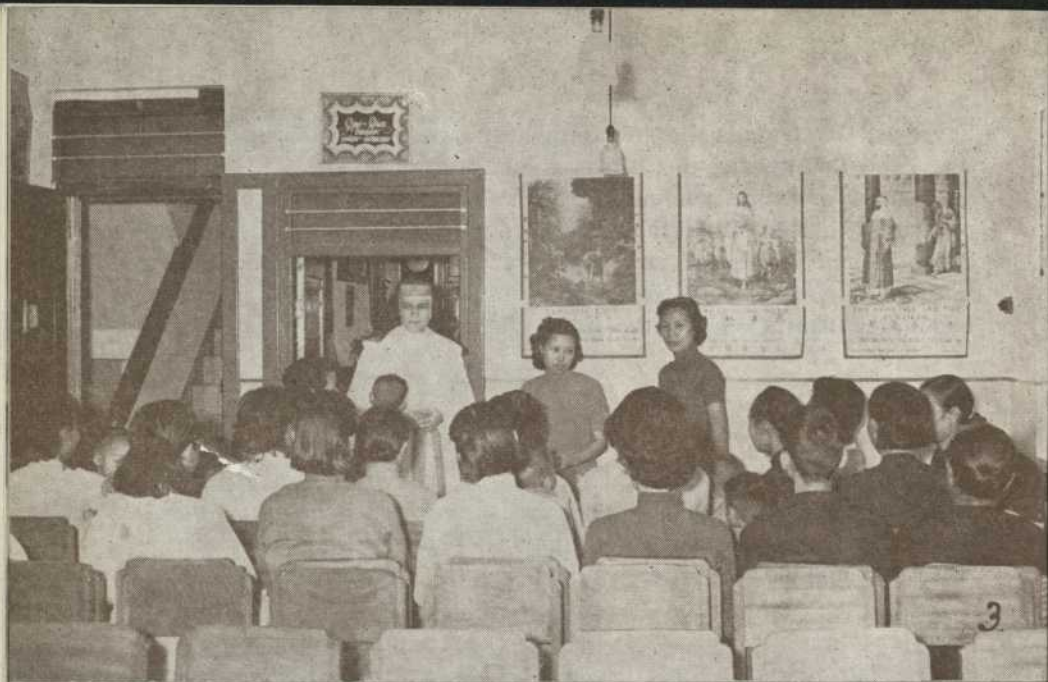
¹ Blandine Simard, Roberval.

² Gertrude Laforest, Montreal.

2.

The names of all catechumens must figure on our records. Sometimes a mamma calls with her little brood; during her absence, other members of the family keep house. All catechumens have regular hours appointed when they may be sure to receive the attention their case may need.





3.

The catechists spare no amount of trouble to make sure that explanations are clear and easily grasped. In the initial stage, these good people find there are ever so many new things to learn but how attentively they listen!

4.

Thanks to the Sisters' good offices, these children have all been enrolled in Chinese schools where they follow the scheduled programme of studies in the afternoon or evening shifts. Thus, they are free to learn the doctrine during the morning hours. Only a narrow classroom have we to accommodate these





fifty youthful catechumens who apparently do not mind being crowded. Bright-eyed and attentive they drink in every word. All of them are preparing to receive Baptism at the same time as their parents who attend our adult classes.

5.

Towards evening, special courses are given to the illiterate. Old folks and even mammas with babies riding pickaback are present, together with the children who go to Chinese schools during the forenoon. To hold the interest of their pupils, the catechists here utilize large pictures and lively lesson material.



6.

Twice daily, I snatch a few hours to visit the sick at the government hospital. Always, a number of dying patients are waiting for someone to push ajar for them the gates of heaven.

Along the way I find many occasions to instruct and comfort. Here are two unfortunates who although desperately ill have been unable to secure admission to the hospital. Both have been baptized and now suffer bravely and silently in the hope that soon they will enjoy heavenly bliss.

7.

Here is another poor wretch who hoped to secure hospitalization. Alas! There was no place left for him; each of the eight hundred beds had its occupant. Who could remain unmoved before such destitution? At times like this I wish for the Midas touch that would allow me to bring relief to all the derelicts I meet along my way.



8.

Being sorely pressed for time, we take a short cut through the undertaker's quarters. According to Chinese custom, relatives of dead persons put on white mourning apparel. Before being placed in their coffin the deceased are honoured by profound prostrations. Red candles and incense sticks burn at their side.



9.

In the Infirmary where patients are permanently installed, it is much easier to impart religious instruction. This young man has suffered bitter trials; he may never walk again. With the discovery of the supernatural, hope and peace have entered his soul. Tomorrow, when he is baptized, he will be the happiest of mortals.

10.

This child's days are numbered. After the nurse has given her treatment, Sister will administer the supreme remedy that will ensure Baby's unending happiness.





11.

This ward for women suffering from chronic ailments already boasts of several fervent Catholics while a good many other patients are preparing for Baptism. The crippled child standing by is a weekly communicant.

12.

When after hours of intense apostolic activities, the Missionary Sister leaves the hospital with a sheaf of fifteen, twenty, thirty Baptisms and the conviction of having opened up spiritual vistas to numerous pagan souls, her heart is flooded with untold joy and boundless gratitude. She easily forgets the heat and the fatigue. Little trials which beset every human destiny pass by unnoticed. Could such slight annoyances be compared with the happiness enjoyed co-operating with Christ in the divine work of the salvation of souls?

KWONG WAH HOSPITAL

廣華醫院



Sowing the Good Seed

Sister THERESE of SAINT AUGUSTINE¹, M.I.C.

In the Philippine Islands where souls of good will seem but to await a gentle invitation in order to draw nearer to God, all places and all circumstances are conducive to the apostolate. Some time ago, illness forced me to spend several months as a patient in a city hospital. During this period of enforced inactivity it was my privilege to help many a straying sheep to reintegrate the Good Shepherd's Fold.

In Canada, it would be tactless, to say the least, to inquire of someone whether he or she has been to confession lately. Should you do so here, nobody will think you are a bore. On the contrary, many who have been negligent for years and are now at a loss to know how to effect a return, will gladly avail themselves of the opportunity you thus offer them to discuss their problems and return to the practice of their religion. All they lack too often is a friendly hand to lead them "Home".

One day, I spoke to a young doctor on duty in the X Ray department.

"Doctor, you are doubtless a good Catholic. When did you last receive Holy Communion?" Taken by surprise, he remained silent for a few moments, then admitted, "Sister, I have not done so for several years."

"Well, it would be just the time to begin all over again. You must go to confession as soon as you can and make up for your spiritual losses by being more fervent."

"Thank you for your kindness, Sister; I will try to do as you ask."

"You are not being logical, Doctor," I parried. "What would you think of a patient of yours who would say when told to take his medicine 'I'll try?'"

A few days later, surrendering to the promptings of divine grace, the Doctor went to confession and received Holy Communion. He confided to me, "Sister, my heart is full of joy now that I have received Our Lord." Before I left the hospital I made him promise to recite at least a few decades of the Rosary every day.

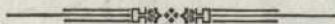
I had been painfully impressed by the sadness clouding the face of an X Ray technician at the same hospital. Once I offered him some miraculous medals for himself and his dear ones. Deftly guiding the conversation to the all important subject, I discovered that he also had heavy spiritual arrears to settle. God kept tugging at his heart until he gave in at last and firmly determined to walk henceforth in the straight road that leads heavenward. His woebegone expression has given place to a look of joyful serenity.

As soon as I was allowed out of bed I went the rounds of the ward in my wheel chair, making friends with the patients, dropping the seeds of holy desires into their hearts. Among the younger ones I found that Emmanuel, a Chinese lad, had been baptized but had not yet made his First Holy Communion. How pleased he was when I offered him a catechism with coloured illustrations! From that time onward he plunged heart and soul into the study of the doctrine and of the principal prayers; lying in my bed at night I could hear him through the opened windows of my room painstakingly going over and over again the words of the *Credo*, the *Our Father*, the *Hail Mary*. Not only this but he in turn became

a zealous apostle teaching what he knew to his mother who had never enjoyed the privilege of a Christian education. He made his First Communion before leaving the hospital. At present he is enrolled as a student in a Catholic school and is striving to win all his dear ones to Christ.

Enrique, a tall young man, confessed that he had received Holy Communion only once when he was a child. I urged him to profit by his stay in the hospital to make his peace with God and partake once again of the Bread of Life. A fierce moral struggle ensued, for Enrique before his illness had been a steady client of the noisiest night clubs in the city. His parents were wealthy and inclined to shut their eyes on their son's escapades. Then, there were his boon companions who did all in their power to frighten him away from a life of order and discipline. But humbly and fervently he prayed for the grace of conversion, and his petition was at last granted. Now I cannot but admire his delicate responsiveness to the motions of the Holy Spirit.

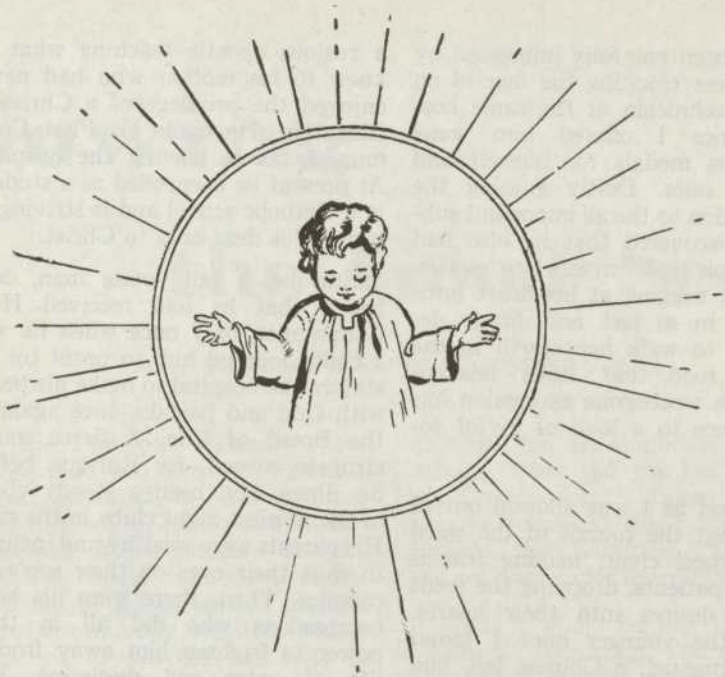
Please thank the Lord of the Harvest with me, dear readers, and pray that these souls may persevere and advance with majestic strides along the blessed ways of a closer union with their Creator.



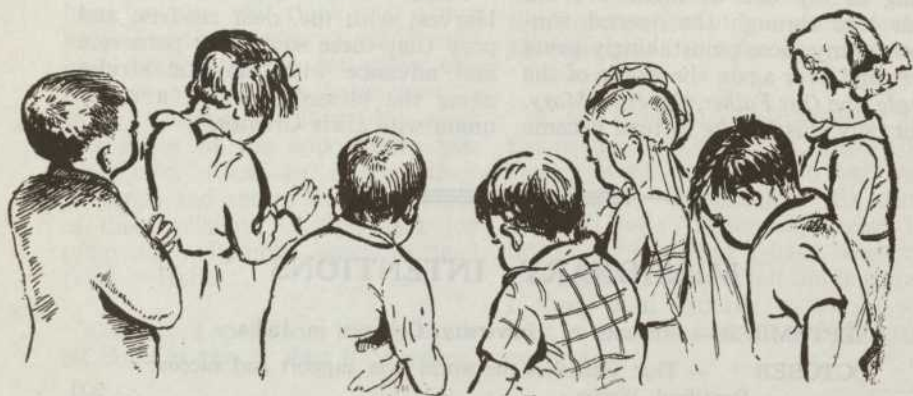
MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

SEPTEMBER — Students of University Colleges in India.

OCTOBER — That Catholics the world over support and succour Pontifical Works.



First Communicants



CESPEDES, CUBA

Sister MARIE de la PAIX¹, M.I.C.

A First Communion ceremony was to take place at a *pueblo* in the neighbourhood of Manguito, and Reverend J. P. Dugal, P.M.E. had asked us Sisters to sing, on this occasion, some appropriate Cuban hymns.

We left, Sister Marie Alice² and I, in the peerless dawn of a fine day in the tropics. After a walk of some twenty-five minutes we reached Cespedes, a lonely hamlet marked by drabness and neglect. Violent contrasts are often noticeable in Cuba; extreme poverty elbows lavish wealth in a spiritual as well as in a temporal sense. The rustic chapel as bare and as uninviting as the manger of Bethlehem could accommodate only about twenty persons.

We found that of the group of seven First Communicants only two were accompanied by their parents and were dressed in white. The other five, forlorn and unkempt, slipped in one by one. My heart went out to these plucky Cuban children who had had the courage to learn their prayers and attend catechism lessons regardless of the jibes and ridicule of those who should have given them help and encouragement. And now they had come alone to receive their God for the first time. Surely the dear Saviour must have looked upon these *muchachitas* with special tenderness and made up to them for the callous indifference of their families.

The chapel was only a dilapidated affair but this did not affect the simple grandeur of the touching ceremony unfolding within its walls. Oh, wonder of the Sacrament of Love, levelling all social distinctions, uniting rich and poor in the embrace of a common Father!

After Mass, the devoted *padre* spoke words of congratulation and comfort to the little group, then gave each child a rosary and a holy card in souvenir of this happy occasion. The two Communicants in white petted by their fond parents looked forward to the traditional gala breakfast at home and the joyful family gathering that would mark the day. For the others, no such inviting prospect beckoned. They gallantly tried to show they did not mind but what childish heart could help feeling sore on such an occasion? Our own hearts were heavy as we bade them goodbye and saw them return to their godless milieu. May the Jesus of their First Communion, Friend of the poor and humble, console them and guard them in all their ways.

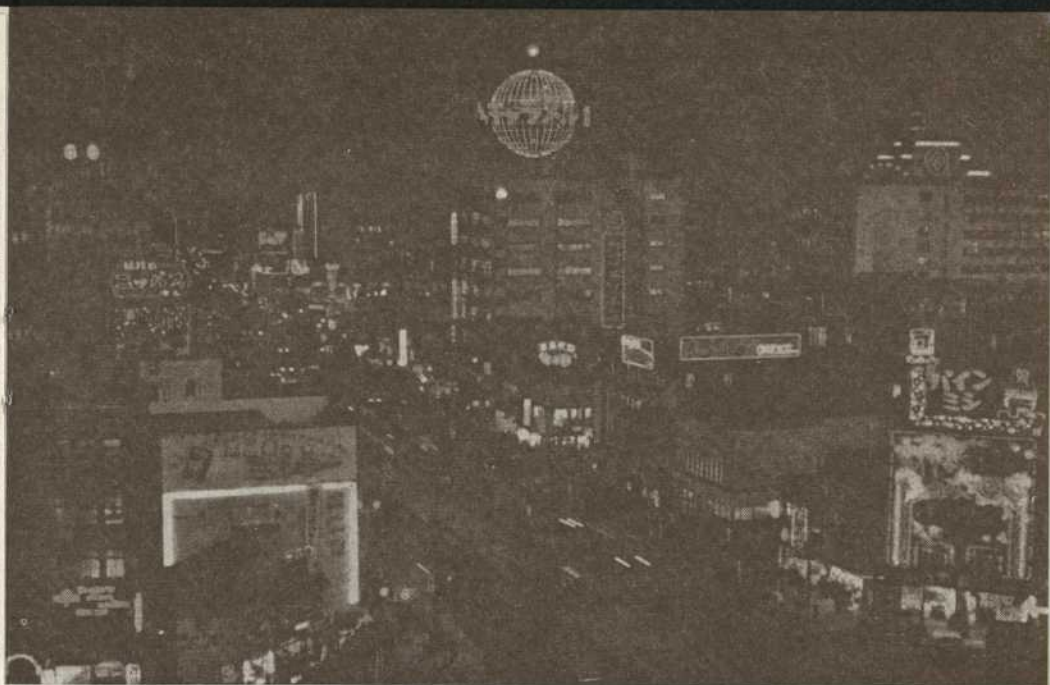
On our way back to Manguito we pondered over the grace of our missionary vocation. What a great privilege it is for us to break the bread of doctrine to these famished souls and kindle in them the hope of a happy eternity!

¹ Armandine Gauthier, St. Honore de Chicoutimi.

² Alice Ladouceur, St. Genevieve de Pierrefonds.



Visiting Cuban farmers. — Sister Marie de la Paix



JAPAN

Tokyo

Giant City of the Orient

Sister ELIZABETH of the TRINITY¹, M.I.C.

Shadows had deepened into night when we arrived in the Japanese capital. The C.P. plane which, in eighteen hours, had carried us across the widest of oceans, prepared to effect a happy landing. Suddenly the web of darkness below was pricked by a million dancing points of light and Tokyo emerged, decked with glowing necklaces of electric bulbs, blue, red, and yellow. The spectacle

of a brightly illuminated city is always enchanting. How much more so when to it is added the charm of the unknown, the mysterious charm of the Orient!

Haneda Airport can proudly hold its own among the world's best with its spacious streamlined station and its smart restaurant where one may find beside tasty fare a feast for the eye. All about its walls stand ex-

¹ Rhea Allard, St. Elizabeth of Joliette.



Rose garden near Tokyo.

hibits of various artistic objects.
• You begin to sense the sprawling city's gigantic size almost as soon as you drive out of the airport. It appears that there will simply be no end to the crossing and recrossing of streets and bystreets all identical, all running between rows of low, unpainted houses or blank walls and hedges behind which hide more pretentious dwellings. Once in a while,

our taxi threaded its way under sombre arches made of spreading branches of the *sakura* (cherry trees) above avenues. I could not help wondering if we would reach destination that night as we kept on twisting to left or to right without ever coming to a stop. My fears were not entirely groundless, as I learned afterwards, for the Japanese themselves can easily lose



their way about Tokyo unless you have the precaution of furnishing a detailed plan of the place where you want to go. This is all the more understandable that although the streets here bear names and the houses numbers, the latter do not follow in a logical manner but depend on the order in which the houses were built.

During my stay in the capital, I one day decided to visit a certain *bara en* (rose garden) situated at about one half hour's ride from our convent. The place was so popular that I judged it surperfluous to give minute explanations to the taxi driver who apparently knew the garden well. Did I ever rue this omission! One half hour, three quarters of an hour, one hour went by and still no roses were anywhere in view. Anxiously, one of my companions questioned the driv-

er who sheepishly confessed that he had lost his way. He turned back, alighted, and after spending a full thirty minutes in making from passersby polite inquiries accompanied by dozens of courteous bows, finally returned to the car with the cheering news that he had been driving us in exactly the opposite direction from the *bara en*.

Should you live in the capital's suburban areas, a shopping sally up or down town might almost assume the proportion of a voyage. It is on such occasions that the giant, Tokyo, stares you in the face. Leave as early as you choose in the morning, you will not be able to return until late in the evening. This, notwithstanding the fact that there are numerous means of conveyance such as buses, trolley cars, and regular commuter trains.

I was amazed to see the number of people who travel by rail in Japan. Over one hundred passenger trains daily leave the capital for points all over the country and all are packed as full as sardine cans. This





Marunouchi

equally applies to buses and street cars inside the city limits. The huge railway stations are alive with constantly renewed crowds from every class of society. Only when boarding trains, buses, or trolleys do the Japanese in their mad scramble for seating accommodation, lay aside their traditional courtesy of manners. They are hardly to be blamed for this lapse of politeness when one remembers that over 8,000,000 human beings, half of Canada's total population, live in Tokyo alone, while Japan's 90,000,000 inhabitants are squeezed into an area about the size of our Ontario province. It will be just too bad for you if, wishing to stop before the terminal, you have neglected to take a resolute stand by the door. At the first stop you will be

irresistibly pushed forward and caught as in a vise from which you may deem yourself lucky to escape without leaving parts of your wearing apparel behind. Men or even women laden with bulky parcels tied in *furoshiki* (squares of cloth) often board the crowded coaches; finding that all seats have been taken, they simply dump their heavy loads in the narrow aisles and sit on them. These are ordinary trains which accommodate the masses. There are others, modern streamlined affairs, where people who have the means to do so may travel in luxurious comfort.

Besides the modes of transportation just mentioned, there are countless bicycles. Indeed it seems as if most of the bicycles in the world



Tokyo Station

must be in Tokyo. Not only do cyclists nonchalantly wind their way through crowds of pedestrians hurrying in all directions, but they may do so steering with only one hand while the other holds aloft a tray filled with bowls of soup. Always ingenious, the Japanese have adapted the American jeep to their convenience by knocking one of its wheels away; the resulting three-wheeled vehicles have this advantage that they can be easily veered in traffic tangles.

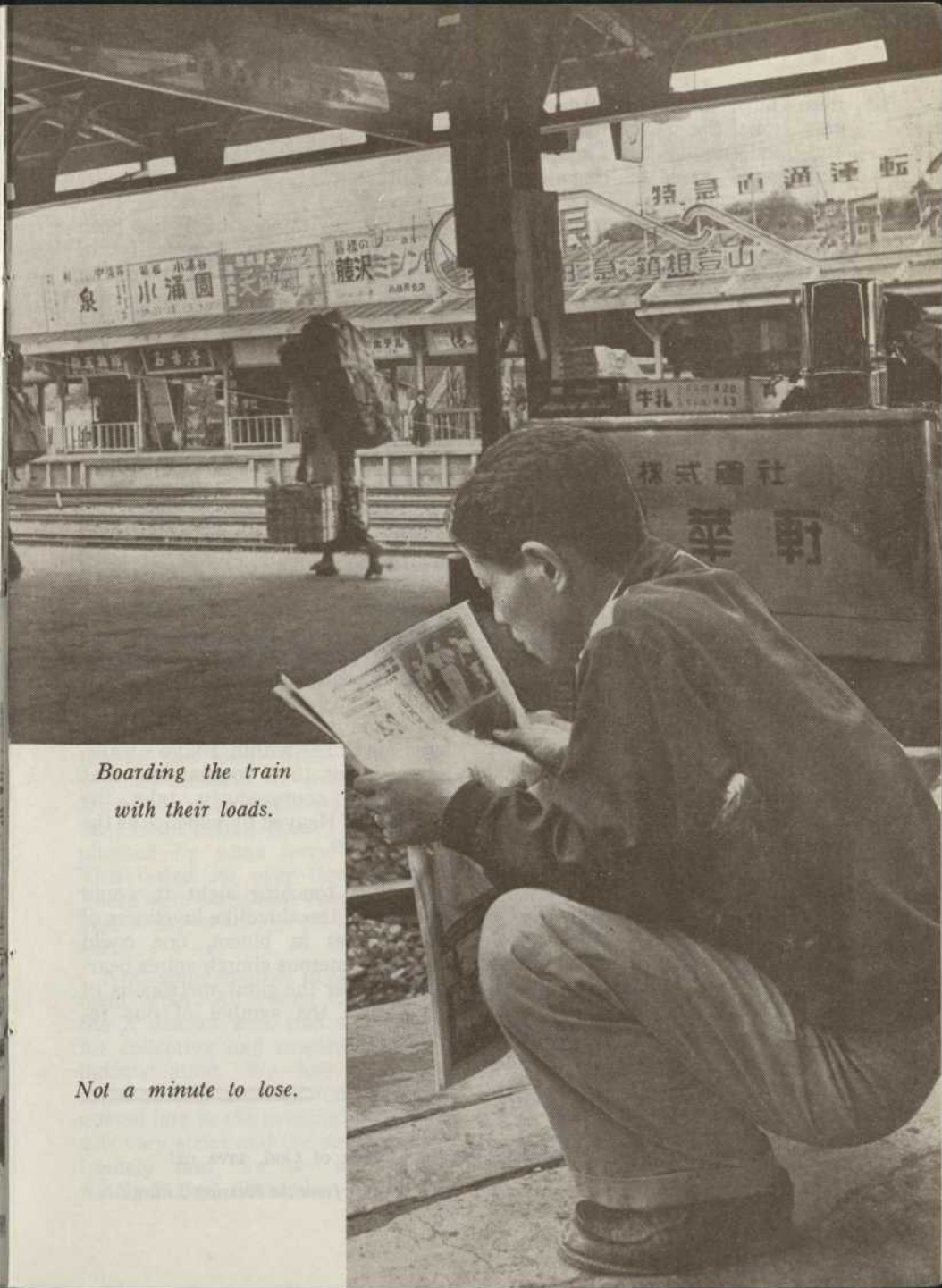
Marunouchi is the most important business district. Like St. Catherine Street in Montreal, the Ginza throbs with feverish activity. On Christmas Eve 1956 it was thronged with 1,500,000 people out on shopping sprees. In this area may be found

office buildings, stores, banks, restaurants which stand comparison with the finest in our own large cities; you may buy in six, seven, or eight storied department stores all varieties of European or American merchandise besides exclusively Japanese goods. One thing that struck me as peculiar was that all the shops on one street offer the same sort of articles for sale. At a short distance from the Ginza there is another business section famous for its Nibonbashi, one of Japan's oldest and most celebrated bridges.

But the real centre of attraction in the great metropolis is the Imperial Palace. Girdled with a picturesque moat and framed by tall trees whose tops peer over stately walls built



In the waiting room.



*Boarding the train
with their loads.*

Not a minute to lose.

from huge blocks of rough-hewn grey stone, the palace itself is plain and unadorned. But the magnificent background lends it elegance and mysterious grandeur. Does not the noble heart of the nation beat within its walls? The Japanese may no longer consider their Emperor as a *kami* (god); they, nevertheless, continue to revere in his person the symbol of Japan's unity. Certainly these feelings of respect and deep attachment have spurred and inspired them in shouldering the tremendous task of reconstruction after the devastation of World War II.

When, on the morrow of defeat, our missionaries returned to Japan, an atmosphere of gloom and desolation enveloped the city like a mournful pall. The few shops left standing had nothing to sell; transportation facilities were practically non-existent; havoc and desolation reigned everywhere. People were stunned by the magnitude of the blow dealt at the very foundation of their national life. Gradually, however, qualities of daring and optimism acquired in centuries of battling the harsh forces of nature reasserted themselves, and the work of reconstruction was pushed ahead with unflagging activity. On the charred ruins left in the wake of calamitous B29 fire raids, mushroomed hundreds of airy modern stores and offices building. In the ten years following the conflict, the population increased by 4,000,000. At the grand festival held in honour

of its quincentenary, Tokyo could boast of its rank as the world's second largest city, the largest in the Orient.

Such ultra rapid growth has been accompanied by a complexity of problems that rack the brains of the city fathers with many a monstrous headache. But with their traditional resiliency and determination, Tokyoites have resolved to meet the challenge by planning a larger, healthier city than existed before, a city that will benefit by the wonderful improvements rendered possible in this atomic age of ours. It is predicted that before another decade 10,000,000 citizens will live in the shadow of its greatness.

When this comes to pass, shall we, missionaries, be granted to see the thin stream of Catholicism at present coursing through its arteries swell into a mighty river? May the heroic Christians who once gallantly suffered for Christ within Tokyo's walls, intercede for their compatriots that they may courageously take the kingdom of Heaven by violence as the martyrs did.

What a touching sight it would be if above the cloudlike loveliness of cherry trees in bloom, one could glimpse numerous church spires bearing high over the giant metropolis of the Orient the symbol of our redemption.

O Saviour, through the prayers of the Mother of God, save us!

Prayer from the Russian Liturgy

Sufferings of Chinese Youth

CHINA.

Excerpts from a letter written from
SHANGHAI

You certainly must have heard about the "incident" (arrestation of Bishop Kiung, September 8, 1955) which occurred in our city of Shanghai. What you still probably do not know is that we, young Catholics, have been singled out on this occasion to undergo more intensive Marxist indoctrination. On September 8, we were imprisoned at Police Headquarters for questionings and the drawing up of a "confession". We had to remain there a whole week without being once allowed to return home; the whole week was an ordeal, to say the least. After these preliminary sessions, we were forced to attend the district classes on dialectical materialism, classes daily complicated by some novel vexations. This lasted for over three months. There were often four crowded meetings a day with reports and discussions.

Next came another drastic government order. All young Catholics in the X district were told to assemble for collective and massive doses of indoctrination. We had to report early in the morning and were dismissed late in the evening. Discipline was very strict and the ambiance extremely taut, for we were being watched by Comrades from the

Public Security Office and other government officials. During this period we endured incredible moral tortures. These classes were often prolonged until one o'clock in the morning or at times later. During the entire month that this course lasted, we were hindered from resting and breathing in peace even on Sundays. As a closing exercise, we were obliged to draft a "confession", besides giving *an account of problems*. Words are powerless to convey the horror of these weeks. Collective indoctrination is now over although we still have to show up two or three times a week. The Reds are determined not to leave us in peace.

At the present time our Church is entirely subject to the government; a *Patriotic Association* has been organized to conduct all its affairs and to take the initiative in religious movements. A Vicar Capitular has been appointed. On his installation day orders were issued for the celebration of High Mass in the various parishes. Besides, every means was brought into play to have us sing in *Zo Ce* (sanctuary dedicated to Our Lady and situated on a hilltop near Shanghai). We protested as much as we could.

The misery of it all! How can one have the courage to go on living in this nightmare of persecution? Please, please pray that God may grant us the graces we need to cross without shipwreck this sea of bitterness and pain.

They Also Shall Hear My Voice

Sister MARY of the ASSUMPTION¹, M.I.C.

Some six months ago, a fervent Catholic called at our convent with a request. He wanted the Sisters to visit his village of Ta TOUNG LI and complete the religious instruction of a group of women who wished to be baptized. How delighted I was when Sister Superior² chose me for this mission! I set out immediately, accompanied by a catechist and our caller who acted as guide over the bumpy mountain trail.

On our first visit to Ta TOUNG LI, seventeen persons were enrolled as catechumens. Nearly all were to prove how sincere was their desire of becoming Christians; they never missed a single doctrine lesson. Twice a week we climbed the steep cliffs that led to their village perched like an eagle's nest on the reverse slope of one of the highest peaks in the neighbourhood. With the first days of Advent I began explaining the meaning of Christmas to my pupils. Then I added, "On this blessed night those among you who wish to become children of God may be baptized. Beforehand, however, you must pass an examination on the doctrine and prayers in the presence of Reverend Father Rector."

What a wonderful Christmas season this was for me and my cate-

chumens! Ten were baptized: four young mothers, two paralytics, two septuagenarians, one asthmatic, and one blind woman. As these ailing ones could not manage the trip down to the mission church, they were baptized at their homes on the fourth Sunday of Advent. It was a cold blustery day but nobody noticed the weather. Sister Superior and I set out for Ta TOUNG LI early in the afternoon. On the way, we visited an aged grandmother whom I had baptized *in articulo mortis* a few weeks previously and who was to make her First Communion at Christmas. We had gone half the way up when groups of Christians and catechumens came down to meet us. It was three by the time we reached our destination.

An obliging non-Christian Formosan having placed his house at Father's disposal to say Mass, we hastened to make the necessary preparatives. A silken drapery arranged behind the makeshift altar and bright red streamers hung from the rafters gave the place a festive air. Our group of lame and halt we placed as near the front of the altar as possible much to the disappointment of the small fray who swarmed all over eager not to miss a thing.

¹ Alice Larouche, Sweetsburg, P.Q.

² Sister Marie Xavier (Berthe Paradis, Tingwick.)



Teaching the children of Taiwan to tell Mary's rosary.

Then the touching liturgical ceremony unfolded. What a consolation it was for me to hear the voices of these neophytes grown old in ways of error answer the minister of the Gospel in clear ringing tones: "Do you believe in God?"

"I believe".

"Do you renounce Satan?"

"I renounce."

The waters of regeneration flowed on their souls leaving them all tremulous in the shining whiteness of sanctifying grace. The ceremony over, Father vested for Mass; for the first

time in history the Holy Sacrifice was to be offered on this lonely Formosan peak and the God of love was to stoop from highest heaven to give Himself as food to the sheep just hemmed within His Fold.

At five everything was over. We bade farewell to our happy neophytes and set out on our way home. Could fatigue make itself felt on such a day? It disappears as if by magic, swallowed up in the wave of profound happiness flooding the soul of the missionary Sister.

Birthday

Sister THERESE of the CHILD JESUS¹, M.I.C.

Keeping birthdays is a time-honoured and universal custom, but perhaps nowhere else as in the Philippine Islands it is surrounded with such an aura of religious feeling and pious practices.

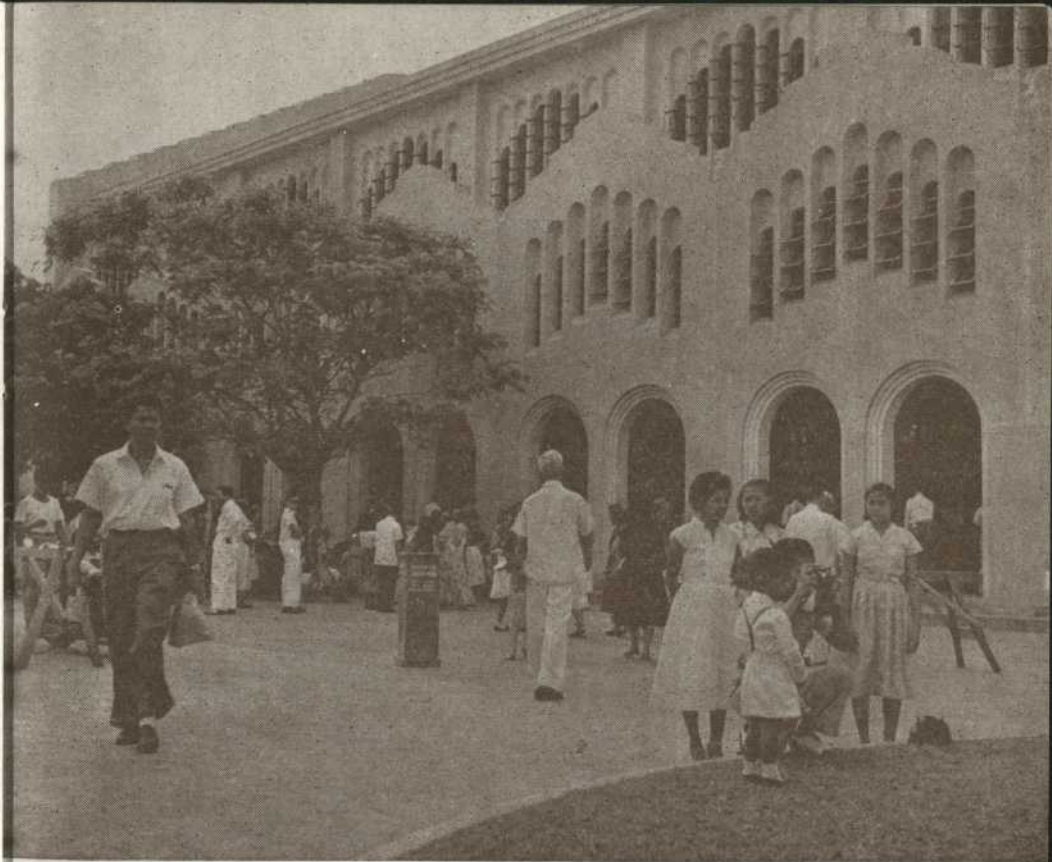
When, in the morning, a little girl arrives resplendent in her daintiest organdie frock everybody knows the reason why she is not wearing the school uniform. Her classmates immediately gather around her and merrily sing, "Happy birthday, May God bless you..." Should you happen to pay a visit to the chapel a few moments later, you would find a large bouquet of sweet smelling flowers placed by the child before the altar in filial homage to the Father in Heaven for the precious gift of life granted her.

It not seldom happens that children are offered, as a much appreciated birthday present, the privilege of making a pilgrimage to one or other famous Filipino sanctuary — Quiapo, Baclaran, Antipolo. In these venerable shrines, how fervently they thank God for the priceless grace of their Baptism.

Another custom generally followed in old Catholic families around here is that of hearing Mass on one's birthday. I remember once seeing a busy man of high social standing humbly solicit our convent chaplain to hear

his confession before Mass as he wished to receive Holy Communion. He afterwards confided to me, "I was late this morning, but thanks be to God and to your obliging chaplain I was able to go to confession. You see, today is my birthday and I have made it a practice of always going to confession and receiving Holy Communion on my anniversary."

So deeply rooted is this custom in the Filipino way of life that children will sometimes anxiously inquire, "Sister is it a big sin to miss Mass on one's birthday?" Even infants are brought to church. How pleased Our Lord must be to see fond mammas slip into our chapel carrying babies in their arms or leading toddlers by the hand. While their mothers are absorbed in prayer, the little ones patter across the aisle to steal a look at the Sisters' downcast faces or rattle the big rosaries hanging from their belts. The more venturesome trot up to the altar railing and gaze, fascinated, at the priest saying Mass. When the latter turns around for the *Dominus vobiscum*, however, back they scurry to the safe harbour of motherly arms. One day lively twins were thus brought to the chapel; after obediently lisping the prayers suggested by their mother, they squirmed out of her hold and pre-



Sanctuary of Baclaran dedicated to Our Lady of Perpetual Help,
ministered to by the Redemptorists.

sented the Lord and the Sisters with a most amusing boxing bout.

Some time ago, as I wished a happy birthday to a young girl parted from her dear ones, she thanked me and then went on to say, "Sister, I am sure my dear mother has heard Mass for my intentions this morning; she has never failed to do so. She thanks God for granting us the gift of life and begs Him to bestow upon us the grace of being with Him eternally in Heaven."

One of my catechism pupils from the public school called at the convent one morning with her younger sister in tow. "What brings you here so early?" I asked. "Mother sent me to pray in your chapel because today is Celia's birthday." I was all the more surprised that this family is not exactly a model of fervour. But this proves that even those who are estranged from the Church still make it a practice to mark their anniversary by some acts



It being her birthday, Mediatrix has gone to pray at Our Lady's grotto with Sister Marie Auguste (Blanche Gerin, Coaticook).

of piety. While the two girls knelt before Our Lady's statue, I rummaged among my supply of beads and holy pictures to find a gift for Celia. I wish you could have seen the look of incredulous and delighted surprise on her flowerlike face when I gave her a small pink rosary. She fingered it as if it were a string of rare jewels then she raised it reverently to her

lips. Before the children left, I led them both to the chaplain's office to receive his priestly blessing. That evening there was a family birthday party at Celia's home and numerous presents were given to the little queen of the day. None of these, however, seemed so precious to her as the chaplet of pink beads received that morning.



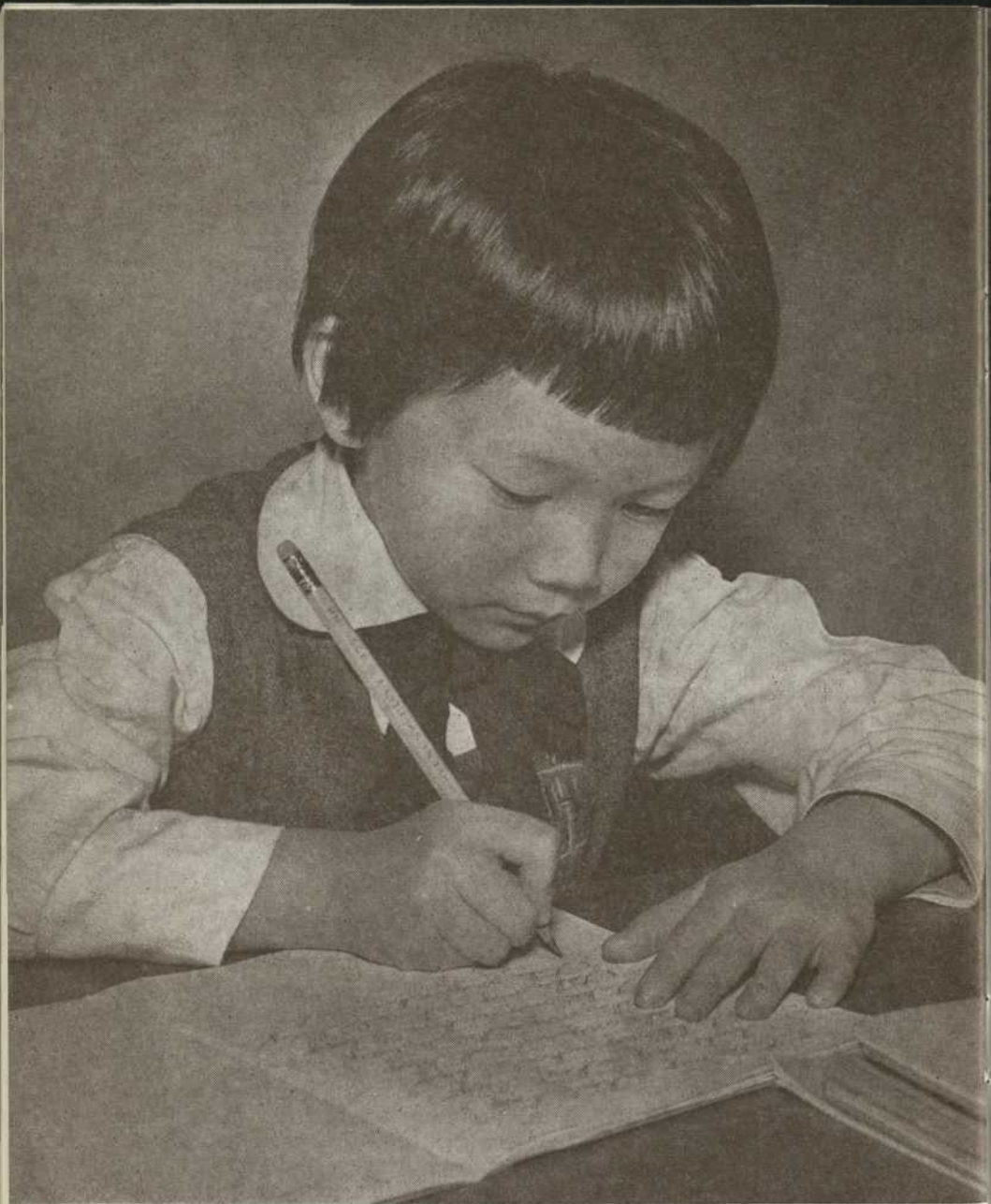
Children Around Our Mission World

KORIYAMA, JAPAN

DOES GOD LIKE RICE?

Kaoru San, a kindergarten pupil, had learned that although we do not see Him, God is everywhere. Big hearted boy that he is, he one day decided to share his bowl of rice with this Being who, he had been told, was so good and kind. Accordingly, at dinner time Kaoru placed a heaped up bowl on his left side, the most honourable place in Japan, and waited anxiously for results.

The proffered portion remained untouched. Not to be put off, the boy tried putting it on the right side, again without any result. When asked the reason of this little trick, the downcast Kaoru explained that he wanted God to share his rice, but apparently God did not like rice since He left untouched the bowl offered to Him.



*This little Chinese maid, a pupil at Mount Good Hope School,
is both good and clever.*



Little men of Tak Sun School seriously "scan the news"

HONG KONG

YUN YNG HAS THE LAST WORD

An enthusiastic group of youngsters had been listening to a catechism lesson given by Sister Joseph-Arthur¹. Yun Yng, the smallest girl of the group, seriously declared, "I belong to the religion of the Great Master of Heaven." Tun Yng, her

elder sister, came forward, "Don't you believe her, Sister. She is not a Catholic; she is a pagan like me." A lively argument ensued. To put an end to the discussion, Yun Yng defiantly shouted, "Tun Yng cannot know . . . I have just now made up my mind to be a Catholic."

¹ Laura Therien, St. Leonard d'Aston.

KATETE

REGARDING NUMBERS

One of our newly enrolled boarders, ten-year-old Fortunata, a girl from the bush wrote her first impressions

to her family: "Here, we children are as numerous as the spots on the back of a leopard."

RUMPHI

THE THOUGHTS OF YOUTH

Our pupils were busy making plans for the future.

"I will be a doctor of Divinity," gravely announced Enwood. "I will travel through all the villages to teach people about the true God."

"Once my studies over," declared Adamson, "I will buy seven cars with the money my grandfather left

me. I will give two to Karonga, two to Zomba, three to Rumphu..."

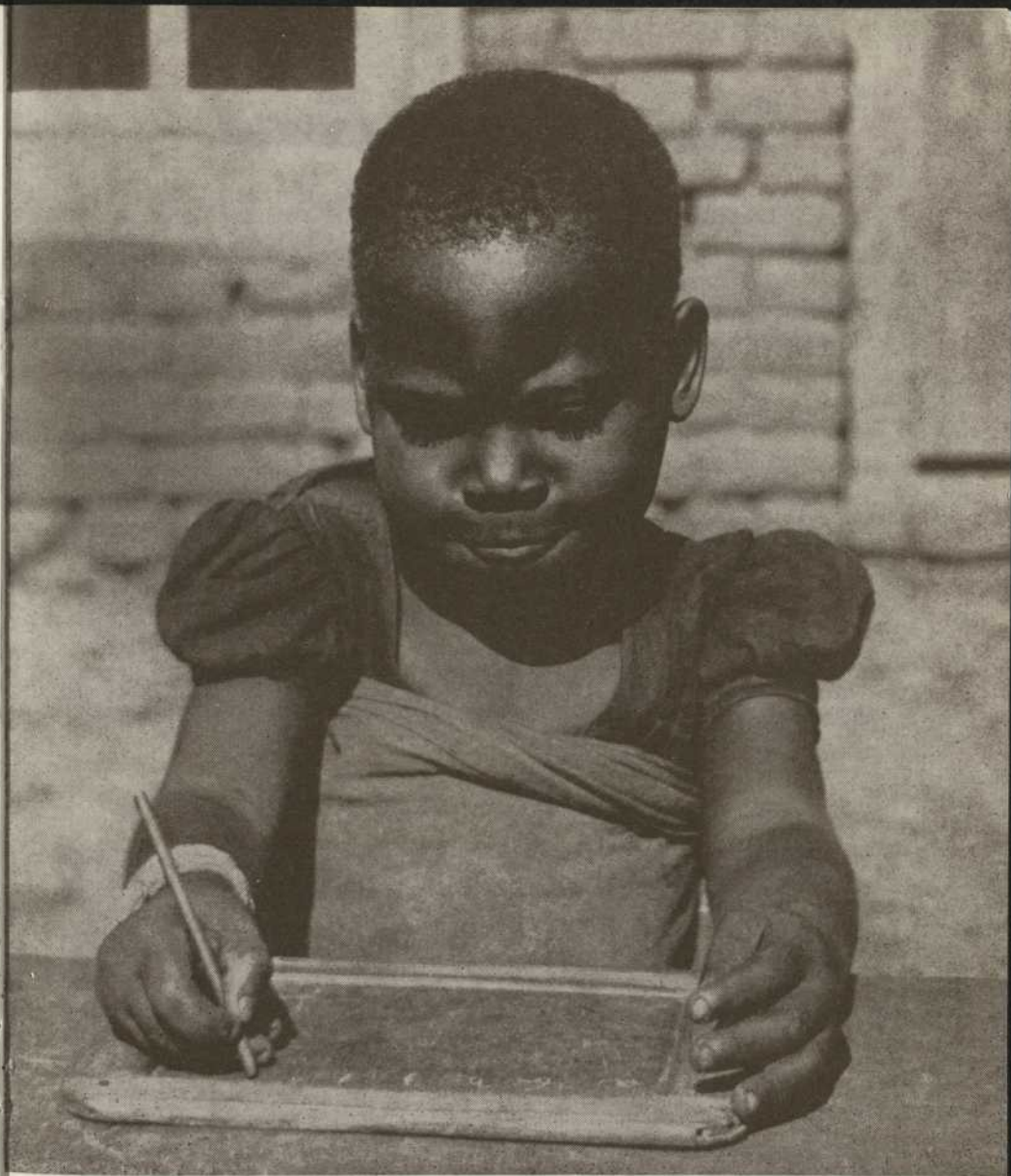
"I am going to be a clerk," said Berring who had visited a business centre during his vacation. "I'll have a large table and a comfortable chair and I'll be able to sit down all the day long!"

GAGALANGIN

FUTURE PRESIDENT ?

Being only four years old, William had not yet been enrolled at the kindergarten. Every day he accompanied as far as the playground one of his little friend who was lucky enough to be five years of age. While his friend was in class, William played alone outside. One afternoon Sister Directress noticed him and inquired what he was doing there. She fell under the charm of his conversation. At her request he recited by heart all the prayers that are learned only in the second grade such as the "*Salve*

Regina". This was more than enough to secure for him a place at the kindergarten. The next day, when asked to recite a poem, William climbed up on the stage and made a speech instead. With appropriate gestures he repeated certain passages he had heard at Plaza de la Luneta: "My dear fellow citizens, vote for me. I'm an honest man, a good Catholic. I'll do whatever you like... I'll not spend my salary but give it entirely to you. Vote only for me! Thank you!"



*"Learning to write is hard work"
seems to say our little friend from Northern Nyasaland.*

Our Beloved Dead

Msgr. L. Primeau, P.D., **St. Boniface**; Reverend Donat Chaumont, priest of the Foreign Missions; Reverend Mozart Galarneau, **Lewiston, Me.**; Reverend P. Lafrance, **Trois-Pistoles**; Reverend Sister Bernadette de la Vierge, **Monastery of St. Clare of Jerusalem**; Mr. Clarence Barton, **Clinton, Mass.**, brother of our Mother St. Alfred; Mr. Alphonse Couvrette, **St. Dorothy**, father of our Sister St. Alphonsus of the Redeemer; Mrs. Arthur Dansereau, **Vercheres**, mother of our Sister de l'Enfant Jesus; Mr. Ernest Dumais, **Rimouski**, father of our late Sister St. Vincent de Paul; Mrs. Jules Clouatre, **Montreal**, mother of our Sister Maurice de Thebes; Mrs. Edmond Simard, **Rosemont**, mother of our Sister Joseph Edmund; Mrs. Alvarez Brisson, **Cornwall, Ont.**, mother of our Sister Marie Alvarez; Mr. Justinien Coulombe, **Quebec**, father of our Sister St. Justinian; Mr. L. J. Laporte, **St. Jerome**, father of our Sister St. Genevieve; Mrs. Georges Bussieres, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister Marguerite Bourgeois; Mr. Ladislav Phaneuf, **La Presentation**, father of our Sister St. Ladislav; Mrs. J. B. Bruyere, **Riviere Rouge, Mich.**, sister of our Sister Mary of the Precious Blood; Mr. Bernard Sauve, **Montreal**, brother of our Sisters Therese d'Avila and St. Bernard; Mr. Stanislas St. Pierre, **Boucherville**, brother of our Sister Marie de la Sainte Famille; Mrs. Paul Richer, **Montreal**, sister of our Sister Martha of Jesus; Mr. Mario Lefebvre, **Westmount**, brother of our Sister Marie Micheline; Mrs. Blanche Wiggins, **Montreal**, sister of our late Sister Marie Philippe; Mrs. Arsene Blain, **Saint Aime de Richelieu**, sister of our Sister St. Elodie; Mr. Euclide Paquette, **Montreal**, father of our Sister St. Peter of Rome, novice; Mr. Edmund Larouche, **Bagotville**, father of our Sister Saint Noel Chabanel; Reverend Sister St. Florence, Daughters of the Sacred Heart, **Magog**, Sister of our Sister Philippe de Marie, novice; Mrs. Gaston Palardy, **Marlboro, Mass.**; Mrs. Hector J. Nadeau, **Lawrence, Mass.**, Miss Elizabeth C. Doyle, **Westmount**; Mrs. A. Ratcliffe, **Notre Dame de Grace**; Mr. William Wright, **Montreal**; Miss C. Murphy, **Ormstown, P.Q.**; Mrs. Lea Fournier, **Webster, Mass.**

CHRIST — BOND of UNION

Every age has been called a critical one by the men who lived; and with reason for there is no age that is not eternally decisive for millions of souls. The present age is doubly critical because it not only holds within his hands the immortal destiny of countless individuals, but also holds over the head of all humanity the threat of sudden destruction.

In His hands, Christ has the hope our bewildered age needs. He is the bond of union among men, the Head of the body, the First-born among many brothers. Bring Him the sighs, the aspirations, the efforts of all the struggling races of the earth and He will reconcile and unite them all in the great synthesis of brotherly love.

Most Rev. J. J. E. Walsh, M.M.

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, P.Q.
RIMOUSKI, 85 St. Germain Street, P.Q.
JOLIETTE, P.Q., 750 St. Louis Street.
QUEBEC, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.
VANCOUVER, Oriental Hospital, 236 Campbell St.
VANCOUVER, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital
3080 Prince Edward Street.
TROIS RIVIERES, P.Q., 1325 de la Terriere Street.
GRANBY, P.Q., 35 Dufferin Street.
GRANBY, P.Q., 279 Main Street.
CHICOUTIMI, P.Q., 766 Cenacle Street.
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, P.Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P.O., 430 Champlain Street.
PERTH, N.B., P.B. 259.
OTTAWA, Ont., 443 Gilmour Street.

UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, Mass., 207 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

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

FORMOSA

KUANHSI, Catholic Church, Hsinchu Hsien,
Taiwan.
SHIH KUANG TSE, Catholic Church,
Hsinchu Hsien, Taiwan.
TAIPEI, 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, 11, Pacdal, Mountain Province.

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti.
LES COTEAUX, Haiti.
ROCHE A BATEAU, Haiti.
PORT SALUT, Haiti.
CAMP PERRIN, Haiti.
MIREBALAIS, Haiti.
LIMBE, Haiti.
CAP HAITIEN, Haiti.
CHANTAL, Haiti.
TROU DU NORD, Haiti.
PORT AU PRINCE, cité No. 2.
DESCHAPPELLES, 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, Rumphu 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 107
Northern Rhodesia, B.C.
KANYANGA, P. O. Magodi
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.

MADAGASCAR

MORONDAVA, Madagascar.

