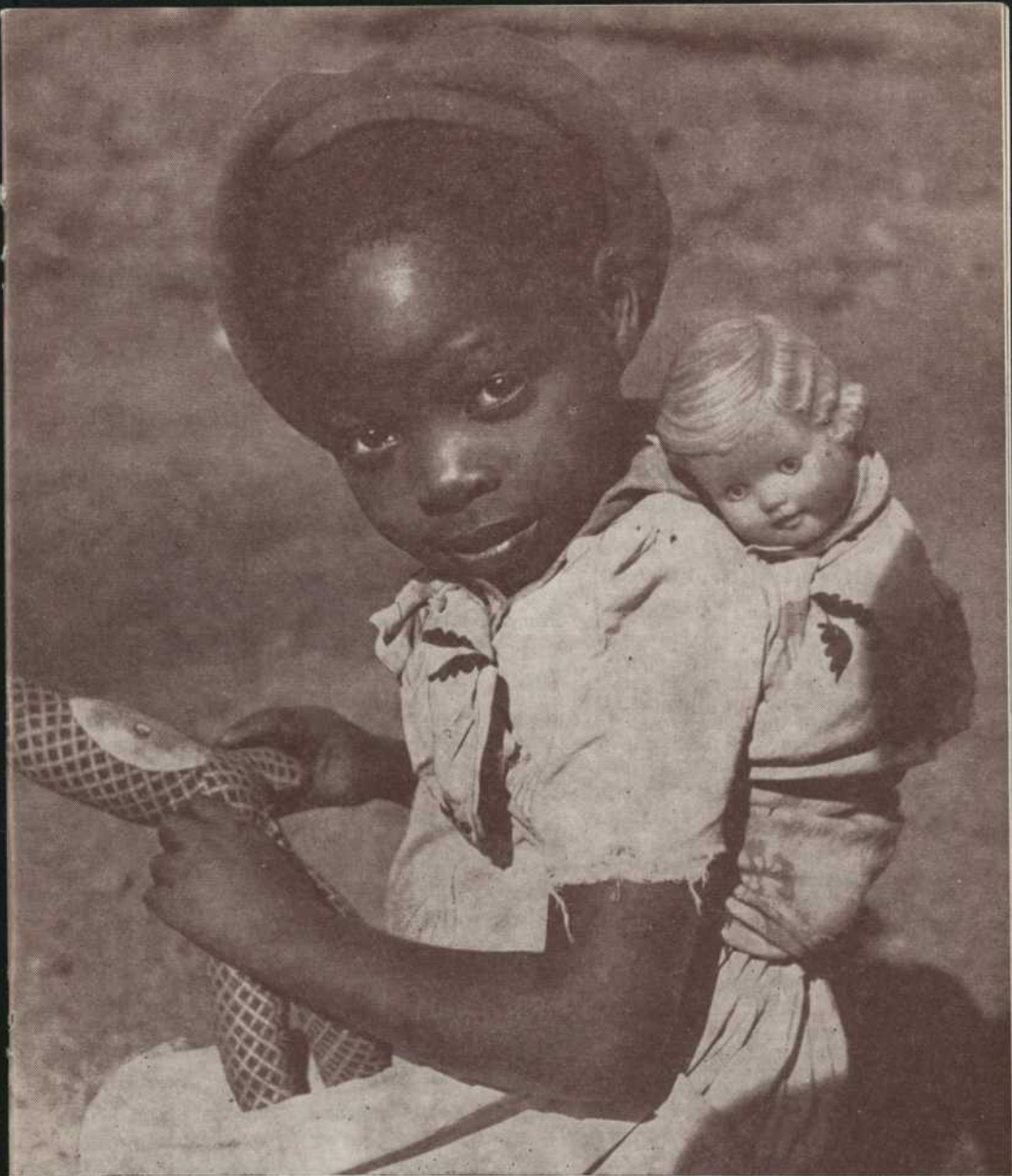




Vol. XXI, 35th year, No. 12 — November-December 1957 — Montreal

The Precursor

The Precursor

2900 St. CATHERINE ROAD — COTE DES NEIGES, MONTREAL (26)

Imprimatur: † Mgr Paul Touchette, P.A., V.G., November 19, 1956.

Nihil obstat: Oscar Gravel, ptre, May 5, 1957.

Vol. XX1, 35th year, No. 12

November-December 1957

MONTREAL

Bi-monthly review published
by the Missionary Sisters of
the Immaculate Conception.

IN THIS ISSUE

Yearly subscription ..\$1.00

Life subscription.....20.00

If you plan to change your
address, please do not forget
to write us in advance.
Send both the old and new
address. It will help the
Post Office, you, and us.

ADVANTAGES :

Subscribers share in the
prayers, works, and sacrifices
of all the Sisters of our
Society more especially of
those working in the mission
fields of the world.

Moreover, one Mass is
celebrated every week for
living subscribers. Another
is also offered for subscribers
who have passed away.

<i>El Sordo</i>	531
Sister Pauline Marie, M.I.C.	
<i>France's First Communion</i>	534
Sister Helen of the Sacred Heart, M.I.C.	
<i>They Rest In Honoured Glory</i>	536
<i>Round About Taipei</i>	540
Sister Marie Elmire, M.I.C.	
<i>Missionary Co-Operation</i>	544
Rev. Father Serge Seguin, O.M.I.	
<i>Grand Old Man of Africa</i>	547
Rev. P. Y. Cornye	
<i>Baguio</i>	552
Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, M.I.C.	
<i>Door to Door Market</i>	563
Sister Marie Theotime, M.I.C.	
<i>The Jeepney</i>	565
Sister Marie Lucy, M.I.C.	
<i>Madeleine Tchang</i>	569
Sister Marie Celine, M.I.C.	
<i>Karonga, First Company</i>	572
Sister St. Serge, M.I.C.	

Authorized as second
class mail, Post Office.
Department, Ottawa

Front cover:

Dolly rides pickaback in Northern Rhodesia.

*Back cover: Convalescents near the huts used
as hospital, Northern Nysaaland.*

El Sordo

Sister PAULINE MARIE¹, M.I.C.

Lately, I was made very happy through the materialization of one of my fondest dreams of apostolate. Circumstances being favourable, we Sisters were at long last able to inaugurate doctrine courses for the good folk of San Luis and El Sordo, two pueblos three quarters of an hour away from Mati, as the crow flies.

On our first regular trip, we got acquainted with what are perhaps the worst roads in the world. With a young lady as companion, I boarded the car (a 1914 model) placed at our disposal by the owners of Guipuzcoa Centrale. The chauffeur, a good-natured black, took ruts and gullies in his stride with gay abandon. At times we found ourselves rudely jolted from right to left or unceremoniously bounced up and down as if we rode on a choppy sea. As an offset, the scenery was magnificent. On every side unrolled immense fields of sugar cane from which emerged here and there small islands of elegant palm trees swaying in the breeze.

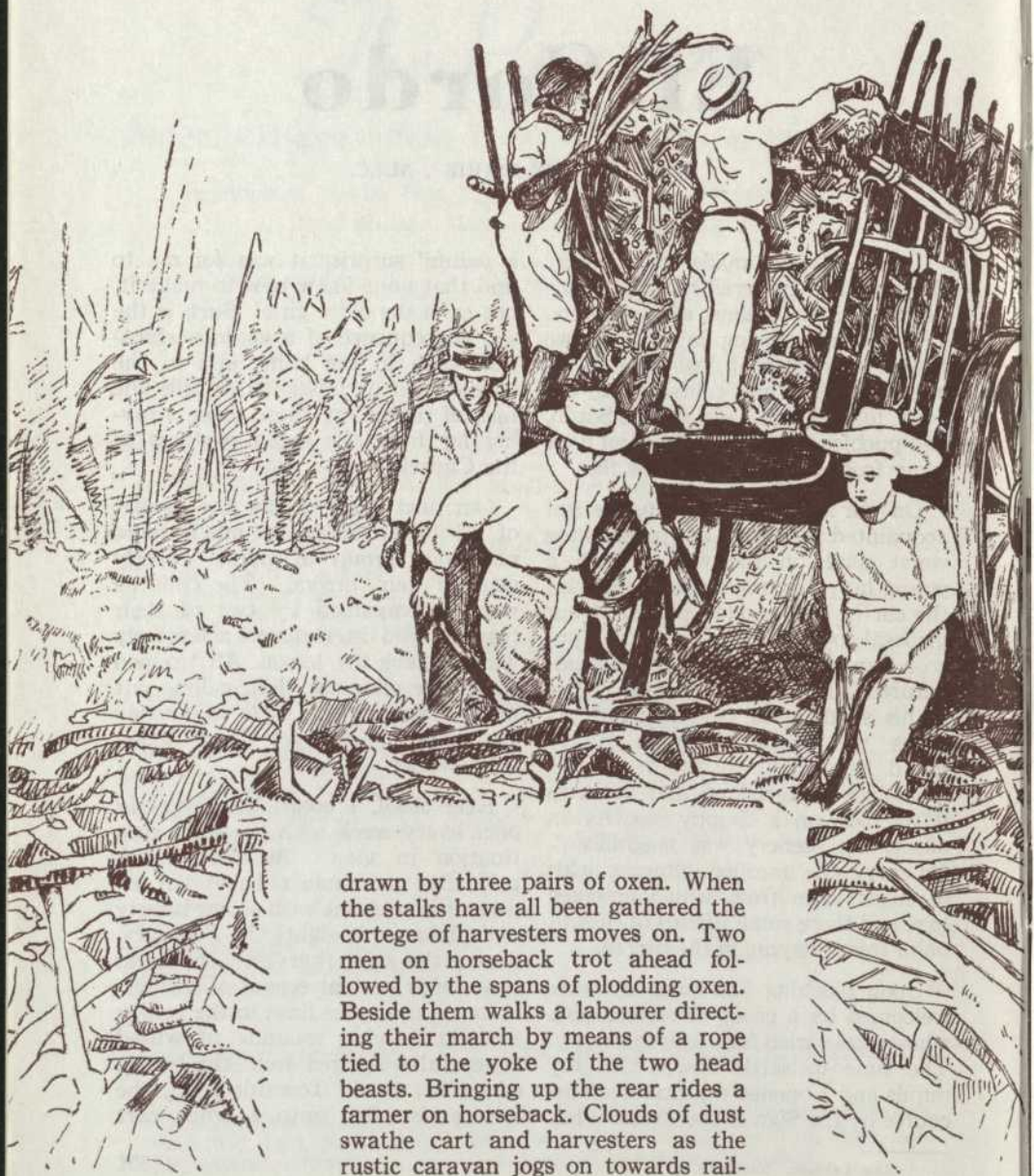
Upon reaching San Luis, we were welcomed by a group of sixteen girls whose ages varied from four to twenty. The time to settle down with my pupils and I opened my first doctrine course by the Sign of the Cross. What

a painful surprise it was for me to find that none knew how to make it, not even the older girls! Such is the sad consequence of a godless education both in the home and in the schools. To us missionaries falls the task of reclaiming these sheep straying far from the green pastures of the Church.

Our next stop was for the hamlet of El Sordo where a much more numerous group of pupils eagerly awaited our arrival. The children were accompanied by two of their teachers who listened most attentively while I gave my lesson. All tramped about the car as we left, calling out merry *Hasta luego hasta la semana que viene!* (Goodbye! Come again next week).

Ever since, I board the same car once every week with the same destination in view. As the seasons pass, the panorama changes but always it is rampant with serene beauty and picturesque sights. In February, during the *zafra* (harvest), the sugar cane fields present scenes of feverish activity; machetes flash in the golden sunlight leaving mounds of wilted cane stalks severed from the bosom of mother earth. Towards noon, the harvest is piled onto a crude cart

¹ Rita Leblanc, Jonquiere.

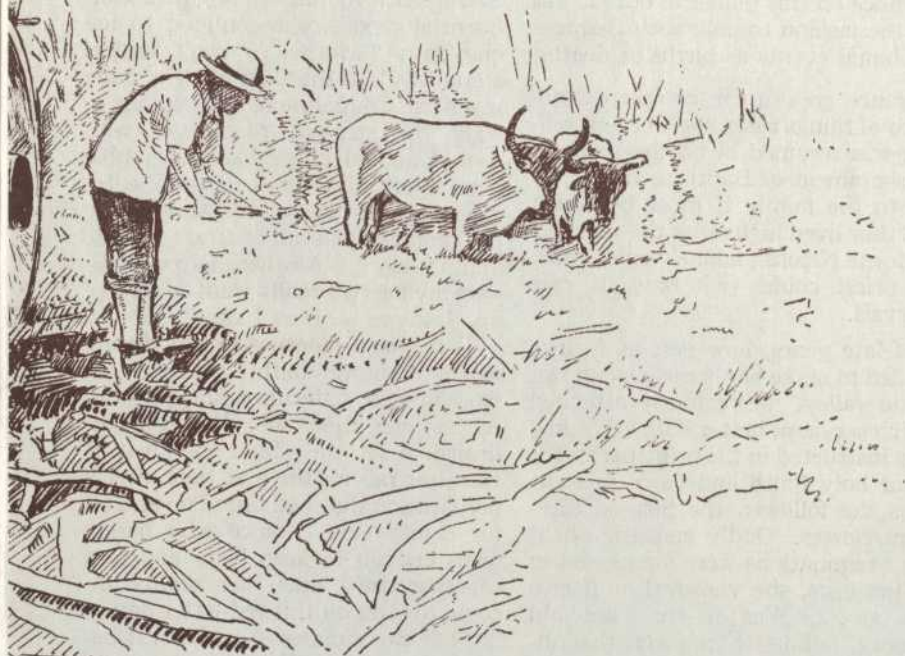


drawn by three pairs of oxen. When the stalks have all been gathered the cortege of harvesters moves on. Two men on horseback trot ahead followed by the spans of plodding oxen. Beside them walks a labourer directing their march by means of a rope tied to the yoke of the two head beasts. Bringing up the rear rides a farmer on horseback. Clouds of dust swathe cart and harvesters as the rustic caravan jogs on towards rail-

way wagons stationed at regular intervals to receive the contents of the loaded carts coming from the fields.

In my opinion El Sordo must resemble Palestine. On the plaza, in the centre of the town, is a large well where people come for refreshment in the tropical heat of the day. Horses and oxen are also led to it. While they drink their fill of the deliciously cold water, their masters loiter in

groups, exchanging news and impressions. But the divine Saviour is absent from the scene. No longer does He rest on the curb of our earthly wells as He did of yore when He walked the dusty roads of Judea. On us, his humble missionaries, He now relies to reveal the waters that flow from heavenly wellsprings, the only water that can quench the thirst of human souls. Who would not envy



such a noble mission? If the ardent youth of my homeland could but know its worth, they would want like Christ to devote the best years of their life to the things that are of the Father's business.

France's First Communion

Sister HELEN of the SACRED HEART¹, M.I.C.

Who is France? A white haired Haitian woman whose face is as puckered as a dried fig. Granny has only the vaguest notions regarding her age, for when she put in an appearance on this planet of ours it was not the fashion to note such frequent and banal events as births or deaths.

France grew up in complete ignorance of things religious. For her, religion was resumed in having received the sacrament of Baptism. In all justice to the family it must be added that they lived high up on the shoulder of Morne Nicolas, a lonely spot which the priest could visit only at rare intervals.

Of late years, however, as France decided to make her home lower down in the valley, she regularly attended church services; better still, she asked to be instructed in the principal truths of our holy Faith and twice in eight years she followed the Sisters' catechism classes. Oddly enough, whenever examinations were mentioned in her presence, she vanished as if into thin air... Was it that her old memory failing to register the answers she dreaded the humiliation of failure? Or perhaps, was she loathe to give up certain superstitious practices... The Lord alone really knows what went on then in the secret sanct-

uary of Granny's soul. Being all merciful He patiently bided His time.

In her twilight years France unaccountably became famished for the Bread of life, Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament. In one of her rare confidential moods, she confided to me one day: "Mother, I can't understand why it is that I've not yet made my First Communion. I'm willing to walk the straight road, else why should an old crone like me hobble here every day to learn the catechism? You know it's no picnic packing my head full of strange words and phrases... Mother, help me prepare my heart. I really want to receive my Jesus as soon as I can."

Three more months went by during which Granny faithfully kept on studying the catechism and prayers. At last she knew enough to be confirmed. A few days later she knelt at the altar rail for the first time after a preparation that had lasted on and off for eight years. France who barely owns enough to keep body and soul together drew upon her scanty income to offer on this red-letter day of her life two candles to be burned before the altar. Was not this the widow's mite so highly praised by our Saviour? My old friend is happy and contented now that she has tasted the Food that gives life eternal.

¹ Helene Hetu, Montreal.

Sister Helen of the Sacred Heart smiles joyfully as she rides over the Haitian hills, bent on apostolic conquests.





HONG KONG

They Rest In Honoured Glory

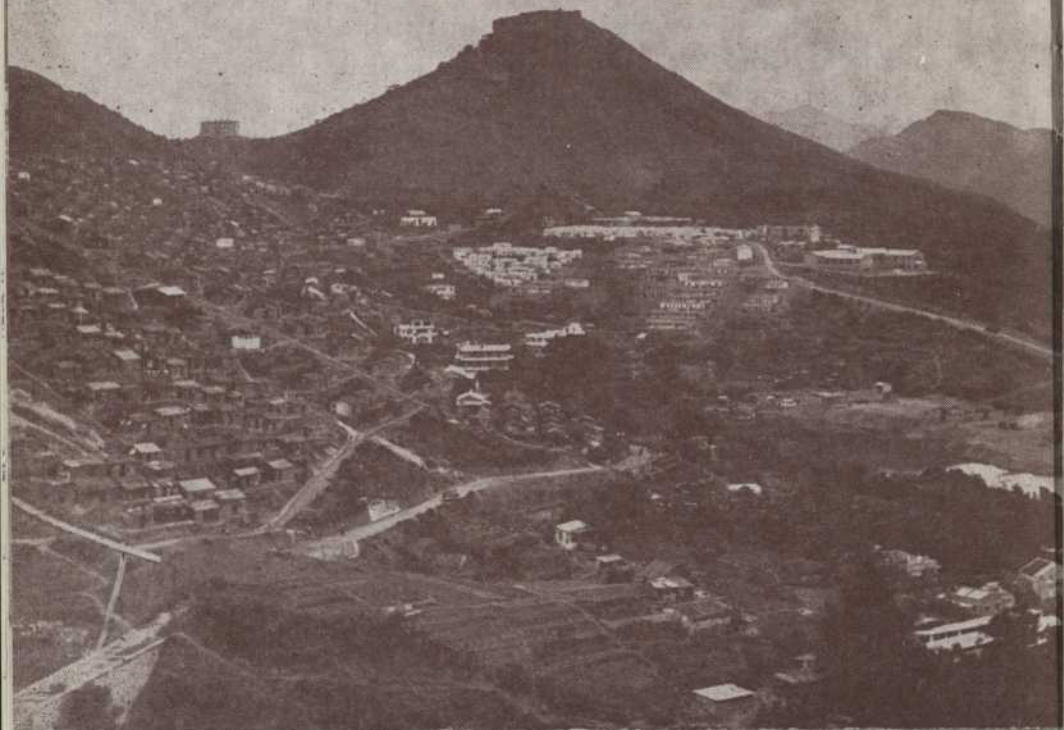
At Sei Wan, on the eastern side of the picturesque island of Hong Kong, in a serene beautiful spot sheltered by high mountains and sloping down to the seashore, lies the last resting place of hundreds of combatants fallen in 1941 during

the siege of Hong Kong by the Japanese.

As precisely as a regiment of soldiers marching on review, thousands of white stone crosses are aligned about a monumental cross also white. There rest these unfortunate victims of

Reverend Mothers Magdalen of the Sacred Heart, Superior General, and Julienne of the Blessed Sacrament, Councillor General, on official visitation of our missions in the Orient, pause in recollected prayer beside the graves of our glorious dead who lie in Sei Wan cemetery.





Refugee settlement at Tai Wan.

man's pride and hatred, mowed down in the flower of their brave manhood. All parts of the Commonwealth are represented by contingents of modest headstones grouped together, bearing their distinctive national emblems. On this field of honour numerous are the markers with maple leaves bearing inscribed underneath many a familiar French Canadian name. These youthful heroes of our own nation who were

nearly all cut off on the fateful Christmas 1941, far from their native land and their loved ones, have perhaps purchased by their sacrifice the peace and prosperity which Canada now enjoys. No Canadian who passes through Hong Kong can fail to visit this cemetery to deposit on their tombs a tribute of fervent prayers and heartfelt homage.

Nearby, other exiles have gathered, the poor Chinese fleeing from the

Communist zone. The slopes of neighbouring mountains are dotted with buildings which the government is erecting to house these unfortunates and with the shacks refugees have put up with their own hands.

To these also who suffer from hunger and cold, far from their homes, our charity must offer a warm sympathy and practical help in their destitution.



Round About Taipei

Sister MARIE ELMIRE¹, M.I.C.

Ever since our arrival here some months ago we had been wanting to visit the picturesque pagan cemetery

laid out on the mountainside. A good occasion to do so presenting itself during the afternoon of All Saints'

¹ Jeanne d'Arc Allary, St. Melanie of Joliette.





The "brook goes on forever"
obliging all and sundry.

day, out we sallied, Sisters St. Rose ¹, St. Angela ², and I.

Three white-clad Sisters on the Taipei streets — what a sensation! We soon found ourselves surrounded by curious Formosans eager to examine our strange garb and to sample our Mandarin. We were overjoyed to get acquainted with these people of our Promised Land.

After crossing the market place we came to a stream on whose banks housewives were busying themselves with the family wash. No modern

gadget had they to lighten their task! A piece of soap was their one and only accessory. Close by crouched other women cleaning vegetables for the meal. Undisturbed, flocks of geese sailed past this combination laundry and scullery. Farther downstream a young girl stepped into the water with her wooden clogs on to refresh her tired feet before going her way. And the brook graciously continued to oblige all and sundry.

Outside the city limits we noticed large airy bamboo baskets set upside

¹ Jeanne Sanschagrin, Charlesbourg.

² Gabrielle Drouin, d'Inverness.



Chinese mausoleum.

down in front of each house. At first we wondered what could their utility be. On nearer inspection we found that they were chicken coops. Underneath one, a chirping brood of chicks milled about a mother hen; beneath another, disported a bevy of downy ducklings. What ingenious, practical people these Chinese are!

Upon reaching destination we presented our request to visit the graveyard to two armed soldiers standing guard before the cemetery gates and were assigned a guide. We really

needed one to take us through a veritable forest of memorials to the dead. Most of these headstones resemble small chapels adorned with curious architectural designs and pierced on either side to provide airing for the spirits of the dead. Coffins here are not buried but simply laid on the floor of the monuments. Upon the elaborate doors, epitaphs are carved; in front, are placed copper urns which serve to burn the paper money destined to defray the deceased person's expenses in the nether

world. As we examined the quaintly carved monuments we came across a mourner carrying incense and a basket of food which he deposited beside the last resting place of his dear ones.

Many Chinese have their funeral monuments erected while they are yet living. Taipei's city of the dead is indeed a beautiful spot with its multicoloured flowers and its tall shady trees. A flight of stone stairs leads to an elegant pagoda posed airily over one of the most splendid mausoleums. Another magnificent monument marks the grave of Tchang Kai Che's daughter-in-law.

Nowhere in this pagan cemetery the blessed symbol of our redemption

is to be seen. Nevertheless, is not the reverential cult paid by the Chinese to their dead a proof that they firmly believe in the immortality of the soul?

Slowly making our way down the steep mountainside, we admired the amber sea of ripening rice rippling in the tranquil lowland below. From these earthy harvest fields our thoughts turned to the fields of soul harvests white unto the garnering but where the apostolic labourers are alas so few. How good God has been to choose us His humble children for such a sublime work! May the Master Missioner heed our fervent prayer for numerous vocations to the apostolate.

THE LEGION OF MARY IN JAPAN

The birth of the Legion of Mary in the Land of the Rising Sun may be traced to the kindness of Cardinal Gilroy and the Hierarchy of Australia who generously loaned fourteen of their young priests to Japan when this country was sorely in need of missionaries. The Legion was inaugurated in the Nagasaki diocese by one of the fourteen in 1948. Other members of this apostolic band followed suit establishing *Præsidia* in three other key dioceses: Yokohama, Fukuoka and Osaka.

MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

DECEMBER: The refugees of the Extreme Orient who have fled communist domination.

NOVEMBER: The development of missionary vocations among the youth of the Philippines.

Missionary Co-Operation

... Little did I think when, as a child, I corresponded with Reverend H.P. Dionne, founder of this missionary organization, missioned in the Canadian Far North, that I would one day benefit by the aid of *Aide Intellectuelle Missionnaire* in my own mission country. What a touching exchange!

(Sister Marie Pia, M.I.C., P.I.)

Rev. Father Serge Seguin, O.M.I.

Providence often makes good such exchanges, as unexpected as they are beneficial, to those who give gratuitously and without stint. And if

their reward is not always tangible does it not gain by being more profound?

The following paragraphs present a thumbnail sketch of a missionary organization which for five and twenty years has been effecting splendid "exchanges".

FUTURE MISSIONARIES INITIATE THE WORK

In 1932, Oblate students at Ottawa's St. Joseph Scholasticate founded an original library with the aim of furnishing missionaries with sorely needed books — this free of charge. That very year they succeeded in setting up a modest unit which allowed them to send to the missions



Rev. Father H. P. Dionne,
O.M.I.

about six hundred volumes. *L'Aide Intellectuelle Missionnaire*, A.I.M., was launched.

REACTION OF MISSIONARIES AFIELD

The organizers themselves were to reap the benefits of the work they had initiated. Rev. H. P. Dionne, O.M.I., assigned to the missions of the Arctic (he was drowned in this region while on a mission trip in 1949) and Rev. J. L. Benoit missioned in South Africa were happy to receive several

parcels of books from A.I.M. Great was their joy to learn of the progress realized by their foundation, for hundreds of other missionaries were also helped in their apostolate among the non-Christians.

BOOKS! BOOKS! BOOKS!

To convince you of this pressing need for books on the missions here are a few excerpts from the letters of missionaries:

It often happens that the Brothers have to use the same books over and over

Boarders at Katete Boarding School, Northern Nyasaland.



again for their spiritual reading because they have so few.

Rev. P. Langlois, O.M.I., Labrador.

The shelves of our community library are almost bare. Because of this our Fathers find it very difficult to prepare their sermons, to solve social problems, etc. I would be grateful, were it possible Rev. Father...

Rev. Jeremie de la Croix, Carm. Prior,
Malabar, India

All the books sent by A.I.M. are put to good use whether in the primary school or in Junior High School.

Sister Claude de la Colombiere, m.i.c.
Africa.

THE WORK PROGRESSES

A.I.M. has been able to help hundreds of missionaries belonging to diverse congregations and nationalities. At present, ten Oblate students devote themselves to this enterprise while pursuing their studies. Although their work is forcibly restricted they succeed in distributing yearly over four thousand dollars' worth in books.

WHENCE COMES THE MONEY?

During the past twenty-five years, the wellsprings of generosity have never run dry. Seculars, religious communities, pastors, assistants, colleges, companies have contributed used volumes, new books, old stamps, or money wherewith to buy books.

FRIENDS OF A.I.M.

These are the real supporters of the work. A.I.M. is merely the centre from which books are forwarded to the missionaries in direst need. In their name A.I.M. gratefully thanks all its friends old and... new.

There are three means of co-operation with A.I.M.

Sending used book on spirituality, theology, philosophy, sciences, missals, dictionaries, etc.

Old stamps, Canadian or foreign.

Money to buy books.

IN EXCHANGE

To its friends and collaborators A.I.M. has nothing to offer in exchange other than participation in the merits and joys of missionaries.

How comforting it is for a missionary Sister to be able to enjoy good reading; on such occasions it seems that we are near our homeland and our dear ones. Books bring us needed relaxation and encouragement in our apostolate among the Blacks.

Sister St. Yvette, M.I.C.,
Karonga, Nyasaland.

Missionaries everywhere keep their benefactors in grateful remembrance and many assure them of a share in their prayers.

Please do not forget to tell the generous donors that I pray for all those who participate in this useful work. The reviews and the books received particularly the two missals and my breviary remind me of your generous mission-mindedness.

P. A. Blais, O.M.I., South Africa.

— * * * —

We must be of the house and family of Mary, not like a beggar who comes to her door to ask for just enough food or alms to tide him over for the rest of the day, but like a child who belongs there, and can count not on her charity and means, but on her motherhood.

Grand Old Man of Africa

by Rev. Y. Kornke,
Luxembourg.

GREAT PHYSICIAN

Ten decorations lay pinned across the breast of this aged hero when he was escorted to his last resting place by the Bishop and the Vicar General of Karema Diocese, April 26, 1956. A short time before his death, France had created him member of its Legion of Honour. Adrian Atiman to whom Belgian and British alike rendered homage was born in the French colonial empire. When? He himself was not sure of the date but it probably was in the year 1865. Djiondi, his father, was manager on the sugar cane plantations of Tindevua beside the banks of the Niger, in French Sudan; Tendmussa, his mother, was housekeeper for her husband's employer. Their son Atiman or Athman



would probably never have become a physician or have penetrated to the heart of the African continent had he not been kidnapped by a band of ferocious Tuaregs who dragged him off to Timbuctoo. What hard luck the unfortunate lad was to experience! Within a single year he knew four different slave masters. The last one who acquired Atiman took him to Elgoleah where in turn he sold him to a Moslem leaving for Methili. It was at this last post that Father Duguerry,

a White Father, noticed the boy who by then was in a pitiable condition, and offered to pay his ransom.

Atiman thought he must have landed in paradise when his benefactor enrolled him as a pupil at St. Eugene School, near Algiers. He was not slow in learning how to read and write; later, in Tunis, he was given doctrine lessons. When, in 1881, Cardinal Lavigerie founded in Malta the institute for the formation of African doctor-catechists, Atiman was among the sixteen students chosen to pursue medical studies. After six years spent in Malta, towards the middle of June 1888, he found himself assigned as companion to the first group of missionaries leaving for Lake Tanganyika.

Doctor Adrian worked with such skill and devotedness that he soon earned the affectionate confidence of people throughout Central Africa. His expert care of Belgian wounded soldiers won him, in grateful homage, three decorations from the Belgian government. On the occasion of the Golden Wedding anniversary of King George V and Queen Mary, the British government honoured him by the presentation of the commemorative medal. Again he received similar honour upon the coronation of Queen Elizabeth II. On February 22, he was awarded the Welcome Medal presented by the Royal African Society for distinguished service to suffering humanity, distinction which is conferred but once yearly. Doctor Adrian was the thirteenth recipient and the first African to receive the award since its institution. Doctor Albert Schweitzer, the last recipient, was awarded this medal in 1952.

When, in the discharge of his medical functions, Doctor Atiman boarded

the "Tanganyika", a steamer of the British colonial government, he was not unaware that all the passengers were eager to catch a glimpse of him or to take his photograph. He, nevertheless, never displayed his numerous decorations. Like a true North African he dressed in a simple white duck blouse and breeches, and wore a tasselled fez.

FERVENT CHRISTIAN

Pope Leo XIII sent Doctor Atiman the medal *Pro Ecclesia et Pontifice*; Pope Pius XI awarded him the medal *Beni Merenti*; Pope Pius XII named him Commander of the Order of St. Sylvester. Endowed with a positive Christian spirit, the African doctor remained more or less indifferent regarding honours conferred on him by colonial governments. I happened to be one of the assistants at the colourful ceremony marking the reception of his second English decoration. As I afterwards accompanied him to the boat landing, he remarked in all sincerity, "I wish I had been given a few shillings for our hospital instead of this medal".

Pontifical favours, however, found him as delighted as a child. He rejoiced not because they proved that his share in the expansion of the Church in Africa was duly recognized by the ecclesiastical hierarchy, but because they were gifts from his spiritual father whom he revered with all his heart. Truly edifying and deeply touching were his love and veneration for the Vicar of Christ upon earth. Baptism had transformed this child of the desert into a loyal and obedient son of the Church. How ardently he had desired to be baptized! No sooner

did he become acquainted with things Catholic as a lad of thirteen than he kept on pleading, "Father, please baptize me." When the missionary Father queried, "Why do you keep insisting to be baptized?" he replied, "Because I do not want to be a child of the devil. It is hard to be good when one has not been washed in the blessed waters." When, at last, he was made a child of God on July 12, 1882, by Cardinal Lavigerie himself, he exclaimed, "O the goodness and mercy of God! He took pity on me when I was sold as a slave to the Arabs." Adrian could never forget those tragic events when, as a boy of eight or nine, he had been snatched from his parents and carried off to Timbuctoo. His third master had sold him to a Moslem for a bar of salt, one yard long, and three bags of cauris (4,500 cauris were then worth 5 French francs). That same day the Moslem left famed Timbuctoo with his human herd of five hundred slaves framed by an armed escort of thirty Arab warriors. The wiry little slave boy was to help carry up north ivory, ostrich feathers, rubber, and gold. What a harrowing trek this was across the burning desert sands! To keep his porters from dropping in their tracks, the slave master provided for their daily fare balls of sorgho dipped in water. But, oftener than not, there was absolutely nothing to drink. At times, a camel who had drunk his fill of water at the last oasis was butchered. The Tuaregs had beforehand taken the precaution of cutting off the poor beast's tongue that the water might be preserved inside its stomach without any mixture. Whenever the caravan came upon rare water holes, the precious liquid went first of all to the stronger and more aggressive. The

weak and the defenceless such as nine-year-old Adrian had no choice but to go on suffering from thirst. After a period of untold hardships the caravan reached a spot where there was sufficient water to allay everybody's thirst. A halt of three days was called. "This halt very nearly sealed my fate for the worse," Adrian later related. "My master possessed four miserable camels which were daily growing weaker and thinner. He, therefore decided to sell me and to buy a sturdy young camel in exchange. It did not take him long to clinch the bargain; a few more hours and I would have belonged to yet another master . . . But God had pity on the frail lonely boy that I was. That evening a more robust slave was bartered in my stead. Where would I now be if I had indeed been sold again? With what tenderness my heavenly Father watched over me! I did not then know how to pray, I did not even know I could hope for the joys of heaven . . . If I am a Christian today I owe it solely to God's merciful love."

This great mercy of the Lord, Doctor Atiman ever kept in grateful remembrance. Young medical student at Malta, practicing physician in the heart of Africa, husband and father, chief and catechist always he remained an unassuming yet shining model of virtue. His only son born of his union with Wansahira, daughter of the Sultan Chasa of Wabenbe in 1892, was ordained a priest in 1923, the first African priest of Tanganyika Vicariate. No wonder since his father was such a great and fervent Catholic.

GREAT MAN

The fact that Doctor Atiman married the non-Christian daughter of a

Sultan who belonged to the Wabende tribe, hostile to the missions, gives us an insight into the human greatness of this man. Marriage is always a personal affair. Karema's black doctor was big-hearted and strongwilled. He chose this lovely girl not merely for her exterior charms; he loved her immortal soul above all. Two years after their marriage, Wansahira was baptized a Catholic under the name of Agnes. It would have been surprising if differences of opinion had not occasionally arisen between this cultured man brought up in Christian traditions and his illiterate wife educated in a pagan milieu. Adrian's strength of character, his genuine spirit of Christian adaptation never allowed him to complain even in an indirect manner. Whenever the subject of his marriage with Wansahira was broached, he would remark with a radiant smile, "By this marriage it became possible for us to win to our dear Saviour all this region where before missionaries were not allowed to work."

Everyone who became acquainted with Doctor Atiman could not but admire his stout tenacity of will and his remarkable intelligence. His was a delightful personality such as is rarely found even among refined white people. Profound gratitude for benefits received and an extraordinary devotion to duty were his prominent characteristics.

Tempests often raged over the open bay of Karema, lashing the waves of Lake Tanganyika with such fury that not even the hardiest aborigines dared launch their canoes. But when there was question of duty, Doctor Atiman ignored impediments. As soon as he saw the steamer *Riamba* riding at anchor some 500 metres offshore, he

would compel anyone he found on shore with a boat to row him out to the waiting ship. As the colonial government provided him with a modest fee in return for his medical services to African travellers on board, the Doctor felt in conscience bound to make his customary inspection no matter how rough the crossing might prove.

In February 1889, the youthful medical missionary had just returned to mission headquarters from an arduous journey on foot between Mombasa and Karema. Bishop Bridoux, chief pastor of the Church in Tanganyika, called him to his office. "Doctor," he declared, "From now on you will remain stationed in Karema where you will be the physician of my missionaries and of my natives. If one or other becomes sick, you must try to effect a cure as soon as possible. I am sure I can rely on you never to spare neither your time nor your trouble in the service of the sick." How faithfully Doctor Atiman was to comply with this order until extreme old age!

No urging did he need to visit the poor Africans in their huts. Once his usual round of consultations given for the day and his surgical operations performed, armed with his medicine kit and a holy water bottle he would set out on foot in the direction of the bush villages. God alone knows how many thousands of his compatriots he restored not only to physical but also to spiritual health. "Above all I am a catechist," he was often heard to repeat. Many a time he introduced himself to European visitors as a medical catechist teaching the faith first of all, caring for bodies afterwards. His zeal at once discreet and ingenious knew no measure. If at any time a missionary fell a prey to sickness, the Bishop had

only to say, "At such and such a post I hear that a Father or Brother is sick." Straightway Doctor Adrian offered to go and nurse him back to health. We who have been the witnesses and the beneficiaries of his untiring devotedness towards ailing missionaries, could tell many a touching tale of the wonders wrought by his gentle and expert ministrations.

In August 1948, I was laid low by yet another attack of malaria. For a fortnight I tossed on a bed of pain, burned by a fever of over 41 degrees. At that time, the black doctor happened to be at a mission post 300 kilometres away whither he had gone at the Bishop's invitation, to share in the Golden Jubilee festivities of that particular station. No sooner was he told of my illness than he begged leave to be taken to my bedside. I can still see this eighty-year old doctor hovering over me with a mother's solicitude. After the nightly bouts of fever had abated, I coaxed him to retire to his own room for at least a few hour's rest. He reluctantly consented to do so. Before six the following morning, he was back in my room inquiring how I had passed the rest of the night.

Another beautiful trait of his character was his profound spirit of gratitude. When he was baptized in 1882, a highranking French lady became his godmother. Once in a while this kind friend sent the medical student some pocket money. Can you guess what Adrian did with these sums? He gave them to the superior as Mass stipends. When asked, "For whose intention do you want these Masses said?" he would invariably reply, "For my godmother's intentions."

Later in life, when government officials presented him with awards, he

would express his thanks in French stressing the fact that through this decoration homage was rendered to the White Fathers to whom after God he felt so deeply indebted. If at times he consented to wear these decorations it was only that he might thus honour their missionary society. To him, gratefulness for benefits received was so natural, that he was at a loss to understand how men could forget this duty. While stationed at Chala, I was one night awakened by an English official who wanted to know if medical care could be had at the mission for a European woman who had fallen sick while travelling through the bush. Doctor Atiman being just then visiting our outpost, I asked him to see what could be done. After examining the patient who had remained in the official's car, the Doctor took me aside: "Give this lady my bed. I know that you have only one guest room to offer . . . I can very well manage in one of the village huts," he urged. He took the best of care of the patient and did not leave her until a government car called to take her back to her own colony. As she bade us farewell, this woman thanked us missionaries for having succoured her in her distress; she did not address a single word of gratitude to the faithful black physician. When she had gone he gently remarked, "An African would never have acted thus."

Adrian Atiman knew what to expect from the world; he did not work to reap its gratitude. He had hinted where his desires lay when upon being baptized at Malta, he had exclaimed, "Now I possess the bracing hope of heaven." If any man has achieved that blessed goal Adrian Atiman certainly has.

CITY of BAGUIO



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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

To Filipinos as well as to foreigners living in the Philippines, Baguio evokes an oasis in a fiery land, an earthly paradise with clusters of cream, pink, and white houses set out on a lovely pine-clad plateau, high up in the quietude of the "everlasting hills". Situated at one hundred and sixty miles north of Manila, the city enjoys an agreeable temperature hovering between 64° and 68° the whole year round.

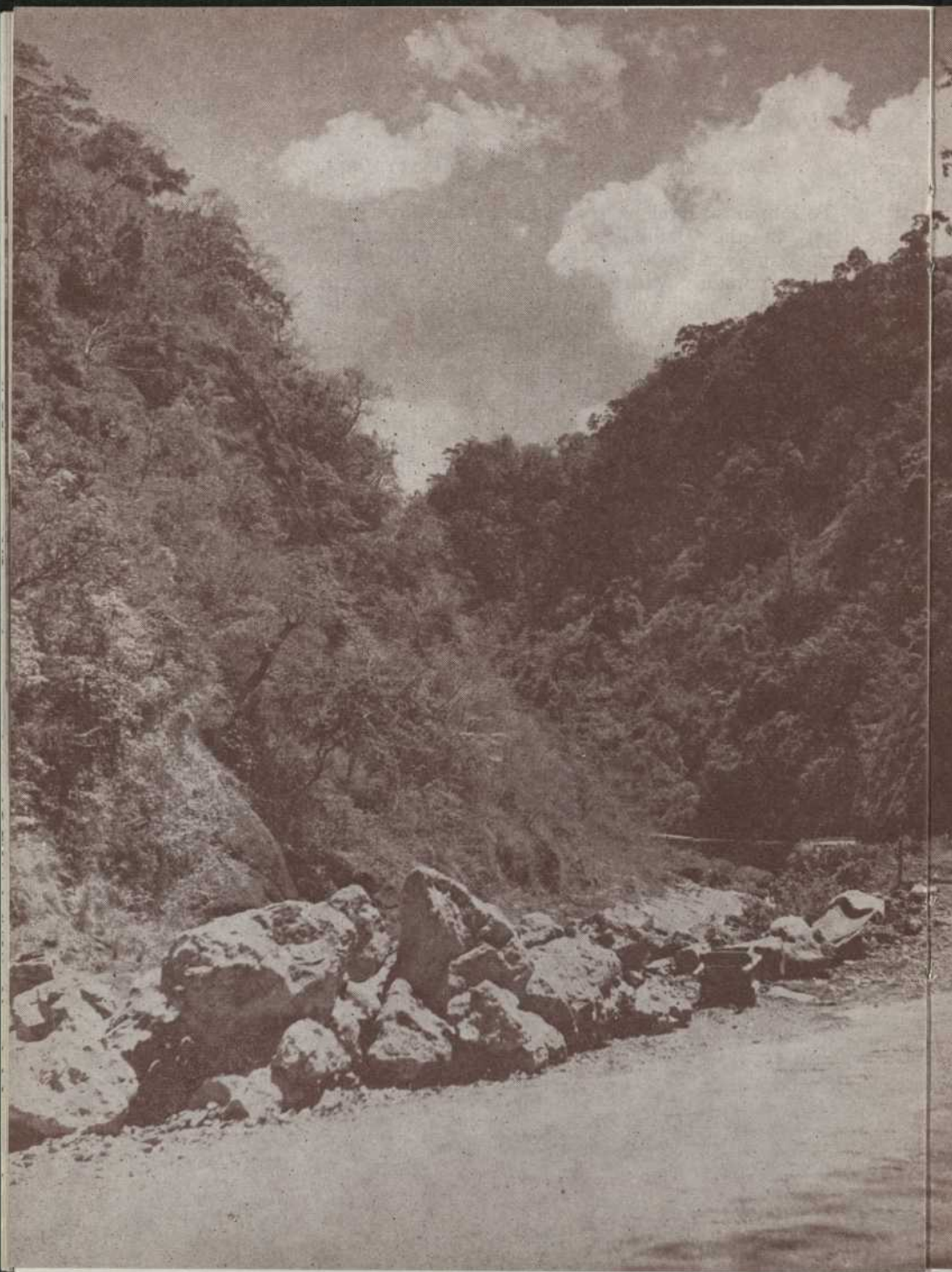
What a contrast with Manila! Such is the weltering heat in this latter city, that the traveller whisked here by plane from some cooler climate has

the impression of being catalputed into a furnace. Night and day rivulets of sweat trickle down your face and limbs, saturate your clothes, rob you of your vitality. Is it any wonder, then, that to escape for a while this stifling atmosphere, Filipinos should have chosen as their part-of-the-year capital, Baguio, where perennial spring holds sway?

A smooth asphalt route leads to this charming nook of the mountain province, in the heart of the rugged Cordillera. The road at first strolls through tranquil lowlands where rice paddies, vegetable gardens, or fields

¹ Rhea Allard, St. Elizabeth of Joliette.







The road skirts Benguet Mountains.

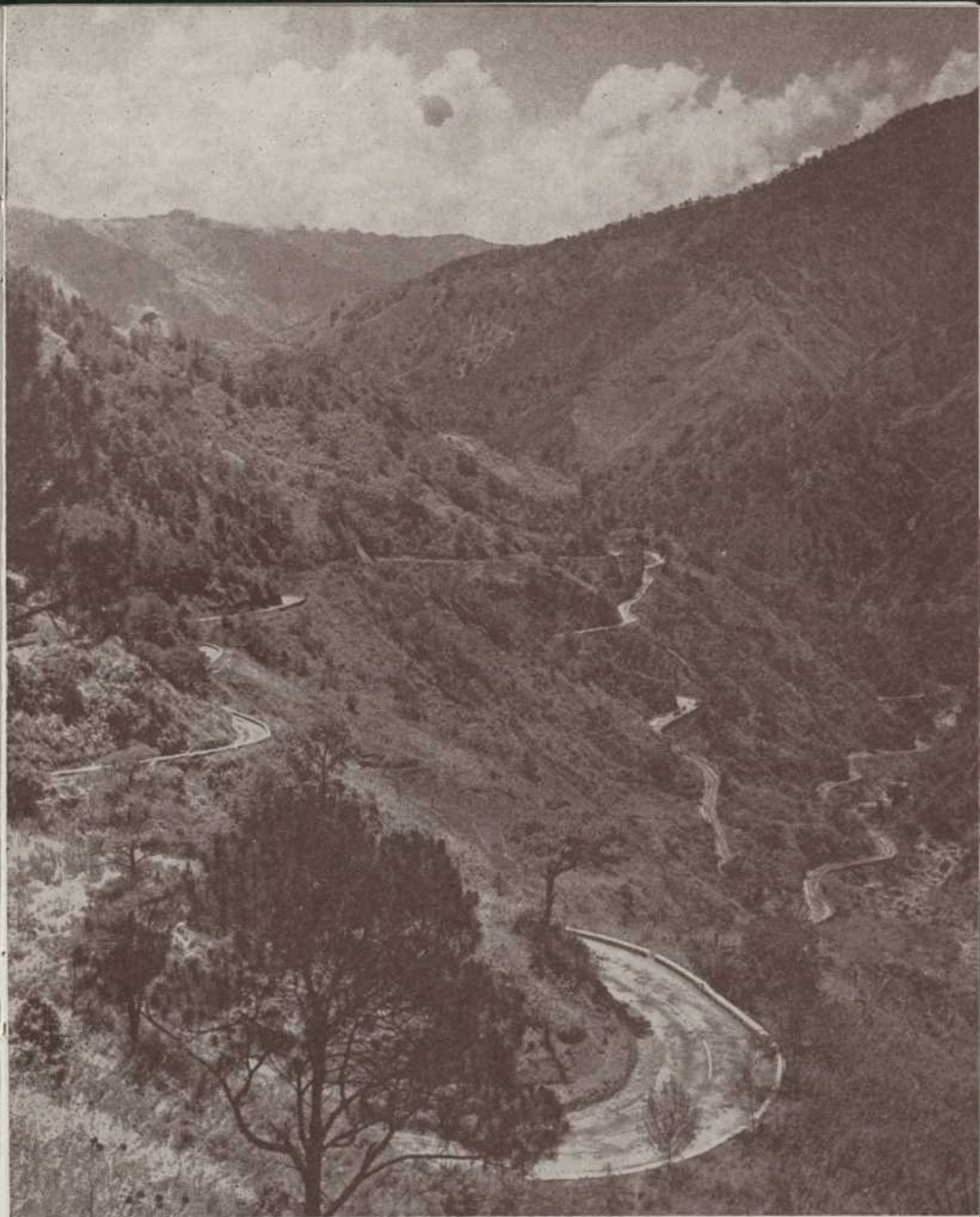
In his raincoat made of palm fibre
the Filipino farmer laughs at rainy days.





of sugar cane lie basking in the golden light. Farmers are at work, their heads entirely hidden beneath the shadow of broad homemade hats fashioned out of nipa fibre. The ubiquitous cara-

bao does duty as tractor. Both sides of the way are flanked by papayas, banana plants, cocoanut palms and, tall mango trees branches laden with luscious fruit.



Kennon Road laces the hillside.

Kennon Road has now reached the foothills and the most exciting part of our journey is about to begin. Across dangerous cliffs, over breathtaking chasms, up sharp hairpin and horse-shoe curves climbs our car guided by the steady hand of an expert driver. Remembering that "discretion is the better part of valour" we avoid glancing down canyons which yawn on every side; instead we let our eyes feast on the beauty of the deep blue sky flecked here and there by lazy little clouds of fleecy white. At a certain height, the chauffeur invites us to alight in order to admire Ken-

non Road's white ribbon unfolding below in six graceful loops from the top of the mountain right down into the valley below. All fears of accidents behind, we voice our admiration at the truly grandiose spectacle.

Baguio is near, no mistake about it, for over the invigorating breeze is wafted the pungent odor of pine trees for which the region is famous. Is not the summer capital itself at times called "city of the pines"?

We reach our convent at noon just in time for the daily shower when the sun takes its customary siesta. A few moments pass. The weather smiles





BAGUIO'S SUPERMARKET

again and will continue doing so until the following noon hour. In the sky of a deep cobalt blue, formations of cloud galleons pitch and roll. With the coming of the night myriads of stars twinkle overhead. It somehow seems as if a few stray ones got tangled in the branches of the pines transforming them into Christmas trees of molten silver.

One of the liveliest landmarks of this little dream city is its colourful

supermarket famous throughout the Far East. There is a touch of coquetry about the city houses and public buildings, for their walls are painted in light pastel shades of cream and pink while the roofs are a bright red.

On the summit of Dominican Hill stands in white splendour, a monastery of Dominican Friars. One may admire a superb monument of Our Lady of Fatima at the farther end of the well-kept, spacious grounds. The



Novitiate of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
BAGUIO.

Jesuit Fathers have rebuilt their famous Observatory of Manila on Mount Mirador at an altitude of 4,970 feet. On the summit, they have also erected a beautiful Lourdes Grotto reached by a stairway of two hundred and twenty-five steps.

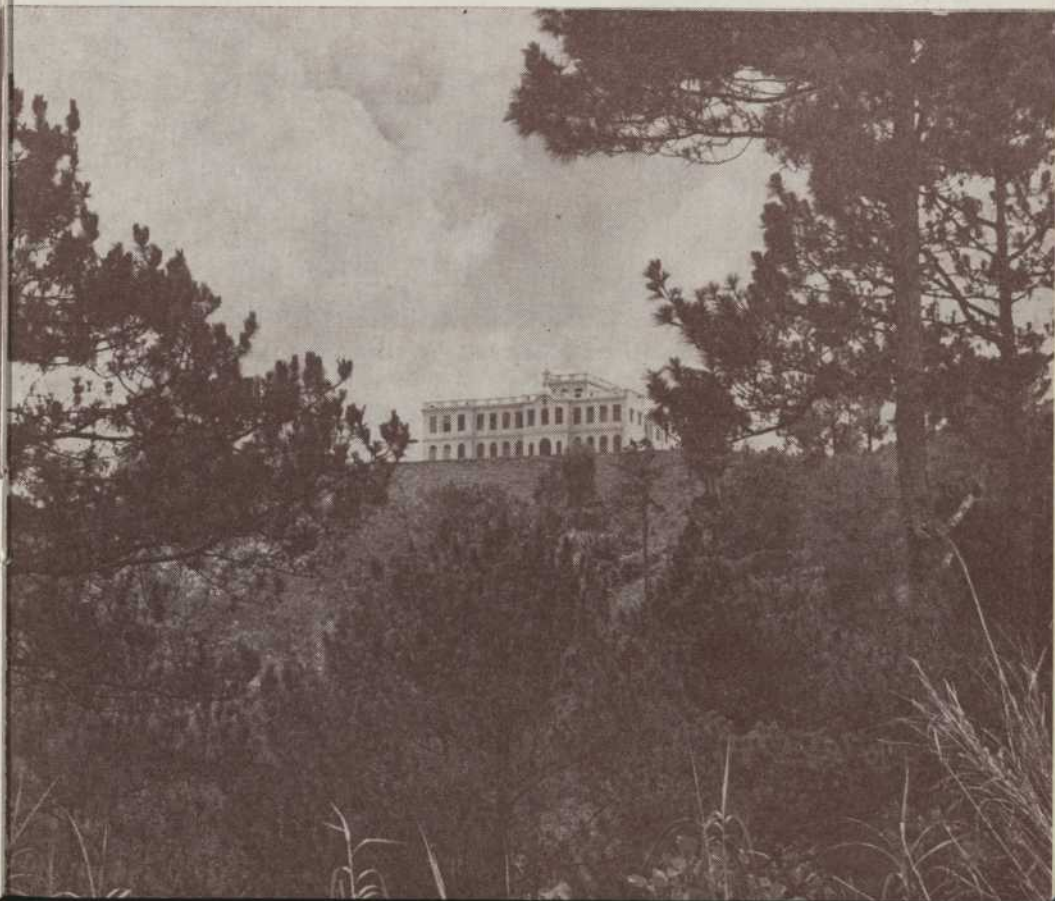
A little lower down is the convent of the Recollets, Pines Hotel, and the Cathedral all in delicate pastel tints. Mansion House, summer residence of the President of the Philippine Islands, is situated in an enchanting spot facing Wright Park. One can

catch a spectacular view of the Baguio Gold Mines and of the Benguet mountain range from Mines View Park. At Camp John Hay are the headquarters of the American Army; this modern establishment comprises among other buildings, a hospital, a chapel, a fire department, and an immense amphitheatre garden filled with flowers and shrubs of every kind.

Nearly every religious community

in Manila has a foothold in Baguio where ailing or exhausted subjects may be sent for recuperation. As many others we have established there a novitiate of our Society. This house opened in 1955, is tucked away like a swallow's nest on the shoulder of one of the highest peaks, at a short distance from the city proper. Hidden demurely behind clumps of tall pine trees, the novitiate house has a

On the summit of Dominican Hill the white splendour that is
the Monastery of Dominican Friars.





His Excellency the Right Reverend W. Brasseur, Vicar Apostolic of the Mountain Province, presides the first ceremony of investiture at our Baguio Novitiate.

pleasant appearance in its pearl grey toilette topped by a rose coloured roof. The rooms on the right are used by the professed Sisters while those extending on the left are reserved to the novices and the postulants. It gave me no slight pleasure to find that the interior of Baguio novitiate is a replica, on a small scale, of the Motherhouse at Cote des Neiges.

While on an official visitation of our missions in the Orient, last April,

Reverend Mother General had the joy of being present at the investiture ceremony of the first four novices of our Filipino novitiate. Since then five other aspirants have joined them in the City of the Pines. May Our Blessed Mother assure their perseverance and obtain that their number may constantly increase. These Filipino Sisters will bring priceless co-operation to our missionaries in the Philippines.

WAKAMATSU, JAPAN

Door to Door Market

Sister MARIE THEOTIME¹, M.I.C.

Every day, rain or shine, wearing a cheerful smile under her large mushroom shaped hat, the *yaoya san* (vegetable merchant) calls. In her primitive cart on two wheels vegetables of all sorts goodnaturedly

elbow one another. Lest they tumble out, the merchant carefully draws all about them a stout straw cord.

In the morning as soon as I hear the creaking of wheels over the bumpy country road back of our house, out I

¹ Simone Frigon, Cowansville.



saunter perched on my *geta* to buy what I need for the day. Besides nearly all the vegetables known in Canada, one finds in Japan crisp Chinese cabbage, enormous radishes called *daikon*, tender bamboo shoots, minute chrysanthemum flower heads used in the making of salads, lily bulbs, edible roots of lotus a yard long, hairy pods of the soya bean, ginger roots of a delicate coral pink . . .

Once I have made my choice, the *yaoyasan* weighs the whole, artistically arranges each vegetable to the best advantage in the flat bamboo basket I have brought, and accepts her due in money with a courtly bow. There

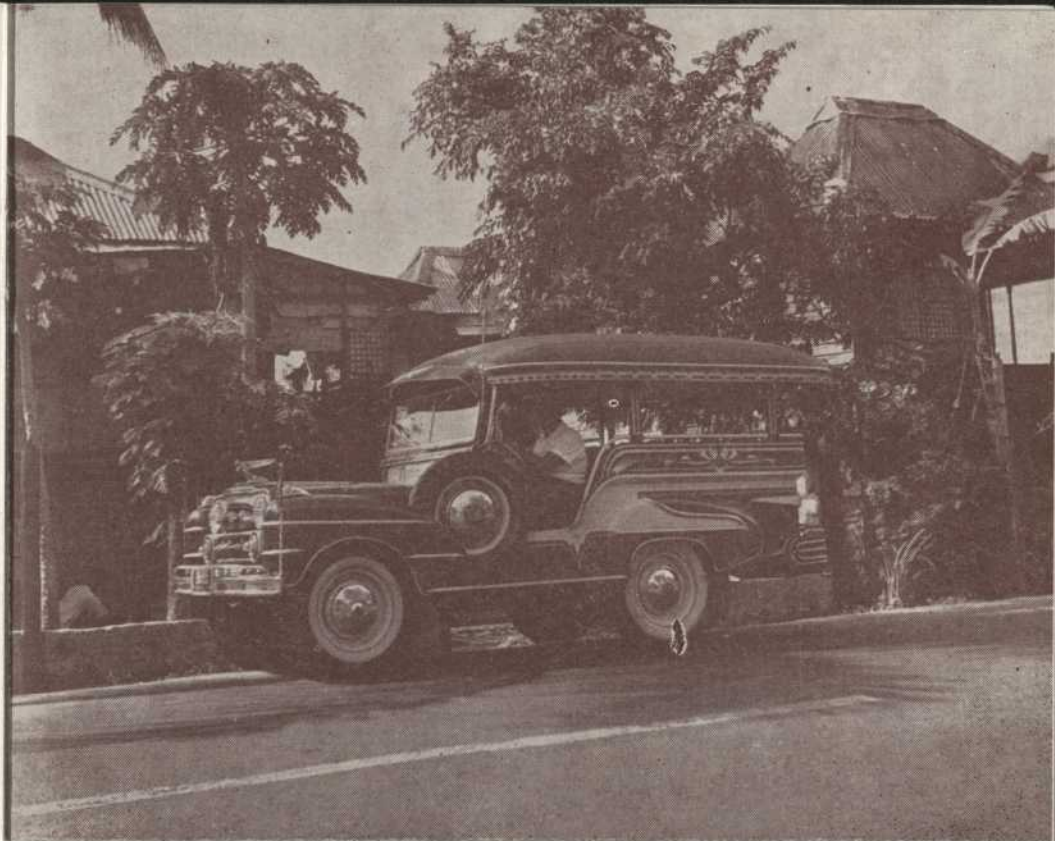
is no haggling over the prices which have been determined in advance by a *sodan* (conference) of farmers who assemble in Wakamatsu market and afterwards peddle their produce from one end of the city to the other.

This door-to-door market is doubly convenient as it is a time and money saver — media so precious to all but more especially to us missionaries whose apostolic ambitions are always exceeding the limits of both. Shall we show less diligence in procuring the coming of Christ's kingdom than our obliging *yaoya san* is selling her goods? Our goal is so utterly worthy of all possible efforts!

* ————— *

A Canticle to Children

- O all you Holy Innocents, bless the Lord;
praise and exalt Him above all forever.*
- O all you little children, bless the Lord and
ask your Guardian Angels to bless Him too.*
- O all you little white children of many
nations, bless the Lord.*
- O all you little Negro children, bless the Lord.*
- O all you little brown children of many
races, bless the Lord.*
- O all you little children, bless the Lord.*
- O all you little ones of red skin, bless the Lord.*
- O all you little ones of every race and
clime, bless the Lord.*



PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

The Jeepney

Sister MARIE LUCY¹, M.I.C.

On the occasion of a Congress attended by representatives from various countries, one of the officials who had had to ride in a jeepney thus expressed his opinion regarding this vehicle: "Once you have boarded a jeepney, close your eyes and expect the worst!"

This is scarcely calculated to reassure visitors who, one day or other, may find themselves under the necessity of using this conveyance, neither is it very flattering for the jeepney. Nothing daunted, the saucy little car ventures into the most fashionable quarters of Manila and sallies out

¹ Marguerite Gagnon, Quebec.



Calesas IN THE PHILIPPINES

even on the grand boulevard of Quezon City, the new capital.

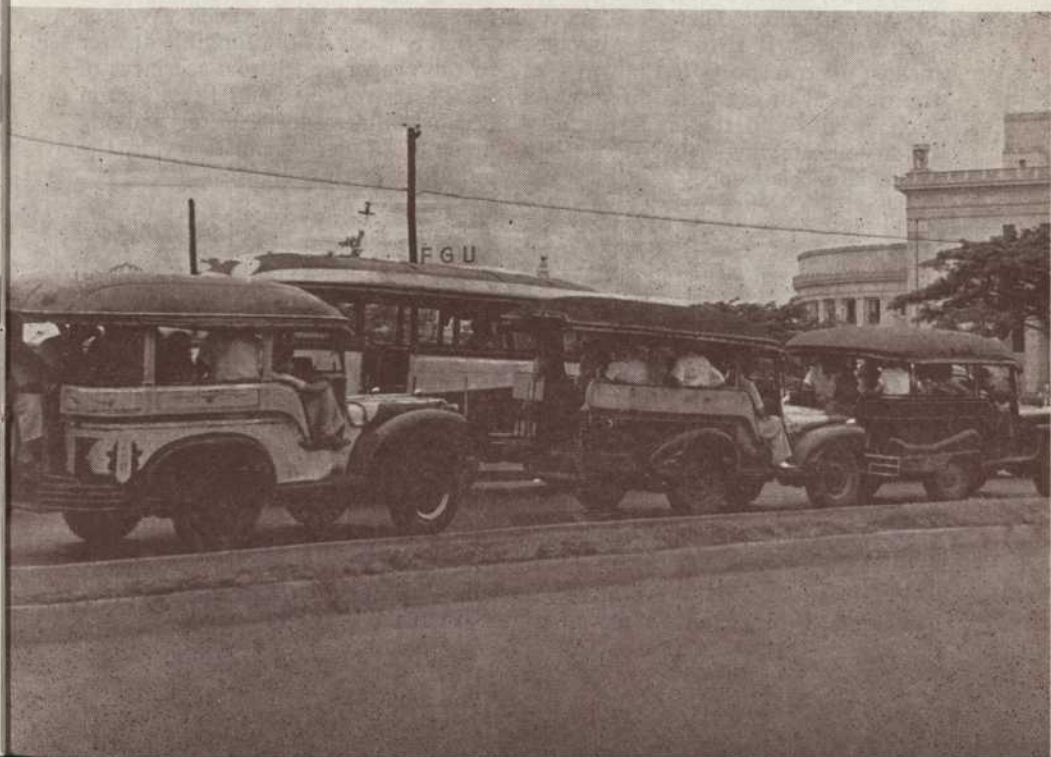
"But, what is a jeepney?" I hear you ask. Nothing other than the American war jeep which has doffed its 1945 military uniform for an up-to-date civilian outfit.

Painted in brilliant colours it is decorated with gay and original designs. A prosaic hood of sturdy brown material protects passengers from the ardours of the tropical sunshine, on the other hand it keeps them from enjoying the beautiful landscape or the typical street sights. Under the windshield a feminine name winks at you in gaudy lettering.

Behind are written smart little captions such as, "Don't Kiss Me." Inside you may find sentences like the following: "God bless you", "In God we trust!"; and in lighter vein "No time for love!" "You are always in my heart," etc... Over the flywheel, a picture or a small statue of Our Lady (usually Our Lady of Perpetual Help) is enconced, decked with flowers or perhaps adorned with a diminutive electric candle. Some jeepneys sport dainty silk curtains which flutter in the breeze.

A couple of passengers sit in front with the driver. In the rear are two

A few of the 28,000 jeepneys which dart in and out of Manila streets.



benches with plastic covers disposed sidewise where six persons may sit in comfort. This number, however, would not suffice for the driver to draw the maximum profit from his rounds. To lure a greater number of passengers, a young boy standing on the running board shouts the route to be followed: "Passay, Baclaran, Paranaque, Las Pinas, etc." The jeepney starts only when not another inch of space is available. Then, out it bolts; scattering startled groups of pedestrians; nosing its way between buses; darting among trucks, caleches, automobiles; taking bends at lightning speed; hurdling every obstacle, heedless of the heart quakes suffered by the occupants.

For a modest fee the jeepney will take you in whatever direction you wish to go, north, south, east or west. In Manila alone there are 28,000 such vehicles. It is the most popular means of transportation always at the disposal of even the poorest. As such, need I add that it is the missionary Sisters' favourite? While they appreciate the jeepney's utility, the

Sisters nevertheless wish at times that it might moderate its bolting and jolting; they would prefer being a few minutes late rather than be exposed to appear at St. Peter's gate in a cloud of dust to the accompaniment of clashing jeepneys.

Such is the Filipino chauffeur's ability, however, that accidents rarely occur. Might not this exceptional gift of his be regarded as the reward of his unfailing considerateness and charity? It is in fact an every day occurrence to see a chauffeur stop to help a companion who is having engine trouble or punctured tires. Never does he leave anyone in the lurch.

Whatever may be held up against the jeepney, we Sisters trustingly continue to use it in all our comings and goings. We like to consider this four-wheeled vehicle which saves us so many steps as the tangible answer to the prayer and heroic sacrifices of St. Therese of the Child Jesus who in her last illness insisted on walking in spite of her exhaustion for the intention of missionaries.



I WANT TO BE BAPTIZED

An old woman of Kiangsu saw herself deprived of all relief during a famine because the Communists knew she was a catechumen. Relatives and acquaintances urged her to stop taking doctrine lessons for a while in order to get desperately needed rations. She laughed their advice to scorn. "What a fool, you are," she was told. "Don't you know that all Catholics will be imprisoned and killed. Do you still want to be baptized?"

"Of course I do," she firmly replied. "Unless someone chops off my head first, I'm certainly resolved to get baptized."

Madeleine Tchang

Sister MARIE CELINE¹, M.I.C.

In the hamlet of Tch'ang Yuen Sien, in the province of Honan, the wealthy Catholic family Tchang Koan Ing was held in high esteem. One of the most cultured and influential men in this region, Mr. Tchang could easily have aspired to some important governmental post were it not that his wife preferred to see him remain simple village chief.

According to ancient Chinese customs, the Tchang family one day decided to affiance their eight-year-old daughter, Madeleine. What was not their indignant amazement to find the child rebellious for once to parental injunctions! Gently but firmly, she held her ground explaining that she had consecrated herself to the Blessed Mother and had promised to spend her life in her service.

Although good Catholics, the Tchangs could not reconcile themselves to this loss of face. To bring Madeleine around to their own views, they tried severity. She was forbidden to leave the house even to attend school; her books were taken away from her. But the worst trial for the little girl's loving heart was the coldness and severity of her beloved father towards her. Despairing of winning the family's approval, she

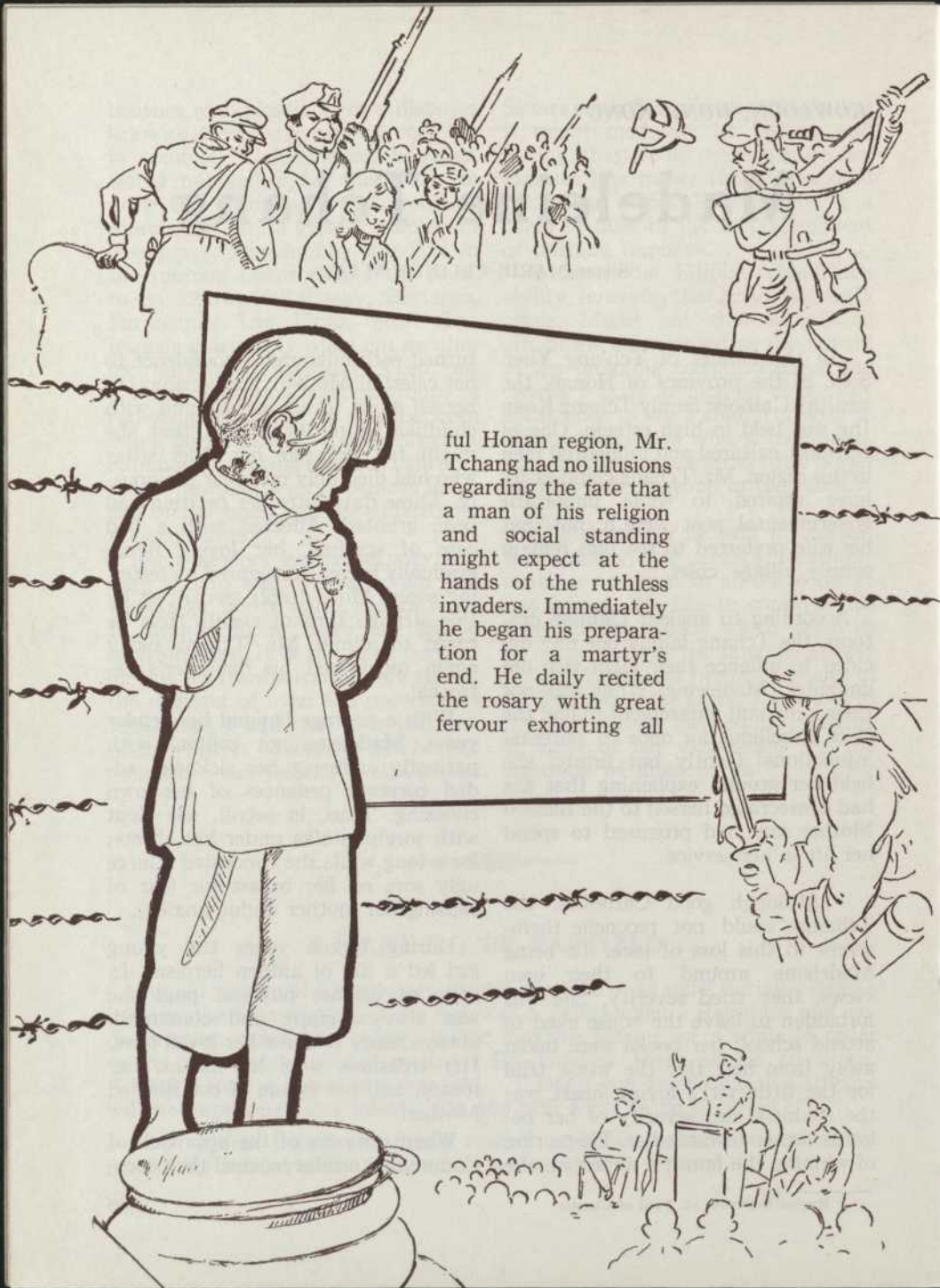
turned with unbounded confidence to her celestial Mother. She consecrated herself anew to her service and with childlike simplicity begged that she might fall sick like her older sister who had died only one year previously. Three days later her petition had been granted. Affected with a bad case of scrofula, her lovely figure gradually became disfigured by festering sores. More deeply perturbed by this strange turn of events than he cared to admit, Mr. Tchang never again mentioned his daughter's betrothal.

With a courage beyond her tender years, Madeleine not content with patiently enduring her sickness, added corporal penances of her own choosing. Thus, in secret, she slept with sorgho stalks under her sheets; for a long while she concealed a large ugly sore on her breast for fear of causing her mother undue anxiety.

During fifteen years the young girl led a life of hidden heroism. In spite of intense physical pain she was always happy and contented, always ready to cheer her loved ones. Her treasures were her books, her rosary, and her statue of the Blessed Mother.

When rumours of the approach of Communist armies reached the peace-

¹ Regina Beliveau, St. Paul of Chester.



ful Honan region, Mr. Tchang had no illusions regarding the fate that a man of his religion and social standing might expect at the hands of the ruthless invaders. Immediately he began his preparation for a martyr's end. He daily recited the rosary with great fervour exhorting all

the members of his family to remain true to their Faith even unto death.

The red tide at last overflowed into Tch'ang Yuen Sien. Mr. Tchang cautioned his dear ones: "When the Communists come to arrest me, let none among you sacrifice your lives for my sake. God will grant me sufficient strength to endure anything rather than deny Christ. Try to keep close together. May God bless and guard you every one." A few days later, ruffians kicked open the gates of the Tchang mansion, laid hands on the head of the family, and bound him hand and foot before the terrified gaze of his wife and children. The two older sons stepped forward as their father was being carried away to prison. "Father, we will follow you until the end," they bravely declared. All the victim's protestations were to no avail; they accompanied him to the execution grounds.

The Communists at first attempted by blandishments to obtain the defection of these three Christians. Calmly and resolutely repulsed they resorted to torture under which died the youngest son without uttering a single murmur. Seeing that he also was about to die, the oldest son pleaded that a missionary be brought to give him a last absolution. His wife, present at this gruesome scene, while reminding him that what he asked was, alas, impossible, urged him to make an act of perfect contrition and to throw himself entirely upon the mercy of his heavenly Father. These gentle words of encouragement brought peace to the condemned man who from then onward kept a reverent silence until his last moment. The unfortunate father was executed only after twenty days

of terrible suffering. What had, meantime, become of Madeleine and her mother? After having heaped annoyances and indignities of all sorts upon them, the Reds had finally compelled them to attend courses in Marxist indoctrination. Mrs. Tchang and other members of the household were fortunately dismissed at the close of the first few sessions, all except Madeleine. She was picked out for more intensive classes in the doctrine of subversion. For three whole months, the youthful heroine endured hunger, beatings, moral torture even harder to bear than physical mistreatment. The Communists were doing all in their power to break her spirit and force her to apostatize. A Hungarian Jesuit of her acquaintances learning that her name was on the black list, at length succeeded in liberating her against a heavy ransom.

No sooner did she find herself free than Madeleine felt the desire of embracing the religious life. Had not her sickness been cured in some mysterious way while she underwent barbarous treatment in prison? She pondered the matter over for a while, then resolved to flee to Hong Kong where she might realize her project. She left secretly so as not to alarm her mother who had undergone such cruel trials.

It took the girl many a weary day and night on the roads but at last her hazardous journey brought her to Kowloon and freedom. We met her there one day and brought her to our convent while she awaited admission to the cloister. There remain more than one obstacle to hurdle before her blessed dreams can come true but Madeleine has unshakable trust in Our Lady, the lodestar that has guided her throughout her short life.

Karonga First Company

Sister St. SERGE¹, M.I.C.

Enshrined among my fondest memories is the day when the first group among my African pupils made their Guide promise. The voice of the Captain rang out firm and clear: "Who goes there?" a chorus of fresh girlish voices gave the proud reply, "We're the Girl Guides." All these girls had been eagerly looking forward to their reception into the world-wide sisterhood which owes its foundation to the late Sir Baden Powell. With his customary kindness, Right Reverend Msgr. J. M. St. Denis, P.A. then on a visit to Karonga, deigned to preside the simple but impressive ceremony. For us, missionary Sisters, this was the crowning event of long months of arduous endeavour. Experience has proved that the Guide movement rightly understood can become a precious means of apostolate. Has it not the merit of infusing into the heart of young people the sound principles of charity and self-denial which prepare the way for Christian living?

Guide beginnings in Karonga were ultra modest. About one year ago,

Sister St. Alberte², promoter of the movement in our African missions, visited St. Mary's School; she gave our girls a convincing talk about the advantages to be derived from this kind of training. Sister gone, it was left for us to fan the flame of enthusiasm. A choice was made among the pupils better qualified to respond to the Guide ideal, for if in general black girls are enchanted with the wearing of the uniform and the participation in parades they are less so with the keeping of the precepts and discipline. Not easily do they surrender to a rule. Being non-Christians as yet they have no idea of the joy that may be found in the loyal service of Jesus the divine Leader or in that of Our Lady of the Way. A good deal of work remains to be accomplished before any notable and lasting effects are obtained.

The Guide must always "be prepared": prepared to serve others upon rising in the morning; during meals; after work in the garden; even late in the evening hours. This is nothing

¹ Jeanne d'Arc Corriveau, St. Sebastien of Iberville.

² Gabrielle Saucier, Montreal.

short of heroic for primitive independent natures.

The Guide must be loyal. Our aspirants are trained to obey not through fear or merely in the presence of the supervisor but always and everywhere. This point can hardly be too strongly stressed in view of transforming the traditional mentality of the people around here. Children are brought up to believe that all is well for them as long as they are not caught red-handed in any misdemeanour. Imagine our pupils' surprise upon learning the second law!

It was very difficult to make them understand they were breaking it when, having asked leave to go to the lake for a swim, they went instead to the neighbouring village to meet friends.

The sixth law also had them puzzled. "Amayi," they queried, "Must we really push kindness so far as to avoid killing birds? If you knew how good their meat tastes mixed with our *sima* (corn mush)!" Children in this region make it a sport of hunting sparrows to vary their menus.

Katete Company of Girl Guides. Their juniors of Karonga are eager to emulate their success. In the centre, Sister St. Alberte, initiator of the movement in this mission.



To accommodate the day students, Guide meetings are held after Sunday Mass in one of the classrooms. Serious problems dealt with, the girls spill out into the yard to play games and practice drills. At times they would much rather stay inside, for the sun is hot and the sand is not considerate of bare feet; but they are getting used to giving up their own capricious will to do as everybody else does.

If they were baptized, therefore made strong by the influx of divine life, their metamorphosis would be more rapid, their perseverance less uncertain. As it is, alas, all of them are not yet desirous of becoming Catholics. Once in a while a remarkable conversion such as that of Lusiwiro heightens our hopes for the future. To renounce Protestantism God alone knows what this young girl had to endure from her grandfather, a calloused polygamist.

On the whole, we find the work done during the last year satisfying from many points of view. With its wholesome requirements, Girl Guiding proves an asset in the missionary cause. One of my older pupils lately related to me the high feats of Bernesi, the irrepressible: "I had no sooner asked her to sweep the yard, than she snatched the broom from my

hands and cheerfully performed the chore in no time. I could hardly believe my eyes . . ." A few months ago, Bernesi would most likely have scorned to do such menial work. At the dispensary, Sister St. Yvette¹ is often agreeably surprised to have a patient brought to her riding on the sturdy shoulders of St. Mary's Girl Guides.

Be Prepared! Karonga has to live up to this motto at present more than ever before. Two years ago the Free Church organized Girl Guiding at the protestant school nearby. As there were no sufficiently trained supervisors in charge of the movement, the organization lagged. Today St. Mary's is in advance with its alert "First Company".

For the good of the Church, our Catholic school must hold its ground. How happy we would be if we could secure uniforms for every one of the Karonga First Company Guides! A kind friend from the homeland has donated the berets. If only we had enough money we could buy here in Nyasaland cloth suitable for the blue dress; as for the belt, the girls would weave it themselves out of *mikambalala* (palm) fibre. But who will equip them with the beads and the knife to hang from their *mikambalala* belt?

POOR CLARES IN TANGANYIKA

A group of Poor Clares has established the first monastery of contemplative nuns in Tanganyika. The most remarkable feature regarding this foundation is that these Sisters came from the monastery of Alwaye, India (Travancore). India who in the past has sent so many of her merchant sons to Eastern Africa, thus has the honour of having introduced the Catholic contemplative life there thanks to the zeal of her daughters. The new monastery is situated in Mwaza. Indian, Burmese, and French nuns make up the bulk of the community.

¹ Yvette Carle, Joliette.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2000 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.
NOVITIATE, Pont Vlau, 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 JOHN'S, 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.
DAYAO City, Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall.
PADADA, Davao Province.
BAGUIO City, 11, Paddal, 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.
MANQUITO, 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

MORONDAYA, Madagascar.

