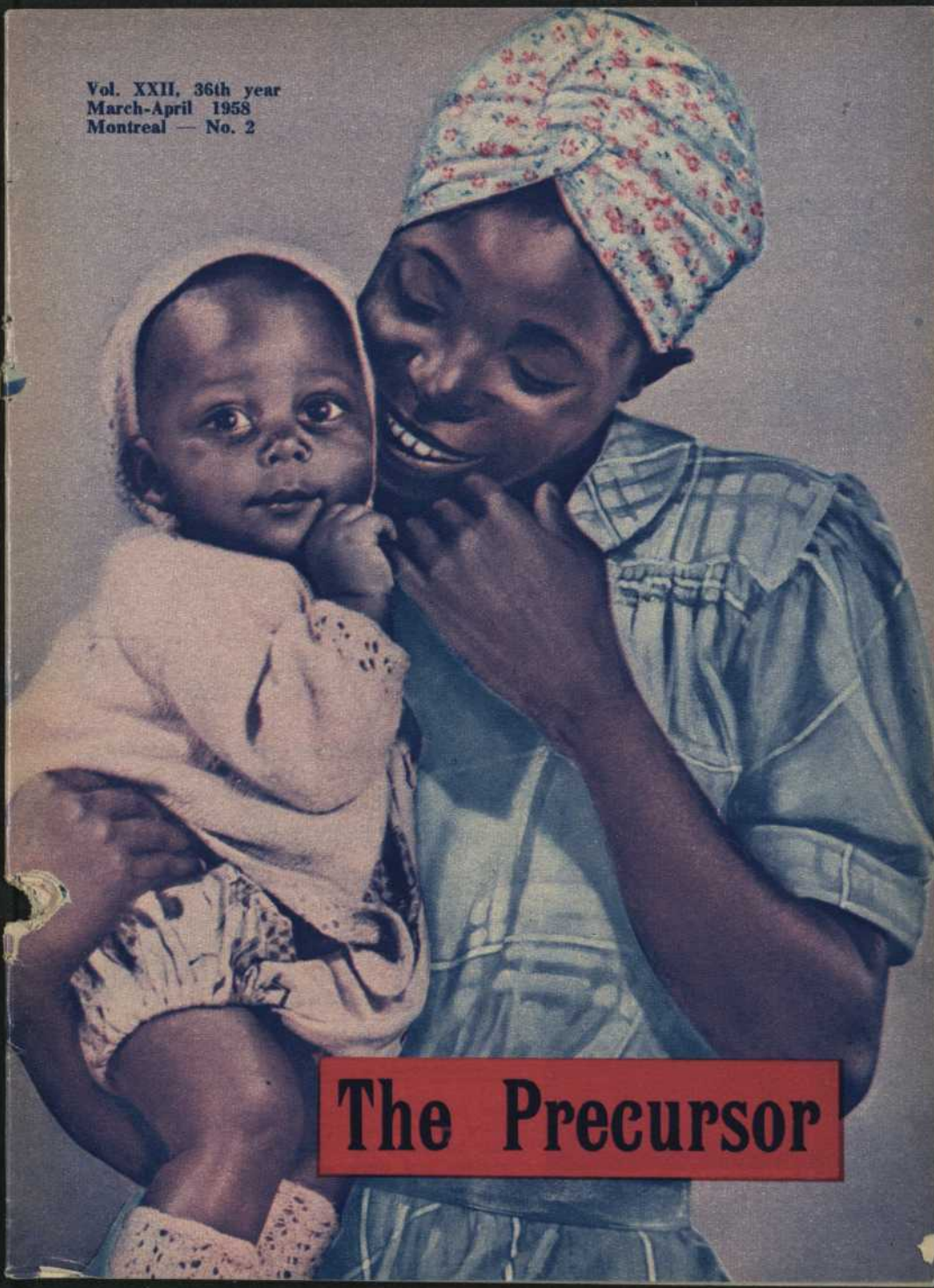


Vol. XXII, 36th year
March-April 1958
Montreal — No. 2



The Precursor

The Precursor

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No. 2

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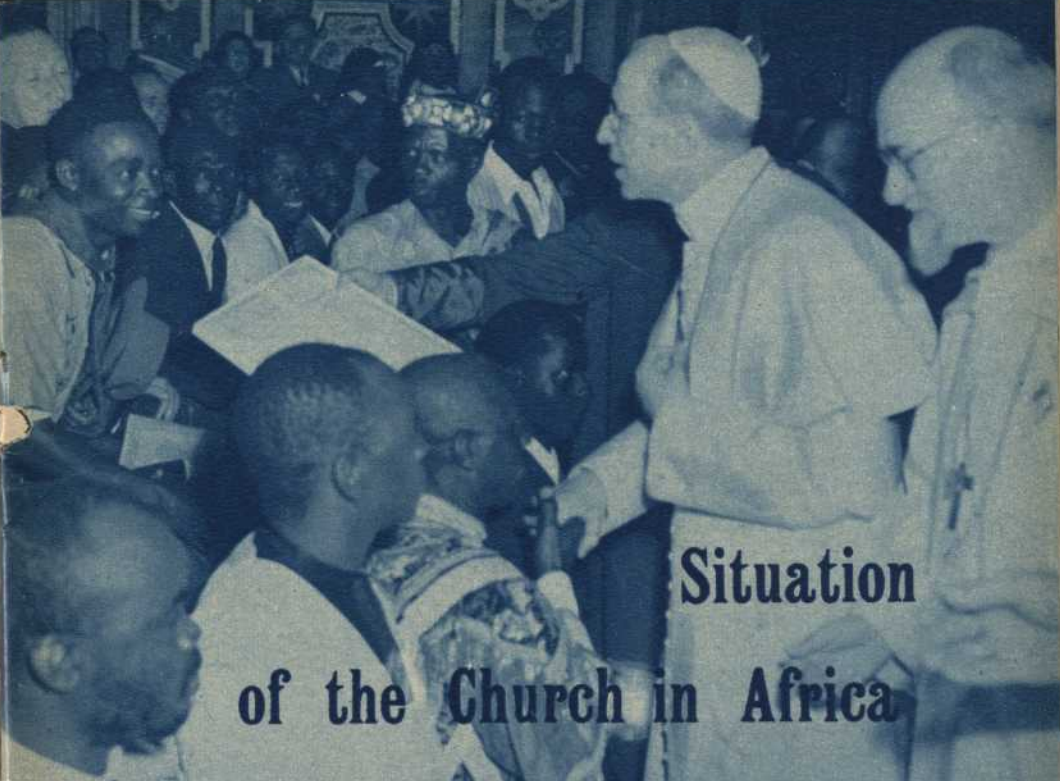
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Cover picture: Like the valiant woman of Scripture
fame, this loving mamma of Northern Rhodesia
has fashioned out of her own hands the pretty
clothes that Baby wears.



Situation of the Church in Africa

Excerpt from Pope Pius XII's encyclical *Fidei Donum*

A Look at Africa

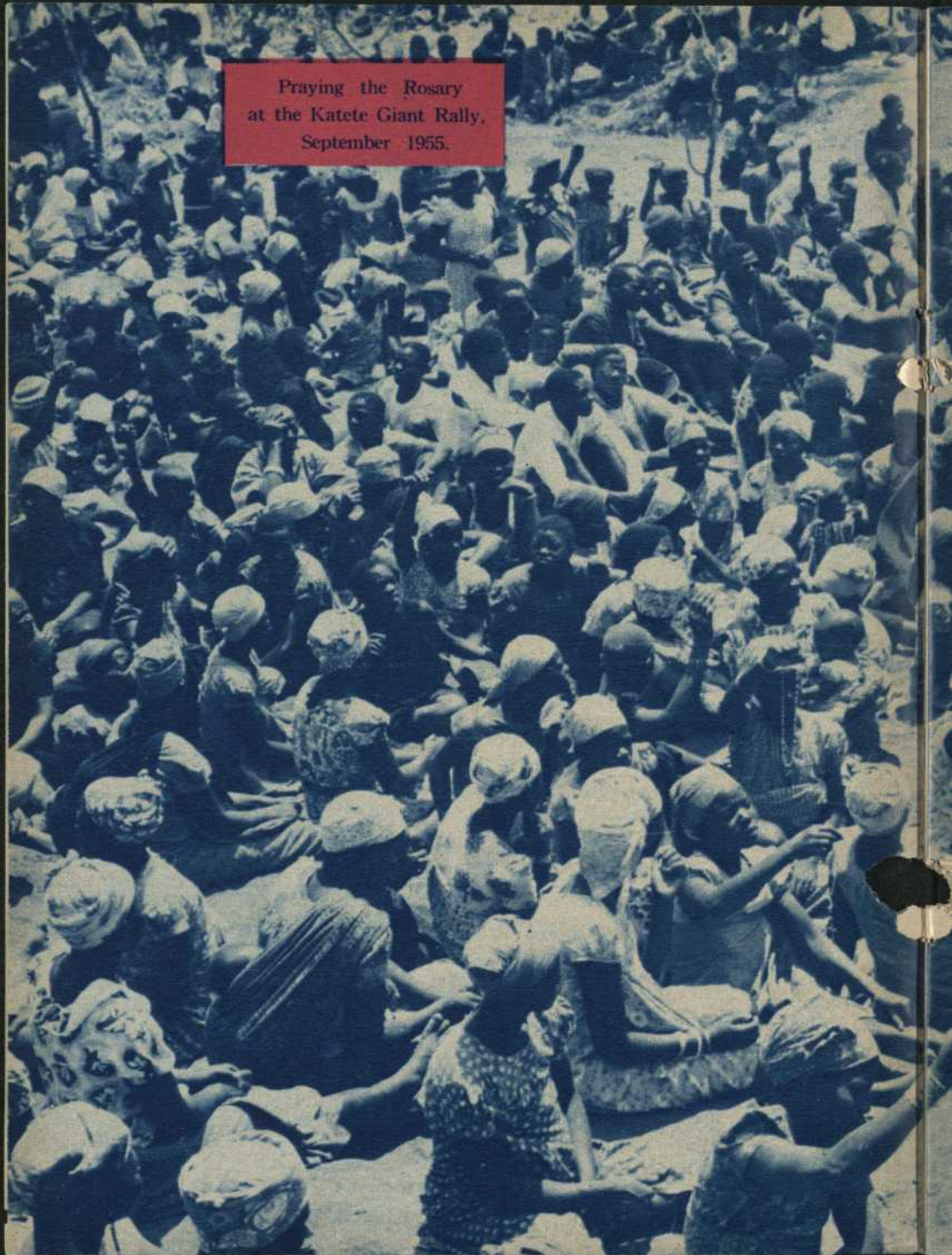
The expansion of the Church in Africa over the last decades is a reason for joy and pride in all Christians.

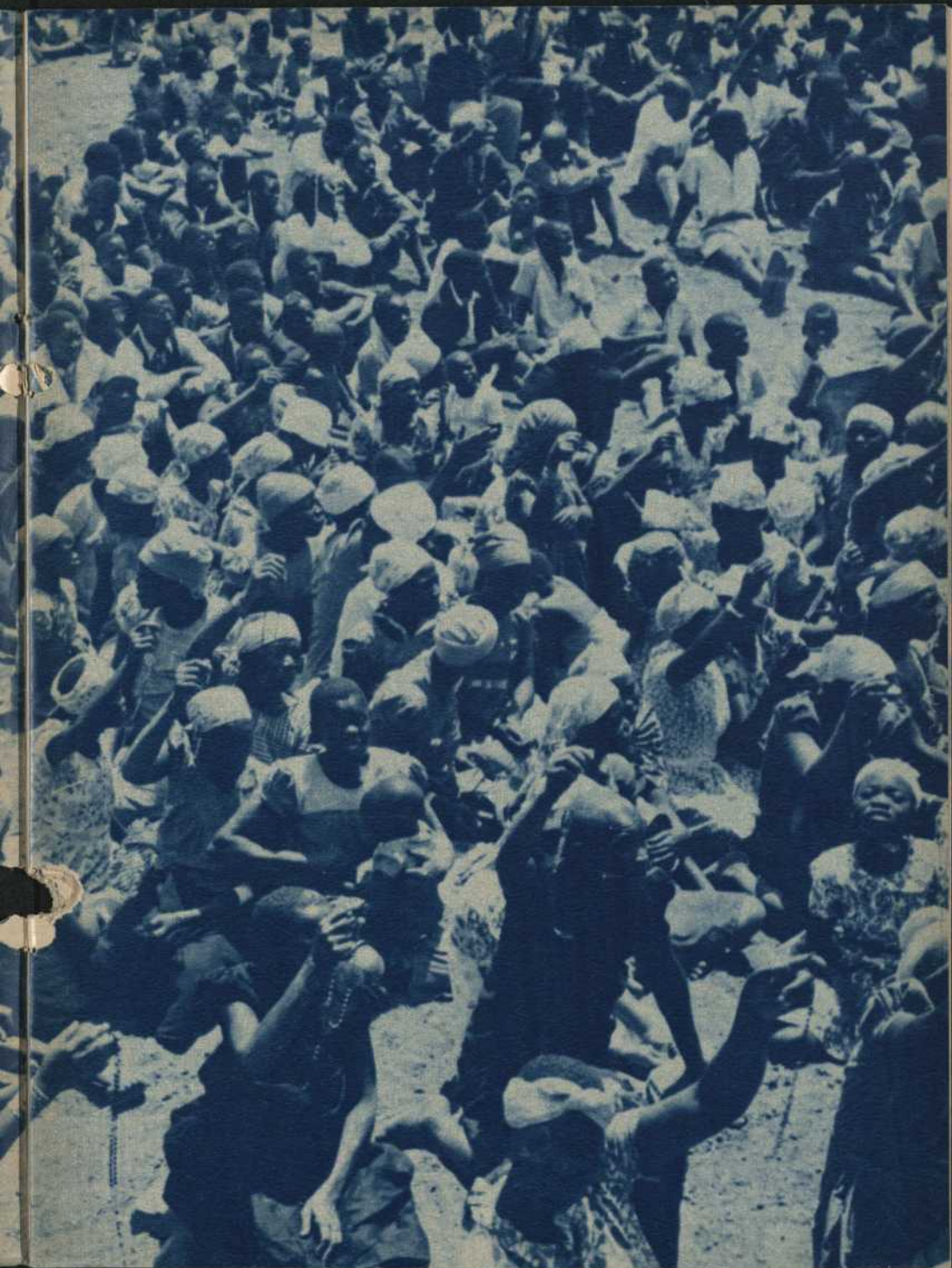
According to the pledge We took on the eve of Our elevation to the Supreme Pontificate, "to not spare any effort so that . . . the Cross, in which there are salvation and life,

may extend its shadow to the most remote regions of the world" (Allocution of May 1, 1939 — Discourses and Radio Messages, vol. I, p. 87), We have supported the progress of the Gospel on that continent with all Our power.

Ecclesiastical districts have been multiplied. The number of Catholics

Praying the Rosary
at the Katete Giant Rally,
September 1955.





has increased considerably and continues to grow at a rapid pace. We have had the joy of establishing the hierarchy in many countries and of raising many African priests to the fulness of the priesthood, in conformity with the "ultimate purpose" of missionary labor, which is "to firmly and permanently establish the Church among new peoples" (Encyclical *Evangelii Praecones* — Acta Apostolicae Sedis XLIII, 1951, p. 507).

In that way the young African Churches today take the place which awaits them in the great Catholic family, hailed with fraternal heart by the most ancient dioceses which have gone before them in the faith.

Legions of apostles, priests, men and women Religious, catechists and lay helpers have thus obtained comforting results, thanks to a labor whose hidden sacrifices are known only to God.

To each and all of them We extend Our paternal gratitude and felicitations. There, as everywhere, the Church can be proud of the work of her missionaries.

Nevertheless, the greatness of the accomplished task could not make one forget that "the work which remains to be done requires an immense effort and innumerable workers" (ibid. p. 505). At a time when the establishment of the hierarchy might erroneously lead one to believe that the missionary activity is at a point of termination, more than ever the "care of all the churches" (II Cor. 11:28) of the vast African continent fills Our soul with anxiety.

How then could We not be stricken at heart when We consider, from this Apostolic See, the grave problems im-

posed there upon the extension and deepening of Christian life?

How could We not be touched when We compare the size and urgency of the tasks with the extremely low number of apostolic workers and their lack of means?

This suffering We confide to you, Venerable Brethren, and it pleases Us to think that the promptness and generosity of your response will once more spark hope in the hearts of so many generous apostles.

The general conditions under which the work of the Church in Africa is carried out are known to you. They are difficult. The greater part of these territories are going through a phase of social, economic and political evolution which is full of consequences for their future.

It is necessary to recognize that the numerous influences of international life upon the local situations do not always allow even the wisest men to gauge the positions which would be necessary for the true welfare of these people.

The Church which has seen so many nations born and grow during the past centuries, cannot but give particular heed today to the accession of new peoples to the responsibilities of political freedom.

Several times already We have invited the nations concerned to proceed along this road in a spirit of peace and mutual understanding.

"Would that a just and progressive political freedom be not denied to these people (who aspire to it) and that no obstacle be set in the way," We said to some. We warned others "to credit Europe with their progress, without whose influence, extended to

all domains, they could have been dragged by a blind nationalism to hurl themselves into chaos and slavery" (Christmas message 1955 — *Acta Apostolica Sedis* XLVII, 1956, p. 40).

In renewing here this double exhortation, We express Our wish that a task of constructive collaboration may be carried out in Africa; a collaboration, free of prejudices and mutual sensitiveness, preserved from the seductions and strictures of false nationalism, and capable of extending to these people, rich in resources and future, the true values of Christian civilization, which have already borne so many good fruits in other continents.

We know that atheistic materialism has spread its virus of division, unfortunately, throughout various regions of Africa, stirring up passions, making peoples and races rise against one another, making use of real difficulties to seduce minds with easy mirages or to sow rebellion in hearts.

In our solicitude for an authentic human and Christian progress of the African population, We wish to renew here in their regard the grave and solemn admonitions which We have already addressed to the Catholics of the entire world on this subject. We felicitate their pastors who, on more than one occasion, have already firmly denounced to their faithful the dangers to which they are exposed by these false shepherds.

But while the enemies of the name of God multiply their insidious and violent efforts on that continent, it is necessary to denounce other serious obstacles which run counter to the progress of evangelization in certain regions.

You know particularly of the easy attraction exercised upon a great number of minds by a religious concept of life which, even calling strongly upon divinity, attracts none the less its followers to a way which is not that of Jesus Christ, the only Saviour of all people. As a Father Our heart is open to all men of good will. But, being the Vicar of Him who is the Way, the Truth and the Life, We cannot consider a like state of affairs without great sorrow.

There are other causes for this state of affairs. Often they are recent historic causes and they are not always extraneous to the attitude of nations who take pride in their Christian past.

There is cause for serious concern for the Catholic future of Africa in this. Specifically, will the sons of the Church understand their obligation to help more effectively and in due time the missionaries of the Gospel to announce the saving truth to about 85 millions of Africans of the black race who are still attached to pagan beliefs?

This order of considerations becomes even more serious through the general quickening of events, of which the bishops and select elements among the Catholics of Africa are deeply aware.

At the moment when new structures are being sought — while some run the risk of abandoning themselves to the false seductions of a technical civilization — the Church has the duty to offer to them, in the greatest measure possible, the substantial riches of her doctrine and her life as animators of a Christian social order. Any delay would be full of serious

consequences.

The Africans, who are traversing in a few decades the stages of an evolution which the Western world achieved in the course of several centuries, are more easily upset and seduced by the scientific and technical teaching which is being given to them as by the materialistic influences to which they are subjected.

The Missionary Apostolate

Now, except for rare exceptions, these means of missionary action are still inferior in comparison to the task that needs to be done. Although this lack is unfortunately not proper to Africa alone, it is strongly felt there because of circumstances.

It will be useful, Venerable Brethren, to give you some particular indications on this point.

In recently established missions, for example, founded sometimes only about ten years ago, there can be no hope for a long time for a notable help from local clergy. And the too few missionaries, scattered over vast territories — where other non-Catholic confessions are also working — can no longer meet all the requests.

In one particular place there are 40 priests for almost a million souls, among whom there are only 25,000 converts. In another place there are 50 priests for a population of two million inhabitants, while 60,000 faithful would be enough to absorb all the time of the missionaries.

Upon reading these figures, a Christian heart cannot remain indifferent. Twenty more priests in a particular region would make it possible to plant the cross there today, while to-

For this reason situations can produce themselves here and there which would be difficult to mend, and consequently the penetration of Catholicism into souls and society would be impaired.

It is necessary, as of now, to give pastors of souls the means of action proportionate to the importance and urgency of the present circumstances.

morrow this same land, worked by other workers than those of the Lord, will have probably become impervious to the true faith.

Furthermore it does not suffice alone to announce the Gospel.

In the social and political crisis which Africa is undergoing, it is necessary quickly to form a select group of Christians in the midst of a still neophyte people. But to what proportions will the number of missionaries have to grow in order to enable them to perform this task of personal formation of consciences?

To such a scarcity of men there is almost always added, besides, a lack of means which at times borders on extreme poverty. Who will give these new missions, generally situated in poor regions that nevertheless are important for the future of evangelization the generous help which they so urgently need?

The missionary suffers upon seeing himself so deprived of means in the face of such tasks. He does not ask to be admired, but much more to be helped in founding the Church where it can still be done.

The conditions of the apostolate in

the more ancient missions, where the proportion of Catholics and their fervor are a source of joy to Our heart, although different are no less a matter for concern.

Here also the lack of priests is sorely felt. Those dioceses or Vicariates Apostolic must, as a matter of fact, develop without delay indispensable works for expansion and radiation of Catholicism.

Colleges must be founded and Christian teachings in various degrees must be propagated.

Life must be given to social action organizations which animate the work of select groups of Christians in the service of civic society.

The Catholic press must be developed in all its forms.

Modern techniques for the diffusion of culture must be studied, for it is known in our day how important a well formed and enlightened public opinion is.

Above all, attention must be given to the growing development of Catholic Action and to the satisfaction of the religious and cultural needs of a generation which, deprived of sufficient food, might be exposed to the danger of going outside the Church to seek nourishment.

Well then, in order to take on these different tasks, the pastors of souls need not only greater means, but also, and above all, collaborators prepared for these more diverse and therefore more difficult ministries. Such apostles cannot be improvised. The missionaries frequently lack them, yet the duty is urgent, if one does not want to lose the trust of certain groups in the ascendancy.

We wish here to express all Our gratitude to the Religious Congrega-

tions, to the priests and militant laity who, impressed with the seriousness of the times, have spontaneously met such needs.

Certain initiatives have already borne fruit and, joined to the dedication of all, they open the way to great hopes.

But it is truly Our duty to affirm that in this field there still remain enormous tasks to be done.

Even the very progress of the missions poses a new difficulty for the Church in certain territories. In fact, the success of evangelization requires a proportionate increase in the number of apostles, if one does not want to compromise this magnificent development. Missionary Congregations are now being solicited from every side, and the insufficiency of vocations prohibits them from fulfilling so many requests.

You know, Venerable Brethren, that the number of priests compared to that of the faithful is decreasing in Africa.

The African clergy is undoubtedly growing, but it will not be able to take complete charge of the management of its own dioceses for many more years, even with the help of the missionaries who bring the faith there.

Those young Christian communities cannot for the time being, left to their own resources, take care of their duties in the decisive moment through which they are now passing.

Will not the difficulties of such circumstances recall to their missionary duty Our many sons who do not thank God enough for the gift of faith received in their Christian family, and for the means of salvation placed at their disposal?

Adsum!

Sister SAINT EDMUND¹, M.I.C.

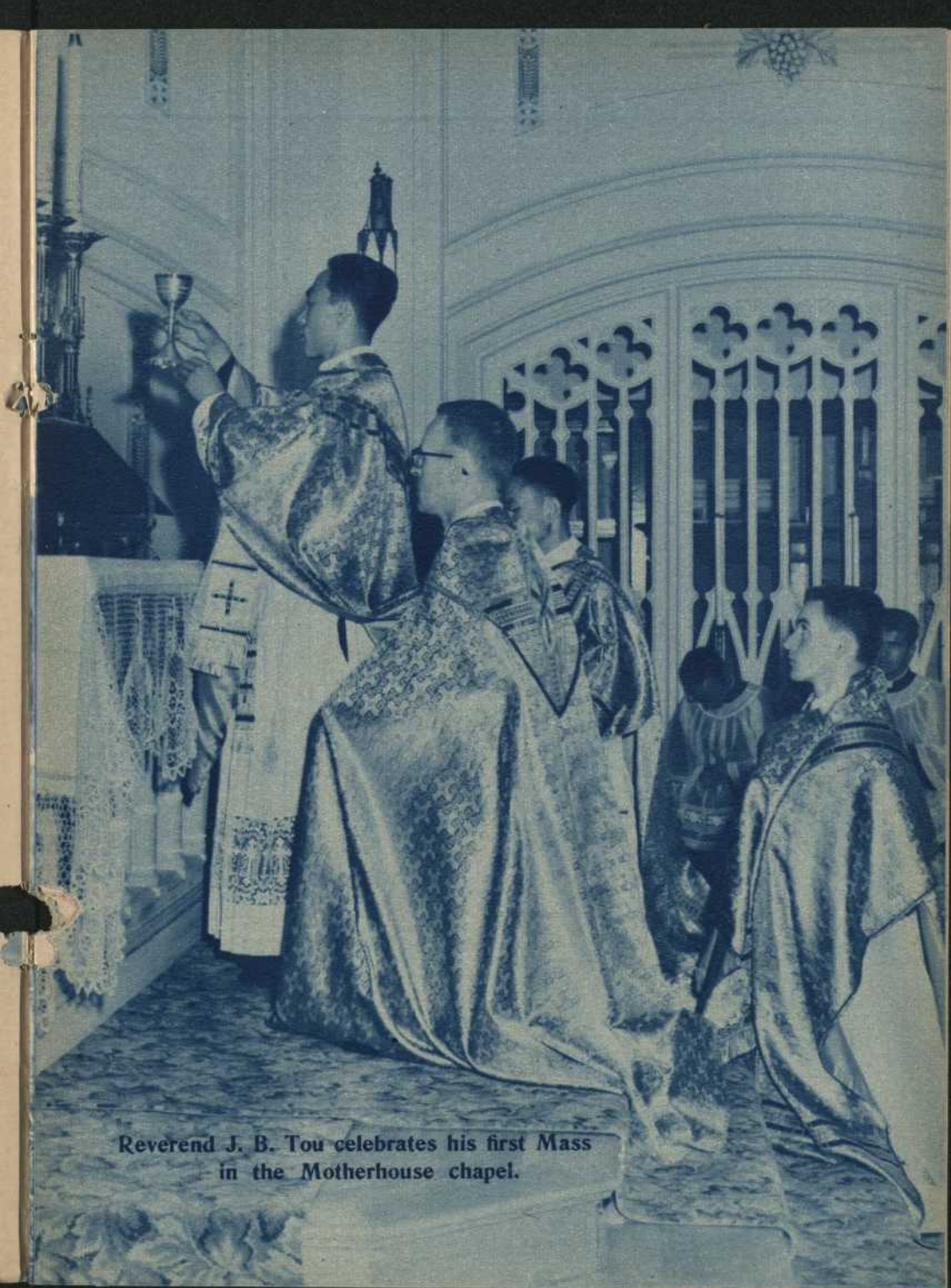
Thrice in his peaceful slumbers the boy Samuel heard the voice of God calling him by name and thrice he eagerly responded "Adsum!" (Here am I).

All along the ages such has been the response given by valiant souls who have heard the call to a life of total dedication. "Adsum!" such has equally been that of two dauntless sons of distant China, Reverend Jean Baptiste Tou and Reverend James P'ang, both from the diocese of Szepeing kai, Manchuria.

Drawn to the holy priesthood from their earliest years, they attended the Szepeing kai Junior Seminary until the events of World War II coupled with disastrous civil wars in Manchuria dispersed the missionaries and ruined their works of apostolate. Unshaken in their resolution to become priests whatever happened, a number of seminarists made good their escape to Peking. But as the red tide continued to rise, their position in this city was no longer secure. On January 6, 1948, they took to the road once again, penniless wanderers for Christ's sake,

determined to walk to the ends of the world if need be to remain faithful to their noble calling.

Under the threat of continuous danger, harassed by privations of all kinds, exhausted by endless marches, they crossed China from north to south. At Nanking, they stopped to call on the Internuncio, His Excellency The Most Reverend A. Riberi, who blessed them and encouraged their project. Finally, they reached Shanghai, bastion of the Catholic Church in China. Even there, however, they found that the seminaries were in a precarious situation, for the Communists were rapidly advancing towards the south wreaking destruction on all religious associations as they came. Missionaries helped the courageous little group to push further on to Hong Kong where, after remaining for a few weeks, they left for Macao. In this latter city they were to remain for six months until they joined ninety other refugee seminarists on their way to the Philippines; the American Jesuits who conducted St. Joseph Seminary



Reverend J. B. Tou celebrates his first Mass
in the Motherhouse chapel.



Reverend James P'Ang.

in this hospitable land provided them with the means of pursuing their studies.

Great travellers before the Lord, two among them had not yet done wandering since after five years of formation in tropical climes Reverend Jean Baptiste Tou and Reverend James P'ang were designated to continue their theological studies at the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Seminary in Canada.

In June 1957, these two were ordained to the holy priesthood by His Eminence Cardinal Leger, in Notre Dame Cathedral, Montreal. The dream of their childhood to go up unto the altar of the Lord had come true after years filled with anguish and hardships of all sorts. At the beck of the divine Master they had literally left behind them, father, mother, friends, and motherland. Today they were being rewarded a hundredfold; in possession of their sublime privilege, the costly sacrifices they had made were forgotten.

On the morrow of this blessed day, Reverend J. B. Tou offered his first Mass in our Motherhouse chapel while Reverend James P'ang celebrated his in the chapel of the Chinese Hospital on Lagauchetiere Street, Montreal. Present at this touching ceremony were numerous former missionaries of Manchuria. For them especially, these ceremonies held a deep and joyful significance being as it were the happy portent of the eventual restoration of the Church in China. These newly ordained priests in the ardour of their zeal look forward to the day when it will be granted them to return to their

beloved homeland and comfort their sorely tried brethren. It is consoling to note that numerous young Chinese are yearly ordained in different points of southern Asia. Courageous and alert they await the hour of God.

It may now be the Passion for the Church of China but the Resurrection will as surely follow as Easter followed Good Friday. Far from letting themselves be cowed, the four million Chinese Catholics have bravely defended the precious treasure of their faith. Have not the Communists themselves admitted their amazement at their constance and their moral fortitude? Loyal followers of Christ, they give the world an admirable example of endurance in the midst of the most diabolical of persecutions, that which masks its perverse objectives under the veil of patriotism. Hardly any other country in the world can boast of having so many confessors of the faith and martyrs. It is impossible that deeds of heroism such as these remain unproductive.

The generous response of these Chinese youths to the divine invitation is no mere answer, no mere "Here am I!" confined to them personally. For our modern youth, it is a clarion call. Who will join them as they march onward in the battles of the Church for immortal values? Who, like them, will elect to pass through this world carrying a mandate as witness of Christ, witness through word and deed, witness through the radiation of a soul wholly surrendered to God's Will? Alas! Instead of "hitching their wagon to a star" how many young people fritter away their golden opportuni-

ties, remaining content with the commonplace and the mediocre, leaving no Christian impact on the *ambiance* in which they live.

A gigantic duel is being fought today between two rival forces described centuries ago by St. Augustine as the City of Good and the City of Evil. In this struggle none can pretend to remain neutral. Either you must side with Jesus or with Satan. "He who is not with me is against me," these words must be taken as seriously as they were uttered nearly two thousand years ago. Take a look at the world around you, young man, young woman standing hesitant on the threshold of the future. Will you have the heart to gamble away your rich potentialities for good while countless souls are straying farther and farther away from truth because there is no one to teach them, to offer them a guiding hand?

You will not, for in your heart stirs the glorious urge to conquer the unconquerable. You will not leave your unfortunate brothers and sisters in the lurch. When the parachutist jumps into void for the first time he is not sure of a safe landing, but with God as your support you will feel emboldened to launch into even the most arduous of missionary careers.

Life is yours to make or to mar. You can fashion it into a thing of beauty or you can make a mess of it. You are free. But remember this freedom means the right for you to scale the summits with cheerful heart and valorous will trusting all the while in the grace that will be yours for the asking. With all your heart, then in imitation of Christ entering the world to save it, of Our Lady in her Annuntiation, why not repeat the "Adsum!" of saints and heroes.

STRONGER THAN STEEL

CHINA.— Reverend Leonard Ch'en Liang Tso, rector of the Wuchang Junior Seminary, was accused by the Communist authorities of the murder of 35 peasants, of sabotage, and of counterrevolutionary activities. When the Red guards came to arrest him at the Seminary, his pupils bravely shielded him with their own bodies and succeeded in keeping the soldiers at bay. Alarmed, the officer in charge had to call for reinforcements against the seminarians. The latter were then handed over Communist students who beat them so cruelly that many were incapacitated. To their friends and acquaintances who visited them, they declared, "We are proud to have suffered something for Christ's sake and we hope to suffer more . . . We are like steel. The more we are beaten, the stronger we grow."

Praying In Beauty

"I want my people to pray in beauty," thus the great pope-founder of our Society, St. Pius X, expressed the duty Catholics have of lavishing as much magnificence as possible upon their churches and chapels. Is not art "a stairway to the divine" ?

On May 27, 1957, we Pont Viau novices and postulants were privileged to see this precept put into practice. In our lovely chapel rejuvenated by the magic of tasteful decoration took place the blessing and inauguration of a pipe organ whose cost was partly defrayed by the legacy of a kind benefactress, Mrs. Amanda Charbonneau Demers. Beauty of art and beauty of sound were blended in homage to Him who is the essence of all Beauty.

Harmonious ensemble of the walls in ivory and buff nuances, of the ceiling in delicate hues of blue and white, of the pilasters and archways

in tender shades of rose . . . on this witchery of colour burst the melody of the psalm *Laudate Dominum organo* rendered by the Novitiate choir as Canon Victor Savaria, President of the Commission of Sacred Music, entered the sanctuary for the blessing of the organ. Immediately afterwards, under the touch of a master, Mr. George Lindsay, organist at the Montreal Cathedral, winner of the 1934 "Prix d'Europe", our new instrument jubilantly inaugurated its service in the Lord's house. The playing of "Toccatta and Fugue in D Minor" revealed its marvelous resources of tone.

Miss Gilberte Deschenes then graciously sang in her warm, expressive voice, Bach's "Rest in God" and other religious pieces.

As text of his allocution, Canon Savaria chose Psalm 150:

Praise ye the Lord in his holy places:
Praise ye him in the firmament of his power
Praise ye him for his mighty acts:
Praise ye him according to the multitude of his greatness
Praise him with timbrel and choir:
Praise him with strings and organs.
Let every spirit praise the Lord.

Recalling how the holy king David in his powerlessness to exalt Yahweh as he desired convoked heaven and earth to join with him in order to give strength to his homage, the eloquent orator stressed man's duty to glorify God through prayer — "But as the body cannot pray without the co-operation of the soul," added he, "readings, gestures, and formulas are needed to impress the senses and stir the heart, for is it not the heart that prays, after all? Without love there can be no true prayer. Everything then that tends to enhance religious ceremonies such as precious sacred vessels, beautiful vestments, melodious organs are means to an end — union with divine Love. The blessing of an organ is a remarkable event which it is right and proper for you to highlight. Divine service in your chapel will henceforth be rendered more inspiring since at the cost of perhaps heavy sacrifices you have installed in it the king of musical instruments which will join in all your festivals, share all your joys and sorrows. Thus will rise heavenward glorious accents which will contribute in the sanctification of souls and will exalt the glory of the Most High."

The concert was continued after the allocution, disposing our souls to pray and to





Laudate Dominum organo

thank "in beauty". This we did during Benediction of the Blessed Sacrament which followed.

"To pray and to thank in beauty," such is the sacred obligation placed upon our Society by a holy pope-

founder and a venerated foundress, obligation which also proves the best means in our power to call down heavenly blessings upon our generous benefactors, our parents, and our friends.

The novices and postulants.



Would You Like to Help the Missions ?

You can easily and meritoriously do so by donating wherewith to buy cement for the erection of three schools proof against white ants, a scourge worse than fire in tropical climes.

1 bag of cement		\$1.50
2 bags of cement		3.00
7 bags of cement		10.00
100 bags of cement		150.00

Or else you may perhaps wish to help furnish these schools: desks for the professors, desks for the students, tables, chairs, wall charts, etc.

Thanks to your charity numerous young Filipinos, Japanese, or Formosans will benefit by a staunch Catholic education and will bear witness to their faith in God and their supernatural love in the midst of non-Christian or apathetic populations in their homeland.

Your reward? It will be on a par with that of the apostle in the kingdom of everlasting joy.

Address: Mission Procure
Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal (26) P.Q.

Simoni Loses a Wife, But...

Sister JANE of LORRAINE¹, M.I.C.

Although it was four o'clock in the afternoon, stifling heat still brooded over the land. I was helping Sister Marie Berthe, R.N.² with the charts when there was a commotion outside the dispensary. Opening the door, I found four stalwart men carrying a litter on which lay an old man who moaned piteously. "It's Simoni. He broke his leg; so we brought him to you," they explained as they put down their burden none too gently.

Poor Simoni! He was indeed in bad shape. His leg fractured in two places several days before had not been set; besides, he suffered from an ugly wound that called for the immediate attention of a physician. At this hour of the day it was quite impossible to reach the nearest European clinic, much less have the patient conveyed there. The rainy season had ruined whatever roads

exist in this lonely mountain district with the result that the Karonga ambulance refused to shuttle back and forth between the two missions as it usually does in normal time.

Only one thing was left for the Sister Nurse to do; try to relieve the patient while awaiting help. It was no easy task to heave Simoni onto a bed, for after the long trek down rough mountain trails he was in such excruciating pain that the least jolt sent him into convulsions. Moreover, his heart weakened under the strain. His condition gave us such grave cause for concern that we immediately called the mission catechist who tactfully approached the all important problem. "Simoni, you are a very sick man. Your heart may not hold out much longer. Don't you want to make sure of a happy eternity?" The patient listened courteously but remained unconvinced. "I'm

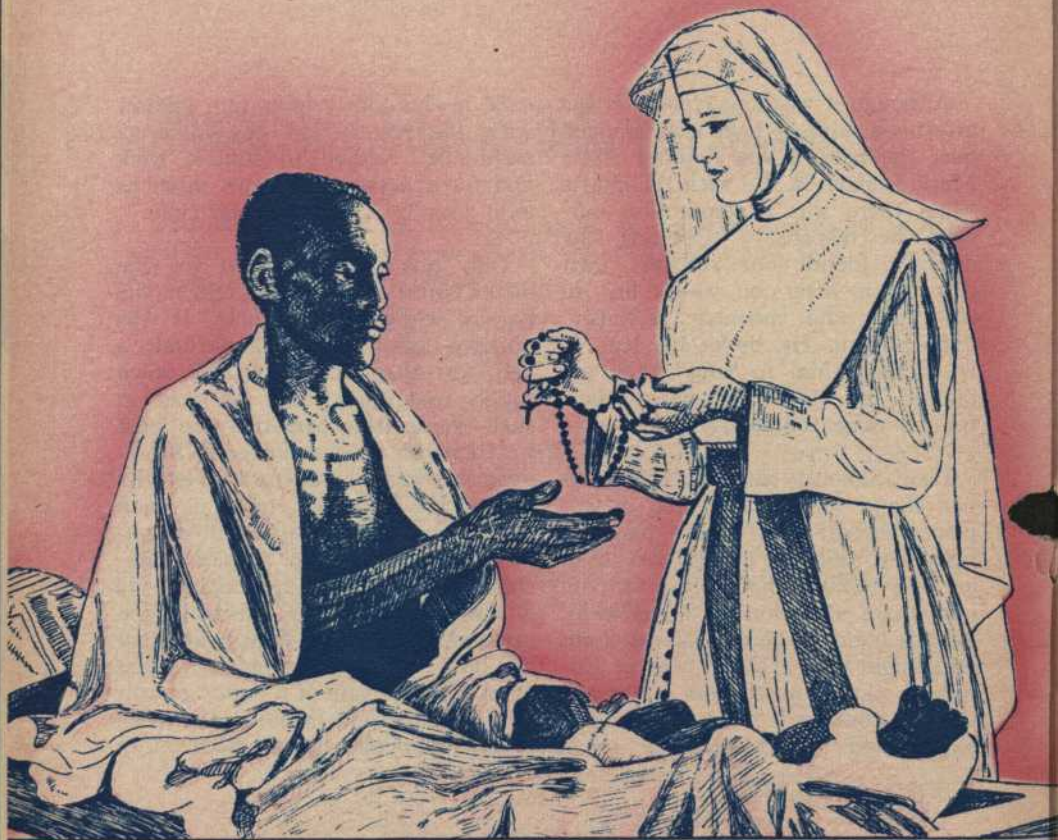
¹ Carmelle Delisle, Pont Rouge.

² Berthe Alice Champagne, Montreal.

as strong as an ox," he parried, "And the Sisters' medicine is good. No. I don't think I'm going to die yet." Beside him crouched his two wives who had followed him from their distant jungle home. How could he send one of them adrift as he would have to if he became a Christian?

Meantime, the Sisters stormed heaven with prayers for his conversion while Sister Marie Berthe endeavoured to do all in her power to improve his lot. Several times during

the painful treatments necessary to bring the limb back to its approximately normal position and to dress the wound, he appeared about to pass away. On one such occasion he suddenly declared that he was ready to accept all the conditions needed for him to become the child of God through Baptism. A few moments later the waters of regeneration clothed his soul in shining garments of purity. Late that same evening his leg had at last been placed under traction. To ease his pain as much



as she could, Sister Marie Berthe spent the whole night at his side. The porters who had brought him were deeply impressed by the care taken of the patient. Before returning to their mountains, they thanked the Sisters profusely. "After all you have done for Simoni we are now convinced that you love the blacks," they said as they gathered round their friend for a last goodbye. Simoni's son, his legitimate wife, and a group of villagers remained at Kaseye in order to be present when the doctor arrived.

Days passed, however, without bringing any news from the clinic contacted. All means utilized until now to secure the leg against motion proving useless, Sister Marie Berthe decided to try a sort of wooden vice she had fabricated and fixed to the patient's bed. Simoni endured everything with startling courage but his pinched features and the beads of perspiration trickling down his brow betrayed his sufferings.

This critical situation was to last for a whole month until one day the long awaited doctor arrived at Kaseye. His verdict was — amputation of the injured limb. He added, "Let's leave the man with a hope of a cure. It will help him build up his strength

in view of the surgical operation."

Fervent as all converts usually are Simoni continued to edify all who saw him by his smiling resignation. Following in this a custom dear to our Catholic Nyasalanders, he always wore around his neck a rosary I had offered him. He had been with us three months when, in March, he started losing ground in an alarming manner. Precisely at this time we received a message from the doctor ordering Simoni's immediate transfer to the hospital. Before attempting their voyage, the porters prudently went on ahead to see if the swollen rivers had gone down sufficiently to warrant their crossing. On the 19th they had not yet returned. That morning when Sister entered the ward to inquire how her patient had spent the night she was amazed to find him sitting on the side of his bed. "Look at my leg, Wamayi," he joyfully exclaimed. "I can move it and the pain is gone." Saint Joseph who had been implored in his favour had seen fit to work a miracle.

When the waters went down, Simoni instead of entering the hospital returned in triumph to his bush village minus one wife but having gained, with sound limbs, the priceless gift of faith.

Missionary Intentions

MARCH: That faith in God may remain the foundation of the Indonesian Republic's Constitution.

APRIL: That the Church may be more highly esteemed by all in Ceylon.

AT THE MOTHERHOUSE,
two Filipino Sisters, one Canadian, one Haitian,
and one Cuban all closely united in the bonds
of a common missionary ideal.



Sharers in Spiritual Joy

Our little Cuban Sister who went through her noviceship at our Pont Viau Novitiate and afterwards spent two years at the Motherhouse as a junior Professed Sister writes to her Canadian companions on the day of Perpetual Vows.

Regional House of the Missionay Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception
Colon, August 5, 1957.

Dear Sisters,

At the precise moment when you were being crowned with lilies, I was entering the chapel to make my final vows. Thanks to this difference in hour I have been able to spend all the time during which your ceremony took place praying for every one of you, entreating our dear Saviour to consume your holocaust in the flames of His divine Love. Many other favours have I asked for you all, so many in fact that I can hardly detail them in a letter. You are so very dear to me, you with whom I spent such happy years. May Our Blessed Mother have you in tender keeping always.

I know you do not forget me in your prayers. Please ask that I may become a saintly religious and a

zealous missionary having only one aim in life — the love of God and the desire to do His Will at any cost.

For the first time in our Regional House of Cuba, the *Veni Sponsa Christi* was sung. How deeply thankful your little sister is for this priceless grace of her vocation!

Being far from you, my dear Sisters, on such a day, was a very costly sacrifice indeed, but I cheerfully offered it to the divine Bridegroom happy to do a little something in return for all He did for us.

Magnificat! No other word can tell my happiness at being forever the bride of Jesus, the mother of the poor pagans.

Please accept my most affectionate regards.

Yours in Mary Immaculate,

Sister N.

Bridgeway to the Japanese Soul

Sister MARY of the REDEMPTION¹, M.I.C.

The missionary settling down to the study of the Japanese language might do well to ponder the words of the Gospel "Unless you become as little children...", for in a certain sense he will have to revert to the days of his childhood when he was first taught to read and write; only this time he will have to begin reading books at "finis" and to scan vertical lines from right to left. St.



Basilisse Maillet, St. Louis, N.B.



Francis Xavier, Japan's foremost apostle, wrote long ago, "In the midst of these people today, we are like dumb statues. They discuss our conduct among themselves, they remark upon our appearance, and our lips remain sealed because we cannot speak their language. We have become as little children once again, learning the elements of Japanese..." Penned on November 3, 1549, several months after his arrival in Kagoshima, this excerpt of his letter proves that he anticipated the tremendous difficulty involved in mastering the language of a people whose thoughts flow in such widely different channels from those of Westerners. He no longer maintained the assertion he had made in the first flush of his enthusiasm, "... after forty days of study, we felt we knew enough to ex-

plain the ten commandments..." Since those distant times things have not changed much as far as the study of the language is concerned. It remains the most formidable barrier to be hurdled before missionaries can hope to spread the Good Tidings through the length and breath of this Island Empire.

A minimum of one year is required before an adult foreigner can hold his own in the simplest of conversations with the people. After five years, his tongue will manipulate the language with a degree of ease, and he

o お
 me 目
 mi 耳
 kaka か
 ru る

To have
 the
 honour
 of
 seeing.

will at least know a few definite things about the *bungo* (written language) which differs entirely from the *kogo* (spoken language). From the twelve thousand characters which make up the former can be formed at least 80,000 compound words! Evidently these cannot be learned in some twenty lessons or so. Even with the present limitation by the Ministry of Education to 1,850 ideograms as a suggested maximum, years of patient study will still be required in order to master them all in their various manifestations.

Nature of the language

What is the nature of the *Yamato kotoba* (language of Japan)? Excepting the twin sister tongues spoken in the Ryuku Islands, Japanese owns no kindred; therefore its classification under any of the recognized linguistic families remains doubtful. In structure, though not to any extent in vocabulary, it resembles Korean, and scholars have generally agreed that with the former it may be included in the so-called Altaic group. It is an agglutinative tongue, building up its words and grammatical forms by means of suffixes soldered to roots or stems which do not vary. Following the introduction of Chinese civilization into the archipelago towards the end of the last century B.C., an enormous number of Chinese words were adopted. Even at present the Japanese language must have recourse to Chinese for terms to indicate new things and subtle ideas, much as we have recourse to Latin and Greek. Nevertheless, as Chinese is not even distantly related to Japanese there can be no real fusion; Chinese expressions stand apart like so many foreign colonies clustering around each Japanese expression.

On mere nodding acquaintance, Japanese grammar may leave you under the impression that it is disarmingly free from complications. All verbs, you will find, end in *u* and there are only two irregular basic forms. Of course, at this point, you are as yet blissfully unaware of the verbal skeletons hidden in its grammatical cupboard. There is no vast array of conjugations dancing to the tune of every person, number, and gender; no puzzling agreement or disagreement with subject or object as in French. Nouns

stand coolly aloof from either gender or number. Relative pronouns, prepositions, distinctions between singular or plural which vex the student of English are practically non-existent. Where then, are you tempted to exclaim, is the Japanese grammar's coy elusiveness, its baffling subtlety which has so often been underlined? A few more months of intensive, conscientious study will suffice to convince you of its inherent contrariness. True, it has no prepositions but beware of its postpositions! These are harmless looking little words such as *ga*, *wa*, or *wo*, but it may take you years to understand their correct usage — unless you are postposition-

minded. To use or not to use *ga* or *wa*, that will be the question for you for many a day to come. Although there are no articles there are particles, short fussy words hard to situate correctly. Verbs have no conjugation in our sense, but nothing is gained thereby since they boast of a negative voice as well as of causative and desiderative forms unknown in our Western tongues. As for adjectives, to make up for having no degrees of comparison, they are not only inflected but conjugated so that they may replace verbs in simple sentences. There are few pronouns, yes, but a storehouse of honorific and self deprecatory expressions make good their absence.

Idioms

After a while you will be apt to find certain idioms so clear cut and matter-of-fact that you will be tempted to use them instead of the more cumbersome expressions furnished by your own mother tongue. Indeed many veteran missionaries daily do intersperse with Japanese whatever may be their natural language. A missionary Sister recently arrived from France once recounted how nettled she felt on hearing Sisters mixing up French and Japanese as if it were the most natural thing

in the world. At first, she could hardly make out anything of conversations where *kaya* (mosquito net), *kasa* (parasol), *bento* (lunch), *shikata arimasen* (there's no help for it) merrily played hide and seek with the French words and phrases. Being something of a purist, she then and there vowed that never would she become a language "mixer". A year had not passed, however, before she also dotted her speech with the more graphic Japanese words she had learned!

(To be continued)

Wedding Bells in Formosa

Sister SAINT ELIZABETH¹, M.I.C.

A surge of religious enthusiasm marked our feast of Easter 1957. Besides the solemn baptism ceremony of sixteen neophytes, took place a nuptial Mass during which Reverend Rosaire Gagnon, s.j., blessed the marriage of the mission catechist. As this was the very first Catholic wedding in Kuanhsi, not only Christians but a crowd of pagans as well packed the church and its premises eager not to miss anything.

The young bride's history had been crossed by numerous hardships resulting from the deplorable Taiwanese customs which countenance the traffic of young children. A charming little girl, for instance, catches the eye of wealthy neighbours or acquaintances; presently the parents are offered a goodly sum of money and before the poor innocent realizes what is happening she has been transplanted into alien surroundings. Only too often

girls sold in this manner become virtual slaves. Such was the lot that befell Thao Mai (the bright one).

Sold when only two years of age, she was introduced into a bourgeois environment where morals were at a low ebb. It seems that her early childhood was not altogether unhappy. Clever and amiable she grew up to be well liked by people with whom life brought her into contact. The father of the family where she had entered treated her with kindness; eventually she began to suffer a domestic molestation on the part of the mother. Thao Mai was twelve or thirteen when this woman shamelessly provoked her to evil actions. Gifted with a delicate awareness of right and wrong, the child opposed a stubborn resistance which made her tormentor furious. Constant nagging, curses, blows became her daily portion. As yet a non-Christian, she

¹ Blanche Menard, St. Elizabeth of Joliette.



KUANHSI

did not know where to turn for counsel and guidance; hence many a time she was tempted to commit suicide in order to free herself from

the nightmare in which she was forced to live.

When in 1954 our Sisters opened a catechumenate in Kuanhsi, seventeen

Keeping your balance can be a problem when crossing such a bridge as this.



year-old Thao Mai then at the height of her tribulations was the first to enroll. In the meditation of eternal truths she eventually found provisions of serenity and courage which helped her bear hardships that were all but unbearable. A volume of the *Imitation of Christ* she had received as a gift at the Catholic mission henceforth became her bedside book.

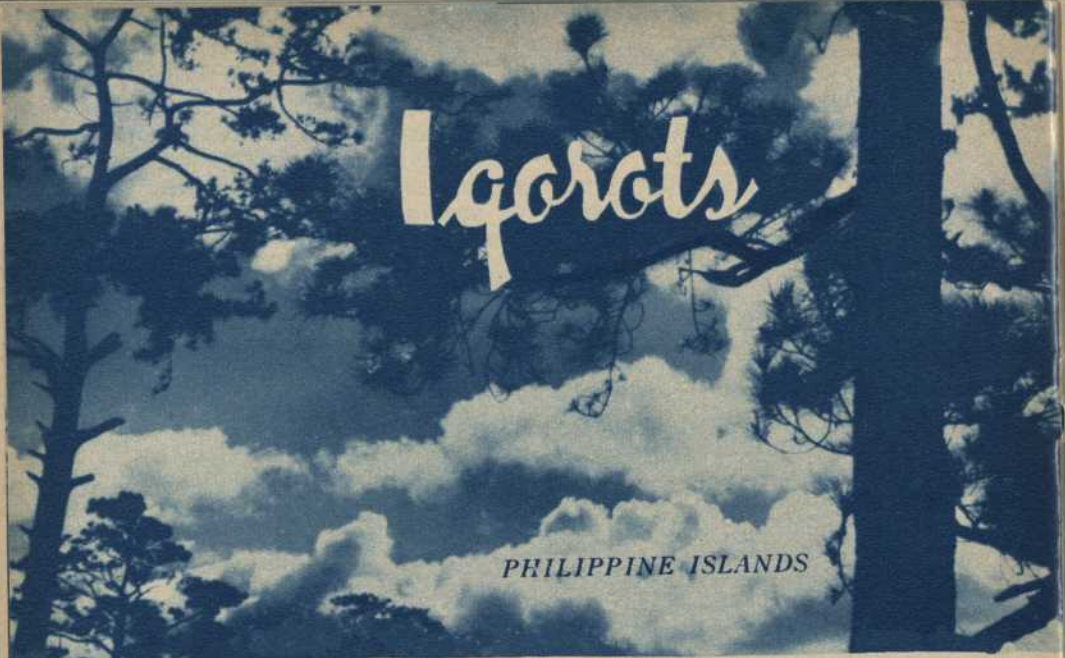
After she had assiduously attended the doctrine courses for a year she received Baptism and took the Christian name of Anna in memory of Anna Wang a Chinese girl martyr who suffered during the Boxer persecution. Soon her staunch spirit of faith, her maturity born of poignant trials patiently endured caused her to be chosen as catechist. She willingly agreed to share our apostolate among her compatriots.

During all this time, the perverse woman who had become her persecutor continued to harry her on every occasion. At times when she felt her moral and physical strength exhausted, Anna would come to the convent and beg for prayers. One day as she accompanied me on a home visitation, we had come to a bridge when she suddenly confided, "Sister, if you missionaries had not come to teach us about the true God and the hope of heaven, I would long since be lying beneath those waters. Nobody can live on with a heart tortured by despair as mine was when you first arrived in Formosa."

Her painful situation continued for yet another year. As she felt that this state of things could not go on forever, the young girl then resolved on making a fervent novena to the Immaculate Heart of Mary. Trusting in Our Lady's protection and encouraged by the rector of the mission, she then put her case before a law court, with the hope that her liberty might be restored; while proceedings were under way we offered her a lodging at the kindergarden.

Meanwhile, a young Formosan catechist anxiously followed the steps taken to liberate Thao Mai from bondage. How happy he was to learn that she was free at last! Shortly afterwards, Reverend Auguste Gagnon blessed the betrothal of the two young people, and on a bright Easter morning saw them plight their troth before God's altar.

Anna continues to help us as a catechist. In the stern school of adversity she has acquired such a clear grasp of the real values of life that she easily convinces others of the truth. Never does she weary repeating that she owes her present happiness to Catholic missionaries: "They taught me to see God's action in all things," she asserts; "When I was almost submerged in despair they urged me to keep on hoping in His goodness ever ready to deliver and to save."



Igorots

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

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

The "mountain people" make up 95% of the Mountain Province population in northern Luzon. Hardy, frugal and industrious, their general pattern of life remains primitive. Some thousand years ago their ancestors, believed to be of Indonesian stock, presumably migrated from northern India via Indo China and settled in the wild beautiful region broken by the Central Cordilleras. Time and again as centuries passed, other mountain lovers from the lowlands or abroad joined themselves to these highlanders. Today, the latter are divided into six ethnic

groups: Ibaloi, Kankanai, Ifugao, Bontoc, Kalinga, and Opayao, all known under the collective name of Igorots or "mountain people".

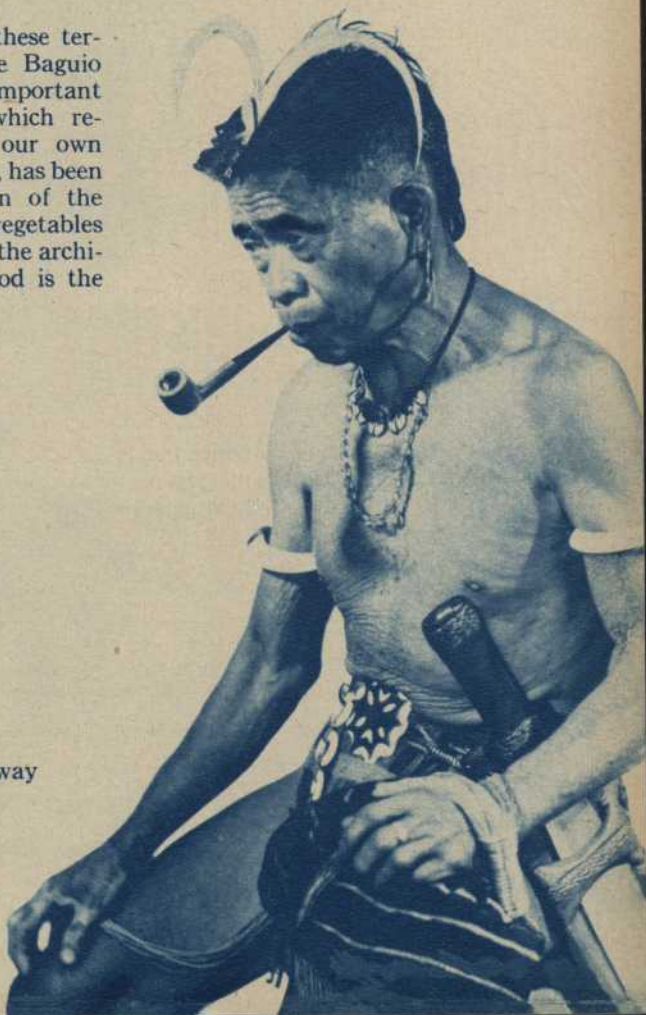
Agriculture is their chief occupation. Even the most abrupt hillsides are utilized for farming purposes, section after section being arduously leveled off against a stone retaining wall. One high plane has thus been added to another until in places like Hugao and Bontoc, terraced fields extend over a thousand feet upwards. Besides wet-rice, the Igorots cultivate rice, upland squash, beans, cabbage,

celery; in spots where altitude permits, orange trees, banana and coffee plants, avocado and other fruit trees are also grown. At first glance, it appears impossible to hold one's balance, much less work, on such precipitous inclines but the feet of the Igorots, long accustomed to mountain climbing, possess a peculiar "clinging" quality, if one may use such an expression, quality which facilitates their labours and prevents their falling.

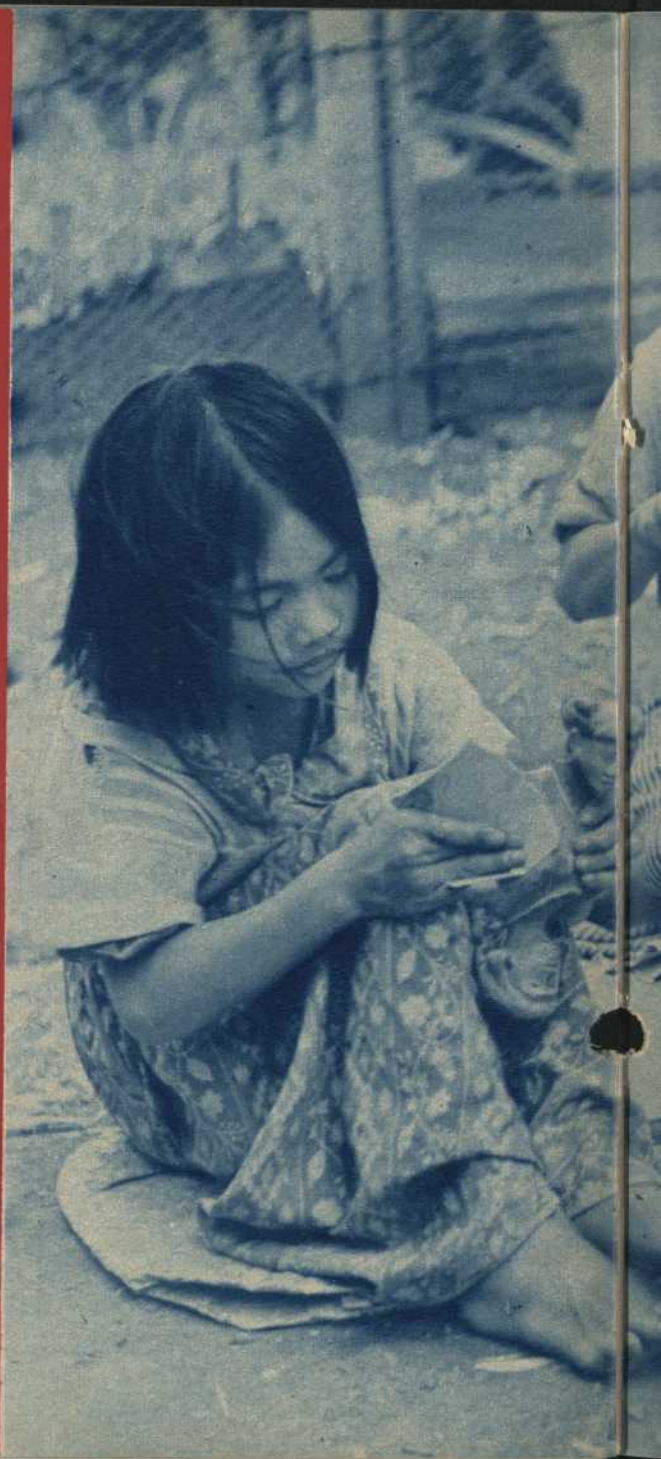
Abundant produce from these terraced farms is sold on the Baguio market or in those of other important centres. Trinidad Valley which reminded me somewhat of our own fertile Canadian countryside, has been called the "kitchen garden of the Philippines" as it furnishes vegetables to cities and *barrios* all over the archipelago. In the neighbourhood is the

National Agricultural School attended by over 12,000 students of whom 98% are Igorots. The Mountain Province is rich in minerals, gold and silver being worked in the Baguio district. Among the most considerable copper deposits found in the Orient is that of Lepanto. Luxuriant pine forests which grow in the Cordillera provide the timber needed for tubing in these mining areas. There

The chief smokes away
his worries.



**Even
Igorot
children
are
clever
at
carving
wood
figurines
with
only
the
crudest
equipment.**







MAYON VOLCANO, ALBAY

are less important industries such as weaving, basket work, the making of pottery, wood carving, all carried on with meticulous care by the aborigines.

Fashions vary little in the skyland of the Philippines. For Igorot men, full dress usually consists in the *bahag* (breech cloth) from which hangs a *bolo* (long knife) and the *kidapi*, a light blanket. Women and young ladies who have reached their teens wear *tapis*, wrap-around-skirts decorated with bands of cloth to which is added among some of the tribes a *sadi* or short striped jacket. Each ethnic group has its own favourite colour. The thickset daughters of the Ifugaos are fond of sombre shades of black, red, and blue; the Bontoc women on the contrary favour gaudy reds and yellows with white

bands embroidered in varied designs. Kalinga damsels have a liking for pale yellow tints and their *tapis* are embellished with sequins and embroidery while Ibaloi and Kankanaï misses sport *tapis* fashioned out of plaid-like material green or yellow with red and white stripes.

Igorot dwellings differ in architecture from tribe to tribe but all are uniformly poor and simple. A roof of thatch or *nipa* caps each windowless hut. In a corner of the one and only room, a caldron swings from the rafters over a square of cement which does duty as kitchen range. The housewife lights a fire of brushwood and soon an appetizing aroma of boiled *camotes* (sweet potatoes) and fish proclaims that dinner or supper is on the way. Seldom does meat figure on the menu outside of

canao festivals or ritual banquets in honour of the dead.

Being animists, the mountain people believe in numerous *anitos* (spirits). What spirits? None others than those of their ancestors who are thought to live on, always at hand, in order to punish or redress their descendants whenever they swerve from the traditional tribal ways. Countless superstitious practices exist destined to honour and appease the powerful *anitos*. Notwithstanding their animistic leanings, the Igorots are monotheist and strangely enough their legends in more than one instance recall certain stories related

in the Old Testament. O for missionaries in sufficient numbers to break the bread of truth to these good mountain folk!

For half a century, missionaries of the Immaculate Heart of Mary So-

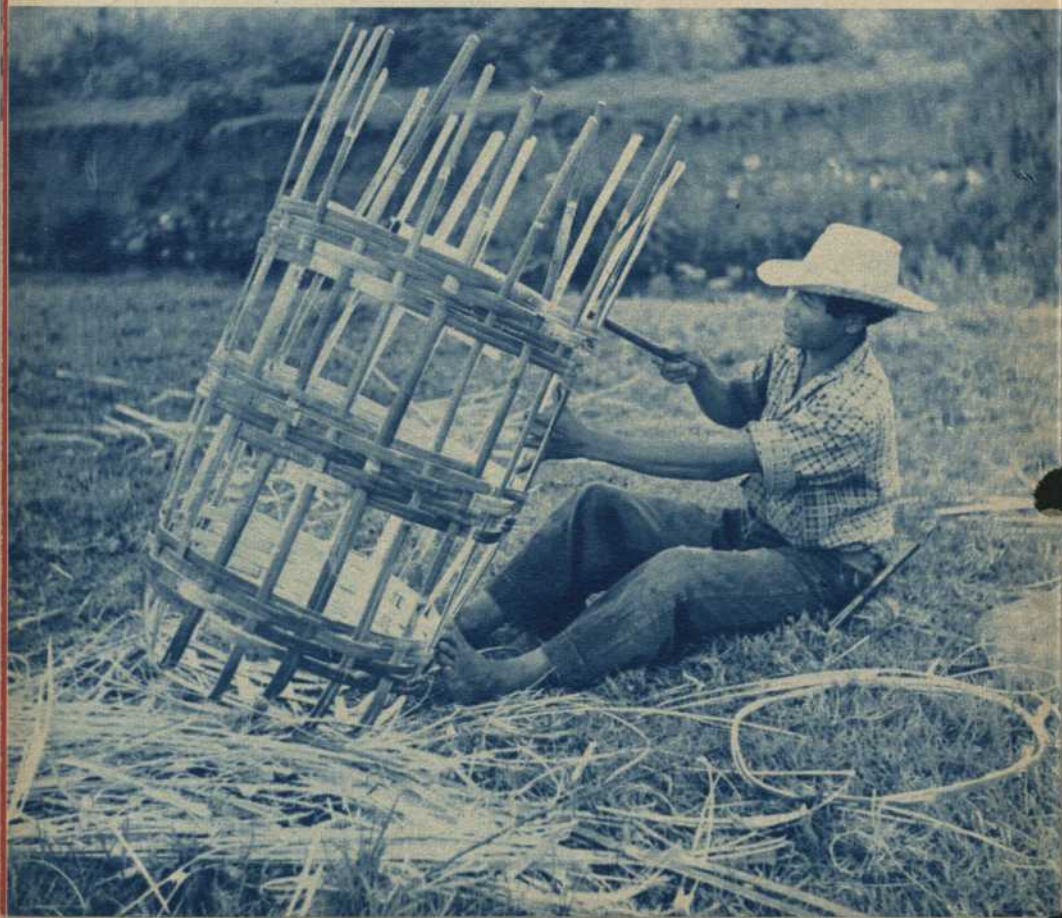


ciety have been evangelizing the immense Vicariate of the Mountain Province. Today Catholics number 133,830, most of these conversions having occurred after World War II. At Bekkel, a hamlet in the vicinity of Baguio, our Sisters have inaugurated a fruitful apostolate among the Igorots. On the whole, the mountaineers are sympathetic but the men do not easily abandon the religion of their forebears. "You may teach our children," they tell the Sisters,

"But as for us we will stay as we are. We're too old to change!"

What missionary ever gave in to pessimism? We continue to hope and to pray that the day is not far off when the inhabitants of the skyland will reach out for the celestial homeland above. Little by little the good news of the gospel message is being taken farther still into almost inaccessible mountain fastnesses. No easy task this, but worthy of the labours of a dedicated lifetime.

Basket weaving alfresco.



VISITING BOCANA

Sister SAINT FLAVIE¹, M.I.C.

Shortly after my arrival in the Philippines, I made my first mission trip to the island of Bocana inhabited by about five hundred tribesmen, Moslems for the most part.

Wearing large volcano-shaped hats as protection against the broiling sunshine, Sister St. Praxedes² and I left, early one afternoon, laden down with precious parcels of clothes and various useful objects received from the generous members of our workshop for the missions in Marlboro, Mass. On the shore Mr. Benigno stood waiting to row us across in his dugout.

Skimming over the placid waters I recalled dreams of mission lands afar that had filled my childhood and later my girlhood days when I was all eagerness to be off on tilts with apostolic adventures. They had at long last materialized these dreams. I thanked God from my heart depths, begging Him to bless all those who had lent me guidance and inspiration

on the way that led to my Promised Land.

Our putting ashore was almost as sensational as Jacques Cartier's landing at Hochelaga. Down to the beach the islanders trooped to give us the heartiest of welcomes. After the Christians among them had insisted on kissing our hands and all the crucifixes they could get hold of, they led us in triumph to the chapel or rather to the ramshackle building honoured by that name. Try to picture a leaky roof sitting askew atop drab walls of disjointed planks; inside, a floor of packed dirt; at the further end, a wobbly table posing as altar; in the rear, an empty artillery shell suspended from a tree branch doing duty as church bell. On the altar, empty coke bottles tried to put up a bold front as flower vases. By the number of statues of all sizes and colours it is evident that the saints are great favourites with the good folk of Bocana: over the sta-

¹ Carmen Castonguay, Edmunston, N.B.

² Therese Boutin, de Saint Marc de Figueray.

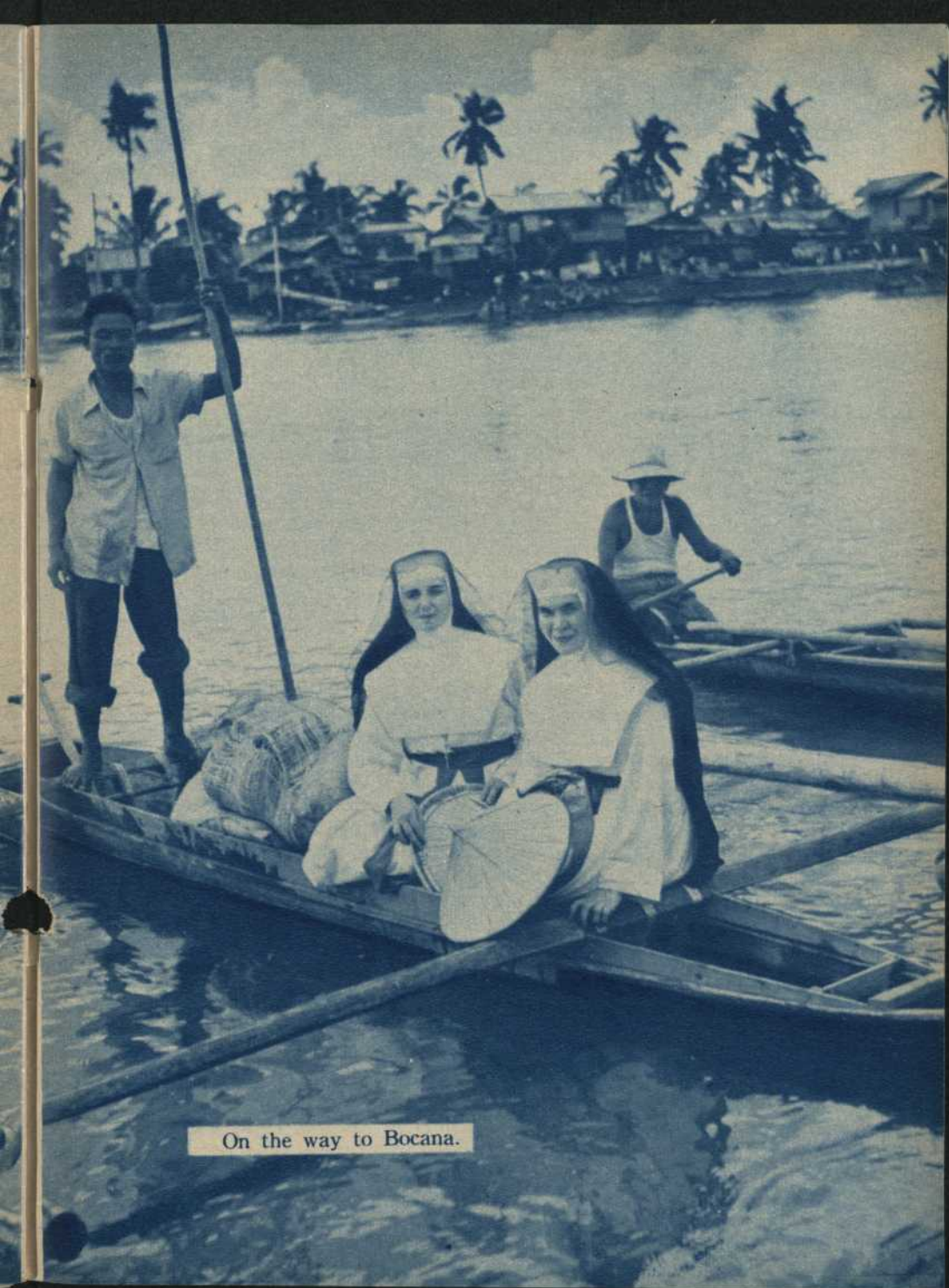
tues, dozens of holy pictures hung from the wall at crazy angles. Rows of half-burnt candles stood in front of this display, drooping from the heat like the branches of weeping willows. Over all, lay a thick layer of dust left undisturbed for months. The missionary is able to visit this island outpost only once a year, on the occasion of the parish *fiesta*. When this happens the housewives sweep and dust in a great flurry of zeal for God's house. Meantime, what is the use of cleaning? The hoofs of passing *carabao* and the boisterous games of village urchins send the sand and dirt flying through cracks and crevices.

Question marks lurked in the bright eyes fixed upon our every movement. What could these two new *Padres* (all foreigners in white cassock-like clothes are *Padres* to them) want on the island today? To satisfy their legitimate curiosity, our guide explained that we simply wanted to make friends. I added, "Would you like a few presents from America?"

Even the wrinkled faces of the older people were creased in pleasant smiles of anticipation at this offer. While keeping up a running commentary on the Providence of God, I opened the bundles we had brought. Immediately, pandemonium broke loose. I found myself almost thrown off my feet by children, old people, young men and women crowding pell-mell around me to snatch their share of the spoils. Once I had succeeded in extricating myself from the melee, I decided that there was nothing else to do but to leave them make their own choice. In a trice, nothing remained except empty bags and boxes, but hands were still held out for more and voices shouted, "I've had nothing", "My baby needs a frock." "My husband wants a pair of pants..."

It was too bad that all could not be satisfied but the delight of the others was something to see. Many tried on blouses or shirts just acquired; a fond mamma ecstatically exclaimed over the pretty things





On the way to Bocana.

she had found for her young hopefuls who were dressed up for the first time in their lives; a grizzly fellow stood fascinated by his wife's appearance, an old crone draped in an evening gown of flamboyant red; a young man feverishly struggled to get on a pair of pants a little too tight for his stocky limbs. The spectacle was well worth the few moments of threatened suffocation suffered at the outset.

We were about to leave when a woman with an anxious look on her face stopped us: "I've not been able to get anything but I don't mind as long as you visit my sick daughter."

It was already late and we should have been on our way home but there was no refusing such an appeal. We followed her into a nipa hut perched on stilts. A young girl burnt up with fever, lay on the bamboo floor; her brother was also ill although he was not in such a critical condition. With their mother's consent, we wrapped both of the sick ones in blankets and had them carried down to the boat in order to take them to Davao General Hospital.

During the crossing of the river we chatted with the woman. She was, we learnt, no less a personage than the wife of Bocana's Moslem chieftain; of her five children, three

shared their father's religion while Aurora and Billy, the ailing pair, were Catholics like their mother. After we had made necessary arrangements with the hospital doctors, we bade the mother goodbye promising to visit her darlings every day.

We kept our promise and had the consolation of teaching Aurora and Billy to appreciate the spiritual wealth that was theirs as children of the Church. Upon their discharge three weeks later, the girl called at the convent to thank us for what we had done for her and her brother.

On Christmas Eve she crossed over from her island in spite of pouring rain to make her immediate preparation for her First Communion. Words are powerless to describe the joy she felt as she received her God during Midnight Mass. Sister Joseph of the Holy Family¹ and I knelt on each side of her sharing her happiness.

Little difficulty did we experience in persuading Aurora to become a practising Catholic. It will doubtless be no such easy feat to win her Moslem father to the faith. We rely on the help of your fervent prayers, dear friends of the missions. If the chief leads the way into the Shepherd's Fold may we not hope to see all his people follow?

* ————— *



HONG KONG

Eleventh Hour

Sister JOSEPH ARTHUR¹, M.I.C.

Seventy-eight-year old Lok is preparing to become a Catholic. Everybody in the neighbourhood knows him, for once every week, rain or shine, he may be seen trudging to the convent for his catechism lesson.

We first met a few months after my arrival in Hong Kong. There hung about him an air of quiet

dignity and kindness, but I sensed that this calm exterior cloaked some secret anxiety or heartfelt sorrow. Later on I discovered that he was the grandfather of my language teacher. "Grandfather is unhappy" she explained, "because his own children being dead, he is at the mercy of a nephew who merely tolerates his presence in his home.

¹ Laura Therrien, St. Leonard of Aston.

The old man is made to feel that he is unwanted. He likes me; so he often comes here. I give him some money and help him in every way I can. Most of the time he is left alone and his heart is sore." How I wished it might be given me to extend this poor old man's horizon by revealing to him the joys of eternal life! But, as I hardly knew more than a few words of Cantonese as yet, it was impossible even to talk to him.

On one of his visits I suddenly thought of inquiring whether he knew any English. His face wore a proud grin as he replied, "When young man me do cooking for American sailors . . . Some English I know, sure . . ." He added that he possessed a smattering of Mandarin language which I myself had learned while missioned in Manchuria. We soon became such good friends that Grandfather asked me to teach him the way of the Lord of Heaven.

Since then, every Sunday morning,

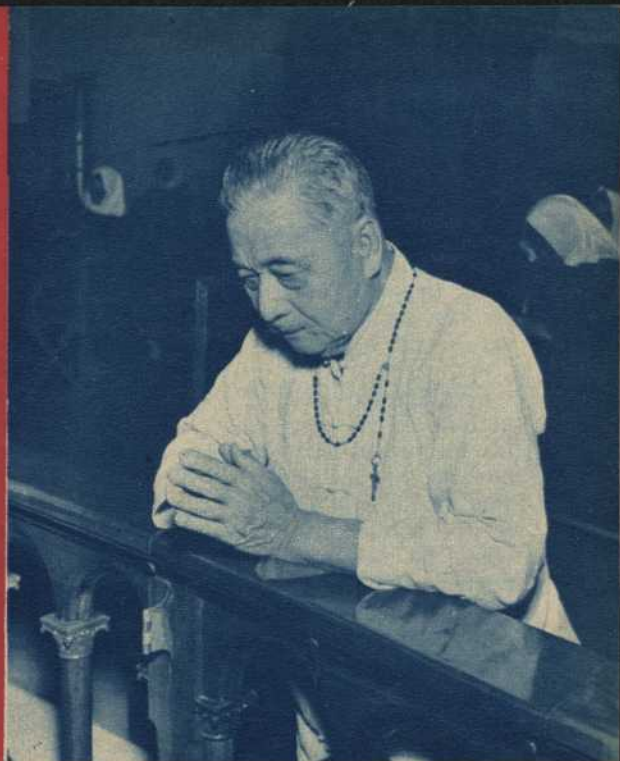


Studying
the catechism
is serious business
for grandpa Lok.

SO LATE IN LIFE

HAVE I KNOWN YOU,

DEAR LORD...



Grandad shows up at the convent carrying his accessories: a catechism, his eyeglasses, a notebook and a pencil, an umbrella, and the indispensable fan. He greets me with old fashioned courtesy, "Good morning Kou Leung (Sister)," then mops his face bathed in perspiration. Before coming here, has he not gone out of his way to hear Mass at St. Teresa's Church? For an old man such a long walk in the hot sunshine is fatiguing, but he makes light of it deeming that no trouble is too great to pay his respects to the Lord he has known only at the eleventh hour of his life.

Then we settle down to the task

of learning the principal truths of Catholicism such as set out in the catechism. Anyone pausing to listen would be puzzled by hearing us talk in a strange combination of three different languages. The funny thing is that we understand each other perfectly. "Grandfather," I ask, "Who made you? Why have you been created?" At this question, my aged pupil's eyes open wide unto luminous perspectives. He understands at last that if life deals us some hard knocks it also offers blessed deepfelt joys when we glimpse it through the marvelous prism of Christian faith. He underlines the ideographs whose meaning he does

not remember then painstakingly jots down the answers. With a sigh of satisfaction he declares, "*Yes... wa ming pak!* (There! That's clear)." Sometimes he comments in his original English flavoured with Chinese "*T'ien Kiu* (God) *say like that, so I do like that... Pi fang* (for instance) *don't kill anybody, and me too... So I don't do that!*"

Grandfather Lok endeavours to perform to the best of his ability all his future duties as a Catholic. He now accepts his trials with resignation for the love of God, although he is not above airing his grievances when no one else is near. "This nephew of mine, he no much good. He let me stay in his house, yes, but he no want me eat with family. He give me only leavings from day before... Nighttime, he make me lie in a corner all hot and dirty. No

can sleep. He sure no good because you see years long ago I got work, nice house for him. Now me, too old he no mind. I no got home. Too bad! Too bad!"

God who listened to the complaints of Job has lent an attentive ear to those of Lok. What joy was his when I told him that upon our request, the Little Sisters of the Poor would have a place ready for him by Christmas. In this homelike atmosphere he will make his immediate preparation for Baptism which he is scheduled to receive at this season.

Whatever may have been the title heads of the chapters in the novel of his life — is not every human life a novel? — the last one will have, let us hope, the popular happy ending "and Grandfather Lok lived happily forever after..."

IN THE PRECURSOR'S MAIL BAG

Better Than a Love Letter

Reverend Mother,

I enclose a money order for one dollar as I wish to renew my subscription to your review. I have read a few issues and have taken a liking to it.

Respectfully yours,

Mrs. Joseph B.

P.S. My eyes are as old as I am; 92 this year. To read, I use a magnifying glass.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.
NOVITIATE, Pont Vieu, Montreal 9.
OUTREMONT, 314 St. Catherine Road,
Montreal 8.
CHINESE HOSPITAL, 112 Lagacheferre St., West,
Montreal 1.
NOMINIQUE, 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 St. eet.
GRANBY, P. Q., 279 Main Street.
CHICOUTIMI, P.Q., 766 Cenacle Street.
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, P.Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P.Q., 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.

MADAGASCAR

MORONDAVA, Madagascar.

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.
DESCHAPELLES, Albert Schweitzer Hospital
Post Box No. 4, Saint Marc, Haiti.
MERCEDES, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MARTI, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MANGUITO, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
LOS ARABOS, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MAXIMO GOMEZ, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
COLON, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

KATETE MISSION, Katete River P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZAMBAZI MISSION, Kafukule P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
RUMPHI MISSION, Rumph P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KARONGA MISSION, Karonga P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KASEYE MISSION, Fort Hill P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZUZU MISSION,
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
NKATA BAY MISSION, Nkata Bay P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
FORT JAMESON, P.O. Box 107
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.
KANYANGA MISSION, Lundazi P.O.
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.

Northern Rhodesia

A vintage color photograph of two women riding bicycles on a dirt path in Northern Rhodesia. The woman on the left is a Black woman wearing a light-colored short-sleeved dress and a headscarf. The woman on the right is a white woman wearing a long, light-colored dress with a dark belt and a headscarf. They are both smiling at the camera. The background consists of dense, dry-looking bushes and trees. The sky is a pale blue. The photograph has a slightly aged appearance with some minor wear and a small tear in the top right corner.

Cycling through the bush
on home visitations.