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The Precursor

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Our front cover: *IN FORMOSA* Junior enjoys
personal taxi service.



Missionary Vocations

Excerpt from Pope Pius XII's encyclical
Fidei Donum

The Church in Africa, as in every other mission territory, lacks apostles.

Therefore We turn again to you, Venerable Brethren, to ask you to favor the care of missionary vocations to the priesthood and the Religious life in every way.

It falls to you in the first place to develop among the faithful a con-

ditioning of the spirit, as We said a short while ago, an opening of the soul which renders them more sensitive to the universal interests of the Church and more apt to hear the ancient calling of the Lord, which resounds from age to age, "Leave your country, your kinfolk and your father's house, for the land which I

will show you" (Gen. 12: 1).

A generation trained according to these truly Catholic ideals, either in families or in schools, in parishes or in Catholic Action and in pious works, such a generation will give to the Church the apostles she needs to announce the Gospel to all peoples.

This missionary inspiration, furthermore, animating the totality of your dioceses, will be a pledge of spiritual renewal for you.

A christian community which gives its sons and daughters to the Church cannot die.

And, if it is true that the supernatural life is a life of charity and grows with the giving of one's self, it can be asserted that the Catholic vitality of a nation is measured by the sacrifices it is capable of making for the missionary cause.

However, it is not sufficient to form an atmosphere favourable to this cause. It is necessary to do more than that.

Thanks be to God, there are numerous dioceses which are so amply provided with priests that they could consent to the sacrifice of some vocations without running any risk. We turn to them above all with paternal insistence: "Give in proportion to your means" (cf. Luke 17: 47).

But We think also of those among Our brothers of the episcopacy who are troubled by a sad decrease in Religious and priestly vocations and who can no longer meet the spiritual needs of their flocks. We identify Ourselves with their pastoral sufferings and We willingly say to them as St. Paul said to the Corinthians, "For I do not mean that the relief of others should become your bur-

den, but that there should be equality" (2 Cor. 8 : 13).

Dioceses thus tried should not be deaf to the appeal of the distant missions, however.

The widow's mite was given as an example by Our Lord, and the generosity of one poor diocese for others even poorer could not impoverish it. God will not let Himself be outdone in generosity.

Isolated efforts will not suffice by any means for resolving the complex problems of missionary vocations effectively.

Remember these problems in your meetings therefore, Venerable Brethren, and in the framework of national organizations, where they exist. On that scale it will be easier to put into effect the means of action best suited for the revival of missionary vocations. At the same time you will more easily bear the responsibilities which render you united at the service of the general interests of the Church.

Give generous support in your dioceses to the Missionary Union of the Clergy, so often recommended by Our predecessors and by Ourselves.

We have recently elevated it to the dignity of a pontifical organization, so that no one would doubt the esteem in which We hold it and the importance that We give to its development.

Let there be established, finally, a close coordination of efforts, indispensable factor for success, between pastors of souls and those who labour more immediately for the missions. We have in mind particularly the national presidents of the Pontifical missionary organizations, whose task you will render easier by sustaining their diocesan directors with your

authority and your zeal. We have in mind also the superiors of the deserving Congregations, to whom the Holy See does not cease to appeal to meet the more urgent needs of missions. They cannot increase the number of vocations without the benevolent understanding of local Ordinaries.

Study together the best ways of reconciling the real interests of the one and the other. If at times these interests seem momentarily divergent, is it perhaps not because one ceases to consider them with sufficient faith in the supernatural vision of the unity

and the Catholicity of the Church?

In the same spirit of fraternal and disinterested collaboration you should have care, Venerable Brethren, to be solicitous for the spiritual assistance of young Africans and Asiatics who must live temporarily in your dioceses to pursue their studies.

Deprived of the natural social environment of their native countries, they often remain for various reasons without sufficient contact with the centers of Catholic life in the nations that have given them hospitality.

For this reason their Christian



life can find itself endangered, because the true values of the new civilization which they discover still remain hidden to them while materialistic influences deeply trouble them and atheistic associations strive to win their confidence.

The present and the future seriousness of this state of affairs could not escape you. Thus, coming into contact with the cares of the missionary bishops, you will not hesitate to appoint some experienced and zealous priest of your diocese for this apostolate.

Another form of interchangeable assistance, certainly a great inconvenience, is adopted by some bishops who give permission to one or the other of their priests, even at some sacrifice, to leave their dioceses for a time and place themselves at the disposition of the Ordinaries in Africa.

By so doing they do them an incomparable service, either to insure the wise and discreet introduction of new and more specialized forms of the priestly ministry, or to replace the clergy of those dioceses in the teaching of ecclesiastical and profane subjects where the latter are no longer able to carry on their tasks. We readily encourage such generous and timely initiatives.

Prepared and placed with prudence,

such men could bring a valuable solution to African Catholicism in a difficult but hopeful time.

Help to missionary dioceses assumes a form nowadays which gives joy to Our heart, and which We would like to indicate in conclusion.

We refer to the effective task which lay militants, acting principally within the framework of national and international Catholic movements, accept in performing a service to the young Christian communities. Their cooperation requires dedication, modesty and prudence. But how precious is the help brought in that manner to those dioceses which must face new and urgent apostolic duties!

With full submission to the Bishop of the place who is responsible for the apostolate, and in perfect collaboration with African Catholics as well who understand the benefits of such fraternal support, these lay militants offer to new dioceses the advantage of a long experience of Catholic and social action, as well as of all the other forms of specialized apostolate.

They promote, furthermore, — and this is not the least profit — the rapid insertion of local organizations into the broad network of international Catholic institutions. We felicitate them with all Our heart for their zeal in the service of the Church.

MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

- July: That in great African cities life and housing problems for the poor may be solved in a truly Christian way.
- August: That a sound Christian way of life may flourish in Nigeria.

OUR LADY REIGNS IN KARONGA

Sister MADELEINE MARIE¹, M.I.C.

Karonga situated on the shores of the great Lake Nyasa, was one of the first three mission posts in Northern Nyasaland entrusted to the care of Cardinal Lavigerie's sons, the White Fathers of Africa.

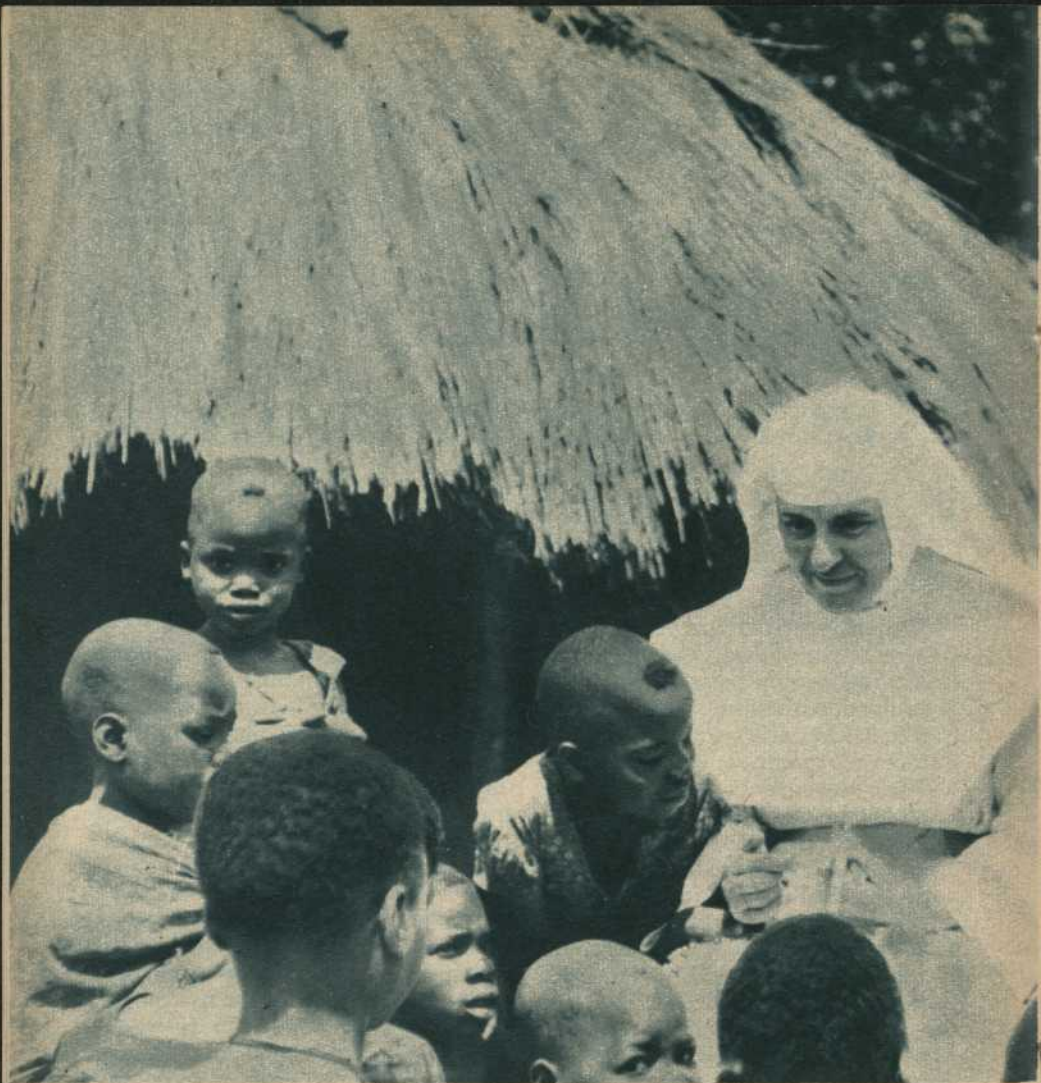
After the opening in 1938 and 1940 of the Katete and Mzambazi missions in the south, the foundation of the new post of Karonga in the north assured as it were the missionary Father's position in this small territory of 350,000 inhabitants. Within a brief ten years, from 1947, year of the canonical erection of the Northern Nyasaland Prefecture Apostolic, to 1957 eleven missions and eighty mission outposts were set on foot while the number of Christians and catechumens soared from a mere 3,000 to 30,000.

Needless to say this missionary advance was obtained at the cost of countless struggles and unremitting labours. Karonga proved a particularly difficult spiritual conquest to achieve, for paganism held sway over

the greater part of the region. Besides, the Free Church of Scotland whose influence radiates far beyond the Tanganyika had installed its headquarters on the summit of the Nyika, a chain of mountains undulating from east to west; and from this crow's nest it regularly dispatched squads of disciples in every direction. The arrival of the Catholic missionaries could hardly fail to attract the malevolent attention of the ever watchful ministers. Under their instigation, the tribes showed in no equivocal manner that the newcomers were unwelcome.

The White Fathers' first refuge was a shed rented from a company. Ousted from these premises, they pitched their tent on a vacant lot a little farther away only to find that the owner of the field was a fanatic who peremptorily ordered them off. Were they discouraged? Not they! Pacific conquerors, these messengers of the gospel marched under the banner of a powerful Queen to whom they

¹ Madeleine Loranger, Westmount.



Sister Madeleine Marie, happy missionary-shepherdess,
cares for her flock of dusky lambkins.



had dedicated their apostolic venture; that she would not abandon them they felt confident. Presently, the mission of Our Lady of Victory of Karonga was born and thrived in poverty, humility, contradictions, assured tokens of its eventual prosperity.

After many moons had passed, the ice of fanaticism began to thaw under the sunshine of God's grace. When Karonga was six years old a group of our Sisters was asked to assume charge of a dispensary, conduct a school, and organize social feminine movements.

Until their coming, boys and girls had been attending the same schools; a somewhat lax formation had unfortunately favoured vice and disorderly conduct. At the inauguration of the separate schools, several groups of girls crowded in our classes like herds of capricious gazelles averse to discipline and obedience. It took months of patient tactful endeavours on the part of their teachers to tame these rebellious natures. Thanks to Our Blessed Mother's influence, the African girls gradually underwent a pleasing metamorphosis.

Their first makeshift classrooms the Sisters and the pupils had had to dispute against hordes of bats. Moreover, as the waters of Lake Nyasa constantly threatened to wash them out they gladly exchanged their miserable quarters for the neat brick buildings constructed on the site of today's Mission compound.

Although by 1954 over 200 children had enrolled, only one conversion had been registered. An act of gracious kindness on the part of the Sisters started many on the way to salvation. This is how it came about. Notwithstanding the fact that they



were still short of space and had only the most rudimentary accommodation at their disposal, the Sisters gladly agreed to accept as boarders a group of girls who came from distant villages and had no relatives in town with whom they might safely put up. Being brought into intimate and daily contact with the missionaries greatly benefited these children of the bush. Every evening they took the habit of gathering before Our Lady's statue for a short spontaneous goodnight prayer. It soon happened that a few asked to receive the medal of catechumens and began to study the doctrine. Their companions strove to intimidate these courageous ones with threats and barbed sarcasms but their smiling tenacity of purpose finally emboldened others whom the fear of ridicule had held back to become members of a Church where the Mother of Christ was honoured as the Mother of all men.

During the years that followed the number of conversions increased in such a way that of the 300 pupils on our roster at present more than half are on the catechumenate roll.

Our Lady elects her favourites among all sorts of people — daughters of powerful chiefs, children of polygamists, girls of families belonging to various religious persuasions. In heartfelt simplicity, all pledge themselves to serve the selfsame Immaculate Queen, relying on her succour to

avoid the pitfalls of life. At every hour of the day, one or the other may be found in devout prayer before the statue of Our Lady of Lourdes.

"I have to go now, dear Mother. Take good care of yourself," naively prayed a young girl about to return to her home village. Certainly such petitions must stir Mary's maternal heart to its depths. As for us, her Missionaries, we cannot help exulting at the wonderful change she has wrought in these African maidens who were a few years hence as resentful of discipline as the wild animals that roam their beautiful country. May we not find in this a presage that the Immaculate Virgin will in the not too distant future deign to extend her rule over the entire tribe of the Honga and the Khonde?

The young more particularly will have a prominent role in this new realm of Mary in Northern Nyasaland. Through them the light of Faith will penetrate every nook and corner of their native land. That is why we presume to ask you, dear readers, to keep African youth in prayerful remembrance. Moreover, if some among you should feel prompted to send rosaries to our mission I am sure the multiplied Aves of our pupils would call down upon you and yours the special favour of Our Lady of Victory, Queen of a new realm in Karonga.



Happy pupils of Karonga.

Besting Trouble with Beauty

Sister MARY OF THE REDEMPTION¹, M.I.C.

Mikimoto San, the noodlemaker, hugged a dream — a bright iridescent dream to his heart. For the hundredth time perhaps as they worked together in their dingy shop, he expounded his theory to his wife, "The pearl is born of the oyster's trouble. An audacious grain of sand invades the privacy of its vaulted chamber. Annoyed, the wise oyster instead of violently ousting the intruder, slowly but surely entombs it in layer upon layer of fluid which eventually hardens into a pearl." Being something of a philosopher, the noodlemaker went on, "But just as few men are wise enough to cover their troubles with beauty, only one oyster in tens of

thousands turns annoyance into a pearl. That explains the priceless value of the gems. If only every oyster was made to isolate a grain of sand, then pearls would become plentiful . . ."

Mikimoto San's wife listened patiently, interjecting an occasional "*Arra ma!*" (you don't say so). How clever this young husband of hers was! But were his plans practical? "What would be the use of so many pearls?" she inquired. And the noodlemaker chuckled, "You innocent one! Don't you know that the women of other countries have always wanted pearls and more pearls as far back as people can remember? Unlike our

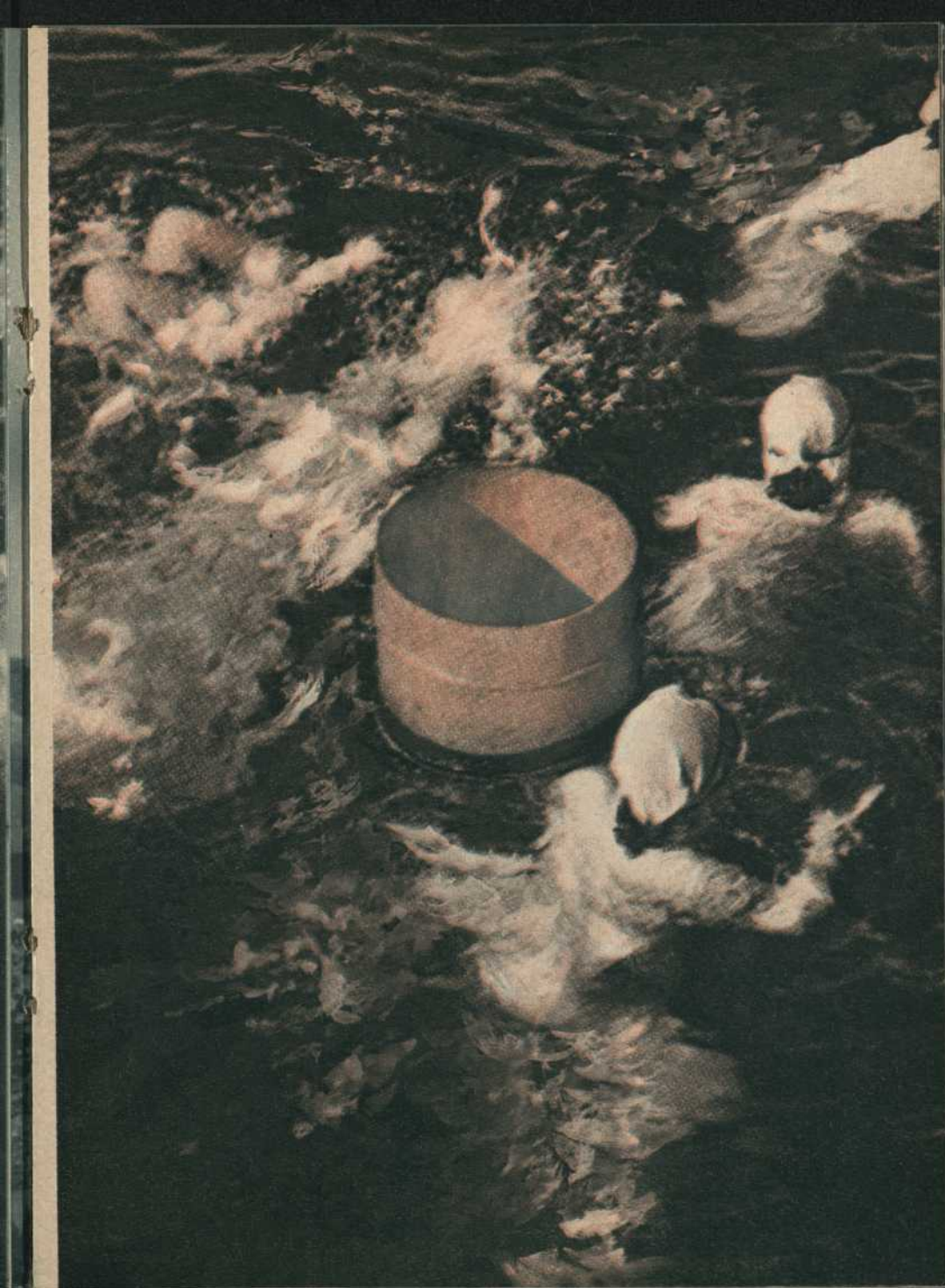


Japanese women, they cannot rest content with the beauty of face and hair and figure that nature provides. They need jewels to set it off. Never mind! You'll be a grand *okusan* (lady) yet when my ship comes in." The faithful wife laughed this off as a great joke and busied herself deftly packaging the slender strips of dried paste, while her husband abruptly rising, remarked that he was going to take a walk by the seashore.

Gradually, Mikimoto San came to spend more and more time near the oyster beds of the Ise Peninsula conducting experiments, and less and less time working in his noodle shop. His wife uncomplainingly shouldered the burden of rice winner managing the family business, keeping their little house in the pink of order. Three times he went bankrupt trying to realize his ambitious plan. Before he died at an advanced age he was many times a millionaire and his pearls had rolled all over the world.

It is very interesting to visit one of the numerous establishments called pearl farms to learn how these gems are cultured. The adventure begins when Japanese women divers plunge some twenty feet after the oysters; women succeed better than men at this work because, it appears, they can hold their breath longer under water. Placed in tubs, the oysters are then taken to laboratories where they are introduced to the trouble they are expected to vest with beauty. Experts insert a fragment of mother-of-pearl inside each valve. After this operation the mollusks are put into cages and lowered down into their beds again there to elaborate their delicate bit of artistry. This may take as long as seven years, for even a cultured oyster needs time to make a pearl. The climax of the adventure is reached when





the shells being taken up again are forced wide open to reveal their inner secret. Although some of the pearls are useless, about seven out of ten are worthy to deck the fair.

The humble noodlemaker hugged a dream — a bright iridescent dream

to his heart and his dream came true beyond his wildest expectations. He is a credit to the amazing ingenuity of his people. May this same Japanese people soon discover the divine secret of the Pearl of great price.

Coming up with her catch of mollusks.



LEARNING A FOREIGN TONGUE

Sister SAINT ANGELA¹, M.I.C.

To learn a new idiom is usually the first task which confronts tyro missionaries. Although the first Pentecost gratified the apostles with the gift of tongues modern heralds of the gospel obtain this privilege only at the cost of prolonged and arduous study. This meritorious task of adaptation has the advantage of allowing the newcomer to get acquainted with the customs of the people and to penetrate its character and mentality before coming into direct contact with it.

For a year now, ever since our arrival in Formosa, Sister Marie Elmiro² and I have been studying Mandarin, official tongue of the Chinese, compulsory in all schools on the Island although the Formosans themselves use various other dialects. In Taipei, the choice of professors is easy, for a great number of refugees live in the capital or in its neighbourhood.

Mandarin has four principal tones or accents which are comparatively easy to master; the first, *dai* or equal, the second, resembling an interrogation, the third, low, the fourth, sharp and brief. These various intonations are important since they may lend a word different shades of meaning. Thus the tone *jye* may mean street, feast, borrowing or undoing, according to the tone in which it is enuntiated. Often, a word pronounced in the same tone carries four or five different significations. The context or the turn of the sentence will tell what it is meant to say. Such difficulties at first appear in-

大
著
霞
還
照

¹ Gabrielle Drouin, Inverness, Megantic.

² Jeanne d'Arc Allary, St. Melanie.



Friends from Formosa.

superable, but they disappear after months of sedulous practice.

What about Chinese ideograms or characters? They also are rather easily managed but as easily forgotten unless one makes it a rule to read and write them assiduously.

In the early stages of learning a new language one is apt to make more than one ludicrous mistake trying to make people understand. According to our professor, many of our sentences and expressions would

win first prize in competition for the best jokes of the year! One evening, for instance, I wanted to tell our altar boy that he should serve Mass the following morning. In advance, I prepared what I thought was a neat sentence, short and to the point. Eyes twinkling with merriment, he replied, waving his arms up and down, "Oh, Sister, don't you know I can't fly?" Instead of the tone meaning Mass I had used the one meaning airplane! Another time, while we

were discussing grammatical niceties with our professor, I placed my pencil beside hers and exclaimed, "My nose is longer than yours." With an amused smile, my teacher pointed out my mistake and corrected the famous tone. How I laughed afterwards! Had my brothers been near, they also would have had a good chuckle, for they enjoyed teasing me about the length of my nose.

Mistakes and lisps notwithstanding, we are making such steady progress that we can now teach the

children the elements of catechism. Carefully prepared, our lessons are rendered more attractive by the use of coloured pictures. While the little ones admire them we have time to go over our modulated sentences.

The urgency of mastering the language the better to understand the people is a powerful incentive in our study. Will you please help us by your prayers, dear Canadian friends, to obtain at least a share in the precious gift of tongues granted the first apostles?

MATI, PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

Candle for Our Lady

Late one afternoon, three shady-looking men knocked at our door. "Madre," declared one "We have just safely crossed the bay from Padada to Mati in a flimsy *banca*... We would like to offer a candle at the Birhen's (Virgin's shrine)."

"Could you get us one?" put in another, while he produced a grimy five cent piece and slipped it into the hand of the Portress.

More or less skeptical, Sister Cecile of the Angels¹ nevertheless brought the required object. With profuse thanks the three fishermen awkwardly bowed themselves out and made straight for the Lourdes Grotto facing our convent. At Mary's feet they knelt to pray, after lighting their candle, as devout as acolytes serving at the altar for the first time.

The Queen of Heaven undoubtedly smiled down upon these bronzed sons of hers with motherly tenderness. How could she fail to be pleased with such a sincere naive homage of gratitude?

Sister MARIE ALBERTINE², M.I.C.

¹ Cecile Kirouac, Bristol, Conn.

² Jacqueline Blondon, Longueuil.



CUBA

Colón's

Would you like to visit Colón's famous student city? Here you are at the central columned entrance of the group of spacious buildings in tropical shades of beige, yellow, and green which house the student population.

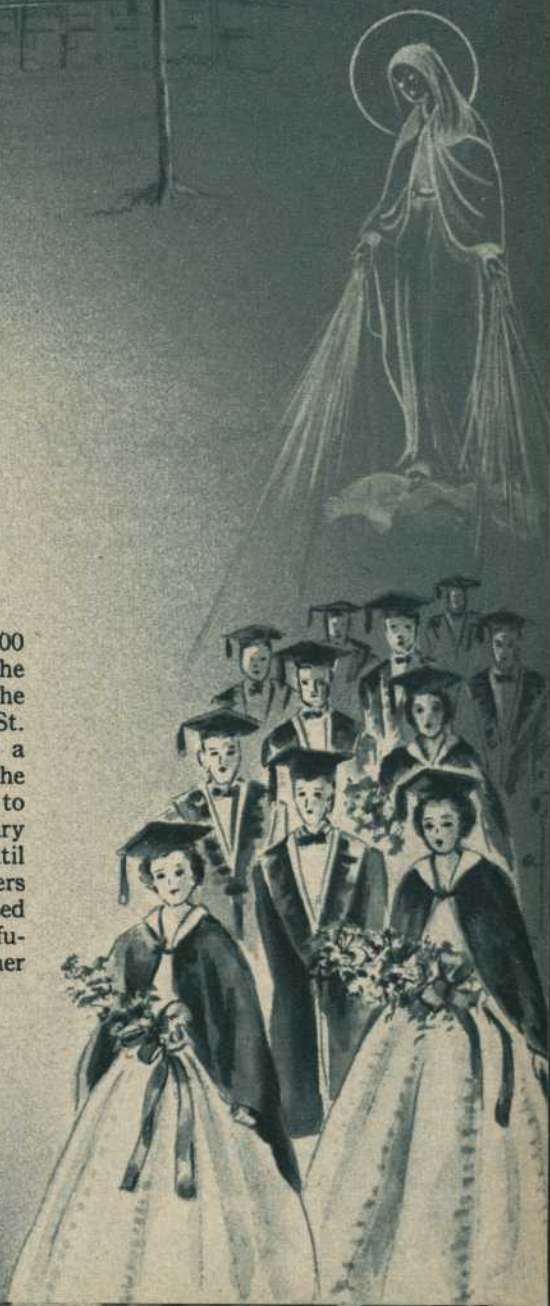
This institution overflowing with youthful dynamism was founded thanks to the zealous initiative of Reverend Marcel Gérin, priest of the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Society. It comprises besides Immaculate Conception College attended by 250 young girls, the classical *Colegio Padre*

¹ Cyprienne Miller, Montreal.

Colegio

Sister SAINT CYPRIAN¹, M.I.C.

Felix Varela with a roster of 400 youths, a minor seminary, and the senior diocesan seminary for the province under the patronage of St. Albert the Great. Organized with a view of favouring more especially the recruitment of tardy vocations to the priesthood this latter seminary meets a pressing need in Cuba. Until recently, the island which numbers five million inhabitants possessed only two centres of formation for future levites, one at Havana, the other



at Santiago. Is it any wonder that the paucity of priests should be keenly felt? At present many youths who for some time past have been devoting themselves as Catholic Actionists feel the call to go the whole way for Christ. These vocations are multiplying at such a rate that the new seminary building is already bulging at the seams. To comply with the desire of His Excellency the Bishop of the diocese seven among the initial group of seminarians have been sent to pursue their theological studies in Canada at the Pont Viau Foreign Mission Seminary.

Canadian Missionary Fathers, a few of our Sisters, and competent lay professors teach religious and profane sciences in one or other of the student city's four sections. The programme of studies followed in our *Colegio* for girl students is the same which is operative in other schools throughout Cuba. The primary course leads up to the sixth grade and is followed by the superior primary consisting of the seventh and eight grades. Normal School and Commercial School both offer a four year course. A Bachelor of Arts degree may be obtained within five years, the three official examinations taking place at different intervals from December and June.

Every day, from buses painted in the same refreshing colours as the school buildings, spill out merry groups of boys and girls wearing the blue and beige uniform of the establishment. At 8.25 A.M., an electric bell silences the chattering groups who form ranks while over the loud-speaker thunder the strains of a

military march. To the sound of music the students enter their various classrooms to take up the day's work.

In Cuban schools, callisthenics are an important part of the schedule. Besides coaching the pupils in their physical exercises, Senorita Olga Herrera teaches international folk-dances which they perform in such a graceful manner that all Matanzas prides itself on their success. The Cubans are also very fond of music and drawing.

From a religious point of view, the students of Colón are indebted to the missionary Fathers and Sisters who spare no pains to provide the spiritual aid they stand in need of. Is not the desire to help them live Christ-centered lives the chief reason for our being in their midst? Every morning priests hear confessions before Mass which is celebrated for the boarders at seven; to accommodate day students, another Mass is said at half-past-eight on Wednesdays and Fridays. Moreover on First Fridays the Holy Sacrifice is offered at five in the afternoon to give every one the opportunity to attend. Young ladies from our *Colegio* accompany the hymns and sing in the choir. On Sundays, the pupils wear a white and blue uniform.

At eight in the evening, the last bell ushers in a study period. The Babel of voices dies down; over Immaculate Conception Hall a soothing stillness broods. This is the hour I love best, the hour when walking on the balcony I hold intercourse with our "sisters the stars" twinkling in sky meadows above, and admire the lovely panorama spreading out be-

low my feet. Fields of sugar cane stretch everywhere hemmed in by tall palm sentinels. Under the gentle evening breeze, the gay blades silvered by the moonlight rustle and undulate like the waves of a dark green sea. Tomorrow's sun will bring maturity to this mounting harvest which is the symbol of another harvest, that of millions of Cuban children's souls over whom Christ once sighed, "The harvest indeed is great but the la-

bourers are few. Pray ye therefore the Lord of the harvest to send labourers..."

It is my ardent hope that the Saviour's appeal will continue to echo in the hearts of the generous youth of my homeland. Plenty of apostolic work awaits them in my country of adoption with the assurance attached that the Master Missioner Himself will be their reward exceeding great.

**His Excellency the Canadian Ambassador to Cuba,
Mr. H. Allard, honours Colón's Colegio with his visit.**



KATETE, NYASALAND

Stop! Look! Listen!

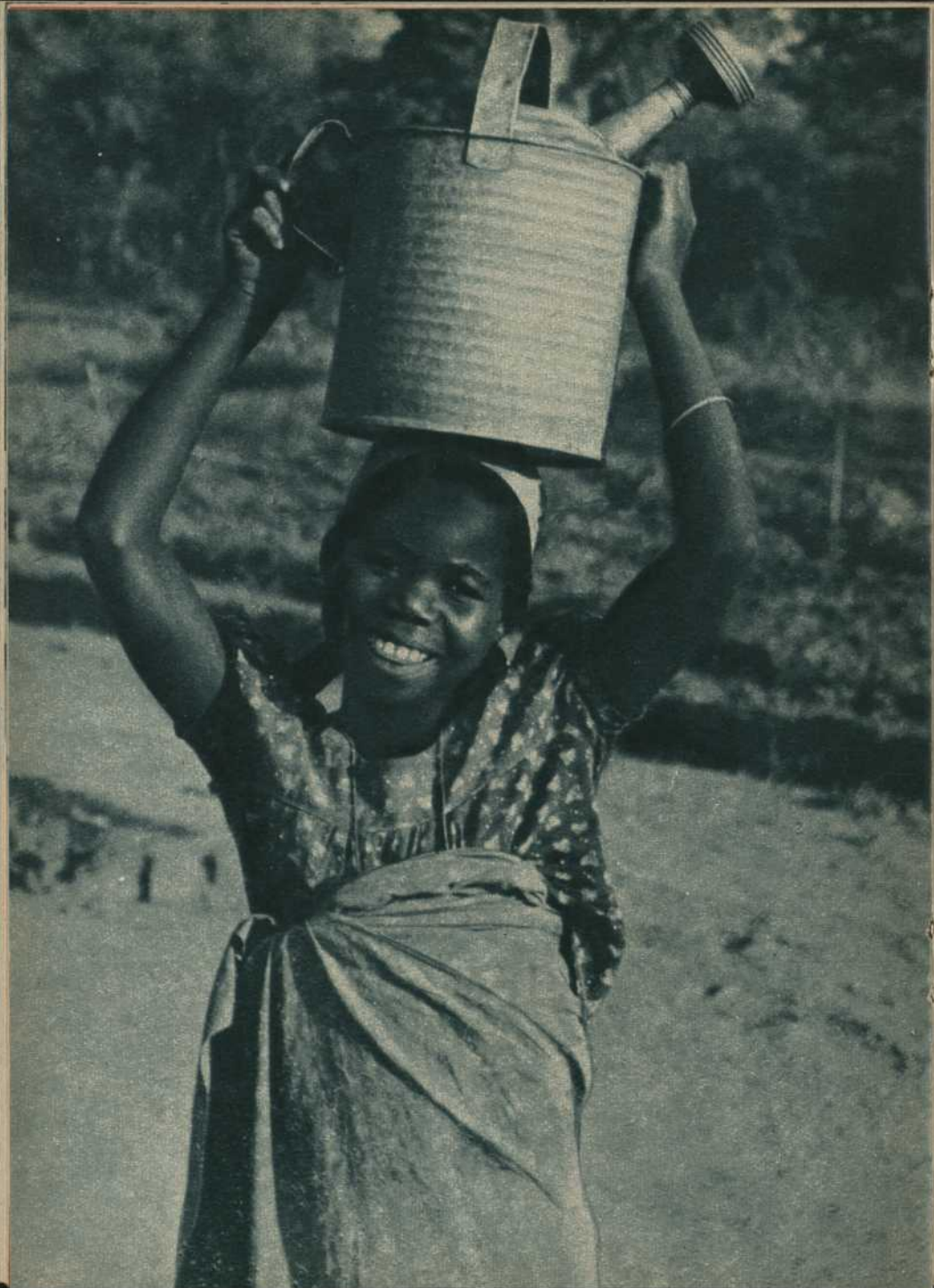
Sister SAINT BERNADETTE¹, M.I.C.

April had come to Katete, its mellow sunshine bathing the countryside in liquid gold. Early in the forenoon I had gone to the Boy's Normal School to teach my daily class in methodology applied to children's classes. Arriving a few minutes ahead of time, I stood on the porch feasting my eye on the panorama of quiet beauty stretching all around me. Down the path

¹ Marie Fyfe, Laprairie.







that led to the Normal School, Ignacio, the mission catechist strode, doubtless bent on some errand for the Principal. Suddenly, I saw him halt in his tracks. Cocking his head he minutely examined the overhanging branches of a flamboyant growing nearby. Then, giving the tree a wide berth he motioned to me. "Look up there," he whispered. On a fat branch, a serpent lay in a stuporous after-dinner siesta. Ignacio went on, "While you stood on the porch didn't you hear a bevey of birds chirping excitedly while they circled the top of the tree?"

"Indeed I did. I thought they were merely discussing their housing problems."

"They sounded a warning. Their small eyes possessing sharper vision than our own had descried the serpent napping in the sun although he can hardly be distinguished from the bark. You will find that they often act likewise when they spot leopards or other animals asleep in the forest. As for Master Serpent, he is quietly digesting birds or lizards which figured on his menu. By and by, when he awakens, he will slither down the

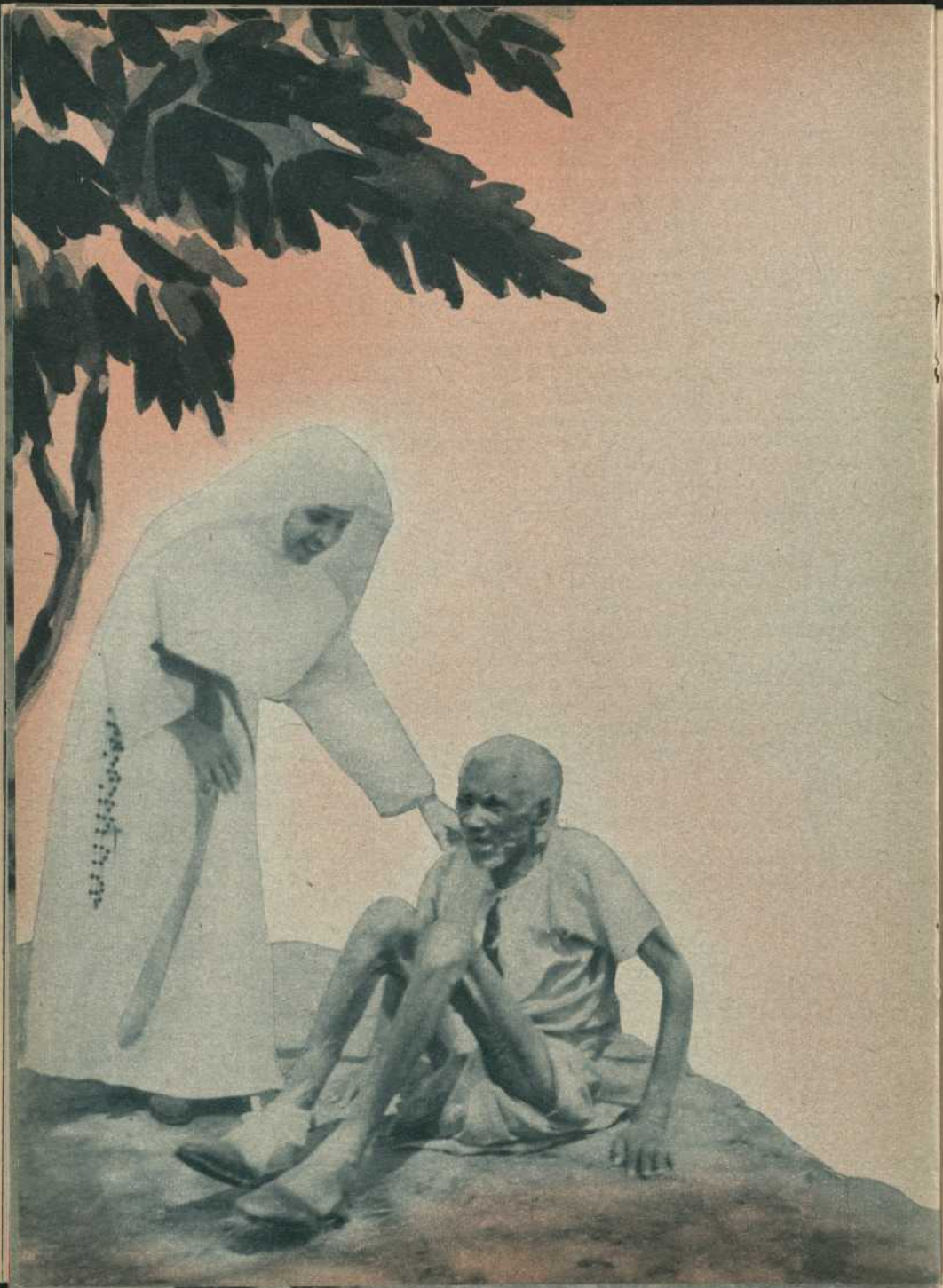
tree trunk and crawling to some secluded nook will cast off his skin, for April is sloughing time for his kind."

I thanked the catechist for this interesting bit of serpent lore and made a mental note of it for use in some future lesson on nature study. It put me in mind of a slight mishap that had befallen me a few days earlier. Returning home after a day of teaching at the mission school I had found the chattering of the birds slightly annoying. I was about to cross the wooden bridge when I nearly stumbled over a serpent sunning itself on one of the planks. Fortunately, the reptile disappeared like a flash in the underbrush without doing me any harm and I thanked God for having protected me. There is no denying it; special guardian angels must be assigned to the missionaries following them in all their comings and goings through the bush. Now I have learned to listen to the warning of feathered sentinels. I find it is as wise as the Stop! Look! Listen! placed at all level crossings in my native land.

Epilogue

That afternoon, my April serpent lost both skin and life. The boys of my class trooping out for recess sent it speeding to the Valhalla of serpents.





You Did It Unto Me . . .

Sister CLARE OF ASSISI¹, M.I.C.

(Dedicated especially to the retreatants of Granby and St. Johns.)

What a deep-felt joy it is for me to write you about the country of my adoption! It is often said that life on the missions is a sacrifice of every moment; it seems only fair to add that if it really does demand sacrifices these are submerged in the profound satisfaction of being privileged to work for God and for the salvation of souls.

Some time ago, obedience bade me go north. After a touching farewell to my eighty aged and incapacitated charges of Charity If You Please, I left for the communal azylum of Cap Haitien. There awaited me another family of 150 unfortunate men and women: 43 blind, 26 paralytics, 15 idiots, 12 senile and 5 epileptic cases. In such surroundings needless to say, there is hardly time to indulge in wistful reminiscences. Moreover, the antics of the inmates daily provide us with free shows of all kinds. Thanks to God's fatherly

providence, we now have the position well in hand.

Every morning I joyfully return to my beloved poor to ease their burdens and sympathize with their trials and sufferings. While tenderly caring for their ailing bodies I aim to reach their immortal souls.

I am sure you would like to explore this realm of human misery. Gaily hemmed with hibiscus, a broad avenue leads up to the central porch. There, a door opens upon the chapel proper beyond which is the clinic. On the right and the left are wards for the men and the women patients, each with four rows of thirteen beds; in the isolation ward, twenty-six beds are available. The laundry is done al-fresco in the yard behind the Home. In the sewing room, an old woman helps Sister St. John Bosco² with the mending. When we first took charge of the establishment Sister was aghast at the condition in which

¹ Claire Giroux, East Beauport.

² Angela Désilets, Montréal.

she found the patients' linen. It took her several months to bring some semblance of order in this department.

Probably because of economic difficulties in which the land is now plunged, the government has, during the last few months, cut off almost \$100.00 of the patients' usual monthly allocation. Coupled with the high price of food brought on by a severe drought, this has placed us in rather a precarious situation. Plans for urgently needed reparations have had to be postponed for the time being.

On the spiritual side progress is very slow. In the past year have been registered only four abjurations from Freemasonry and five First Communions. These may not be very spectacular results as yet but we sow the good seed broadcast, firmly hoping in its silent but powerful germination.

Chosen among a hundred others, the following anecdotes will illustrate the work of divine grace in the souls of our patients. One day after dressing the gaping sores of an aged man I added, "How I wish I could do more to relieve your pain!" He looked up at me with a radiant smile, "Don't you trouble yourself about me," he exclaimed. "There's nothing more you can do . . . I'm going . . . I feel that the elect above are all assembling to bid me welcome home..." A few days later, he breathed his last. Haitians in general do not fear death but accept it with serene resignation.

Some time ago, a patient covered from head to foot with ill-smelling ulcers was transferred to our wards

from the city hospital. Because of the unbearable stench even his relatives kept at distance. They moreover felt greatly humiliated at the fact that he was hospitalized at the Home, he who had once been one of the Cap's prominent citizens. Two months went by. As his strength was ebbing fast, I presumed sending a message to his family saying he had not many more days to live. This news jolted them out of their callous indifference and the two sons and four daughters arrived accompanied by their mother. It was then I discovered that the parents' union had never been blessed by the Church.

The joy of the dying man on having his family gathered around him once again was almost pitiful to see. After the first greetings had been exchanged, I suggested that a priest be called to rectify the marriage and arrange for the reception of the sacraments. This having been agreed upon, the ceremony was fixed for the following morning. With deep fervour, the moribund followed all the liturgical prayers and performed his religious duties. Three days later he exchanged his miserable pallet and his sufferings for the delights of paradise.

Once in a while, God strews celestial flowers such as these on the highways and byways trodden by His missionaries. No, let it never be said that God awaits eternity to make them comprehend the truth of His divine words "As long as you did it unto one of these, you did it unto Me."

* ————— *

Celestial Open Sesame

Sister SAINT CHRISTOPHER¹, M.L.C.

Did you ever happen to "touch the world invisible"? I did once, thanks to Our Lady's miraculous medal, at the Manila Chinese General Hospital, during the early stage of my missionary life in the Philippines. As I reported for duty as night supervisor, one evening, I found on the office desk a message which read as follows: "The patient in No. 121 has been approached in view of Baptism by Sister Marie des Victoires² but he absolutely refuses to reconcile himself with God. At present he is in a comatose state."

A few moments later, I knocked at No. 121. From the nurse in charge I gathered that Kom Ang, her patient, was a Chinese merchant who had come from the mainland several years ago and had settled down in a remote provincial town where he had married a Catholic Filipina. During this time he had many an occasion to get instructed in religious matters and join the Church but he always remained aloof and indifferent. His wife might follow the ways of her ancestors; he would follow in the ways of his own forebears. That was the way he reasoned.

All that was left for us to do was to

storm heaven with prayers. Our Blessed Mother would surely not allow this straying sheep to die outside the Fold unrepentant and unshriven. After cautioning the nurse to let me know should any change occur in the dying man's condition, I started making my rounds while my rosary beads journeyed through my fingers. From every one I found awake, I requested a prayer for Kom Ang.

All was quiet in the hospital until midnight, then a staccato of hurried footsteps sounded down the empty hall and a breathless nurse popped into the office, "Kom Ang has recovered consciousness..." In a trice I stood at his bedside administering prescribed medicine, encouraging him to place his trust in God. He glared at me. "Your wife being a Catholic I took it for granted..."

"That I also was one," he snapped before I could go on. "Well, let me tell you that I'm not. What's more I've no intention of becoming one — ever..." At this point, his words became unintelligible, for coma engulfed him once again.

Had my last fluttering hope been snuffed out? I refused to acknowledge defeat and kept imploring supernatural help for the moribund. The gentle, sympathetic Filipino nurses

¹ Alice Houde, Arthabaskaville.

² Josephine Bolduc, St. Victor de Tring.



One of the wards in the Manila
Chinese General Hospital.

shared my anxiety and joined with me in prayerful supplications to Mary the refuge of sinners. How numerous were the fervent Aves they sped heavenward that night while caring for their patients!

Another hour had dragged past when a messenger catching up with me on my rounds of the wards announced that Kom Ang had for the second time emerged from the sea of unconsciousness. I hastened to his room. To my questions regarding his physical condition the patient replied clearly and intelligibly. But it took no great experience to guess that this was the last respite before the "crossing of the bar". While we worked over him to ease his position and relieve his pain as much as possible, I tactfully tried to broach the burning problem. Before I could say half a dozen words he flew into such a fit of fury that I involuntarily shuddered. His face wore an expression of diabolical hatred. We could almost feel the presence of the Evil One struggling to hold fast this soul in his clutches; in our helplessness we cried out to her whose victory over him is assured. Arranging his pillows at a more comfortable angle, I managed to slip underneath a miraculous medal. "O Mary conceived without sin, pray for us who have recourse to thee." Barely had I breathed this petition when, O wonder, the storm clouds on Kom Ang's face suddenly cleared. He addressed me in a calm voice. "What do you want?"

"To help you become God's child... to make you ready for your journey home to heaven."

Without the slightest resistance, the patient's soul opened wide to the light of saving truth. He expressed his firm belief in the true God and his heartfelt regret at having offended Him. "Do you want to be baptized?" I asked in a voice that trembled in spite of myself. He nodded acquiescence. "Joseph Ferdinand, I baptize thee..." China's merchant son was in possession at last of the Pearl of great price.

He turned to me and in a whisper, "The Lord of Heaven, you say He is kind... teach me... what... to say... to Him."

"Jesus, Mary, Joseph, be near at death's hour..." These blessed words sealed his lips forever. Within a few short hours what a momentous battle had been fought in this hospital room for the salvation of this soul! Thanks to Mary Immaculate's powerful intercession the arch enemy had been foiled. Such was my joy that I wished I owned a magic carpet to fly to my homeland and proclaim the grandeur of a life where one is privileged to collaborate with God in the salvation of souls. Before this I had always cherished a deep-felt devotion to Mary's miraculous medal. Needless to say that this event increased my trust and fervour.

In the first flush of dawn, Joseph Ferdinand quietly slipped away during another spell of unconsciousness. What a delightful surprise must have been his as he saw the Golden Gates swing open before him thanks to Our Lady's celestial open sesame!

Once Upon a Time

• • •

there lived a young girl brimming over with high spirits and blessed with great-hearted generosity. Her father had died when she was a few months old leaving the mother alone to shoulder the burden of bringing up the children as best she could.

From a rather sad childhood emerged, nevertheless, a gay, dependable Yolande. Already, at twelve, she dreamed of exploring faraway lands, of tackling the strange and the unknown. She delighted poring over the high feats of Mermoz, Guenemer, Helene Boucher, Saint Exupery.

But reality slipped away from these dreams on every side. When, at eighteen, she found herself sitting at an office desk with, day after day, piles of letters all monotonously the same to be written or answered, she discovered that life is not woven of ideals alone but of dollars and cents

painfully and laboriously worked into the pattern. Fortunately, her evenings were her own, and the Catholic Girl Guide Movement provided an outlet for her conquering zeal. As Captain she threw herself with her characteristic buoyancy and enthusiasm into the task of organizing a Company.

Outside of her activities as Girl Guide, she spent much of her free time reading adventurous tales and — secretly — missionary magazines. She often reflected that many points of similarity exist between the life of a Girl Guide and the life of a Missionary. The reading of these books had a decisive effect on her although she did not realize it at that time. One day, an article on Nyasaland Girl Guides set her heart on fire. It read in part "The Africans are earnestly calling for missionary Sisters to instruct them... Cycling through bush villages the Sisters teach catechism; in their schools, Girl Guiding, a potent means of apostolate, is being organized. Nyassa already boasts of many Companies of Catholic African Girl Guides..." Poring over this report of missionary doings in Africa, Yolande felt the call to devote her life to the harvest of souls.

The Sisters cycle through
the bush
teaching catechism,
tending the sick and infirm.



To leave a typewriter presents no great difficulty. But to leave a mother who is doubly dear to you; to leave brothers who have tried to be father and brother to you all in one and have almost spoiled you; to leave older sisters who have cherished you with special tenderness because you were the youngest in the family; to leave friends whose soul is closely knit to yours, who can say that this is something easily done?

She wrestled with the problem without coming to a decision. The thought of the missions continued to trail her like a shadow — at home, at work, at rest. It was with her when the morning sun came dancing in at her window; it was there when the moonlight bathed the garden in silvery radiance. There was no evasion possible. She prayed; she took advice. But still she hoped with the inconsistency of youth that the answer would meet her heart's desire of remaining close to her dear ones.

When, however, she was told by her spiritual guide that the Lord was really calling her to the religious and missionary life, Yolande packed her bags, bravely bade her family farewell, and left without once looking backward.

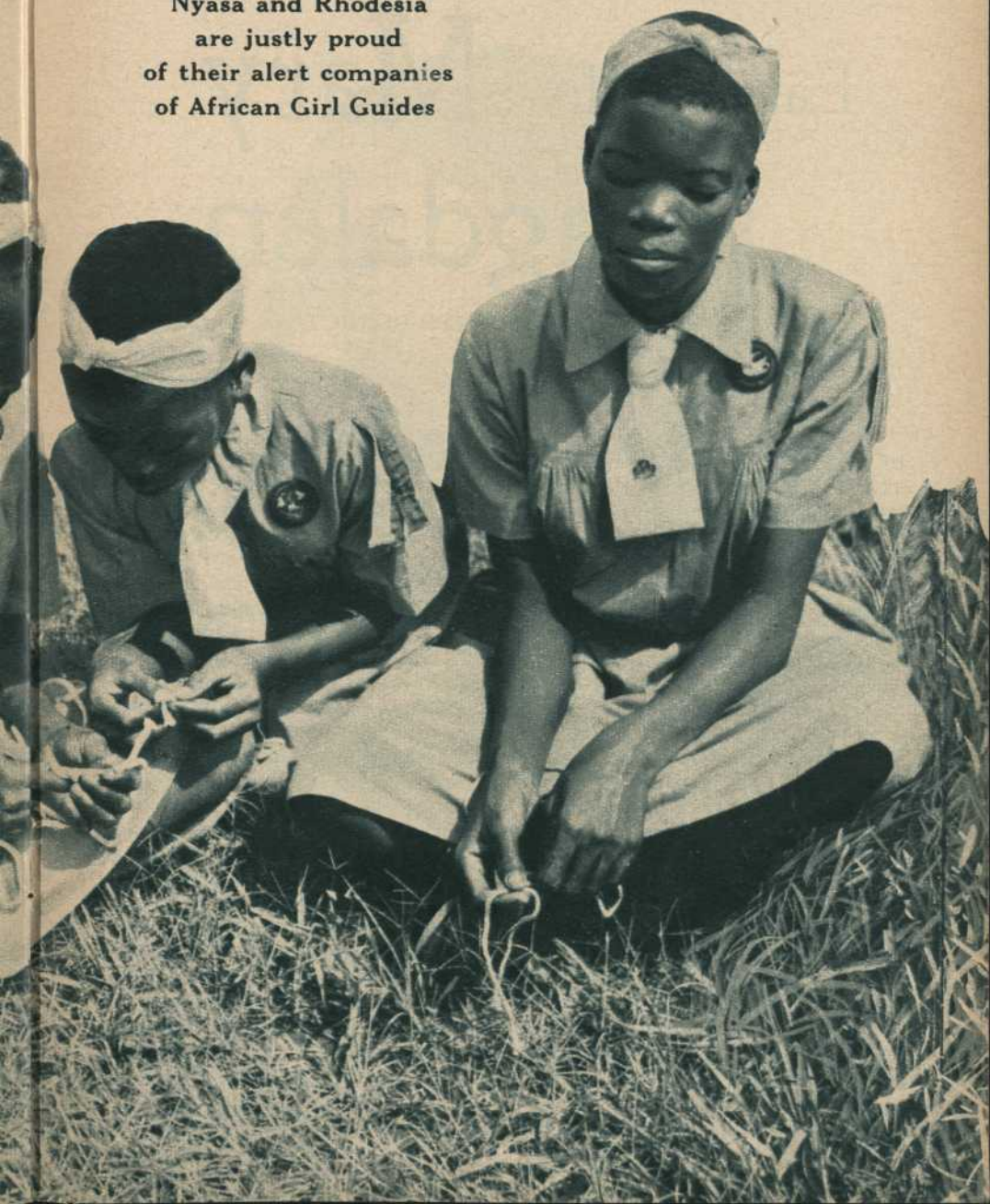
And that is how a youthful Guide Captain entered Pont Viau Novitiate on a certain 8th of August . . . She had learnt that happiness in life consists in being where one ought to be; in willing all things only as God wills them.

Countersigned today by

A Novice



Nyasa and Rhodesia
are justly proud
of their alert companies
of African Girl Guides



Eardrops for Mary Magdalen

Sister JOSEPH OF THE HOLY FAMILY¹, M.L.C.

When our chapel was first opened to the public, a young woman who gave her name as Mrs. X, showed up for Mass every Sunday morning. That she lived in wealth and leisure was all we knew of her. It was rumoured about that her lord and master being of a jealous disposition allowed her only one outing, a visit to the *Madres* at the *convento*. Very clever with her fingers she took delight in embroidering some exquisite robes in the Spanish style for our statue of the Infant Jesus of Prague.

In grateful appreciation for her services, we one day offered her a pair of pretty eardrops received in cases sent by some kind friends in America. As pleased as a child, she lost no time in showing the gift to her acquaintances. All admired the daintiness of the ornaments and congratulated her on her good luck. When she had gone, someone remarked, "Poor girl! Perhaps you do not know, *Madre*, but hers is a sad position. She is living with a married man. Her parents,

fervent Catholics, are heartbroken but what can they do? If only you could help her out, *Madre*..."

So this was the reason why this young woman never received the Sacraments! Then and there I vowed to do all in my power to lead her back to God. In the Philippines, it is not considered rude to inquire into someone's spiritual affairs: on the part of a *Madre* it is as welcome as our "How do you do?"

On the following Sunday it happened that the pseudo Mrs. X. and myself occupied the same bench during Holy Mass. The celebrant, a priest passing through Davao, made an inspiring sermon. Among other things he said, "Nobody can hope to please God just by coming to church on Sunday and then living a life of sin the rest of the week. Without changing our evil course we cannot hope for the eternal reward of heaven..." I noticed that my companion fidgeted and seemed ill at ease.

After Mass, I invited her to visit



me during the week as I had something special to discuss with her. She lifted to my face, eyes swimming in tears, for she had guessed that I knew. "Madre," she murmured in choked accents, "I want to change my life but, oh, I feel so weak, so helpless..."

"All the Sisters are praying hard for you," I encouraged. "God will help you if you are sincere."

A fierce battle raged in this heart between the grace of God and the pull of human satisfactions. Knowing full well that in such encounters it is prayer buttressed by suffering that matters, I took it upon myself to offer the merits of one of our beloved sisters in Canada who has been lying on a bed of pain for several years, and I begged in return the supernatural strength needed by this Filipina.

Was it just a coincidence or did St. Magdalen have a hand in this conversion? On July 22, feastday of her to whom much was pardoned because she had much loved, a modern Magdalen knocked at the convent door. Gone was her finery. As soon as I opened she announced, "Madre, I'm free at last!" She had indeed fled from this wealthy man to whom she had sacrificed her honour, her youth, and the love of her dear ones. That her trials were not at an end she understood only too well for those eight years of straying far from the path of duty had estranged her from the world of her girlhood. She would have to earn her own living the hard way, to bridge the gulf of people's contempt. But, no matter. She wanted to do what was right whatever the cost. The one alternative offered her was to leave her home town and accept the invitation of a brother who

lived in another part of the archipelago. There she could hope to begin life anew with less difficulty.

On July 31, Mary Magdalen became reconciled with her Maker through the reception of the Sacraments. She seemed perfectly at peace with herself. In a burst of confidence she even told me that she intended receiving Our Lord daily in Holy Communion to make up to Him for her years of sinful neglect. A few more days went by during which she made preparations to leave.

Then, unaccountably, she withdrew into a shell of reticence. Her visits to the convent ceased. This had been going on for a while when a neighbour apprised me of the sad news that Miss N. had been drawn back into the net of licentiousness. The parable of the seven devils assaulting the converted soul came to my mind. After deep reflection and fervent prayer I called on her and attempted to show her that she was working her own ruin. "Madre," she sobbed, "my heart is tortured with remorse but don't ask me to leave this man... I love him too much... You cannot understand how hard it is... having no money of my own, I do not want to go to my brother's place as a pauper. How do I know if he really wants me to come?" An hour later I left Magdalen, distressed and saddened, but still full of hope in the efficacy of prayer.

Shortly afterwards I heard that she was ill and had been taken to the hospital by ambulance. Immediately I set out to pay her a visit of sympathy. I had been in the room for about ten minutes, when she asked the nurses to leave her alone with me. "Madre," she declared as soon as the

door was shut, "God is punishing me for having broken my promise. My mother died of the same disease from which I am now suffering. Oh, *Madre*, I'm afraid, afraid to die outside the Church..." and she burst into tears. I pointed out to her that instead of being a punishment, her illness was a fatherly warning God was giving her. "Make good use of it," I added, "and you will recover your peace of soul. Nobody on earth is worth the sacrifice you are making of your dearest interests." She looked at me long and imploringly, "*Madre*, pray for me, please. I will have to break my own heart and the heart of the man I love. Pray that I may not weaken once again when the time comes. I promise you that I will leave him for good."

In a few weeks the patient had rallied and left the hospital. True to her word, she broke with her past life and after hearing Mass and receiving Holy Communion at the convent left for another island. The gospel assures us that there is great rejoicing in

heaven over the return of a sinner to the Fold. Surely the heavenly hosts must have made merry that day when this sinner entered a life of poverty and humiliation to atone for the love of luxury that had caused her downfall. For those who knew her best, this was nothing short of a miracle, "*Madre*," they assured, "You do not know what a tremendous sacrifice this girl had to make. The grace of God is certainly very powerful, for such a liaison becomes a chain all but unbreakable from a human point of view."

On the eve of her departure, Magdalen had visited the Sisters and manifested her desire of having other pairs of eardrops. She wanted to leave them as souvenirs to each of her sisters. We were happy to be able to grant her request as we had received another parcel from our friends overseas. And so it happened that eardrops opened and closed the chapter of our mutual relations wherein her conversion was framed.

Thank You!

Four happy missionary Sisters in Kanyanga wish to thank, through the Precursor, the anonymous benefactor who sent them a generous gift of \$100.00 to help furnish the chapel of their new mission.

In their little sanctuary now decked with a large crucifix hanging above the altar, with lovely statues of the Sacred Heart, the Blessed Mother, Saint Joseph, Saint Therese of the Child Jesus, they beg the Master Missioner and Our Lady of Charity to reward a hundredfold the charitable donor whose address they surely know. A votive light burns in front of the Blessed Sacrament and prays in his (or her) stead in the missionary field of Kanyanga.



Bamboo Organ of Las Piñas

Sister MARIE ARISTIDE¹, M.I.C.

Are you a lover of curios? If so the Las Piñas' bamboo organ will be a feast for your eyes. This unique musical instrument built one hundred and thirty-eight years ago, consists of nine hundred and fifty handmade bamboo pipes. It took all of four years to finish it; now it exists, a masterpiece of ingenuity.

Las Pinas parish lying along the edge of Manila Bay is proud possessor of this rare antique. Pastor of the parish back in 1818, Father Diego Cera, an Augustinian Friar, was haunted by the idea of great music. He wanted an organ for his church, for he knew that when the people participate in liturgical offices through music there is a marked lift to the worship of God. Europe might of course have provided him with the king of instruments but there were, as usual with missionaries, embarrassing monetary problems to be

faced. On the other hand it was impossible to secure on the spot the ordinary materials for its fabrication. Should the project then be abandoned? Necessity is the mother of invention. The Friar decided to build his own organ using as pipes the stems of bamboo, a tropical plant abounding on the Isles.

In Father Cera there was a happy mixture of the visionary and of the schemer, of the artist and of the man of affairs. With meticulous care he began by selecting the required trunks; then to preserve them from the attacks of bamboo bugs he covered them for six months with sand from the beach. Like other grasses, bamboo has a hollow stem with joints all the way up its length; at each joint there is a crosswise partition which must be removed if one is to have adequate tubes. A thousand difficulties arose in the course of Father

¹ Alice Carrier, Worcester, Mass.

Cera's enterprise. It is really wonderful to hear what soft, round tones have been produced by a combination of such simple and primitive materials.

Built in the wall above the nave, the organ consists of twenty-two stops or sets of pipes chromatically tuned, totally or partially running the scale of musical notes. A great variety in the sounds of the pipes produces tones of flute, bourdon, hautboy, clarinet, trumpet, bugle, while the pedal-board governs deeper tones.

For a century and a half the bamboo organ has sustained the shock of numerous earthquakes and still more numerous typhoons which often left the church roofless, exposed during days on end to diluvian downpours. Five times the organ was completely taken apart for cleaning purposes and set up again by experts in the field. Today it shows the scars of time and the outrages of inclement weather. Its worst enemies, however, are the termites who insidiously make inroads on its wooden structure.

Because of its picturesque originality and of the peculiar quality of materials used in its construction, the bamboo organ is one of the principal attractions for tourists who yearly flock to the Philippines to examine, hear, or play the famous instrument. For the parishioners of Las Piñas the organ seems endowed with an endearing personality of its own blending as it does its soothing harmonies to joyful as well as to sorrowful events of parish life: baptisms, weddings, funerals.

To me the bamboo organ is doubly

dear because it forms part, so to say, of my field of apostolate. Our convent being next door to the parish church, on the Sisters devolves the pleasant task of playing host to the organ. At present I am the one assigned to greet visitors, communicate any information they may wish for, make it available for them to touch the instrument or listen to its melody. Strange as this may seem, the ancient bamboo organ has been instrumental in leading straying, sorrowing souls back to God. Often visitors confess having undertaken long journeys around the world only in the hope of escaping their own tormented soul. Upon hearing the notes of Schubert's *Ave Maria*, a lady dressed in the height of fashion burst into tears "Sister," she explained, "I have heard this sung at my wedding... Alas! I do not even remember the words of this blessed prayer..." Worldlings are deeply stirred when in the silence of the venerable church rises the solemn majestic voice of the bamboo organ praising the Lord of Harmony. As they take leave of it and of me, they whisper "Pray for me, Sister. How privileged you are to be a nun!" Words that veil a world of regret and disillusion but also a world of aspirations towards a life freed from egotism and human passions.

Yes, the old bamboo organ is a real magnetic centre around which souls gravitate. Its melodies lead home to the Good Shepherd imprudent lambs or sheep caught in the brambles of sin or lost in the desert of religious indifference.

Intellectuals in Red Paradise

In May 1957, during the short while when leave was granted to air grievances Comrade Yang Shih Chan, professor at the Institute of Finance and Economy somewhere in the South of China, took it upon himself to write a long letter of 10,000 characters to President Mao Tse tung. The fact that this letter was published only in mid July in the Hankow newspaper "Hankow Chang Chiang Jih Pao" probably signifies that it was used as an act of accusation against its author during the period of repression which followed the "policy of one hundred flowers".

To many, the excerpt here presented may appear incredible. Nonetheless it was written by a Party member, addressed to the President, and published in China. The author unhesitatingly applies the expression "spiritual torture" to the methods exerted against those whose thought run in different channels from official conformity. This term has also been used by all who witnessed the two principal movements aimed at the intellectuals: that of the thought-reform (1951-1952) and that of the counter-revolutionaries (1955) whose chief victim was the communist writer, Hu Feng.

I admit that during the seven years just gone by under the government of the Party, success has been predominant. I nevertheless contradict the current formula "predominant success, negligible failures" as regards the particular question of our policy towards intellectuals. I am even tempted to say that failure on this score has predominated. To state the facts precisely, I declare that this policy has courted disaster. The Party as representative of the labouring classes has, it is true, considered the intellectuals as allies rather than as enemies but it has constantly ignored them and has taken no pains to understand them. This lack of comprehension has led us to adopt the following attitude towards them: they have at times been unexpectedly tendered a warm reception; at other times, just as

unexpectedly, they have been rebuffed. We are somehow under the impression that they have a retarded ideology, that their personal history is complex, that their political leanings are obscure. Thereupon we mete them severe treatment. Such is our habitual attitude. On the other hand, although more rarely, when we realize that they possess certain talents and a technical ability which might play a role in the socialist construction, we proceed to make friendly advances urging them to join the 'united front'. One day we hurl them into a fiery abyss, another day we cast them into deep waters; on still other days we plunge them into hell or exalt them to high heaven.

Those who have been plunged into hell are now plagued with regrets; they had thought it wise to turn a deaf ear to their friends exhorting

them to expatriate themselves to Formosa. They deplore their foolishness in following the communist Party, for they are now dubbed 'counter revolutionaries'. They will die with tarnished reputations: their wives and children will know derision and contempt.

Those exalted to high heaven live in apprehension not knowing when the emperor will fly into a rage' and dash them from their high position. For the last seven years, they have been like the timid young girl reared under the authority of her future mother-in-law in the house of her betrothed. Considered a 'member of the family' still she is expected to behave in all humility, to remain subject to the whims and fancies of her mother-in-law. Even so, she lives in continuous terror of making blunders thereby giving the family reasons to punish her...

Our Party policy regarding intellectuals has been entirely at fault. We have been unable to foresee and discern the ideological changes undergone and the progress attained by these intellectuals... Under the domination of fierce sectarians, our Party has considered intellectuals with astonishment and suspicion. More, it has dealt them blows on the occasion of several social reform campaigns. It has invented hundreds of expedients to torture them in a spiritual manner as if they were too numerous to be put to death. We have applied to intellectuals methods of reprisal that peasants would not have used towards their landlords or workers towards capitalists.

During social reform campaigns, incapable of enduring any longer the spiritual tortures inflicted upon them

and the humiliations of the conflict, resentful of an "assistance" synonymous with tyranny, a considerable number chose suicide jumping from tall buildings, plunging into rivers, swallowing poison, slicing throats... Aged persons and pregnant women were not spared these persecutions. It happened that in one day in the Normal School for southern China, during the anti-revolutionary campaign five corpses were discovered and six lives were taken. By the roadside, people lamented this state of things and God Himself must have been angered.

If we compare our methods of massacre with those of the 'Auschwitz Fascists', the latter although they appear crude and childish undoubtedly prove 'kinder' and more prompt in the execution. (This judgment may seem exaggerated and yet a Belgian Missionary, Father Lebrun, having experienced detention in Nazi camps and Chinese prisons pointedly declared that he preferred 10 years of imprisonment under Hitler's rule to one year in the gaols of Mao Tse tung.)

Since Comrade Stalin did not escape the condemnation of history for his cruel massacre of his companions, according to me, our Party will also be condemned for the massacre of our intellectuals who had surrendered without condition. The massacre of intellectuals in our Party and the burial of our living scholars by the tyrant Chin Shih-huang will remain like two indelible stigmas on the history of China.

Meantime proud of our exploits we go on repeating 'success is predominant'. But in what does this success consist?

Adapted from *Fides*

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.
NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9.
OUTREMONT, 314 St. Catherine Road,
Montreal 8.
CHINESE HOSPITAL, 112 Lagauchetiere St., West,
Montreal 1.
NOMININGUE, Labelle County, P.Q.
RIMOUSKI, 85 St. Germain Street, P.Q.
JOLIETTE P.Q., 750 St. Louis Street.
QUEBEC, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.
VANCOUVER, Oriental Hospital, 236 Campbell St.
VANCOUVER, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward Street.
TROIS RIVIERES, P.Q., 1325 de la Terriere Street.
GRANBY, P.Q., 35 Dufferin Street.
GRANBY, P. Q., 279 Main Street.
CHICOUTIMI, P.Q., 766 Cenacle Street.
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, P.Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P.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, 363, An Tung Chieh Taiwan,
Free China.

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, Paddal, Mountain Province.

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti.
LES COTEAUX, Haiti.
ROCHE A BATEAU, Haiti.
PORT SALUT, Haiti.
CAMP PERKIN, 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.
MANQUITO, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
LOS ARABOS, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MAXIMO GOMEZ, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
COLON, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

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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,
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Pineapple Culture.