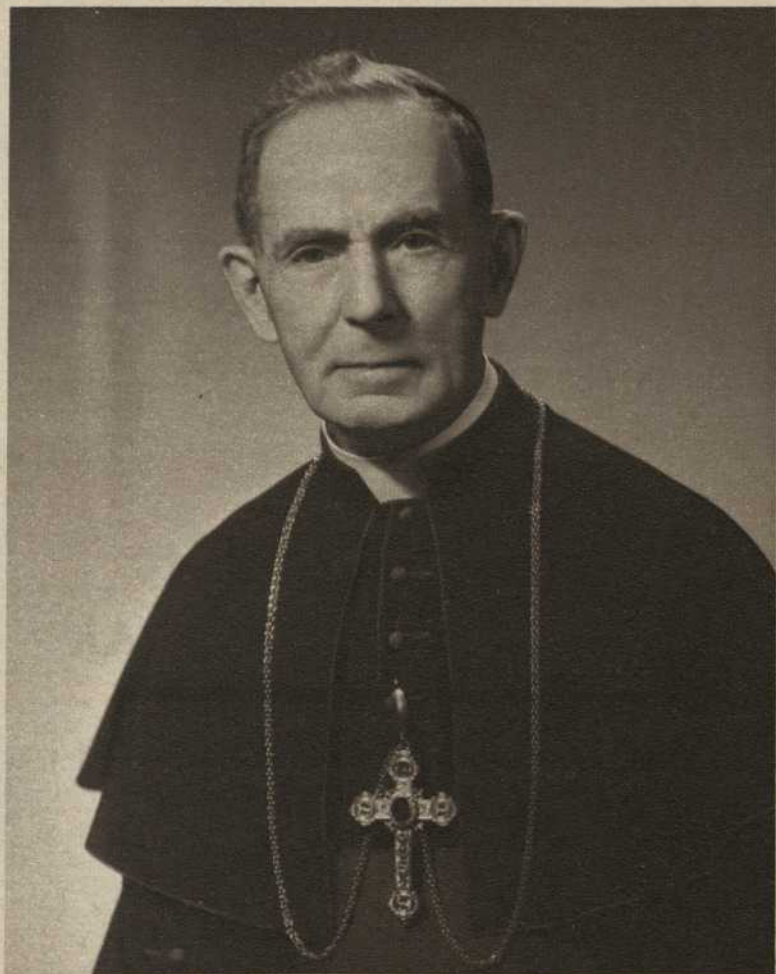


Vol. XXII, 36th year
September-October 1958
Montreal — No. 5



The Precursor



*To His Excellency
The Most Reverend J. Conrad Chaumont, V.G.,
auxiliary bishop of Montreal
and ecclesiastical Superior of religious communities,
the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception
offer the homage of their profound respect, their religious congratulations,
and the expression of their prayerful good wishes
on the occasion of the sixtieth anniversary of his priesthood.*

NAZARETH...

in Karonga!

Sister SAINT LEO THE GREAT¹, M.I.C.

I see you raise quizzical eyebrows. How now, you ask, has some unheard of mysterious upheaval of nature catapulted Nazareth of Palestine into Karonga of Nyasaland? Set your mind at ease on this score.

"Nazareth" is the name given to a modest work we long had in mind and have only lately been able to set on foot in our mission — a Family Living Institute for women married to educated African men. Yes, even in Karonga which we occasionally hear referred to as a bush region, people are growing more and more familiar with the words: learning, progress, advancement. Our Africans are an alert, highly intelligent people, eager to catch up with the rest of the world on the road to success; this is well and good as long as they take the right direction and go at not too dizzy a pace.

It is a fact to be deplored that, in general, African women are ill-prepared to assume their rightful role of homemakers and educators in the new society that is being born.

They are not to be blame since their education has been sadly neglected. Nevertheless, it is urgent to find ways of remedying this situation if worthy helpmates are to be provided for the African men who have benefited by a liberal education and who now occupy positions as doctors, teachers, functionaries.

In Karonga, the number of these more advanced people is on the increase. The English government has established here a *boma* (administrative centre) and the Missions — both Catholic and Protestant — hire numerous African professors to staff their respective schools. Hopefully, we looked to the wives of these men to form the nucleus of the projected Family Living Institute.

Before launching the project in March 1957, we presented our plans to the District Commissioner, a European administrator whose wife shows active interest in feminine works for social betterment. The Commissioner approved, although he did object some "buts" that were

¹ Pauline Longtin, Montreal.

more or less encouraging: "But... if this work is conducted at the Catholic Mission, people will imagine your intention is to coerce them to embrace your Faith... But, have you thought of the distance problem? Will these women be willing to walk a mile or two, three times a week to attend school?" He concluded, "You can at least try... Do not be disappointed if at first you have not more than eight or nine pupils... I see many an obstacle ahead..."

On the way home I discussed the problem with Sister Superior who remained stoutly optimistic. "All we have to do is to trust in God's Providence," she said "If He really wants this work He will give us the means to establish it."

Straightway, we made a list of the equipment we would need for our classrooms and ordered some furniture. As nobody over here sees any sense in hurrying, several months elapsed before tables, chairs, cupboards, sewing machines, etc., were available. We meantime sent a prospectus to all the advanced men in our neighbourhood who might be interested.

A school for married women... What novel idea was this?

After attentively perusing the conditions of enrollment regarding age, degree of instruction, fees, they broached the project to their wives. The response was immediate and — astonishing. Provision had been made for an initial enrollment of fifteen, as we preferred to go slowly but surely. This number had to be raised to twenty to satisfy the demands of a few exceptional cases. Regretfully, we put off many other prospective candidates to the following year.

Classes opened on September 26, 1957. Never will I forget my impressions as, in that same afternoon, I initiated courses on ethics, hygiene, pediatrics, and first aid. Among the twenty-two pupils enrolled, eighteen were non-Catholics imbued with strong prejudices regarding Catholicism in general and Sisters in particular. The atmosphere was anything but congenial. I felt that the pupils' attitude of polite attention was a mixture of curiosity with a good dose of suspicion thrown in. What had they not been told on the *Wamayi's* account?

Three times a week the programme calls for regular courses on ethics, hygiene, pre-natal and child care instruction, first aid; lessons in sewing, dietetics, home management, and housekeeping are also taught, Sister St. Peter of Verona being in charge of the latter part of the programme. Besides, several hours are devoted to the learning of English, topics covering terms that deal more especially with social obligations. Included in the curriculum is singing which helps the pupils build up a repertory for lullabies, family gatherings, social entertainment.

To give "Nazareth" a distinctive appeal, a uniform consisting of a smart apron and coif has been adopted.

Thanks be to God, a happy transformation is on the way. Formality and constraint have given place to cordiality, friendliness, and an eager spirit of co-operation. These African women are now convinced that the *Wamayi* are their friends and they trust them accordingly. Working with them and for them is a rewarding experience indeed.

At the close of the first semester, as tangible proof of their various



Baking biscuits in a primitive African oven.

acquired skills they organized a programme comprising songs, an English skit, and a tea-party in honour of the Administrator and his wife, their husbands being also invited. How proud and elated the men were to find that their wives could speak English in public and cook tasty dishes which they served with poise and dignity. Before leaving, the guests of honour expressed their satisfaction. The work, they declared, had succeeded beyond most sanguine expectations.

So much for mechanical proficiency. Above everything else we aim at character formation and personality development. We want to show these women the beauty of a family living patterned on that lived at Nazareth by the holiest of all families. Thus will they become the true educators of children who until now have only too often been left to grow wild, without any discipline whatever.

The Christmas holidays afforded us a golden occasion of visiting the pupils in their homes. What a warm welcome gave us these women who only a few months ago would sullenly turn away from us when they met us on the road! Stray reflections and remarks revealed how much all appreciated their classes.



"Mother, I wish the holidays were over," confided one. "I miss the *Wamayi*'s lessons so! During the school term, every other day I used to say to myself 'Goody! Tomorrow I'm going to school.' and my heart would gladly fly to the mission. But, now . . . how endless seem these three weeks!"

Another related, "Mother, the Boma people all wonder why we look so happy. 'What *mankwala*, (medicine) do the Sisters give you to make you all so cheerful?' they ask."



**Once a week lessons in sewing, knitting,
and other home crafts are taught.**

(Sister Saint Peter of Verona, Marie-Jeanne Plante, Levis.)

An informal social gathering was held during these same holidays which our "Nazarenes" enjoyed with the zest and merriment of children. They were delighted to learn easy games and amusing tricks which would help enliven periods of leisure in their homes.

Even before the end of the school year, a number of husbands has already requested that their wives be enrolled for a second year at "Nazareth". Family circumstances obliged one of the pupils to move to

home. My husband says to tell you he will pay for it..."

This set me dreaming of the day when honest, interesting games will advantageously replace for our people unwholesome amusements and the boredom of having nothing to look forward to in the long evenings.

Indoor and outdoor games of any sort will be gratefully received at "Nazareth" of Karonga. The next time you happen to rummage through

another locality. No sooner was this known than four or five others pleaded that such and such a one among their acquaintances be permitted to replace her.

Dear friends of the missions, we trustingly rely on your fervent prayers to ensure the successful development of this humble missionary venture, that the seed cast into the furrow may yield sixty or even one hundred percent for the greater glory of Jesus of Nazareth.

P.S. Just as I was about to mail this message to the subscribers of "The Precursor", one of our "Nazarenes" made the following request:

"Mother, please, ask your friends to send us a Bingo game which my husband and I may use in the evenings at



On their way to the secondary school.

your attic or basement should you find bingos, parchesi or checker boards, playing cards, balls and racquets gathering dust, please do address them to our mission of Karonga.

He who promised to reward even a glass of water given in His name will not fail to bless you and yours abundantly in return.



The Noble Role of a Missionary-Nurse

Sister SAINT JOHN OF THE REDEEMER¹, M.I.C.

Our dispensary-hospital established at the cost of numberless sacrifices, trials, and setbacks has been functioning for two years already. Confronted with the difficulties of the initial organization, I worriedly asked myself at times if this work was really in line with God's providential designs or if it did not rather stem from my imagination impressed by surrounding miseries of all kinds.

Like a tidal wave, the course of events has swept away every doubt and perplexity. Our modest hospital has beyond doubt proved its utility especially as regards the care of expectant mothers and of newborn infants. It has moreover offered precious opportunities of providing the unbaptized with a passport to heaven.

Lately, the doctor informed us of a twelve-year-old girl who stood in urgent need of hospitalization. "Unfortunately," he added, "Her father refuses to have her brought here because he cannot afford to pay and is too proud to have her accepted as a

charity case. These people do not seem to be Catholics, for the girl is unbaptized."

"Doctor," I urged, "you must tell this man we would consider it a great favour to be allowed to care for his daughter. Tell him we are his friends so he need not stand on ceremony. We will do all in our power to save her life."

On the following morning, while I busied myself preparing a bed for our eventual patient, someone brought the news that the doctor had become ill during the night and consequently had been unable to deliver my message of the previous day. To crown all, being a newcomer to Limbe, he did not even know the family's exact name and address. In such conditions, how could we hope to succeed?

While in the chapel for five o'clock spiritual reading, I had difficulty in keeping to my subject. In between lines I wedged many a fervent cry for help to Our Blessed Mother. She must not abandon this Haitian girl

¹ Marcelle St. Arnaud, Ahuntsic.



**Sister Saint John of the Redeemer (Marcelle St. Arnaud, Ahuntsic)
attends to a young patient of the Limbe Hospital.**

in her distress!

Immediately upon coming out of the chapel at half-past five, I called our aides and after explaining the matter, "You must find this sick one," I told them. "Have her brought here before it is too late. Go! Our Lady will be your guide."

One short half-hour later they returned with the joyful news that their search had been successful. "But why did you not bring the patient?"

"Her papa was deeply moved when

we gave him your message, but the girl is so weak that he is afraid she will die sooner if we try to move her."

As the *caille* proved to be only a short distance away, I decided to investigate personally the patient's condition. The parents greeted me pleasantly enough and showed me into a walled-off partition where their daughter lay moaning with pain. I administered a coramine injection to fortify her heart then, very gently, we wrapped her in a blanket

and carried her to the jeep placed at our disposal by our devoted pastor.

At the hospital, adequate treatments caused her to rally for a few hours but towards morning her strength began to sink rapidly. Fully conscious, her lips framing the prayers we suggested, she received the Sacrament of regeneration. A few moments later, she passed away, a contented smile hovering about her features.

Never had I so fully realized what a sublime vocation is that of a Missionary-Nurse!

What act of virtue had won for this girl the priceless grace of Baptism at death's hour? Perhaps was it just a good turn she had done or a kindly word she had spoken or, who knows, she owes her happiness to someone overseas... A sick person maybe who offered her suffering and lonely vigils; an aged grand-

mother who prayed the Rosary; a harassed young mother who turned the annoyances of the day into golden coins of sacrifice for the salvation of souls. Lo! The mystery of the reversibility of merits was renewed; divine grace flowed down to effect this last minute conversion.

Such were the thoughts that filled my mind as I knelt beside the bed where this young Haitian lay in the calm serenity of death.

Returning to the reality of my daily labour at the dispensary, I found other patients waiting for their share of attention, sympathy, and devotedness. While ministering to their needs, I begged Our Lord to grant me the favour of spending the rest of my life at this sublime and enviable task of relieving Him in His suffering members.

Is Your Christmas Crib Ready?

Shop early if you want to have your family Crib ready for the feast of tender memories, the feast of the Nativity.

Visit our workshop *now* and see what delightful surprises it holds in store for you. Wax infants in all sizes from 5 to 21 inches in length, rock imitation material, wheat sheaves, acetate shrines, trousseaux, etc.

Should you be unable to visit the workshop personally, kindly send in your order or give us a telephone call.

But, *this is important*, write now. Do not postpone until December unless you want to court disappointment in finding our shelves depleted.

Motherhouse of the Missionary Sisters
of the Immaculate Conception
2900 Saint Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.

Tel.: RE - 8 - 4471



HOW SILKWORMS CAME TO JAPAN

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

Princess Si Ling Chi accompanied by her favourite maidens had gone out for a walk in the palace garden. Like all daughters of old Cathay, she was fond of delving into the secrets of Dame Nature. Under a grove of mulberry trees she paused to watch strange little cocoons of white and yellow fastened to the twigs. Bending one of the branches down for a closer scrutiny she noticed a fat amber coloured caterpillar moving its head to and fro as if in disapproval of her boldness. "Look," she called to her companions, "Isn't he a funny little fellow? He is spitting out a thread . . . Perhaps he is the reincarnation of some old tyrant who wants to bind us up like malefactors . . ." For a long time they stood there watching the antics of the worm; then one of the maidens remarked, "He does not intend to bind us with his thread but he is weaving his own winding sheet, making ready for another

turn of the wheel of reincarnation." And so indeed it was, for when the Princess took her customary walk the following day, the caterpillar had vanished but another yellow cocoon had been added to those already resting on the branch.

After a while, Si Ling Chi pulled off some of the cocoons and patiently unraveled the cobweb like fibres until she had enough to spin into thread from which she eventually wove a piece of cloth far richer and more beautiful than any she had ever seen. So the secret of silk was discovered and Si Ling Chi became known as Goddess of the Silkworm. So carefully was this secret kept by the people of China that no other country knew about it for three thousand years.

One of the first lands to stumble upon the secret of this strange shimmering cloth called silk was Japan. Legend has it that four Chinese

maidens who lived in a famous silk producing province of China were kidnapped and carried off to Japan where they were forced to teach the Japanese how to care for the silkworms and how to use the thread from the cocoons.

The worm which spins the delicate fibre of silk belongs to a family of moths, the *Bombyx Mori* as they are scientifically called. After mating, each female moth lays from six hundred to eight hundred eggs. In time, from these eggs which resemble poppy seeds are hatched fuzzy black larvae, one eighth of an inch long. These tiny worms require constant attention, for they are fastidious about strong odours, harsh noises, and draughty places. Moreover, they have enormous appetites. Day and night the farmer and his wife and indeed every member of the family is kept busy picking mulberry leaves taking care that they are neither wet nor dusty and chopping them fine. Day and night is heard the odd crunching sound of leaves being steadily nibbled, noise that the Japanese poetically liken to that of falling rain.

After a few full meals, the worms decide to take a rest previous to their first moult. Accordingly, for four or five days all is quiet in the large split bamboo trays on which they are raised. Eventually, they rouse from their trancelike sleep equipped with a brand new skin to replace the other that had grown too tight fitting for comfort. They celebrate by eating even heartier meals than before. At this point, the mulberry leaves may be served without being chopped so fine. It is just as well, for the farmer and his aides have their hands more than full picking the leaves, cleaning

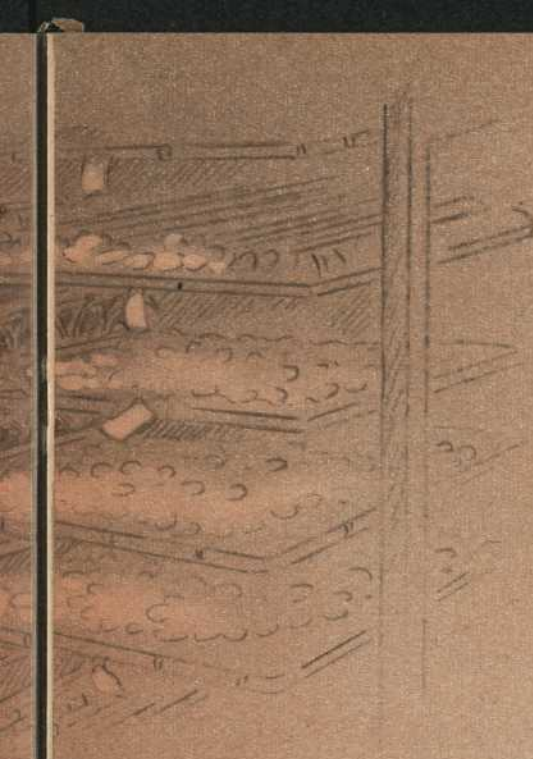
the trays daily, and as the worms grow very fast adding more tray accommodation. The place where the *Bombyx Mori* congregate must be kept well aired, at an even temperature, free from mosquitoes and ants.

Four times do the worms moult before they reach maturity. By then their original eighth of an inch has grown up to a full three inches and their colour has changed from a dowdy black to a lovely pale yellowish green tint as if sunlight were filtered inside their bodies.

After the worms are full grown, their appetite lags and they begin to show signs of restlessness. Their lifted heads sway from side to side searching for some place to anchor their cocoon. What a busier time this becomes for the farmer! The clan of the *Bombyx Mori* must be, in all gentleness and courtesy, moved to other quarters, small cagelike structures made of straw where they can spin their cocoons in peace. Now everything in the house grows very quiet, for a sudden loud noise, a jar, the sound of sharp voices might alarm the workers and mar their spinning. The silken fibre with which the worms build their cocoons comes from inside their own bodies. It consists of a gummy half liquid substance which is forced out from openings below the mouth; as it strikes the air this substance hardens into a glutinous thread.

If undisturbed, the worms work without stopping moving their heads to and fro, weaving the outlines of the mansion wherein they are to die and be transformed. At the start they produce silk at the rate of nearly one foot a minute later slowing down to half a foot. How long does it take





for the busy contractors to build their solitary palaces? From three to five days. When completely done, the cocoons somewhat resemble peanuts in size and shape; in colour, they range from light buff to lemon yellow and white. Picked off the straw cages, they are sorted and made ready for market.

Left untouched, the silkworms after a period of sleep would, true to family traditions, break out of their silken prisons as creamy white butterflies thus ruining the threads. Before this can happen the cocoons are dealt a painless death by steam or hot water. They can then be unreeled in long unbroken threads which sometimes measure one thousand yards in length. In order to make a thread of silk strong enough for weaving, six or

eight fibres must be twisted together as the cocoons are unreeled.

The traditional unreeling process used to be a tedious one requiring hours of patient labour for one cocoon. At present, modern methods simplify and facilitate the task. Sitting in front of their reeling frames, girls and women with cleverly trained fingers find the tie of the cocoons placed below in basins of warm water. Pulling the lightly twisted ends through a porcelain or glass plate, they fasten them to the reeling bobbins. It takes about three thousand cocoons to make a pound of raw silk.

After the initial reeling operation, the silk is rewound into skeins, inspected, and twisted tightly to save space in packing. All of the silk fibre in the cocoon cannot be used for the finer silk. The part of the thread first spun by the silkworms and also that woven last is of poorer quality than the rest. These bits of silk as well as those proceeding from the cocoons allowed to be pierced for breeding purposes are put to good use by the thrifty farm folk of Japan. Carded and combed they are spun, then woven into a coarse silk cloth that is not as beautiful as first class silk but just as useful and durable. Carded odds and ends of broken cocoons are also used in certain parts of Japan as stuffing for quilts, which are as warm and as light as those made of eiderdown.

The delicate silkworms need so much care and attention that the producing of silk can be successful only where there are many patient people willing to work for little pay. This explains how Japan has become the most important silk producing country in the world.



Matins

Sister ALINE, novice



Benedicamus

Domino

rings

the convent bell.

Deo gratias

echoes the novice

thankful for yet
another day to spend
in the service
of the Lord.





Service to God,

service to the Community.

God-given talents and potentialities

the novice places at the disposal

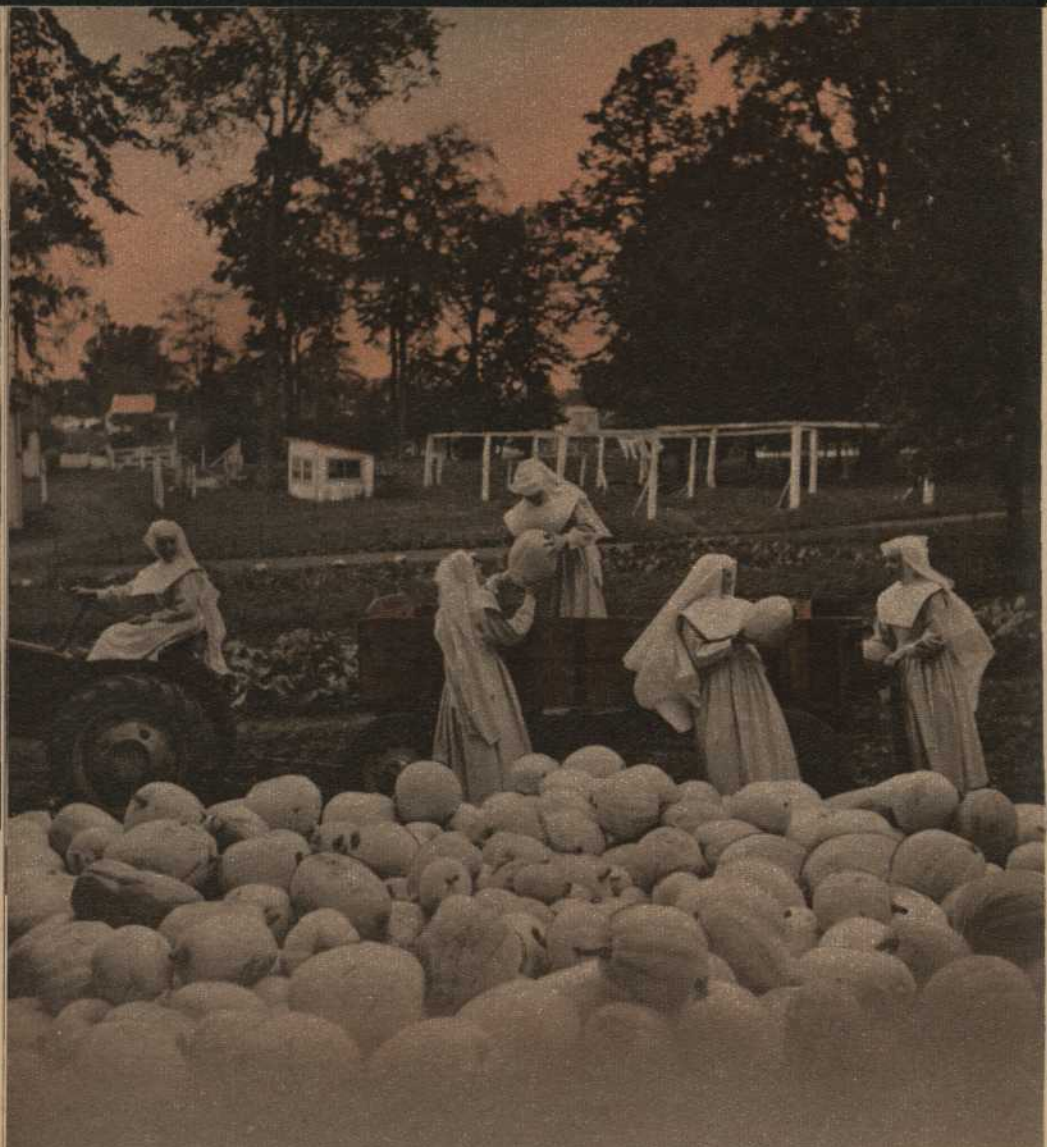


of her missionary Society

to be utilized for the coming of Christ's kingdom

and that of His Immaculate Mother

from pole to pole.



Garnering of a plentiful vegetable crop
sets novices dreaming of fields
white unto the harvest.



Like Martha she
busies herself in the service of
the divine Master.



Practical lessons are taught
in the science of sanctity
in the various household duties.



Recreational activities promote
not only typical novice joyousness
but the first rich companionships
of religious life.

MUSIC AND APOSTOLATE

Sister MARIE PIA¹. M.I.C.

Often, when I was a little girl I used to steal away to a solitary garden corner with a pile of books that dealt of the missions — my favourite subject. After a while, books half-closed beside me, I would fall to daydreaming, the real becoming blurred in a golden mist rising to the clouds.

On the screen of my imagination flashed scenes of missionary adventures. A brave missionary hacking his way through the jungle would suddenly come face to face with a roaring lion; or a pair of Sisters in search of abandoned babies would be attacked by bandits and carried off to some remote mountain den. These epics had all the same happy ending. The missionary would vanquish the lion by a single Sign of the Cross; the imprisoned Sisters would convert their captors, everyone.

Today I am a full-fledged missionary Sister. For several years already, I have been living my childhood dream of working at the salvation of souls in the mission field. It was not long before I realized that on the stage of apostolic life the scenes are more or less prosaic. Instead of struggling with wild beasts and desperate characters, I found that I would simply have to put up with the mosquitoes and harmless lizards of the Philippines; that my adventurous treks would consist in nothing more than riding jeepneys through dusty Manila streets; that my gracious gestures would be limited by the humble walls of the classroom where I teach music for the greater part of the day.

Am I disappointed with the drabness of reality? Not a bit. This is indeed the land of my heart's innermost desire. Our Gaga-

langin school is situated in one of the poorest quarters of the Filipino capital. Sole Catholic educational institution in a parish of 70,000, all its classes are packed and we are forced to refuse numerous pupils every year because space is at such a premium. This is the source of deep-felt sadness for us as these children will have to register in the neutral public schools where the most important R is neglected. Notwithstanding the fact that this is a Catholic country, because of the shortage of priests, religious ignorance is lamentable. We daily have numerous opportunities of sowing the seed of truth in the souls of our pupils and of their parents.

A little girl all out of breath, rushes in, late for her lesson. I inquire the reason. "Mamma went out shopping, so I had to stay with my baby brother."

"How old is he, this baby brother? Has he been baptized." I learn that although the child is over one year old, nobody has yet thought of carrying him to church for Baptism. On the mother's next visit to my classroom, I broach the subject reminding her of her responsibilities as a Catholic.

After a while, Mrs. X arrives with her small daughter who has been absent for a whole week because of her grandfather's grave illness. "How is the patient?" I ask.

"He's very low. The doctor says he can't last more than a few days."

"You have called the priest, I suppose . . ."

"Oh, I didn't think about that."

I immediately give her the name of Father X who will be able to visit the dying man right away.

Priests being woefully few with regard to the Catholic population, 75% die without benefit of the Sacraments.

In this wise the hours wing past as little and big girls take their turn at the pianos. To all my beloved pupils I try to say a good word and to render their lessons attractive.

Lolita seems out of sorts today. Shadows are lurking in her soft brown eyes while her nimble fingers flit over the keys. After a while I inquire, "What is it, Lolita?" The keys grow muted. Dammed-up emotion spills over in a flood of tears. Sentence by sentence, the whole pitiful story is revealed of a home whence religion is banned. The father has long been incapacitated by illness; the mother has to work away from home all the day long in order to provide food and clothing for her family. So depressing is the atmosphere that Lolita has decided to seek elsewhere for the happiness from which her youth is being debarred. "But where will you go?"

"Madre, it doesn't matter where I go as long as I leave home."

Gently but firmly, I show her the folly of severing relations with her family and urge her to have recourse to the Sacraments and to prayer for the strength she needs to follow the straight, narrow road. Serenity of soul is restored, at least momentarily. Now that she has trusted me with her secret I will study the situation with her and find means of bettering it if at all possible.

In the afternoon I am surprised to hear a boy who helps with the cleaning



of the classrooms, ask me point-blank, "Madre, how can I tell whether I'm in the state of grace?" After a brief explanation I suggest that he see a priest and expose his difficulties. He objects as so many others do, "I don't know any priest around here who understands my dialect. Besides, I haven't been to confession for such a long time . . . I feel rather ashamed to admit it . . ."

Leafing through the telephone directory, I am lucky enough to find the address of a priest who speaks Visayan. The boy is overjoyed and promises to seek him out that very evening.

And thus at every hour of the day, I make opportunities of sowing the good seed broadcast hoping in the grace of God to see it germinate and bear fruit. Who can gauge the influence of a kindly deed, of an encouraging smile? Even if some of the seed apparently gets choked by the tares and thistles of wordy preoccupations, it may yet sprout forth in God's good time and souls will be gathered safely into heavenly granaries.

So it happens that the missionary activities of a humble music teacher may be as fruitful as those of a missionary who hacks his way through impenetrable jungles to reach the people to be evangelized. All depends on the love that goes into every action and prayer.

Long live the missionary life say I, in its heroic as well as in its plain, monotonous duties!

Riches of Haiti

Sister SAINT ADELARD¹, M.I.C.

"Let's go to the Falls!" No second invitation was needed as the Sisters lately arrived in Haiti and the veterans also had been on the lookout for just such an opportunity to explore the neighbourhood.

Out we went, on this golden Sunday afternoon, following the lazy course of Port Salut River for about ten minutes. Situated in the heart of the hills, the Falls, from the valley, are invisible screened off as they are by luxuriant foliage. Only after crossing the river upstream and tackling a zigzag path may one admire their breath-taking beauty. Against the dark green slopes they appear like a fantastic bridal veil billowing in diaphanous folds down the hillside, eddying into the pool below. We felt more than repaid for the difficulties of the steep ascent. "What a wonderful place to make a retreat!" a Sister remarked. "I think I'll come here to make mine next summer..."

"Thanks for me," laughed another. "I couldn't hear myself thinking in this thunder of waters."

"But there's power behind that thunder," a practical-minded one exclaimed. "If only it could be harnessed!"

Yes, if only it could be harnessed, there would be light in the children's classrooms and in the windowless huts down in the valley. There might even be motors to work lathes in the village workshops...

Some Sisters who had walked while we talked, returned with the news that they had discovered four crystalline springs bubbling among the mossy stones at a short distance from the Falls. We tramped after them to admire their discovery and again we fell to discussing the improvements that could be effected if these natural riches of Haiti were tapped. With these fresh rills piped right down the curving slope, the villagers would not have to walk twenty minutes in order to get some drinking water.

We would have enjoyed lingering in this enchanted spot but already it was time to return to the convent

¹ Cecile Frappier, Sorel.



Here are the true
riches of Haiti !

for Vespers. Walking homeward along the riverside we sang with all our hearts:

O ye mountains and hills, bless the Lord!

O all ye things that spring up in the earth, bless the Lord!

O ye fountains bless the Lord!

O ye seas and rivers, bless the Lord!

As we came to the village outskirts we met a group of our former pupils who are now teachers. "Here are the true riches of Haiti!" I mused as the girls greeted us affectionately. All of them have become apostles among their own. Thanks to their zeal the little ones of Haiti are no longer without anyone to break them the bread of truth.

Port Salut parish is proud of its children who have heard the call to a

higher life as priests or religious. Besides several young men completing their studies for the priesthood at the Major Seminary, it has also contributed the very first Haitian vocations to the worthy congregation of the Sacred Heart Brothers as well as a number of vocations to the various sisterhoods.

Notwithstanding the fact that courageous and numerous sons and daughters of Haiti dedicate their lives to the mission cause, apostolic labourers remain woefully few to cope with the gigantic task of christianization or rechristianization. Dear, ardent youth of my homeland, turn your gaze to distant mission horizons and if you hear the call, do not harden your hearts. Let nothing hold you back. Remember that the grandest and most Christlike calling on earth is the missionary's.

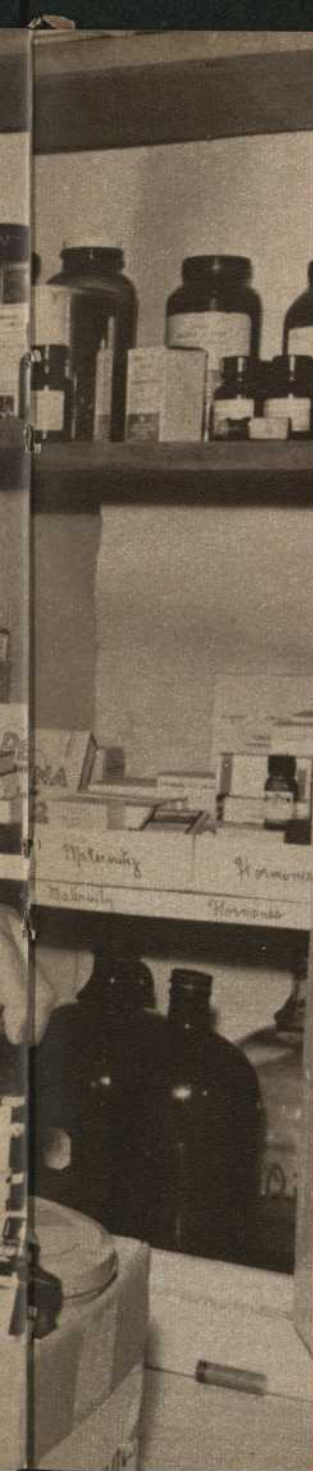


MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

September: That Asiatic and African University students may come to the knowledge and love of God.

October: That the faithful may more efficaciously support the Work of Saint Peter Apostle for the training of indigenous priests.





La joie de la Missionnaire Medical Supplies from the à l'arrivée d'une caisse de remèdes! Homeland... What a Windfall!

*Grâce à ces médicaments qui lui
Thanks to precious medicine the
permettent de soulager les souffrances
missionary Sister-Nurse finds the way
physiques de ses patients, la religieuse
to the hearts of her patients, drawing
trouve le moyen de gagner les cœurs
them to the divine Healer.*

et de les attirer au divin Médecin.

She is deeply grateful to those

*Tous remèdes, toniques ou vita-
who thus facilitate her task by sending
mines sont reçus avec la plus vive
her drugs of any kind: pills, tonics,
reconnaissance, de même que les dif-
vitamins, and also hospital appliances
férents articles d'hôpital: seringues,
such as: injection needles, spatulas,
bistouris, spatules, gaze, diachylon,
scalpels, gauze, diachylon, etc...
balances, etc.*

La Procure des Missions
2900, chemin Sainte-Catherine
Côte-des-Neiges, Montréal 26

Maria Rozaria

Sister BERNADETTE OF FRANCE¹, M.I.C.

She first saw the light of day at Citowo, a small village of the African bush. Mr. Pembe, her father, a zealous Protestant *ministara*, baptized her under the name of Dayi as soon as she was born.

Hers was a happy carefree childhood romping about the picturesque countryside, helping her mother and elder sister with household tasks. When she was old enough, her father had her enrolled as a pupil in a Protestant institution at some distance from the village. In her eagerness to learn, the child never complained of the long daily walks to and from school.

In 1940, a group of White Fathers from the Central Nyasa Province established a new mission in Mzambazi, a stone's throw from Citowo village; no sooner had they settled down, than Dayi declared with mettlesome impetuosity that she wanted to attend the Catholic Mission school. The *ministara* was plainly annoyed but after making a few weak objections he finally allowed her to have her own way.

With the years, Dayi blossomed into a bewitching maiden with starry eyes lighting up her lovely face the colour of polished ebony. Many a village lad gazed admiringly after her as she tripped down the road with fawnlike grace. Time to cull the rose before it was full blown, her father decided. With characteristic African disregard for his daughter's feelings, he promised her as wife to a likely young man of his choice who belonged to the same Protestant sect as he did.

Perhaps you imagine that Dayi was vexed to be disposed of in this way. Not in the least! Was it not an age-old custom in Africa that parents should marry their girls without consulting them beforehand? Her father loved her and sought to make her happiness secure; of this she felt convinced. She could do no better than to bow docilely to his decision. Without losing any time, she set about preparing the simple kitchen utensils she would need, moulding them out of clay in so expert a manner that her proud parents exhibited

¹ Bernadette Dumas, Saint Anselme of Dorchester.

Sister Maria-Rozaria



them as proof of their beloved child's resourcefulness.

Preparations for the wedding went on apace. Six fat cows had been paid to the bride's father as dowry and the date of the wedding had been fixed. The worthy minister began to think that his prospective son-in-law was rather slow in claiming his bride. He decided to rush things. Life had taught him, "there is many a slip between the cup and the lip" and he was anxious to see his beloved Dayi comfortably settled. He, therefore, took it into his head to lead the bridal cortege the very next morning to Laiton where the wedding ceremony was to take place.

Unfortunately, illness having caught up with him during the night he found himself unable to go. One of his brothers replaced him and was to give the bride away. After a few hours, the party reached Laiton only to find that the incredible had happened — the bridegroom had vanished. No one seemed to know what had prompted his sudden decision to seek employment in the South African mines.

Imagine if you can the frame of mind of the slighted father when the abashed bridal cortege returned home. So incensed was he that he immediately dispatched a herd-boy to lead the six cows back whence they came.

On her part Dayi did not act like a girl who has been jilted. After all did it matter so very much? She did not even know what the young man looked like, for although she had met him once or twice, she had on such occasions, as custom ruled, kept her eyes modestly glued to the ground. But she did feel sorry for her dear

father to whom this disappointment was a crushing blow. Tongues began to wag in Citowo. Disgusted with this turn of events, Dayi remembered her childish dream of becoming a Sister, as the Protestants around here call trained Nurses. Now was the chance to have her dream materialize.

A fortnight later, Dayi knocked at our dispensary in Mzambazi. She had her father's consent to start learning the elements of nursing with us before proceeding to the Kondowe hospital for a regular training course. Among our aides, she was happy to meet one of her former classmates who had become a Catholic.

One day a lorry stopped at Mzambazi on its way to Katete. Dayi jumped at the opportunity of getting nearer to Kondowe and left with her friend, Anastasia, who wanted to enter the Postulate of the Rosarian Sisters, an indigenous congregation recently founded by Msgr. J. M. Saint Denis, W.F.

While waiting in Katete, Dayi helped Sister St. Leo the Great with the care of the in-patients at the small mission hospital where she was soon appreciated for her genial, happy disposition, her sincerity, and her devotedness to duty. The lorry which was to pick her up at Katete and speed her on the way to Kondowe delayed so long that she thought it better to write telling her father how it happened that she was still in Katete. Meantime, she grew so fond of the *Wamayi* and so deeply attached to the sick that she secretly wished she could stay where she was. Eventually, she began addressing her prayers to Our Blessed Mother and she even requested to be given the medal of catechumens.



Sister's great day. She makes her first vows.



Sister Maria Rozaria kneels with her companions for her daily audience with the King of kings.

As mail in Nyasaland travels at snail's pace, she had received no answer to the letter sent her father weeks before. Mr. Pemba himself arrived unannounced one fine day intent on taking his daughter home with him. Dayi firmly but respectfully announced that she wanted to spend more time at Katete with the *Wamayi* who were such expert nurses. Once again the father gave in. "Well, as

you seem so keen about it, yes, I give you permission to stay for a while but I absolutely forbid you to become a Catholic."

Dear good man! He did not then guess what his Dayi was really after. With a stout tenacity of purpose, she conquered one difficulty after another until she had safely entered the true Fold. Upon becoming a Catholic, she took the name of Maria

Rozaria, anxious to place her destiny under the powerful aegis of Mary, the mother of the Saviour.

For some time afterwards she kept on helping the Sister-Nurse at the Katete dispensary. She had lost none of her feminine charm and attractiveness. Many a young man of Katete, as had formerly happened in Citowo, wished he were fortunate enough to have her to wife. But another Lover had meantime wooed and won this lovely African girl. In October 1952, Maria Rozaria donned the blue habit of the Rosarian Sisters.

The noviceship proved a testing ground for the young novice. Envious of this chosen soul's high calling, Satan trained all his wiles trying to lure her away from the life of perfection she purposed to embrace. She wavered until the day an act of obedience to her Superior steeled her decision and brought her a hard-won victory.

Maria Rozaria made her religious profession in September 1956. Great was her happiness on this red-letter day! Her beloved brother, Athanasio,

baptized a short time before, was present at the profession ceremony, doing duty as acolyte. When came the time for receiving Holy Communion brother and sister knelt side by side at the altar rail.

At first assigned to the Rumphu dispensary, Sister Maria Rozaria put her whole heart into her task of relieving the ailing and consoling the sorrowful. At the end of six months she left for Karonga where she was to replace a sick companion. Knowing what a sacrifice it would be for her to exchange nursing for teaching, I had previously sounded her about the matter. "What would you say if we sent you teach in Karonga?"

"Mother," she replied, "I'm ready to go anywhere you choose to send me. As long as I'm doing God's Will as Our Lady did, the kind of work doesn't matter."

As she did in the dispensary of Rumphu, Sister Maria Rozaria today enkindles the flame of devotion to the Mother of God and of zeal for the coming of Christ's kingdom in the school of Karonga.

The Job to be Done !

The teachings of Christ must be brought to ALL men. It is a tremendous task, to be sure, but Christ commanded that the job be done. Just glance over the field:

The world population is more than two billion, of whom only 17% are Catholics. Africa is 7% Catholic; 15 out of 200 million. Asia is 2% Catholic; 26 out of 1157 million. China, with 450 million is 1%; Japan, with 80 million, is $\frac{1}{4}$ of 1%; India, with 415 million is 1%.

Our Lady's Missionary



SEEING IS BELIEVING

Sister Saint Charles of Milan, M.I.C.

(Jeanne Bouchard, Saint Eloi of Temiscouata.)

Ever since I returned to Hong Kong all my days are spent at the dispensary where I treat an average of one hundred patients daily. Never can I thank God enough for granting me the precious vocation of a missionary Sister-Nurse. Who would not envy me the privilege of ministering to Our Lord in His suffering members, of applying the balm of compassionate charity to moral miseries often harder to bear than physical ailments? I have the joy, besides, of providing many a dying child with its passport to heaven.

Nearly all my patients are refugees fleeing from the Red Paradise next door. Notwithstanding the fact that their plight is better than that of

their compatriots still living on the wrong side of the Bamboo Curtain, it remains wretched in the extreme. No wonder these refugees prove an easy prey to disease! How could it be otherwise when they lack adequate housing and nourishing food?

Eight-year-old Won Knok Yun came here for medical treatment, the other day. His mother after incredible hardships succeeded in getting her little brood across the border into Hong Kong. Meantime, the children had suffered such privations under the Communist regime that Knok Yun was afflicted with tuberculosis of the lungs. In spite of his impaired health, the brave lad insists on helping his mother buy food for the others by hawking fruits and vegetables. His dinner generally consists of a bowl of hot soup hastily swallowed. At night he has no bed to lie on but stretches his emaciated limbs on a board. The family has not even one blanket to its name. Lately, he confided, "Sister, I'm worried, I don't know what's to become of us all. Our shack has toppled down during a violent squall. Now we have to lie by the roadside. Help us, please!"

Wong Knok Yun's appeal wrung my heart with pity. At that moment, I wished I had a fortune at my disposal to relieve this terrible distress along with so many others that come

to my knowledge day after day. The rich cannot even dream that such stark destitution exists. If they could see it with their own eyes, I am sure they could not enjoy one moment's peace until they had done something about it.

Thousands of undernourished children suffer from rickets. Their parents who are without work and money endure agonies at being powerless to provide for them. One day, on my rounds of home visitations, I found, abandoned in a hovel, a tiny baby bundled in filthy rags. From neigh-





Who will fill my bowl ?



bours I learned that the father having been shot by the Communists the mother had fled to Kowloon in terrified despair leaving the youngest behind.

A youthful neophyte who has been ailing for a long time, recently told me that his father had leased the narrow room where he lay, practically turning him out into the streets. "I cannot blame Father," he added, "He must find ways of earning enough to feed my brothers and sisters..."

At the dispensary there arrived early one morning a man of about forty, his face drawn with pain, in a state bordering on collapse. "Sister," he blurted out, "I'm hungry. I can't work as I have undergone a surgical operation a week ago and the incision

has not yet healed. I have neither friends nor relatives in Hong Kong. If you don't help me, there's nothing left for me but to die..." These are but a few of the heartbreaking scenes I witness day in and day out.

But, once again is verified here the old saying that the blood of martyrs is the seed of Christians. While in Red China priests, religious, and lay folk lay down their lives for Christ, in Hong Kong a great number of Chinese ask to become Catholics. A young girl of fifteen insisted some time ago, that a catechist be sent to the section of the city where she lives. "You see," she explained, "My grandparents want to be baptized but as they are old and infirm, the walk to the catechumenate would be too



much for them. Moreover, there are five other families in our neighbourhood who long to receive religious instruction. We would all be so grateful if a catechist came out to teach us the way of the Lord of Heaven . . .” Their request having been granted, grandparents, grandchildren, neighbours, and acquaintances all vie with one another in learning prayers and doctrine.

A lad from Shanghai related how the attitude of his family had changed since adversity visited them. “In Shanghai,” he said, “We saw how Catholics bravely faced imprisonment and death itself rather than give

up their Faith. That is the reason why we wish to receive Baptism. Their religion cannot be other than the true one.”

“For one Communist that falls, ten will rise,” proclaim the fanatics of Communism. With much greater truth can we Catholics declare “For one faithful Chinese Catholic who lays down his life for Christ, an entire generation of Christians will rise!” Our dear adopted country today oppressed by its so-called liberators will hear the Catholic Church sing in a perhaps not so distant future a triumphant “Christus vincit! Christus regnat! Christus imperat!”



DAVAO, PHILIPPINES

Little Boy had been living on this planet of ours ten short months when sorrow knocked at his door. His father disappeared one day without so much as "by your leave" and was not heard of again. Solita, his pretty young mother no longer had the time to sing him lullabies or to carry him about riding on her hip as he loved to do. Holding three-year-old Pablo by the hand, she had to go out to work every day. Little Boy she entrusted to the care of Fe, her neighbour, who being a busy woman with children of her own, installed him in the depths of her large clothes basket and left him to his own devices. On rare occasions Clara, a tousled-

A HOME FOR LITTLE BOY

Sister MARIE PAULE, M.I.C.

(Marie Paule Larocque, Montreal)



headed cousin, took him out for an airing.

Poor Little Boy pined with loneliness. Often he went without meals because the neighbour forgot to feed him; in silence he endured many another minor indignity. When his beloved mamma picked him up upon returning home in the evening, his tiny arms almost choked the breath out of her as he clung to her neck. She could fondle him only for a short while. Otherwise who would have cooked the rice, done the washing and mending?

One evening they had visitors: Uncle Maximo, Aunt Adela, Cousin Juanito, and an old woman with brown face as wrinkled as a coconut. Mamma held Baby close while the visitors discussed in loud tones and with strange gesticulations. Little

Boy might have been frightened had he not safely snuggled in the harbour of maternal arms. But why was mamma's heart beating so loud and so fast? How relieved he was when the noisy visitors rose to go!

On the following morning, when his mother kissed him goodbye before going to work, he raised a tantrum. Afterwards, as he sucked his thumb in the lonely shadows of Fe's basket he wondered what those people who came last night wanted. They were up to no good, he surmised, and kicked and yelled to draw people's attention.

What Little Boy could not know, was this: pitying his needy mother, two different families of relatives insisted on adopting him. Solita stubbornly refused to part with her darling. These well-meaning people

belonged to the church of Aglipay and she remembered her own mother's dying words, "Solita, never join the Aglipays as your father has done."

Wearied by the insistence of Uncle Maximo and the others, she one day decided to lay her problem before the Madres. They were building a Children's Home, she had heard. Perhaps that would be the answer to her anxiety about her baby's future. The Madres would see to it that he received a solid Catholic education.

On September 18, Little Boy was among the nineteen children who took possession of the Davao Child Jesus Home. The Sisters, who had anticipated at least a day long chorus of crying and whimpering while their youthful guests got used to their new surroundings, were agreeably disappointed. Surprised and amused they watched their charges toddle inside the sunny playrooms, lay hands on tricycles, scooters, balls and other playthings and refuse to part with them until supper-time came along; then they dashed to the tables laden with steaming bowls of rice and other good things to eat. This was heaven to their childish hearts. Thin little faces that never before had been lighted up by a smile, now shone with contentment as they basked in the Sisters' affectionate care. All settled down to their new pattern of living as if it had been the most natural thing in the world.

Little Boy found a large family of brothers and sisters at the Child Jesus Home. Among them many had known greater misfortunes than his own. There were, for instance, Delphina and Sylvester found in the forest; their parents were bandits who kidnapped children and exacted

high ransoms. To all appearances, both were killed in a skirmish with other bands plying the same sinister trade. Only a week later, were their five children discovered dying of hunger and fright in a nipa hut perched in the fork of a tree. Three died soon after being taken to the hospital. Delphine had difficulty in pulling through, but sturdy six-year-old Sylvester seemed none the worse for the tragedy.

Two little girls of four and nine were confided to us by their father, a widower. While he was working at some distance from home it happened that his children had been annoyed by a disreputable person who hung about the neighbourhood, bent on mischief. The poor father preferred to part with his treasures rather than leave them unprotected while he went about his business. Upon their arrival here, the pair were given shoes, the first they had ever had. That same night, the Sister in charge was deeply touched to see the older sister rise time and again to make sure the precious footgear were still under their bed.

These boys and girls will probably not remain here very long, for the Filipinos are not in the habit of refusing little ones a place in their homes. Absolute necessity only can force them to leave their children momentarily in the care of strangers. But be their stay at Child Jesus Home long or short, our youthful guests will no doubt benefit by it in a spiritual as well as in a material sense.

To all the generous benefactors who have contributed in furnishing this home built for the dear homeless birdies of Davao, we say our most grateful "Thank you!"

Our Beloved Dead

Reverend Alexander Dugre, S.J., **Montreal**; Mrs. Odilon Gravel, **Sainte Anne de Beupre**, mother of Rev. O. Gravel, chaplain of the Motherhouse; Mrs. George Perreault, **Montreal**, mother of our Sister Marie of the Trinity; Mrs. C. A. Gosselin, **Sherbrooke**, mother of our Sister Rita of Jesus; M. Philias Richer, **Plantagenet, Ont.**, father of our Sister Saint Philias; Mr. Eusebe Fugere, **Montreal**, father of our Sister Saint Eusebe; M. Raoul Sabourin, **Vaudreuil**, father of our Sister Saint Leonard de Port Maurice; M. Alphonse Guerard, **Quebec**, father of our Sister Marie Yvonne; Mr. L. J. Labrosse, **Montreal**, father of our Sister Marie Annette; Mr. Gedeon Plante, **Princeville**, father of our Sister Marie Odila; Mr. J. Aurelien East, **Quebec**, father of our Sister Marie Edith; Mr. George Legault, **Saint Dominique des Cedres**, father of our Sister Marie of Fatima; Mrs. Elzear Martel, **Joliette**, mother of our Sister Saint Elzear; Mrs. Victor Tanguay, **Nashua, N. H.**, mother of our Sister St. Victor; Mrs. J. A. Roy, **Thetford Mines**, mother of our Sister St. Claude; Mrs. Theotime Frigon, **Cowansville**, mother of our Sister Marie Theotime; Mrs. Theodore Provencher, **Saint Sylvere**, mother of our Sister Marie Renee; Mr. Aime Toupin, **Montreal**, brother of our Sister Anne des Anges; Mr. L. Lorenzo Lamy, M.D., **Ottawa**, brother of our Sister Marie de la Foi; Mr. Euclide Rouleau, **Montreal**, brother of our Sister St. Adrian; Mrs. Odilon Auclair, **Charlesbourg**, sister of our Sister St. Justinian; Mrs. Henry Bazin, **Quebec**, Mr. Joseph Meilleur, Mr. Lucien Houle, Mr. J. A. Parent, Mr. Victor Cote, Mr. Cleophas Laframboise, Mrs. Romuald Bohemier, **Montreal**; Mr. Joseph Blouin, Mrs. Gaudias Marois, Mrs. J. N. Brochu, **Quebec**; Mrs. Augustine Rainville, **St. Prime**; Mrs. Denerie Gosselin, **Plessisville**; Mrs. Robert Dussault, **Dorion**; Mrs. Louis Masse, **St. Ignace de Loyola**; Mrs. J. W. Rowell, **Chateauguay**; Mrs. Edward Brais, **St. Martine**; Mrs. Sedeceas Vachon, **St. Marie de Beauce**; Mr. Aurele Dupuis, **Saint Barthelemy**; Mrs. Saul Grise, **Saint Timothee**; Mr. Ananias Pigeon, **Vercheres**; Messrs. Gustave et Paul Carignan, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mrs. Philip Desilets, **Saint Maurice**; Mrs. Arthur Rathe, **Henryville**; Mrs. Wilfrid Girard, **Saint Croix**; Mr. Romeo Lafortune, Mrs. Andre Perreault, **Joliette**; Mr. Donat Lionel Preville, **Matane**; Mrs. Henri Pelletier, **La Tuque**; Mr. Eugene Gratton, **Ottawa**; Miss Alice Niquet, **Drummondville**; Mrs. Gladys Ennis Mark, **Winnipeg**; Mr. David Boucher, Mrs. Alfred Berube, Mrs. Jules Goudreau, **Salem, Mass.**; Mrs. Georgianna Defosses, **Worcester, Mass.**; Mr. Gregoire Tarte, **Highgate, Vt.**; Mrs. Marie Chagnon, **Haverhill, Mass.**; Mrs. Arthur Boulanger, **Swansea, Mass.**; Mr. Joseph Wagner, **Bridgeport, Conn.**; Mrs. Margaret Ashmore, Mrs. Laura Leblanc, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mr. Eugene Simard, **Varennes**; Mrs. L. A. Painchaud, **Montreal**; Mrs. Oscar Nobert, **Grand Mere**; Mrs. Dieudonne Jemme, **Saint-Amable**; M. Henri Papineau, **Labelle**; M. Joseph Bonneau, **Jonquiere**; M. Napoleon Turcotte, **Vaughan**.

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Our cover: (Hong Kong)

Concentration, that's what it takes.

