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The Precursor

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Our Cover Picture : Nyasaland's Miss Poinsettia
wishes you CIRIMIKA CIWEME !
(Happy New Year !)

Malagasy Greetings

O Lord, relieve me of all blame.
I am neither the radiant sun lighting up the day,
Nor the gracious moon sweeping through the night.
Compared to the peacock, I am but a wren.
So I bend my head, and seven times bow low.

Dear benefactors,
You are like the top of my house where all the rafters
meet.

You are like the palm of the hand, to which all the
fingers are attached.

You are like the giant plantain, the lake crystal clear,
Adornment of the field and jewel of the plain.

To you my wishes are addressed : Happy New Year !

Dear benefactors,

According to our forebears, to roll a heavy stone
without shouting at the same time is to lose three
fourths of our strength; to dance without accompanying
drum beats is to risk dancing out of time; to make a
speech without expressing gratitude is to lessen its
charm by half.

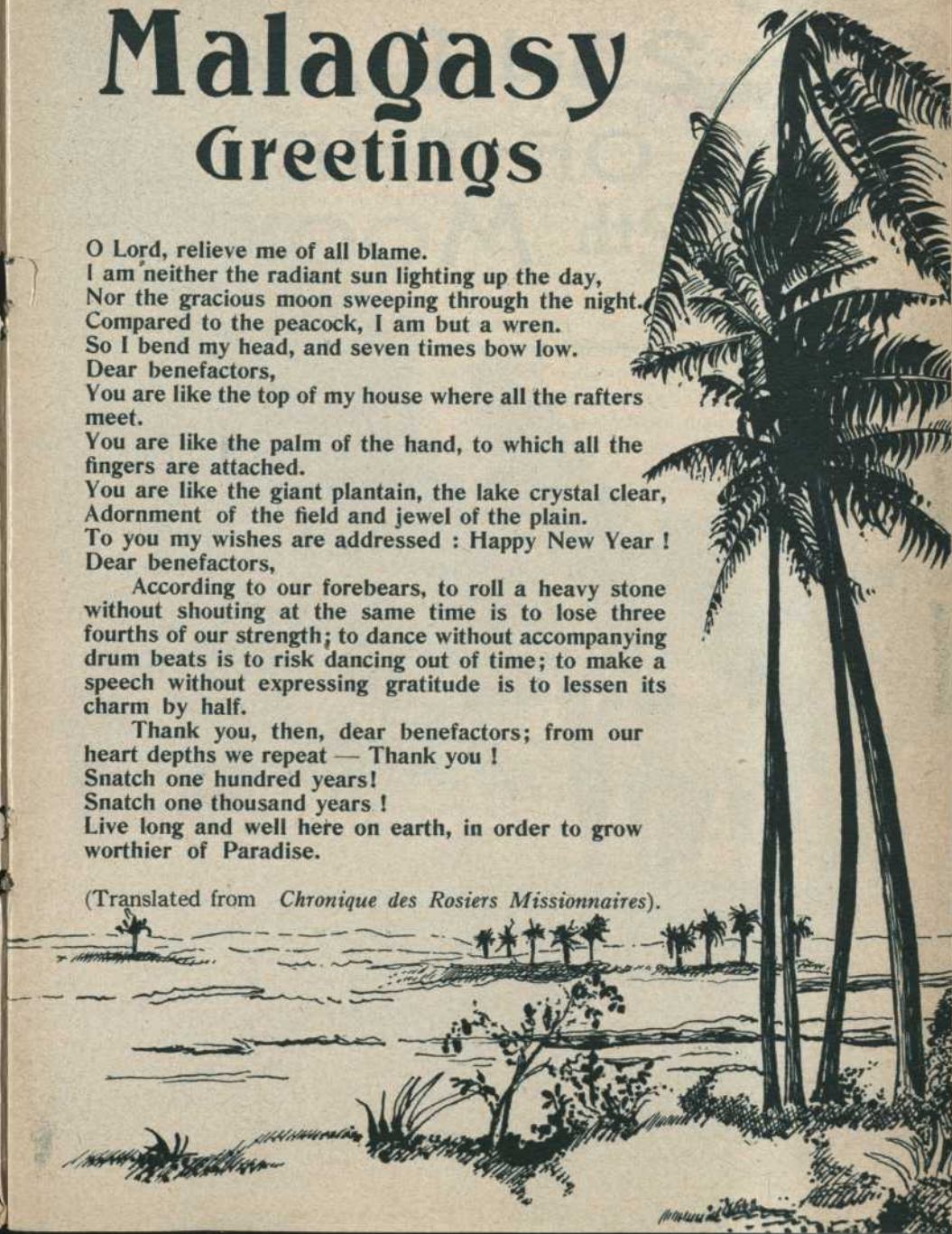
Thank you, then, dear benefactors; from our
heart depths we repeat — Thank you !

Snatch one hundred years!

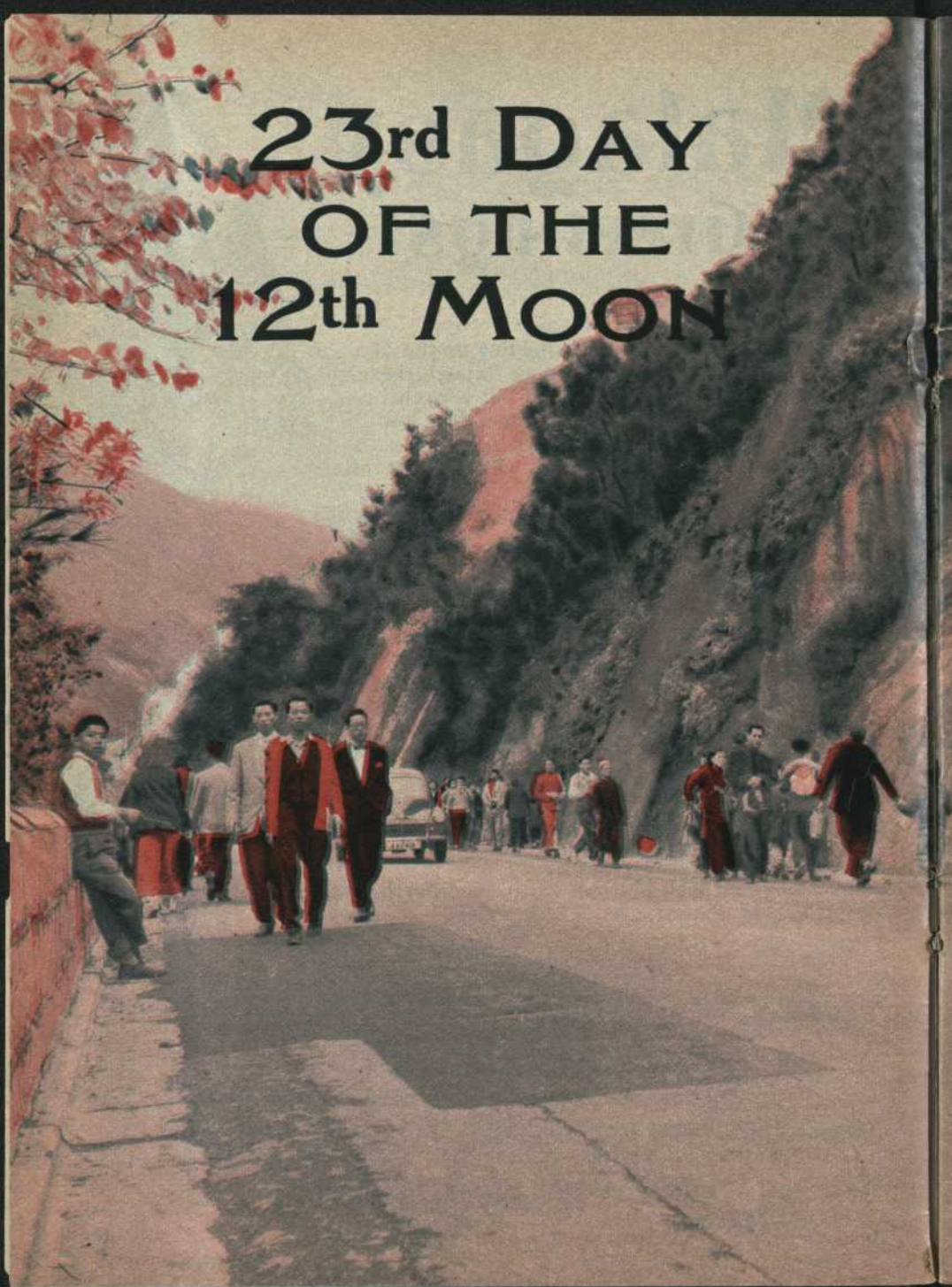
Snatch one thousand years !

Live long and well here on earth, in order to grow
worthier of Paradise.

(Translated from *Chronique des Rosiers Missionnaires*).



23rd DAY
OF THE
12th MOON





In spirit how I enjoy living over again the dear, never-to-be forgotten days of my childhood spent in a hinterland hamlet somewhere in south eastern China! There I was born and there I lived around the year 1900, when the Manchurian Dowager Empress still ruled over the Middle Kingdom. Time-honoured customs held good, then, all over the land. I remember "feeling" weeks in advance the coming of the New Year much as Western children "feel" in advance the coming of Christmas.

There were no feverish shopping expeditions in our hamlet which could boast of only a few small shops. For me, the culmination of the seasonal festivities came when Mother started preparing the *nienkoo*, a New Year delicacy, consisting of rice flour, minced radishes, and dried shrimps. My sisters helped manipulate the ancient quern-stone. While one moved the wooden handle, another armed with a porcelain spoon poured the rice into an opening made for this purpose in the top stone. How proud I was when, after much wheedling, I was allowed a turn at pouring in the rice! I laughed gleefully while my thrifty mother shuddered at the number of china spoons my awkward fingers shattered in the process.

On the eve of the New Year, I manfully tried to keep wide awake until the very last hour of the old year. It was the custom for the whole family to sit up after partaking of a sumptuous repast on whose menu always figured fried clams and a certain kind of tasty forcemeat Mother cooked only once a year. Lighted candles of red wax cast a cheerful glow about the room where we sat with the table pushed against the wall. We prayed, then we chanted old familiar hymns, for we were Christians. My father, a jovial, good-natured man, then used to tell many amusing stories which kept my brothers and sisters doubled up with laughter. I shared in the merriment, but after a while succumbed to overpowering drowsiness.

Upon awakening on New Year's morning

my first thoughts turned to the new robe of cheap black satin topped by a vest the colour of crushed strawberries I was to wear that day as did all little boys in that corner of China. My elder sister helped me put on the rustling garment then we children formed in procession and entered the room where our parents awaited our homage. Fully dressed they lay on their bed in state while we dutifully prostrated ourselves in front of them. Later in the day, the grown-ups paid the traditional visits leaving us youngsters free to set off firecrackers to our heart's content.

For the entire countryside, the lunar New Year was the gayest of festivals. No other holiday could compare with its celebration. During five days, shops remained closed; all labour was suspended. In feastday attire people strolled about telling jokes, striking gongs, setting off innumerable firecrackers, attending the crude local theatres. It was a great day for luck. Each and every one hoped that the opening year would be happier and more prosperous than the last; each and every one added one year to the sum of his life from the babe in arms to the



aged grandfather. New Year's day was every one's birthday.

Even one's servants could not be reprimanded on this festival. The Chinese women folk usually so hardworking, absolutely refused to do the least thing about the house on New Year's. Even the mere handling of a kitchen knife might bring on ill luck. Whence came this unwonted laziness? Tradition had it that to sweep the floor or to wash dirty clothes on this day would be equivalent to chasing out luck and happiness along with the ousted dirt. Over the door lintels hung streamers whereon were written auspicious words such as Peace, Spring, prosperity, Good Fortune. Red, the colour of joy, was lavishly used. The poorest servant girl found a bit of red ribbon or wool to place in her raven hair.

The joyful noise of firecrackers being discharged rose from every corner of the hamlet. The air was saturated with the pungent smell of sulphur and the pleasanter smell of narcissi. Fathers for once forgot to take themselves seriously; grandfathers grew more indulgent; children piped their merriest songs. Country women clad in clean blue cotton jackets walked five or six miles to attend plays at the town theatre or to frequent a storyteller's booth. The New Year festival afforded the women a few days of welcome relaxation from household chores. When the men folk felt hungry, they fried slices of *nienkoo*, cooked bowls of noodles seasoned with a sauce prepared beforehand, or regaled themselves with cold chicken meat.

Then came the republic. The new

Ancient quern stone
used for grinding rice.





At the temple gate,
on New Year's morning.

government officially abolished the lunar New Year. How did the country people react? They simply ignored this would-be abolition and went on celebrating the ancient festival as

their fathers and forefathers had done for centuries past.

Towards 1930, I came to live in Shanghai. I prided myself on being



an ultra-modern-character; certainly, none could accuse me of being conservative. In other words, being scientifically-minded I am used to logical reasoning. My "scientific pride" was, therefore, touched to the quick when I realized that the celebration of the official New Year meant nothing or next to nothing to me. I "felt" the coming of the old New Year in the early part of January upon being served at breakfast, one morning, a bowl of *lapache* (rice gruel) in which floated lotus seeds and "dragon eyes". The eighth day of the twelfth moon had arrived.

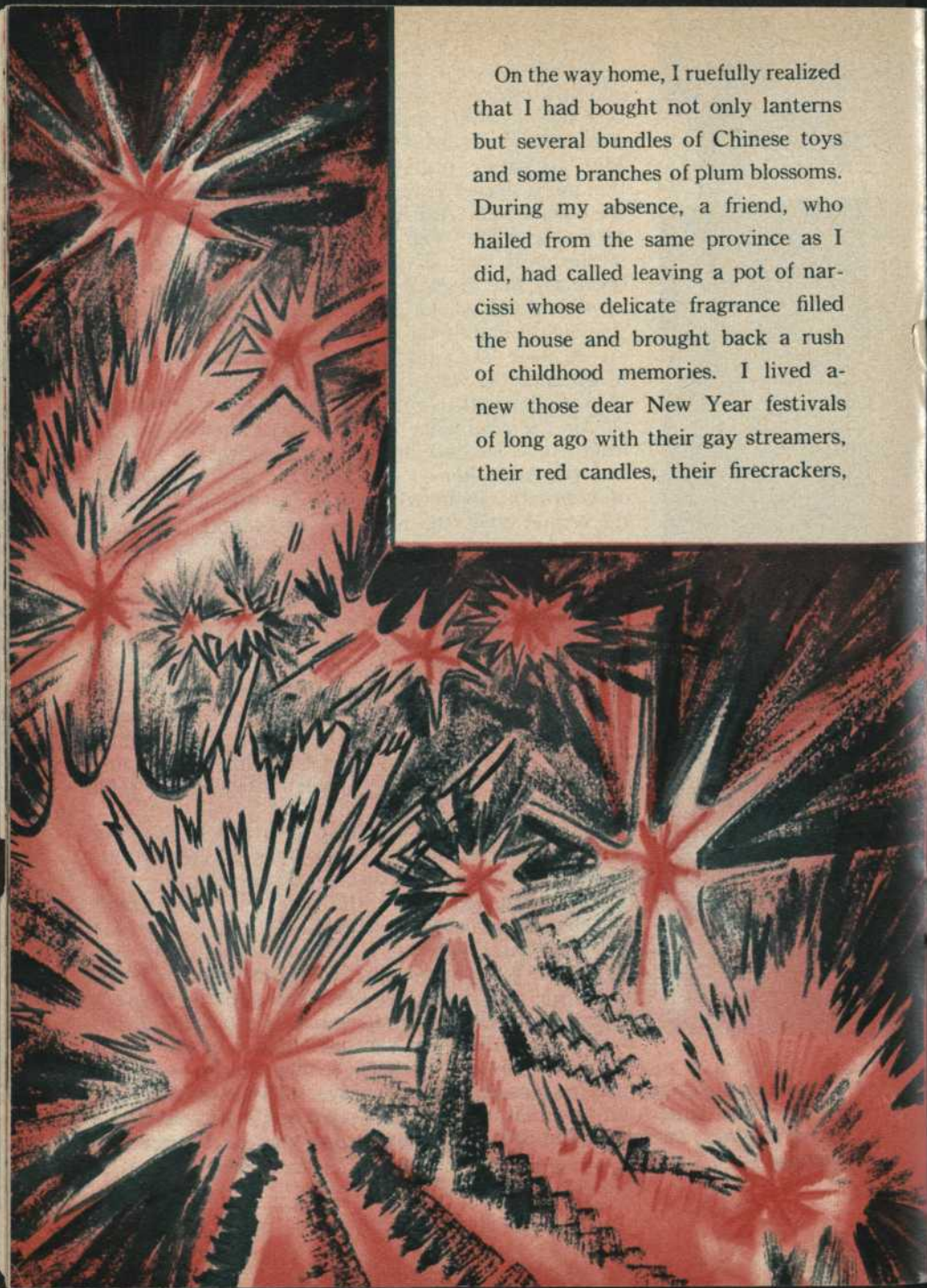
A week later, my servant asked me to pay him in advance the wages of the thirteenth month which he was supposed to get on New Year's eve. I let him off for the afternoon. He afterwards showed me the length of crisp blue linen he had bought to send to his wife back home. On the first and second day of February, I offered presents to the mail carrier, the errand boys, the telegraph messengers, the milkman. And all the while I vaguely "felt" what was bound to happen.

On the third of February, I firmly renewed my resolution not to celebrate the ancient New Year. Early in the morning my wife cautioned me to change my underwear. When I asked her why, she negligently replied that Chauma, the maid, would wash today but would refuse to do so the rest of the week. As I usually try to be considerate of servants, I could not very well refuse to do as I was asked. Off came my underwear. That was the first step on the road to surrender.

Some time in the forenoon, my wife decided we must go to the bank. There were rumours that, notwithstanding official decrees to the contrary, the holidays that went with the old New Year would be taken and the banks closed. I tried to advance some feeble objections. My wife soothingly remarked, "We are going by car. I'm sure you'll enjoy a ride. Why not get a haircut while in town?" Barber shops held little appeal for me but I did like to ride especially when someone else was at the wheel. I decided to go. Perhaps I might drop into the

"Temple of the gods" and buy the children some toys. There was a certain kind of pretty lantern on sale that I wanted my youngest son to have... Calling at the "Temple of the gods" was my second step on the road to surrender.

On the way home, I ruefully realized that I had bought not only lanterns but several bundles of Chinese toys and some branches of plum blossoms. During my absence, a friend, who hailed from the same province as I did, had called leaving a pot of narcissi whose delicate fragrance filled the house and brought back a rush of childhood memories. I lived anew those dear New Year festivals of long ago with their gay streamers, their red candles, their firecrackers,



and their delicious *nienkoo*. Closing my eyes I fancied I wore once again that robe of black satin topped by the pink vest little men could don only once a year . . .

During the meal that followed, I suddenly developed an urge to go out and buy some *nienkoo*, enough to last the family several days. I was caught in the magic spell of the narcissi fragrance.

Hardly was the meal over than I boarded a bus. At three o'clock I returned from North Szechuen Road lugging a large basket of *nienkoo* that weighed ten pounds. At five, we sat down to a sumptuous feast of fried *nienkoo* in an atmosphere laden with the perfume of narcissi flowers. I felt increasingly guilty. At six, I found on the mantelpiece a row of lighted red candles that cast a sardonic glow over my "scientific conscience". As an aside I may add that this "scientific conscience" of mine already appeared as something flabby and unreal. Nevertheless, to assert my authority I sharply inquired,

"Who lighted these candles?"

"Chuma did."

"And who bought them?"

"Why, you bought them yourself this morning at the 'Temple of the gods'. Don't you remember?"

"Really?"

I must have cut a rather ridiculous figure not so much because of the morning visit at the "Temple of the gods" but because at present my head was holding out against my heart. Suddenly, I found my moorings cut short by the noise of firecrackers going off with a triumphant bang. No Westerner can understand why this familiar noise should move a Chinese to his heart depths. The challenge of my next door neighbour was picked up by the neighbour on the west side and soon the whole district was a crackle. Could I stand there agape and let myself be beaten hollow? No, thank you! Taking out a crisp dollar bill I handed it to Ah-Ching, my oldest son. "Go out and buy the largest, noisiest firecrackers you can find. And, remember, the noisier the better!"

Translated from the

"Courrier de l'Unesco".

Vessel of Benediction and His Mule

To Sister as she turned in at the mission gate, the squat little convent sitting well back of the brick wall appeared like a dream house. It was nearing Christmas and the weather

at this season is cold and crisp on the bleak treeless plains of Northern Manchuria. Since early morning she had walked the icy roads that linked one hamlet to another, ministering to the Lord in the person of His sick and poor. Her limbs were numb with cold and fatigue. How good it would be, after a warm meal, to rest Mary-like at the feet of the Master!



Hardly had she finished her frugal supper, however, when there was a clatter of hoofs in the courtyard and a frenzied pounding at the dispensary door. Someone was in trouble. Poking her head out, Sister came face to face with Leou, one of her pagan acquaintances from the village of Yellow Grass. The man's habitually placid face was creased with worry. "Honourable doctor! Quick! We need your help." Sister Martha stifled the ghost of a sigh. The chapel looked so inviting and the intense cold outside was so repellent... But already her hands were automatically reaching out for medicine vials to refill her depleted kit and she was calling to her aide, a sturdy Manchurian girl. "We are going out again," she stated in a matter-of-fact voice. "Leou's mother is very sick."

A few moments later they were riding off in the direction of Yellow Grass village. The pale rays of the winter sun slanted down on the snow-blanketed fields. All was quiet except for the occasional mellow sound of a gong floating on the evening air from some roadside pagoda or the muffled throb of the Buddhist prayer drum calling the monks to prayer. While the crude cart pulled by a gaunt little donkey jolted along, Sister Martha sent up fervent Aves to the Queen of Heaven asking her to be near this woman in the throes of sickness.

They reached destination at last. A chorus of excited *Tai Tou lae la* (Here comes the doctor) greeted them as they entered the low mud-walled enclosure alive with relatives and friends.

"*Ai ya!... Ai ya!... Sin k'ou, sin k'ou...*" (Welcome! Welcome! How tired you must be!) murmured

the women bustling around the newcomers, inviting them to sit on the warm *k'ang* (brick bed). After acknowledging the profuse salutations, Sister Martha inquired after the patient who was nowhere to be seen. "I am the sick one, doctor," announced a smiling portly matron as she poured out cups of steaming tea for her guests. "Take your time, doctor," she chattered on. "Is there anything as pleasant as sipping a cup of hot tea when one is tired out and chilled to the bone as you must be... I'm sure the roads must have been anything but smooth in this weather." Sister Martha was nonplussed. "But... but... Are you really the patient I was called for?" she asked. "Your son told me you were very ill." "Yes, I'm the one," the woman blandly replied.

"Yes, yes, doctor. She is very ill indeed." Suddenly Sister-Nurse found herself peppered with multiple and varied explanations.

"Doctor, we thought she was dying," explained an older woman. "Such terrible pain she felt! *Ai Ya!* She must have had wind in her liver..."

"And her stomach, Doctor... It was like a swollen balloon... That's why we sent for you... We had given her up."

"But Leou had not gone beyond the Swallow Bridge when all of a sudden the sick one felt fine again... A thousand thanks for coming. As you see, she is as spry as ever. She even went out to feed the ducks before you came in... My, but she gave us a fright though... Much obliged for coming, Doctor."

Notwithstanding her fatigue, Sister Martha felt her shoulders shaking

with suppressed mirth. These good people! How like children they were at times!

She was preparing to leave when one of the neighbours, called Vessel of Benediction, came forward with a request. "Doctor, won't you come to my house to 'heal'? I live at a stone's throw." All trooped at Sister's heels as she followed the man into a dark lean-to. Gingerly she inspected her surroundings. Vessel of Benediction lifted his lantern high. At last she discovered a large grey mass lying on the damp straw.

"Why! An animal? What do you want me to do?" she inquired.

"Doctor, I'm sure you can heal my mule. I can't afford to lose her, for I'm far from being a rich man."

"But, my dear friend, I know nothing about caring for sick animals. Had you not better call a veterinary surgeon?"

"Don't talk to me about those jackanapes! I called one the other day and paid him a good stiff price... Much good it did the poor animal! He made her swallow a black decoction he declared was infallible but instead of getting better she can't even stand on her legs any longer. Your medicines are good and strong. Didn't you cure one of my neighbours the Christian Yang, two moons since? He was so wobbly, he could not walk. You visited him once and he got up almost as soon as you were gone. It takes a Number One Doctor to do that! You see, now I have every reason to ask you to cure my mule! I'm a carter. My living and that of my family depends on it. Please, doctor!"

Here she was caught on the horns of a dilemma. On the one hand, she

could hardly refuse obliging this man who had such implicit faith in her powers; on the other, should her treatment prove unsuccessful she would suffer a loss of face before the villagers. She reflected for a few moments then rapidly bent to examine the bloated mule. A dose of castor oil could do no harm, she decided. She rounded out her ministrations, giving her "patient" a harmless "medicine needle" (injection) to the noisy approbation of the people crowding around her.

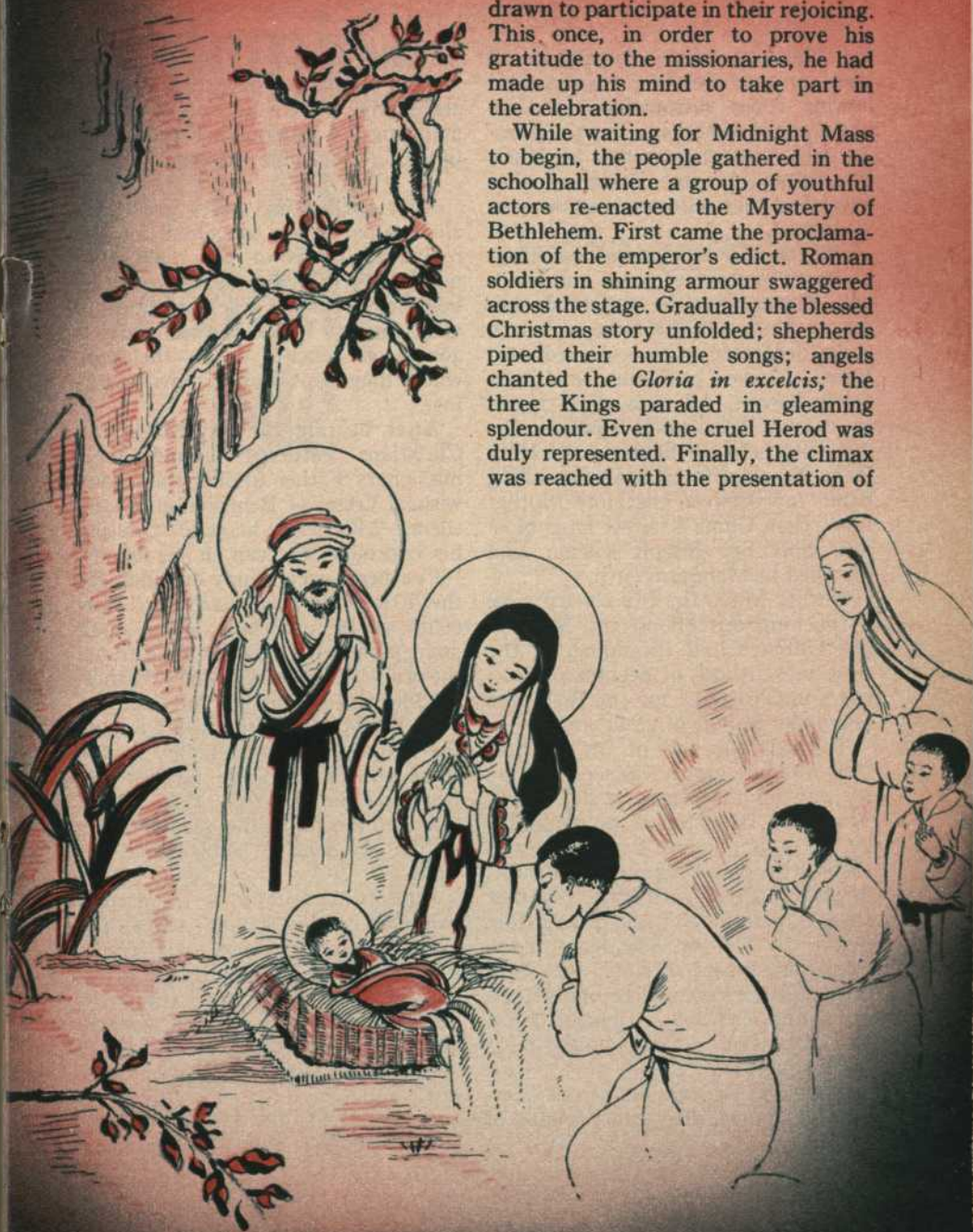
The following afternoon, while Sister Martha was attending to the needs of a group of patients at the mission dispensary, Vessel of Benediction unexpectedly burst into the dispensary, his face one beaming smile. "Doctor," he shouted in jovial mood, "I came to congratulate you. My mule is perfectly cured! I found her standing when I opened the stable door this morning. Her appetite is fine. Ten thousand blessings upon your head! You have saved me from ruin!"

Three days later, it was Christmas Eve. From every corner of the district entire Christian families came pouring down into the central mission for Midnight Mass. Some among them had travelled hundreds of miles in primitive carts drawn by mules, donkeys, or oxen. For nothing in the world would they have missed this blessed family gathering in the Master of Heaven's temple.

The caravan from Yellow Grass Village was headed that year by Vessel of Benediction triumphantly riding his rejuvenated mule. Many a time in years past he had listened to his Christian neighbours tell of the meaning of Christmas without feeling

drawn to participate in their rejoicing. This once, in order to prove his gratitude to the missionaries, he had made up his mind to take part in the celebration.

While waiting for Midnight Mass to begin, the people gathered in the schoolhall where a group of youthful actors re-enacted the Mystery of Bethlehem. First came the proclamation of the emperor's edict. Roman soldiers in shining armour swaggered across the stage. Gradually the blessed Christmas story unfolded; shepherds piped their humble songs; angels chanted the *Gloria in excelsis*; the three Kings paraded in gleaming splendour. Even the cruel Herod was duly represented. Finally, the climax was reached with the presentation of



the Nativity scene. Angels of all sizes arrayed in large wings and flowing robes surrounded the Crib like a guard of honour. The programme met with enthusiastic applause, the pagans present declaring that never had they witnessed anything so wonderful.

Outside, the bells were now winging their message of peace and goodwill. Reverently the assistance began to file inside the mission church gaily decorated with coloured lanterns, festive pennants, and gilt paper flowers. All eyes were turned in devout admiration towards the manger where the figure of the Holy Babe wrapped in crimson swaddling bands lay between the Holy Mother fairer than China's fairest lotus blossom and St. Joseph solemn and dignified in Mandarin garb.

During Mass, the Missionary gave a touching sermon on the birth of the Christ Child. Standing in the rear, in attitudes of deepest respect, the non-Christians for the first time heard the tidings of great joy.

Towards the end of the celebration, a family group was seen making its way up the central aisle; it was Vessel of Benediction accompanied by his wife, Laurel Fragrance, and their little ones looking like Pandas in their padded garments. Together they bowed in a triple prostration before the Manger. The grace of the Christmas spirit had stolen into their lives and they seemed to understand that they also had a right to kneel and pray their homage to the newborn King.

Needless to say numerous fire-crackers punctuated every phase of

the joyful ceremony. They awakened the echoes of the sleepy little town and of the villages far and wide, announcing "A Saviour has been born to you . . . *Gloria in excelsis* . . ."

After exchanging merry greetings, all repaired to the schoolhall for the remaining hours of the night. No need to worry about such luxuries as beds or blankets. These hardy people were content to lie in their padded gowns on benches or on the floor where they slept soundly until morning.

After hearing the day Mass, the Christians gathered around their missionary Father to offer their good wishes, Vessel of Benediction among them. "Father," he said twisting his enormous fur cap in his hands. "I've been very happy tonight, for the little Child has blessed me." How could it be otherwise when one's name is Vessel of Benediction? mused the priest. The man went on, "Father, I'd like you to put me and mine on your list of catechumens. I want all the members of my family to become the children of the Lord of Heaven. For the first time I feel that I understand the real meaning of life. My heart is being pulled upwards."

An hour or so later, to the accompaniment of squeaking carts and braying animals, Vessel of Benediction struck the homeward trail praising the Lord as of yore the shepherds of Bethlehem for the wonders he had been given to see.

Sister SAINT EDMUND, M.I.C.

(Irma de la Durantaye, Cap St. Ignace.)

Farming in the Beautiful Isle

TAIPEI

Sister SAINT EMERENTIENTINE,
M.I.C.

(Marie Berthe Fleurent, St. Germain
of Grantham.)

"Closed until February 11." I hung out the sign on the dispensary door, turned the key in the lock, and joined my companions waiting at the bus stop outside the convent gate. We were leaving behind the throbbing activity of Taipei for the quietude of rural Kuanhsi where all the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception in Formosa were



gathered for the annual retreat.

The drive along the smooth highway was such as to give us pure enjoyment. Overhead, the sky was of a rich blue flecked by skiffs of fleecy, little clouds. Below, on either side of the road stretched fields luxuriant with crops of cabbages, potatoes, celery, tomatoes and other vegetables. Everywhere, a tranquil beauty enveloped the landscape. Although we were in January, the weather was relatively mild. Farther away, we could glimpse neat individual three-acre plots each separated from its neighbour by a band of growing green things. There are no capitalists to be found in Formosa. Thrifty and industrious, the farmer has the knack of rendering every square inch of the good earth highly productive.

As we drew nearer destination, we found that preparation of the rice fields was in full swing. Miles and miles of cemented stone dikes hold water on the level patches, floods being carried off in cleverly built spillways. Barefoot in muck about two feet deep, the farmer went about his back-breaking labour helped only by a bullock or a water buffalo used to drag the primitive spike tooth harrow smoothing the land and making it ready for the young rice shoots. No tractors are used in



these parts. Indeed, as yet, not a single motorized farming implement has "desecrated" the soil of Kuanhsi.

So fertile are the fields patiently cultivated by generations of Formosan farmers that two and even three crops are raised in rotation within the year. Besides providing rice for its ten million inhabitants, Formosa exports a good deal to surrounding regions. Two other important sources of revenue are the tea and the sugar cane plantations.

Faithful helper and companion of the Formosan farmer is the water buffalo, created especially, so it seems, for arduous labour on the island. Flocks of white birds with elongated necks escort it to and fro, perched

on its horns or on its broad back. Superstition forbids to harm them although they pilfer a good deal of grain during the harvest. Here and there in the fields, stand little rustic temples where the buffaloes may slake their thirst at a sacred fountain.

Life is hard for the majority of Taiwanese. They are a diligent, energetic people content with the lowly labours of the field. Sincere, open-hearted, they are eminently prepared to receive in their hearts and to bring to happy fruition the good seed spoken of in the Gospel. May Christ the King and Mary Immaculate bless our apostolate among them and make of the Beautiful Isle their realm of predilection.





KAGUYAHIME Radiant Princess

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

Within the leaves of an ancient book of Japanese literature, *Taketori monogatari* (tales of a bamboo gatherer), is found a delightful legend of the days when fairies were less shy than they are now of being seen in the broad daylight.

It happened, a mere one thousand years ago. In the smoky gold of a summer afternoon, a certain woodsman had gone out into the hills, brushwood gathering. From one hillock to another he trudged until he entered the lacy graceful aisles of a bamboo grove. How cool it was and how enchanting! The woodsman laying down his bundle, seated himself on a moss carpeted boulder to rest and drink in his fill of the fresh beauty about him. Being as practical as he was appreciative of beauty, after a while he picked up his hatchet with a view to cutting a few carrying poles from the sturdiest bamboos in the grove. Hardly had his hatchet bitten into the hard trunk, however, than a shower of sunbeams danced about him and a voice as clear as a crystal bell called his name in tantalizing tones. The woodsman jumped back nonplussed and frightened.— Could this perhaps be some enchanted spot from which it would be wiser for him to flee? As he stood dazed and irresolute, he suddenly saw emerging from a bamboo section a diminutive fairy, brighter than a spray of golden *yamabuki* (Japanese yellow rose). She smiled upon him in such an irresistible manner that he straightway took her to his heart and home. Forgotten was his fright and amazement — forgotten also his bundle of brushwood. Hand in

hand, the woodsman and *Kaguyahime* (the radiant princess) as he called her, walked down the hillside into the valley. The story goes on to relate how the Radiant Princess after serving her foster father as a dutiful daughter and securing him comfort in his declining years was finally caught up on a starbeam and whisked back into fairyland.

This old legend is symbolical of the varied domestic and economical services bamboo has rendered millions of Japanese for hundreds of years. It has been and still is the radiant one that brightens and facilitates their daily existence by its all-round usefulness. Not without reason has it been called the poor man's gold mine.

Are you perhaps among those who think of bamboo as a tree? Botanically speaking, this wonder of the vegetable world belongs to the lowly grass family; it springs from an underground rootstock throwing out stems anywhere from ten to a score. These stems grow almost as close together as do the blades of grass in our fields and lawns, attaining an average height of sixty to eighty feet. The growth is sometimes as rapid as a foot or two in a day. A peculiarity of this giant grass is that it grows to its full height before throwing out in its upper part short, horizontal branches adorned with feathery pointed leaves of a tender green with a hint of gold in its depths. Although the bamboo grows so rapidly — reaching its full height in a single year — it takes two or three years to ripen and harden the stems and branches so that they can be used for manifold

¹ Basilisse Maillet, St. Louis, N.B.

purposes.

Like other members of the grass family, bamboo has hollow joints all the way up its length and at each joint there is a node or partition across the stem. In Japan there are no fewer than nine genera and over thirty species which ramify into about one hundred varieties. The most highly-prized type industrially

because of its resilient fiber is the *madake* or long jointed bamboo; next in importance is the *hachiku*, easy to split and as durable as flint. There is also a certain variety called *medake* (female bamboo) greatly appreciated for its softness and pliability.

The larger, taller bamboos are often used as pipelines after their



Would you like to buy
edible bamboo shoots?

nodes have been perforated. Have they not the advantage of combining lightness with strength and of being impervious to rust or rot? They are also made to do duty as mast-heads, flagstaffs, carrying poles, framework of houses. The smaller plants go into the making of tobacco pipes, baskets, bird cages, knitting needles, toys, and ornaments of every description. Broom handles, ribs of umbrellas, angling rods, yard measures, ladders, workmen's hats, may also be fashioned of bamboo; so are chopsticks, picture frames, flutes, trumpets, flower vases, cask hoops, traveller's trunks, verandah floors and even nails, knives, and phonograph needles. Split bamboos twisted into stout hawsers are utilized for punting boats and for the construction of bridges in rural areas.

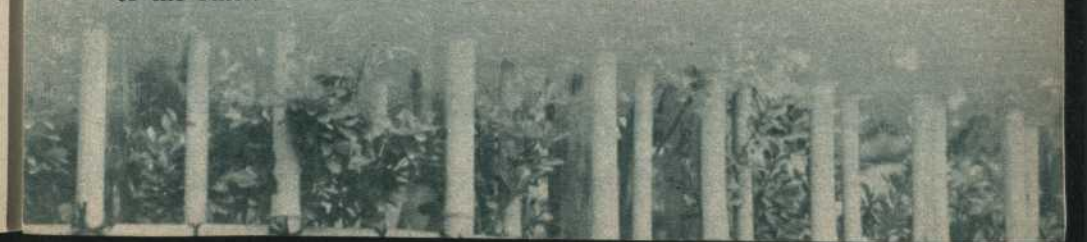
So much for a few of the uses to which the trunk of this wonder plant may be put. Its other parts are just as obliging in nature. The branches, short and fine and wiry, make excellent garden brooms with slender bamboo poles for handles. Dried husks of the young bamboo culm which look like dry leaves outside but have a smooth clean inside surface take the place of wrapping paper for rice sandwiches, dumplings, fish, and meat besides being utilized in the manufacture of sandals and soles for wooden clogs. About ten per cent of the bamboo production measured in terms of money is represented by these husks or sheaths in use from one end of the country to the other.

Bamboo can even be served as a vegetable, its tender shoots being considered a delicacy. Like asparagus, the *take no ko* (bamboo shoots) must be cut under the ground, for if allowed to break through they become tough and unpalatable. Growers go out in the first light of dawn and wherever they see the ground rising in mounds they insert the blade deep below and bring up the sprouts. Some of these are at least a foot long and from three to five inches thick. Boiled in soy-bean sauce with a dash of sugar and some diced bean curd, they make a dish fit for a king. They may also be preserved in sugar or pickled in salt.

Apart from its widespread domestic use, bamboo is one of Japan's larger export items. It comes somewhat as a surprise to learn that in this land-hungry community, more than 500 square miles are given over to the culture of the bamboo.

In decorative art, bamboo is usually symbolical of uprightness and rapidity of development. It is used as such in the New Year decorations placed before house entrances. Tall bamboos bending under the weight of winter snow, is a favourite Japanese art motive.

From every point of view, then, this wonderful member of the grass family may be considered as one of God's choicest gifts to man and more especially to the Japanese. To quote Mr. Chamberlain in closing "Japanese life without the bamboo is almost as hard to picture... as landscape without light."





Sr. Saint Amelie
(Conception, Quebec)



Sr. Maurice of Jesus
(Assumption, Calcutta,
India, Philippines)

Philippines



Sr. Marie Anne
(Anne Marie, Quebec)



Sr. Marie Laura
(Conception, Quebec)



Sr. Catherine of Jesus
(Catherine, Bellefleur,
Quebec)



Sr. Marie Josephine
(Josephine, Quebec)



Sr. Marie Germaine
(Germaine, Quebec)

Formosa

Mission Departures



Sr. Theresse Martin
(Theresse, Beauport,
Quebec)



Sr. Saint Marie
(Conception, Quebec)

Hong



Sr. Marie Ruth
(Conception, Quebec)



Sr. Saint Marie
(Conception, Quebec)

Ho



Sr. Marie des Victoires
(Josephine, Quebec,
Saint Victor of Hong)

Vanc



Sr. Marie Helen
(Anne Marie, Quebec,
Saint Anselm)



Sr. Elisabeth of Portugal
(Anne Marie, Quebec,
Quebec)



Sr. Saint Marie
(Conception, Quebec)

Mada



Sr. Marie of Jesus
(Daisy Maguire,
Sharnbridge)



Sr. Denise of Jesus
(Denise Belongie,
Saint Albert)

Kong



Sr. Saint Martha
(Annie Gagnant,
Assomption)



Sr. Marie Gollande
(Marie Gollande,
Leduc)

aiti



Sr. Saint Cecile
(Marie Louise Sabourin,
Gentilly)

ancouver



Sr. Saint Joseph of Jesus
(Blanche Mack,
Langley)



Sr. Marie Genevieve
(Marie Genevieve,
Saint Louis)



Sr. Saint Bernard
(Bernard,
Leduc)

agascars



Sr. Cecile of Rome
(Cecile, Saint Charles,
Saint Charles)



Sr. Saint Scholastica
(Scholastica, Saint Charles,
Saint Charles)

Rome



Sr. Jeanne of Jesus
(Jeanne, Saint Charles,
Saint Charles)



Sr. Saint Matilda
(Matilda, Saint Charles,
Saint Charles)



Sr. Juliana of the Heart
(Juliana, Saint Charles,
Saint Charles)



Sr. Marie Christine
(Christine, Saint Charles,
Saint Charles)



Sr. Joseph of the Heart
(Joseph, Saint Charles,
Saint Charles)



Sr. Agnes of Jesus
(Agnes, Saint Charles,
Saint Charles)

Africa

1958

Christmas and New Year in Japan

by Sister MARY GEORGE¹, M.I.C.

Christmas celebrations here are quite different from what they are in Canada. True, from mid-November, luxurious department stores as well as modest shops vie one with the other in flaunting the usual Santa Claus and reindeer decorations. Customers haunt them from early morning until late at night, when they are ablaze with neon lights and across their counters glide innumerable gaily wrapped gifts and parcels. Radio broadcasts flood the air with the favourite Noels just as they do in Europe and America.

When Christmas morning dawns, however, millions of Japanese go about their daily business as usual. For them it is just another day in their drab laborious existence. Only the Christians, still woefully few in number, grasp the spiritual meaning of this great anniversary and gather around the Cribs of their churches to adore the newborn Saviour of man-



¹ Agathe Bolduc, St. Damien de Brandon.



kind and to sing His praises. At times, sympathetic or merely curious non-Christians timidly join them, wondering at the solemn ritual. Thus, last Christmas, three Buddhist nuns with shaved heads, wearing their monastic garb topped with rich brocade stoles, were present at midnight Mass in our convent chapel. One of the trio shows keen interest in Catholicism.

New Year's is the festival of festivals in Japan, a time when even the poorest don gay apparel and revel in three whole days of amusement and banqueting. The last meal of the old year usually consists of *soba* (buckwheat noodles) supposed to bring the three hundred and sixty-

five days to a proper ending. Many Japanese will not go to bed on New Year's Eve, for tradition has it that those who do so will grow old faster. Who wants this to happen?

The night is alive with the clanging of trams, the honks of automobiles, and the staccato sound of *geta* (wooden clogs) as people hasten to do their shopping before markets and stores close for the festive season. Religious-minded folk throng the avenues that lead to Shinto shrines, more especially the one dedicated to the memory of the great emperor Meiji, father and founder of modern Japan. There they await in recollected mood the rising of the sun to offer their



Modern Japan.

first prayer for the peace and prosperity of family and nation.

Every house entrance is decorated with *kado matu*, cut bamboo and pine branches, which symbolize respectively uprightness and rapid growth, youthfulness and longevity. In some places, flowers of the plum tree, pure and fragrant symbols of virtue and gentleness, are inserted in the traditional decorations.

The New Year breakfast consists of delicacies served only on this one occasion: *otoso* sweetened rice wine flavoured with spices, and *ozoni*, a mixture of rice cakes, sweet potatoes, radish, seaweed, and the like. Each ingredient used is believed to possess beneficent qualities; the wine stands for health, strength, and happiness; the sweet potatoes enjoy the power

of driving evil spirits away; the radishes the roots of which adhere firmly to the soil, assure firm family foundations; the seaweeds bring contentment. Other New Year dishes are sea bream and sardines called *go mame*; the latter part of this word meaning robustness, this food is said to be of good omen. Sea bream regarded as the king of fish, when served together with *go mame* as part of the New Year dinner, signifies the harmony that should reign between the ruler and the people.

On January 1, after partaking of *otoso* and *ozoni*, the Japanese visit their relatives and friends. Everywhere is heard the familiar New Year salutation, *Akemasite omedetoo*. (The new year is here — congratulations.)



**Religious-minded folk throng the avenues that lead
to Shinto shrines.**

Favourite amusements during this merry season are kite flying and top spinning for the boys; games of battle-dore and shuttlecock and card play-

ing for the girls. The cards used in this latter game are known as *uta karuta*, poem cards, bearing stanzas such as the following:

I go forth on the seashore at Tago no ura.
Snow now falls on the peak of Huzi, the peerless.

or again :

I have left the wearisome world far behind me.
The deep mountains are full of stags calling.

For school children, January 2 ushers in *kakizome* the day on which a fresh start is made in writing ideograms. After breakfast, fond parents sit and watch while their offspring equipped with large sheets of paper, writing brushes, and inkwells proceed to write out phrases of happy significance; excellent calligraphic performance on *kakizome* day ensures good luck for the rest of the year. For this same reason people in all walks of life like to inaugurate their particular activities.

Nowadays, most young people care little for this old fashioned way of celebrating the New Year. In the evening of December 31, railway stations bristle with hundreds of skis as boys and girls leave for a

holiday season in snowbound mountains.

The Japanese attach great importance to the beginning and the end of all events in the hope of inviting good luck. This applies in a particular manner to the end of the old year and the opening of the new. In former days, December was the month in which were settled all outstanding accounts. *Ganjitu*, another name for January 1, is considered as the beginning of a new life which it is supremely important to start properly. People endowed with such noble, religious feelings cannot fail, once they become Christians, to celebrate with supernatural fervour the blessed festivals of Christmas and the New Year.





**Outdoor Crib put up
by a Jesuit missionary Father
in Taipei, Formosa.**



Christmas

at the Novitiate

"What is Christmas like at the Novitiate?" For the last three weeks this is the question we, postulants, put let us say a hundred times to the novices. With the wisdom born of their one or two years of religious life, they maliciously reply, "Just wait and see!"

Ever since the beginning of Advent, all postal services have been interrupted at the novitiate and no visitors are allowed. Letters and parcels, we are told, are piling up in two huge baskets in Mother Mistress' room. Life flows on, quiet and uneventful, almost too much so to our liking, we who have but lately left the bustle and excitement of the modern world.

"Will there be a Christmas tree?" we question one another anxiously.

Not a few among us feel nostalgic pangs at the thought of the approaching feast. It will resurrect so many happy memories of the past! We cannot help wondering how we will live through this first Christmas in the convent.

Nobody around here seems concerned with preparations. There are no breathless shopping expeditions, no cheering rustle of cellophane wrapping up multitudinous gifts, no thrilling musical programs over the radio... The *Rorate Caeli* and the *Venez Divin Messie* sung in the chapel, are about the only exterior reminders we have that Christmas will soon be here. Sympathetic novices sensing our bouts of homesickness whisper, "Cheer up! You'll get Christmas with all the trimmings!"

More or less skeptical we offer in advance the sacrifice of precious family joys in preparation for Jesus' coming. Has not our Mistress often reminded us that the more generous we are, the happier we will be?

* * *

Here we are at the last week of Advent and suddenly the atmosphere grows mystery-laden. Behind closed doors, unusual activities are afoot; discreet whisperings filter through. Tinsel and holly and whatnots spill

out of bulky cartons. Inquisitive glances reveal that the novices are actually decorating the common rooms. Have we seen right? Passing along corridors, we glimpse through glass partitions, wreaths hung from windows and doors, poinsettias and silver bells ornamenting our classroom blackboards.

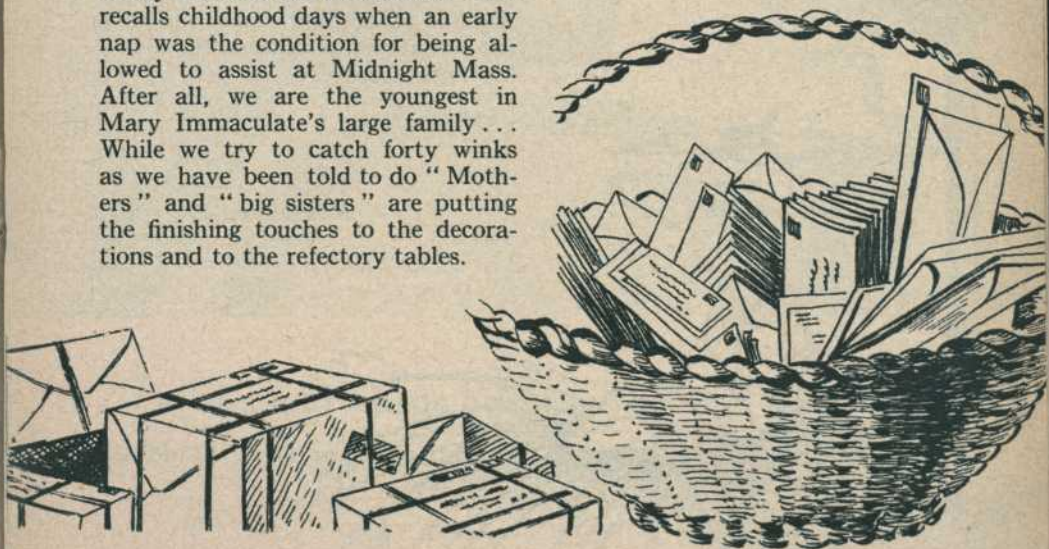
"Well, I never...!" the most pessimistic of the group ejaculates.

Christmas Eve. How quick time flies even at the Novitiate! Perhaps days and weeks passed all the more quickly that, for the first time, we fully lived the genuine liturgical Advent spirit. The day was spent putting a finishing touch to various homely tasks. Our beloved "dove-cote" really has a festive air to satisfy even the most critical eye among "doves" (novices) and "swallows" (postulants).

Then to bed. More or less reluctantly we enter the dormitories. This recalls childhood days when an early nap was the condition for being allowed to assist at Midnight Mass. After all, we are the youngest in Mary Immaculate's large family... While we try to catch forty winks as we have been told to do "Mothers" and "big sisters" are putting the finishing touches to the decorations and to the refectory tables.

Eleven o'clock. The music of violins accompanying familiar carols floods our little blue and white cells, inviting us to the chapel where parents and friends have already assembled. A rustic Crib framed in balsam pines, bright with twinkling votive lights, offers to our veneration a beautiful waxen figure of the Holy Child, our *dulcis Rex pacis*. Many and varied are our emotions while the three Masses are offered and the chapel is filled with the melody of Christmas hymns.

After Mass the novices knowingly beckon us to the refectory where a tempting *reveillon* is spread. We can hardly believe our eyes. Voicing the general opinion, someone remarks, "If our parents could see us now!"



Before going back to bed, we peep into our gaily decorated community room. How delighted we are to see a tall Christmas tree sheltering under its spreading branches letters and parcels from home!

Christmas Day at last. The morning hours pass like a flash while we pore over letters and cards and unwrap multiple gifts received from our beloved parents and friends with

whom we feel more closely united than ever.

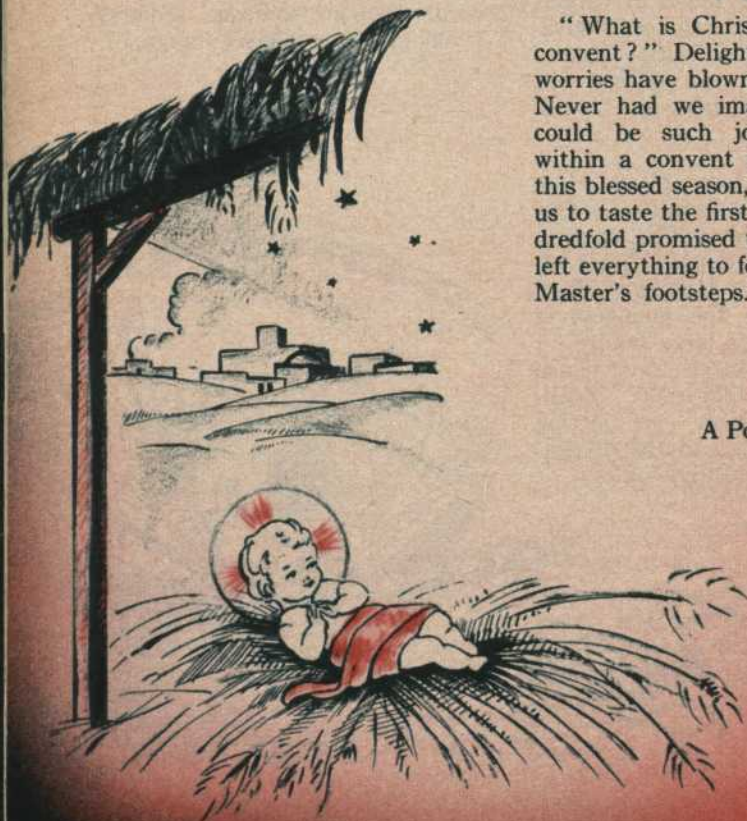
During the afternoon, we prepare a surprise program for our devoted Mistress always so understanding and motherly; songs and sketches attempt to express our heartfelt gratitude to her for guiding our first faltering steps in the new way of life opening before us.

Christmas holidays. Yes, we learn that holidays may be taken even at the novitiate. Classes cancelled for the time being, the greater number snatch up their skates and dash off in the direction of the skating rink installed for our benefit on the spacious grounds.

* * *

"What is Christmas like at the convent?" Delightful, we say. Our worries have blown up into thin air. Never had we imagined that there could be such joyful celebrations within a convent enclosure! During this blessed season, it has been given us to taste the first fruits of the hundredfold promised to those who have left everything to follow in the divine Master's footsteps.

A Postulant





**Letters and cards bring news from dear ones
with whom we feel more closely united than ever.**



Christmas holidays are here
and skating,
part of the daily schedule.

Loveness

by Sister FRANCES OF LISIEUX¹, M.I.C.

Among the 110 students enrolled at our Katete Boarding School in 1957, there was a fifteen-year-old girl with the quaint name of Loveness. She came from a village three hundred miles away, a considerable distance for our bush country.

How was it that she, who apparently was a non-Christian, had come from so far to attend an educational institution conducted by Catholic Sisters? It seems that a former teacher of hers assigned to the post of inspector and eager to promote the advancement of his people, had encouraged heads of families to send their children to our Katete Girls' School, the most up-to-date in Northern Nyasaland, he declared.

Loveness arrived here with five companions from Nthalire. Bubbling over with high spirits, eager to make the most of this golden opportunity offered her to study, she straightway found herself at home in the Sisters' company. One day she confided to Mary, a classmate with whom she soon came to be on intimate terms, "I'm one of yours, you know?" Surprised and puzzled, Mary in-

quired, "What do you mean?"

"Just what I said . . . I'm one of yours," replied Loveness as she smiled, a slow enigmatic smile.

Some time later, Loveness presented me with the key to the enigma. She related how she had been born in South Africa where Mr. Loth, her father, had gone in search of remunerative employment. When she was old enough, her parents, although non-Christians, enrolled her at a Catholic school. They even allowed her and an elder sister to be baptized. For several years, Agatha, such was her Christian name, lived happily with her dear parents. Then tragedy struck. Nelson, one of her father's cousins, unexpectedly called, urging that according to African traditions the family return to its own tribal territory.

Considering himself in conscience bound to follow this advice, Mr. Loth decided to give up his work.

¹ Marie Claire Lacombe, Montreal.





**African children like to play hopscotch.
Here, Agatha (on Sister's left) enjoys a few moments
of relaxation in the absence of her terrible cousin.**

pack his belongings, and leave with his persuasive cousin. He had reckoned without his wife. Invoking the same tradition, she refused to budge from her native village. "You may go, if you like, but here I was born and here I intend to die," she stubbornly declared. Elizabeth, the eldest daughter, determined to remain with her mother, went into hiding the day before the date fixed for the departure. Unwilling to leave even one of his children behind, the father started looking for her everywhere while, under the guidance of his relative, Agatha and the three youngest set out on the journey of over one thousand miles that separated them from Nyasaland.

That was the last time Agatha ever saw her parents. Her father died shortly afterwards and her mother gave no further sign of interest in her children. Cousin Nelson took the orphans under his wing. Before Agatha had turned twelve, he had chosen a prospective husband for her with the hope of receiving a rich dowry when the time for marriage arrived.

Until then, the child had managed to remain faithful at least to a few religious practices, saying the beads by stealth, praying in her heart for strength and courage. Gradually, however, deprived of the Sacraments, she drifted into complete indifference. It was at this crossroads of her life that Providence intervened, rendering it possible for her to enroll at a Catholic school.

Notwithstanding the joy she felt after she had been duly reconciled with the God of her Baptism, the thought of the struggles ahead

brought her deep anxiety. What would her cousin Nelson say when he heard of her conversion?

The holidays were a period of cruel distress, for the news having preceded her, she was welcomed with whip lashes and angry recriminations. The climax was reached when her legal guardian declared, "No more school for you!" Ordered to renew friendly relations with her fiancé, she took it upon herself instead to return the betrothal hoe to him. Nelson beat her black and blue but she firmly held her own.

When the watchfulness about her relaxed somewhat, she wrote a message to acquaint us with her pitiable situation. Unfortunately, her younger sister to whom the letter had been entrusted, opened it out of curiosity and read its contents written in English. Her uncle caught her in the act and the result was aggravated mistreatment for Agatha. The latter eventually succeeded in sending the following message scribbled on a scrap of paper:

Please, dear Mother, send me, as soon as possible, a bus ticket to Katete. I must get away from here. I can't stand this sort of life any longer.

Your poor child,
Agatha

Meantime the second school semester opened and I hoped against hope that Loveness would return with her classmates. They assured me nothing was less likely. It was then I decided to write to Nelson, inquiring after the reason of his young cousin's absence. Moreover, I enclosed two

bus tickets one for Agatha, the other for Agrita, a pupil from the same region who had not yet arrived.

Days stretched into weeks and still no answer came. Our confidence was not shaken. Had we not placed this cause in Our Lady's hands? Vague rumours reached us after a while, that preparations were being made for Agatha's marriage but from the girl herself we received no direct news.

On the feast of the Presentation of Mary in the Temple, the pupils had just poured out into the yard for recess when I suddenly heard joyful cries of "Agatha! Agatha! Sister, Agatha has come back." As soon as she saw me, she ran forward throwing herself into my arms like a child who has found its long-lost mother. Her companions crowding about peppered her with questions. "How did you get away?" "Tell us how you escaped..." "We're glad to have you back." The school bell cut these affectionate exclamations short.

This is what had happened. When Nelson got my letter, he flew into a fit of uncontrollable rage and vented his revenge on the luckless girl without letting her know the Sisters had written. Agatha instinctively deduced from his behaviour that he must have news. She bided her time and when, a few days later, he was absent from the house for several hours, she slipped into his room, searched his clothes and desk, and finally laid hands on one of the crumpled bus tickets which she hid in a safe place. Now she could plan her escape.

On Saturday, November 16, Agatha obtained leave to visit an uncle who lived nearby. She spent the Sunday at his house. Early on Monday morning, she quietly rose and made her way to the bus stop along deserted paths. Running full speed nearly all forenoon she stumbled into Paromombo towards noon in time to scramble aboard the outgoing bus. Hardly had she settled down, however, when she saw Nelson striding towards the vehicle in no conciliatory mood as may be imagined. Peering inside, he somehow failed to see his cousin crouching at the further end. He made as if to board the bus but the driver, annoyed at his persistence, refused to let him in, alleging he did not have the right to do so as he carried no ticket. Again the infuriated man scrutinized the interior. How he could have failed to see Agatha in an open car such as a Nyasaland bus is something of a mystery unless we should call it a miracle wrought by Our Lady.

Agatha's heart beat like a trip hammer while Nelson conducted this inquisition. How relieved she was when the bus rumbled off at last leaving her cousin standing by the roadside, a baffled look on his scowling features.

All through the afternoon hours, the number of passengers kept on increasing. When the bus stopped, all agreed to spend the night on board, resting as best they could on the rustic benches. Agatha stayed with them, glad of the protection they afforded.

On Wednesday night, she reached Mzimba, last leg of her journey, at about 40 miles from Katete. The

father of one of our pupils gave her a shilling wherewith to buy herself food, for she had hardly had anything to eat since her departure on Monday morning.

The next day she was in our midst. Her joy at finding herself free was not of long duration. A few days after her arrival in Katete, a policeman called at the convent to conduct an inquiry. She accompanied me to the parlour and putting on a brave front supplied the agent with the information he desired. Before he left, she calmly declared, "I'm a Catholic. I don't want to marry a pagan. Besides, I want to finish my studies before deciding anything about my future. As my cousin beat me and ill treated me I refuse to return to my village. I appreciate his taking me into his home when my own father died, but I want to be faithful to my religion. Tell him I'll

pay him back all the money he spent bringing me up."

When the agent had gone, she burst into tears. "What a sad lot is ours, African women! We are considered as chattel, good only to be given in marriage in exchange for so many heads of cattle. Now that Nelson knows where I am, I'm always afraid to see him coming to press his claims upon me. Did he not travel thousands of miles to break up our happy home when we were children?" She dried her tears. "But, Sister, why should I fear? Our dear Blessed Mother will continue to protect me as she did in the bus that day at Paromombo..."

Dear Canadian girls, I have told you this true story of a courageous African sister of yours that you may help her through your fervent prayers. You who enjoy so much liberty do you ever think of thanking God for your happy lot?

MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

- January:** That the vision of unity within the Church draw peoples to the Faith.
- February:** That the underhand action of Communism in China remain powerless to separate Chinese Christians from union with Rome.

Make-Believe Community

by Sister SAINT ATHANASE ¹, M.I.C.

Last year, inspiring talks on vocation to the priesthood and to the religious life were given here by a Reverend Jesuit Father. Later on, groups of pupils from the third and fourth grades were privileged to assist at an ordination ceremony held at St. Ignacius Seminary, Habana. These events sparked extraordinary enthusiasm in things spiritual among the students of our Maximo Gomez Colegio.

Since they were still too young to be admitted in an institute, the most fervent and enterprising children decided to found a community of their own. St. Francis of Assisi they elected as patron. Their daily schedule comprised short spiritual exercises, serious application to study, and a sturdy spirit of self-denial.

We half expected this enthusiasm to simmer down during the holidays. There we were happily mistaken. Our monks in-the-making followed an even stricter rule of life now that

they were liberated from classroom routines. Hearing that priests and Sisters were in the habit of making a yearly retreat, they planned a recollection period of their own.

At fixed hours, they could be seen gravely walking about the rectory grounds, praying the Rosary, or singing hymns; then, they would scatter each to some solitary nook there to meditate on the Four Last Ends.

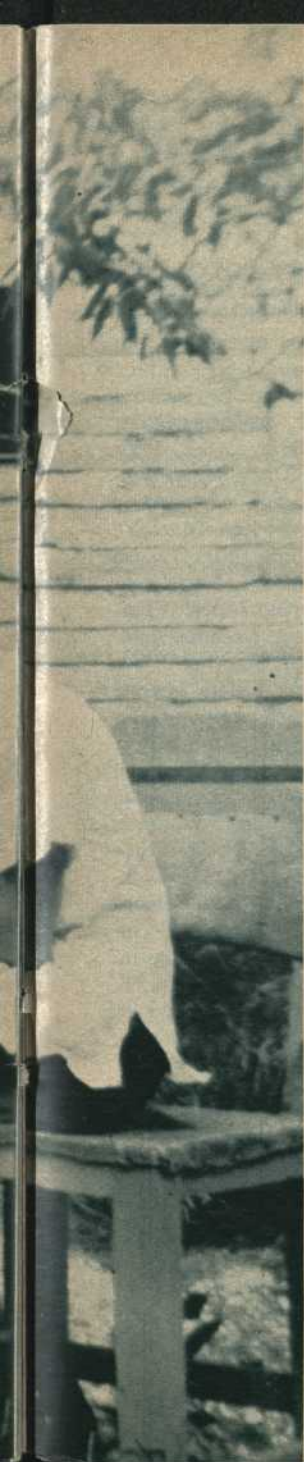
One day, Sister Superior, passing nearby, inquired whether they had included confession in their programme. They had not, which is hardly surprising, for this act of religion the Cubans sadly neglect. Acting upon Sister's suggestion, however, the youthful retreatants asked their pastor to hear their confession that very day.

This "retreat" made in the first days of summer vacation did not prevent our boys from enjoying to the full the pleasant, carefree season

¹ Therese Bergeron, St. Sophie of Megantic.

**Youthful "monks of Saint Francis
hold a spiritual conference.**





that followed. In September, they returned filled with the desire to excel in their studies. Not a few among them kept up the praiseworthy practice of reciting part of the Rosary in the chapel every day after school hours.

The other day, Sister St. Veronica¹ noticed that one of the lads remained reading in the classroom when the others had gone home. It was four o'clock p.m. "Are you not leaving with your companions?" she inquired. He rose and explained politely, "Madre, whenever a member of our 'community' misbehaves, he must submit to a sanction. Being the 'superior' I am usually the one to apply such sanctions. This morning, however, I did something wrong and was reprimanded by my assistant who assigned me this booklet to read as a penance. I must obey him." And, without further ado, the humble "superior" plunged into the reading of pages which I found bore as title "Catholic School Conferences."

A childish game of make-believe this may be. Still, who can tell? For several among these eager-spirited boys, it may well prove a genuine preparation to a whole life of abnegation and devoted service as priests or religious in the vineyard of Cuba.

¹ Fabienne Bernatchez, Pont Rouge.

Our Beloved Dead

Reverend Father Pierre Trudel, P.S.S., **Pueblo, Colorado**; our dear Sister Saint Louis de Gonzague (Anna Girard, **Claremont, N. H.**); our dear Sister Saint Lucy (Madeleine Bertrand, **Mont Laurier**); Mr. Alphee Dubois, **Sainte Croix**, father of our Sister Sainte Agathe; Mrs. Alfred Beliveau, **Princeville**, mother of our Sister Marie Celine; Mr. Joseph Louis Larocque, **Montreal**, father of our Sister Marie Paule; Mr. Samuel Menard, **St. Isidore of Prescott, Ont.**, father of our Sister Saint Gaetan; Mr. Raoul Sabourin, **Tres Saint Redempteur, Vaudreuil Co.**, father of our Sister Saint Leonard de Port Maurice; Mr. Jules Paquette, **Montreal**, father of our Sister Michelle du Sacre Coeur and brother of our Reverend Mother Marie de la Providence; Mrs. Isidore Bouchard, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister Saint Isidore; Mrs. Lazare Tremblay, **Saint Cyprien**, mother of our Sister Saint Adelaide; Mrs. Pierre Mathieu, **Notre Dame de la Guadeloupe**, mother of our Sister Sainte Angelique; Mrs. Lucien Beaumont, **Saint Pierre de Montmagny**, mother of our Sister Marie Laure; Mrs. Henri Dugal, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister Magdalen of Pazzi; Mr. Leopold Forest, **l'Epiphanie**, brother of our Sister Saint Antony of Padua; Mrs. Z. Martin, **Lachine**, sister of our Sister Marie Bernadette; Mrs. Anicet Letourneau, **Mont Louis**, brother of our Sister Mary of Calvary; Mrs. Ernest Vezina, **Quebec**, brother of our Sisters Therese de Lisieux and Marie Marthe; Mrs. J. O. Montreuil, **Montreal**, sister of our Sister Magdalen of the Saviour; Mrs. Ernest Bilodeau, **Brooklyn, N. Y.**, sister of our Sisters Jeanne Mance and Rita of the Sacred Heart; Mr. Joseph Louis Paquin, **Montreal**, brother of our Sister Saint Alberic; Reverend Brother Louis Courteau, Trappist, **Oka**, and Mr. Joseph Courteau, **Montreal**, nephews of our Venerated Mother Foundress; Mr. Louis Marquette, Mr. Omer Dansereau, Miss Marie Louise Lamarre, Mrs. Gustave Landry, Mr. J. A. Desjardins, Mr. Olivier Jasmin, Mrs. Omer Lord, Mrs. J. D. Bonin, Mr. Victor Dufort, Mrs. Lucien Beauchesne, **Montreal**; M. Andre Chicoine, **Beloeilville**; Mrs. Gaspard Pelletier, **Ville Lasalle**; Mrs. Wilfrid Leclerc, Miss Margaret **Birmingham, Verdun**; Mrs. Luc Marchesseault, **West Shefford**; Mr. Henri Paul Sabourin, **Tres Saint Redempteur, Vaudreuil Co.**; Mrs. Oscar Thuot, Mr. Joseph Hebert, **St. Jean**; Mrs. Leopold Moreau, **Saint Luc**; Mr. Edmond Poulette, **Sainte Theodosie**; Mr. Joseph G. Henault, **Saint Gabriel de Brandon**; Mr. Philias Chabot, **Lachute**; Mr. Joseph Villeneuve, **Sainte Agathe**; Mrs. Alfred Daneault, **Sainte Flore**; Mrs. Joseph H. Boutet, **Loretteville**; Mr. Alfred Pepin, **Saint Eugene de Guigues**; Mr. Anthime Rivard, **Saint Prime**; M. Paul Plamondon, Mr. Heliodore Bedard, **Quebec**; Mrs. Ph. Bourassa, Mr. Joseph Fecteau, **Lauzon**; Mr. Adolphe Arel, **Levis**; Mr. Thomas Guimont, **Saint Eugene, L'Islet Co.**; Mr. George Boucher, **Salem, Mass.**; Mr. Delphis Lacouture, **Brockton, Mass.**; Mr. Emery J. Gaudette, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mrs. Fred Leavitt, **Bangor, Maine**.

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 Lagacheferie 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.

SUAO, Catholic Mission, P. O. Box 2,
Suao Yilanhsien, 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.

AMBOHIBARY, Madagascar.

BOLIVIA

COCHABAMBA, Academia Comercial
Calle Oruro, No 300, Casilla 1667

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, Immaculate Conception Anglo Chinese
Academy, Gen. Luna St., Intramuros.
MANILA, 2212 S. del Rosario St., Tondo.
LAS PINAS, Rizal.
MATI, Davao Province.
DAVAO City, Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall.
PADADA, Davao Province.
BAGUIO City, 11, Pacdal, Mountain Province.

WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti.
LES COTEAUX, Haiti.
ROCHE A BATEAU, Haiti.
PORT SALUT, Haiti.
CAMP PERRIN, Haiti.
MIREBALAIS, Haiti.
LIMBE, Haiti.
CAP HAITIEN, Hqaiti.
CHANTAL, Haiti.
TROU DU NORD, Haiti.
PORT AU PRINCE, cité No 2.
DESCHAPELLES, Albert Schweitzer Hospital
Post Box No. 4, Saint Marc, Haiti.
LA BOULE, Haiti.
MERCEDES, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MARTI, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MANGUITO, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
LOS ARABOS, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
MAXIMO GOMEZ, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
COLON, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.
SAN JOSE de LOS RAMOS, Prov. de Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

KATETE MISSION, Katete River P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZAMBAZI MISSION, Kafukule P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
RUMPHI MISSION, Rumph P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KARONGA MISSION, Karonga P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KASEYE MISSION, Fort Hill P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZUZU MISSION, P.O. Box 24,
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
NKATA BAY MISSION, Nkata Bay P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
FORT JAMESON, P.O. Box 107
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.
KANYANGA MISSION, Lundazi P.O.
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.

