



Vol. XXIII, 37th year

March-April 1959

Montreal — No. 8

# The Precursor

# The Precursor

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

Imprimatur: † Mgr Paul Touchette, P.A., V.G., December 6, 1957.

Nihil obstat : Oscar Gravel, ptre, September 1, 1958.

Vol. XXIII, 37th year

Montreal, March-April 1959

No. 8

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

Yearly subscription...\$1.00

Life subscription.....20.00

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

## ADVANTAGES :

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

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

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

## IN THIS ISSUE

|                                                 |     |
|-------------------------------------------------|-----|
| <i>Los Arabos Saturdays</i> .....               | 339 |
| Sister Saint Mary Magdalen, M.I.C.              |     |
| <i>The Art of CHA-NO-YU</i> .....               | 342 |
| Sister Marie of the Redemption, M.I.C.          |     |
| <i>Sad Lot of Chinese Fishermen</i> .....       | 349 |
| <i>Dinner à la Chinese</i> .....                | 352 |
| Sister Saint Angela, M.I.C.                     |     |
| <i>Formosan Mamma's Bogey</i> .....             | 355 |
| Sister Marie Xavier, M.I.C.                     |     |
| <i>Tokyo's Catholic University</i> .....        | 357 |
| <i>Dearth of Water in Cuba</i> .....            | 359 |
| Sister Saint Albert the Great, M.I.C.           |     |
| <i>Good Fortune at Last</i> .....               | 362 |
| Sister Saint John of the Eucharist, M.I.C.      |     |
| <i>The World of Ants</i> .....                  | 364 |
| Sister Maria Rozaria, R.S.                      |     |
| <i>Abaca</i> .....                              | 368 |
| Sister Elisabeth of the Trinity, M.I.C.         |     |
| <i>Catalino Makes His First Communion</i> ..... | 374 |
| Sister Saint Elzear, M.I.C.                     |     |
| <i>Called at the Eleventh Hour</i> .....        | 376 |
| Sister Marie Xaverio, M.I.C.                    |     |
| <i>Policemen on Retreat</i> .....               | 377 |
| Sister Blandine of Jesus, M.I.C.                |     |
| <i>Thank You !</i> .....                        | 381 |
| Sister Saint Francis of Borgia, M.I.C.          |     |

---

*Our Cover Picture : Mi Koui pens the first page  
of her memoirs. (Reproduced from painting by  
Reverend Romanus Zeller, O.P.)*

# Los Arabos

## Saturdays

by Sister SAINT MARY MAGDALEN<sup>1</sup>, M.I.C.

Half past seven in the morning. The sun is sifting gold over the *pueblo*, glorifying every adobe house into a fairy castle.

Driving an asthmatic jeep with thousands of miles to its credit, the pastor of Los Arabos stops at the *Colegio* to pick up a group of Sisters. Soon the vehicle is sputtering along the road to Macagua, outpost of Los Arabos parish. The priest will hear confessions, offer the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass, discuss current problems with his parishioners; on their part, the sisters will prepare the requisites for the altar and teach catechism to the young people.

As soon as the jeep swings into the outskirts of Macagua, a watcher sets the little church bell ringing its joyful message. Alas! Many are those who remain heedless to its summons. Although almost every mother's son around here is a nominal Catholic, assistance at Mass hardly numbers ninety odd people. The cause — chronic religious indifference resulting from the dire shortage of priests over a long period of years.

Father starts his day at the confessional while the Sisters busy themselves in the lean-to sacristy. By the time the chapel bell rings its third call, Mass begins. The Sisters

<sup>1</sup> Anne Marie Magnan, Berthier, P.Q.

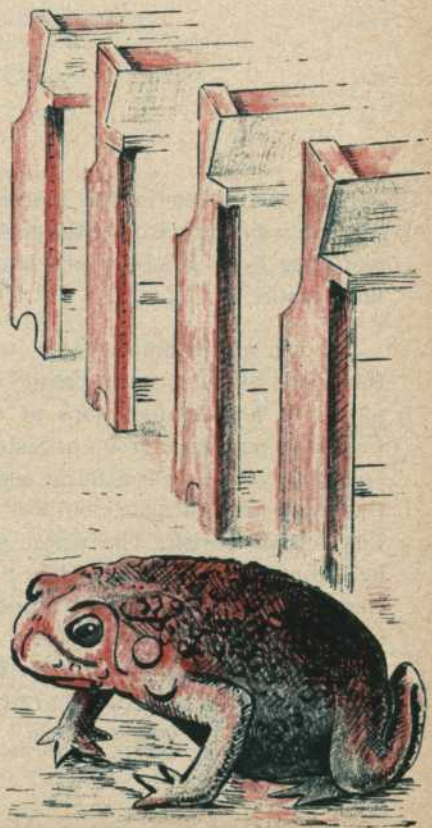
are expected to act as ushers, guardians of order, and choristers. Theirs is no easy task, for the assistance is undisciplined and fidgety. Possessing not even the rudiments of Christian doctrine, many, instead of watching what goes on at the altar, follow with unfeigned interest the antics of some inquisitive frogs who leap from one bench to another. A Sister shoos off the irreverent amphibians and heads once again turn to the fore.

After Mass, start the doctrine lessons for the young folk. This is a consoling hour for the Sisters in spite of the stifling heat, the uncomfortable nearness of squirming, unwashed bodies, the restlessness of the pupils. The lesson over, rewards are distributed which prove a powerful incentive to further study. Here, I wish to thank most gratefully all our dear benefactors from the homeland for their welcome gifts of medals, holy cards, and used clothing. May God bless and reward them every one!

Towards two in the afternoon, the jeep rolls merrily back to Los Arabos. The Sisters alight giving their place to a group of four companions who will make the rounds of Cuatro Esquinas and Zorilla Central. Like the disciples of old, they go two by twos into the highways and byways, spreading the glad tidings of the gospel among the poor. Once in a while they stop on the verandah of a farmhouse or under the shade of a tree to prepare groups for Baptism or First Communion. The latter ceremony usually takes place around Easter time. Here again my deep-

felt gratitude goes out to our friends overseas who have sent us white suits or dresses. In Cuba, dress is an all important item on such occasions, and poor parents are not above keeping their children from the participating if the traditional "traje blanco" (white clothes) are not available. We are very happy when, thanks to your thoughtfulness, we can prevent this from happening.

The joys of our apostolate in Cuban *campos* are not without alloy.





A Sister-Catechist once devoted a long period of time teaching catechism to a group of twenty, the majority as yet unbaptized. She felt confident that all would petition for Baptism and then would be admitted to make their first Holy Communion. What was not her deception when, at the last moment, none kept their appointment! The following day, the divine Master made up to her for her disappointment. Zenaida, a little girl she had never met before, knocked at the convent door declaring, "Madre, my mother is willing to have me baptized. Won't you tell me what I must do?" Joyfully, Sister led the child by the hand to the missionary Father who, finding her sufficiently instructed, baptized her on the spot and gave her Holy Communion.

On a Saturday, once in a while, the Sisters instead of going out to the *campos* invite the children and the lay volunteer catechists to a rally held at the *Colegio*. Tests are conducted of the knowledge acquired, ideas and suggestions are exchanged, then the children partake in games and amusements. The day is climaxed by a tryst at the garden grotto where all join in singing a hymn to Our Lady.

A young Sister but lately arrived on the missions exclaimed at the end of just such a perfect day, "I have tasted the purest and deepest joys of my whole life!" Surely there can be no more genuine happiness here below than to break the bread of truth to children of the King.



# The Art of cha-no-yu

by Sister Mary of the Redemption,  
M.I.C.

(Basilisse Maillet, St. Louis, N. B.)

At what time did men discover the agreeable flavour of beverage decocted from tea leaves? None can tell for certain although curious and interesting legends exist on this score.

According to the Chinese, the first man to sip tea was Emperor Shen-Nung who lived around the year 2737 B.C. Cultivating sound health habits, this potentate would never think of drinking water without first boiling it. It happened one day that leaves from the brushwood crackling under the pot jumped into the boiling water. Soon a mild fragrance smote Shen Nung's nostrils. He ordered an

attendant to pour some of the brew into his goblet and found that it tasted as good as it smelled. Later he learned that the magic leaves were those of the wild tea bush.

The people of India present another version. Tea, they assure, was first discovered in the sixth century A. D. by a Buddhist monk named Dharma (the Japanese Daruma) who wished to prove his zeal by keeping awake for seven years, thinking only of Buddha. For five years he made good his promise, but in the sixth he began to feel drowsy. In order to fight off slumber, he chewed some leaves plucked from a nearby bush with the result that he was able to keep his eyes wide open for the remaining two years. The leaves — you have guessed it — were those of the tea shrub.

To this Indian legend the Japanese give a slight twist. Daruma, they aver, dropped into the sleep of exhaustion when as yet no such things as a tea bush existed. Upon waking, so annoyed was he with his lazy

eyelids that he cut them off and cast them away from him. Wonder! Each lid was transformed into shrubs whose leaves brewed in water favoured the vigils of holy monks.

Are there any shreds of truth in these fanciful tales of the past? At any rate historians agree that the custom of tea drinking originated in China. A famous Buddhist ascetic, Dengyoo Daishi, having journeyed to the Middle Kingdom, was offered seeds of the precious plant which he carried home to Japan. Carefully tended by the monks, the plants grew and multiplied. Eventually, the Japanese people became even more fond of tea than the Chinese, their mode of every day tea drinking turning into an art, the art of *Cha-no-yu*.

Belonging to the same family of





Before serving tea, the hostess pauses  
before the alcove.

evergreens as the camellia, the tea shrubs, which are never allowed to grow higher than four feet, are raised from seeds in terraces or on gently sloping hills to ensure perfect drainage. The plants are ready for picking after about the third year. In some districts the leaves are dried in the sun, but most commercial tea is dried by steaming in a sieve for half a minute then by firing over a slow charcoal blaze. Green tea must be fired three times before it is ready for use.

In Japan, ceremonial tea drinking started, it seems, as a medico-religious practice during the twelfth century when the Buddhist abbot Eisai persuaded a youthful profligate aristocrat to exchange his wine glass for a tea cup. Eisai further wrote a tract titled, "The Salutary influence of Tea Drinking" in which he explained how tea "regulates the five viscera and expels evil spirits"; this tract also laid down simple rules for making and drinking the infusion.

Around the beginning of the fourteenth century, religious tea drinking lost its simple character and evolved into an elaborate social pastime. In the literature of this period may be found romantic descriptions of tea parties held in spacious apartments hung with damask and brocade, where rare and exotic dishes were served in vessels of silver and gold. The point of the entertainment consisted in guessing the brand of each cup of tea presented, for as many kinds

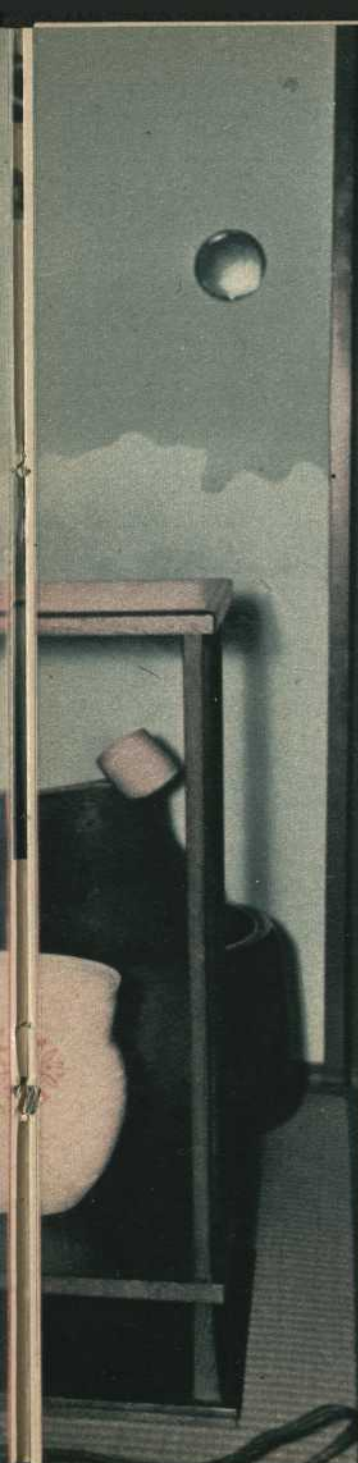
as possible were offered the guests to serve as a sort of puzzle. Every right guess secured as reward, to him who made it, some of the treasures hung about the room.

All through the fifteenth and sixteenth century, ceremonial tea drinking continued to be held in high favour among Japanese upper classes. Under the patronage of Nobunaga, one of Japan's most famous militarists, the heads of the various schools who taught the art of *Chano-yu* assembled at his palace in Fushimi to collate and purify the basic practices then in use. The eminent master Rikyu placed the keynote on restraint and artistic simplicity. The formula and etiquette instituted by Rikyu continue to be taught to this day in professional tea-masters' establishments throughout Japan. There, young ladies and even older people learn to cultivate poise and self-control and a serene enjoyment of beauty.

The *cha-shitsu* (tea-room) measuring approximately 9 feet square is a spot where art may be appreciated without distraction. Walls and *tatami* (straw mats) are in plainest style; the furniture consists of one silk cushion for each guest, some braseros, a simple painting in black and white by an ancient master, a tastefully arranged bouquet of flowers. The atmosphere is one of balance, rhythm, harmony, exquisite proportion.



The mixture in the bowl is whipped to a froth  
with a small bamboo whisk.



After visitors have been welcomed by mine host, the hostess takes position in front of the *brasero* with the necessary utensils laid in their proper places. The kettle is lifted from the fire which is replenished with a few pieces of charcoal. Sweets served on a lacquered tray are brought in and passed from one guest to another. Three spoonfuls of powdered tea having been put into the bowl by the hostess, she then plunges the dipper into the kettle; about one third of the hot water is poured over the tea powder, the rest being returned to the kettle. The mixture in the bowl now takes a vigorous whipping with a small bamboo whisk and the tea is ready to be served. Often two or more bowls of a different shape or glaze are used, the empty bowls being returned and rinsed to be used for the other guests. Etiquette bids you hold the tea bowl on the palm of your left hand and protect it with your right hand. After you have sipped you are expected to place the bowl in front of you, admire its graceful form, and congratulate the owner. Japanese porcelain and pottery show great skill and delicate artistry; some pieces valued as heirlooms glow like jewels.

Tea-drinking parties such as that briefly sketched here are among the simplest, for *Cha-no-yu* entertainments vary according to different occasions and situations. A larger room may be used for entertaining many guests at a time, while five or six guests may be invited to an exclusive party of the more classical and elabo-



rate kind which may last three or four hours in small ceremonial tea-houses.

*Cha-no-yu* which has exercised a deep refining influence upon the arts and crafts of Japan, continues to

enchant those who appreciate the fundamental ideals and traditions it represents. In such an atmosphere of restfulness and calm the Jap-

anese find a soothing antidote to the feverish activity modern life thrusts upon them.

HONG KONG



## Sad Lot of Chinese Fisher Folk

Surrounded by fisher folk escaped from the Chinese mainland, Mr. Ng Lam-wai, president of the Hong Kong Fishing Industry, recently gave a press conference in the course of which he declared that 1,000 junks mounted by over eight thousand persons have sought refuge within Hong Kong waters since 1955. Many others also tried to reach the British colony in spite of armed communist patrols who keep a sharp eye on territorial waters.

Chinese fishermen have made no secret of the fact that they are disgusted with the regime and hostile to the Co-operative Society for the Canton Coast Fisheries to which they were forced to adhere. According to the escaped fishermen this Society aims at two things:

Aberdeen,  
Hong Kong.





1—*The complete seizure of individual property.* All junks henceforth are considered as government owed. Moreover, 80% of the catch must be sold to the Co-operative Society who opens accounts for each fisherman to the amount of a few cents per half kilogram of fish. This account is paid not in money but in kind: for instance, 368 grams of rice are provided daily for persons between twelve to fifty years of age. Beyond this age limit, various cereals are given instead of rice. Besides rice, this same account gives right per person to 142 grams of sugar and oil respectively and to other food products in small quantities.

2—*An unbearable control over individual persons.* Lest they foment mischief, members of the same family are ordered by the Society's leaders to fish on separate junks. They are allowed to work only in places assigned beforehand by the Society.

Needless to say, such arbitrary measures can mean only distress and discontent for these humble folk whose junk is their home. Red China possesses 11,000 kilometers of coastline and a fishing population of about six million. It has already grouped in Co-operative societies 91% of this population.

*Fides*

# DINNER A LA CHINESE

by Sister SAINT ANGELA<sup>1</sup>, M.I.C.



On a recent feastday, Miss Syu, our language teacher, invited us to have dinner at her home. Pleased with this opportunity to test our recently acquired Chinese vocabulary, Sister Marie Elmiro<sup>2</sup> and I accepted the gracious invitation.

We set out accompanied by Miss Syu herself. As we came to the end of Peace Street, we saw a funeral cortege coming from the opposite direction. This being a one-way street, we had to retrace our steps to let the mourners go by. What a strange sight this proved to be for us, tyro missionaries! Musicians led the way, gongs and tamtams beating at a

frenzied tempo in order to frighten away the evil spirits. Next came groups of men and boys carrying various objects which had belonged to the dead man together with two huge portraits of his borne aloft. Behind, trailed the professional mourners filling the air with the dismal sound of their funeral dirges. The enormous coffin fashioned of a scooped out tree trunk brought up the rear.

We were soon on our way once again and after a twenty minutes' walk reached destination. A maid who stood watching at the outer gate ran into the house to call her mistress. Mrs. Syu greeted us politely at the door. "I am very much honoured by your visit to my poor shack. Do come in,"

<sup>1</sup> Gabrielle Drouin, Inverness, Megantic.

<sup>2</sup> Jeanne d'Arc Allary, Ste Melanie de Joliette.



In front of a Chinese house.

she said making a deep bow. The maid then offered us sandals. We took off our street shoes and followed our hostess inside a bright drawing room furnished in foreign style. No sooner were we seated than Miss Syu brought in the tea; it is the custom here to serve this beverage to visitors immediately upon their arrival.

A few minutes before dinner, servants brought in small towels wrung out in warm water wherewith to wipe our hands. It seems that these ablutions are *de rigueur* in polite Formosan society.

Our hostess then took us to the dining room. In the centre stood a small varnished table laid with only four pair of chopsticks and four china spoons. We recited the Hail Mary in Chinese and were invited to take our seats. The first course consisted in the traditional bowl of steaming rice. No easy task was it for us to ply our chopsticks without letting fall grains of rice upon the smooth surface of the varnished table. The other dishes were brought in one by one. We eyed one of these with inward misgivings. Under the pretext of learning new Chinese words I discreetly inquired as to what went into the concoction of this "noble

food". "Oh!, that?" Miss Syu smilingly replied. "It has been prepared as a rare treat for you, our honoured guests. Perhaps have you never tasted sea caterpillars found in the sands of the seashore?" We certainly never had. At that moment I almost regretted having put what I now knew was a rather silly question. Smiling our thanks for this delicate attention, we bravely caught shreds of the unfortunate sea creatures and found to our surprise that they tasted like clams. The last dish to be brought in was a tureen filled with delicious soup which goes to prove that Chinese customs are often the antipodes of our own.

When the table had been cleared, a servant presented wet towels once again to wipe our hands.

During the whole time that our visit lasted, our hostess and her daughter entertained us with the charming and dignified courtesy characteristic of the Chinese people. We really enjoyed our dinner à la Chinese and told Mrs. Syu so in our sincere if halting Mandarin.

These visits allow us to enter into familiar contact with the good Formosan people we so long to win to Christ and His Immaculate Mother.





SHIH KUANG TZE, FORMOSA

# Formosan Mamma's Bogey

by Sister MARIE XAVIER, M.I.C.

(Berthe Paradis, Tingwick.)

"Sister, Sister, please take off that black cloth you have on your head."

I turned abruptly at the injunction. A young mother waiting to be treated at the dispensary stood facing me, eyes dilated with anxiety. Pointing to my veil, she repeated, "Please, Sister, won't you take off that black cloth? My baby was looking at it a few moment ago when he started shaking with *tchoe kiang* (catching

fright). He has been uncontrollable ever since."

*Tchoe kiang* is the Formosan mother's bogey. At any cost she endeavours to protect her darlings from falling into its toils. What worries does she not endure on this account!

Should you happen to peep inside a pagan temple you might see her, distracted with grief, squatting before the *chan* (idol). The usual procedure on such occasions calls for lighting three sticks of incense and multiplying prostrations. Then, pressing a piece of the sick child's garments to her heart, she must chant in a weird tone, "My poor baby, come back home," which is meant to say "Keep your head on. Be yourself!" Hastening home the mother afterwards wraps the "sanctified" garment about the little one's head solemnly murmuring the following incantation, "May your head keep level and remain free from anxiety." So much for the spiritual side of the treatment.

To complete the recovery, the Sister-Nurse is supposed to apply the traditional medication. Baby is brought to the dispensary suffering from a *tachoe kiang* seizure of, let us say, two or three days duration. What happened? He perhaps caught sight of a pair of white ladies dressed in strange apparel... Ever since, he has been unable to sleep a wink or digest a drop of milk. "Only one remedy can cure him," his mother

gravely asserts. "Please, Doctor, take a gulp of water, then spit it directly into his mouth. The cure is fool-proof." Needless to say I have my doubts, which I wisely keep to myself, meanwhile slipping a delicious piece of candy into baby's open mouth. The effect is magical. All symptoms of the pitiful disease melt into thin air.

But if Baby is content, not so is Mamma. She is frankly worried because I have overlooked her prescription. What if Junior should suffer a relapse? A few days later, she calls again giving her request a slightly different twist. "Doctor," she pleads, "Won't you let me have some water in which you have washed your face? I want to wash Baby with it to make sure the *tachoe kiang* will not return."

It is hardly any use, I have found out, trying to explain away such nonsense. People are sure to retort, "Well, this may seem a ridiculous superstition to you but to us it is a traditional remedy and we dare not laugh it to scorn."

Many cases of *tchoe kiang* are brought to my attention at the dispensary. I do not so much mind being taken for a scarecrow once in a while but I do object to seeing intelligent people enslaved by such delusions. Pray that the full light of the gospel may soon dispel the clouds of error from the Beautiful Isle.



# Tokyo's Catholic University

In order to have a clear idea of the efforts being made in Tokyo with a view to hold in the name of the Catholic Church an honourable place in the intellectual life of the Japanese nation, one must consider the Catholic University in the context of other seats of higher learning in the Capital.

Tokyo is the largest university city in the world. Nevertheless, on a student population of 300,000, the

state University has a roster of barely 10,000. Naturally, it enjoys great prestige and attracts gifted men from all over the country. Students are admitted after competitive examinations. Every year, about 16,000 make application; a preliminary examination eliminates 10,000. Of the remaining 6,000 many will try again, while others will attempt to register

Japanese students  
wear  
a black uniform  
with brass buttons.



at one or other of the eight really important Universities in the capital, officially recognized as such. Among these, two have twice or even three times as many students as the state University. Sophia Catholic University is on the list of the eight "greats" although it has the smallest number of enrollments — 3,160. St. Paul of Waseda, a Protestant University (better known as Rikkyo) has 4,000.

With the beginning of this school year, Sophia University has opened two new faculties approved by the Ministry of Public Education: a Faculty of Theology and a Faculty of Languages with English, German, French, and Spanish departments. The most appreciated of these departments is the Spanish because of the perspectives it offers on trade with Latin America. Japan's close relations with Brazil make it desirable that a Portuguese department be soon added to the Faculty of Languages.

It is interesting to note in what manner students make a choice of the University where they intend to enroll. More or less consciously, their preference goes to one of the capital's Universities. They would rather study at the state sponsored institution there or at one of the "greats" than register at a provincial state University.

As entrance examinations draw near, prospective applicants pore over newspapers and reviews where detailed statistics may be found of the number of students attending various Universities. Let us say that at the Tokyo Medical University, on 800 applicants only 60 are registered —

thirteen times more candidates than enrolled students; likewise at Keio University 60 students pass the entrance examinations on a total number of 1,700 — twenty-eight times more candidates than enrolled students. Such coefficients above ten contribute in raising the reputation of the universities proving as they do that applications are so numerous because only the very best candidates are enrolled.

Sophia University has not yet reached this coefficient as it is at present the smallest of the "greats". However, its Faculty of Economic Sciences has an encouraging 7.5.

To judge Sophia in an objective way one must this year take into consideration the factor of the Faculty of Languages which will be distinct from the Faculty of Literature. During 1957, the Spanish language department held a coefficient a little over eight. It is to be regretted that no statistics have been made available with regard to the English language department; Sophia has a remarkably competent teaching staff composed of American and English Jesuits. None of the other Universities except the three Protestant ones in Tokyo can stand comparison.

The noble example of the Cardinal Archbishop of Cologne who has contributed half of the financial aid needed to set up the Faculty of Law, has greatly inspired the President of the University, Reverend Father Oizumi. Encouraged by this realization, the latter is exploring the feasibility of organizing a science department. Sophia is on the road to progress.

Adapted from *Fides*

CUBA



## Dearth of Water in Cuba

by Sister SAINT ALBERT THE GREAT<sup>1</sup>, M.I.C.

It seems at first incredible that lack of water should make itself felt in a country auspiciously ringed by the Caribbean Sea, the Gulf of Mexico, and the Atlantic Ocean and gratified with an average rainfall of ninety or one hundred days a year. Such is, nevertheless, the case in Cuba, at certain periods and in certain localities.

This may be explained in part by

the fact that rivers on the island being few and shallow cannot be relied upon to provide the whole country-side with water. When, moreover, between May and November, the heavens are parcimonious in dealing out the life-giving liquid, the problem becomes one of vital importance.

I remember how in 1956, the year of my arrival in this beloved Promised

---

<sup>1</sup>Marguerite Jobin, Quebec.

Land of mine, Cuba's parched plains  
cried out for moisture. Although the  
rainy season was four months old,  
rainfall had been insignificant. Under  
the merciless rays of the sun, the  
sugar cane plantations lay half  
scorched and withered. Whenever the  
country was blessed with a rare  
shower, out sallied people of all ages





and conditions carrying cups, bottles, pitchers, pails, tubs, pathetically intent on hoarding every precious drop.

In an effort to cope with the situation, Mr. Matacena, administrator of Mercedes Centrale, hired a tank-wagon which fetched water from a long way off and afterwards made the rounds of every house in town.

On his part, the zealous *Padre* obtained the Mayor's authorization to organize public processions to obtain the cessation of a drought that spelt disaster for his parishioners. In the sultry evenings, a pious cortege followed along the *pueblo* streets the float of Our Lady of Mercy, patroness of the Centrale. Hymns were sung and the Rosary recited with heartfelt fervour. Wherever this was feasible, the Bishop of the diocese even granted the privilege of celebrating Masses in the open air for the same intention.

In the early part of September, the Mother of Mercy graciously deigned to grant the prayers of her children in distress. Rain poured down in time to revive the languid stalks of the sugar cane. How relieved the workers were! These people look forward to the *zafra* (sugar cane harvest) as the only time in the year when they can have steady work and earn enough to make both ends meet. Prayers of petition were changed into exclamations of thanksgiving to God and to the celestial patroness of Mercedes Centrale: *Gracias a Dios!*

# Good Fortune at Last

by Sister SAINT JOHN OF THE EUCHARIST<sup>1</sup>, M.I.C.

I first became acquainted with Frances in 1947. In those happy days before the liberation when China still enjoyed its freedom, Frances attended our Holy Ghost School in Canton. She was an unusually gifted girl, studious and earnest in all she did. Yearning after truth she was not slow in asking to be instructed in the Catholic doctrine. Subsequently, she was baptized in our convent chapel.

When that ardent knight of Our Lady, Reverend Father McGrath, arrived in Canton to organize the Legion of Mary, Frances was conspicuous among the group of those who rallied beneath the Marian standard. Appointed secretary of the first Canton praesidium, she performed her duties with zeal and perfection.

Meantime, the Reds marched from victory to victory. During the war with Japan, her father had lost both prestige and fortune. Communism appeared to him a means of regain-

ing influence; he laid himself out to win the goodwill of China's new masters. Among other obstacles in the way of success there was the fact that his daughter was known to be a militant Catholic. He determined to make her apostatize, then bend her to his will, making her serve the Communist cause.

He at first treated her with assumed friendliness, explaining how a bright educated young girl such as she was could contribute in building up a brave new China. When Frances refused to be impressed, he threw the mask and treated her with utmost severity going so far as to betray her into the hands of the Reds. She emerged from the furnace of persecution, her character tempered to whipcord and steel. All attempts to force her accuse Reverend Father O'Mara, director of the Legion, failed.

In the midst of his plans for the restoration of his fortune, Frances' father suddenly found himself stricken



with malignant cancer. Helpless and in pain, with none to care for him, he recalled his mistreated daughter to his side. By dint of many a patient and tactful move, the girl succeeded in obtaining a permit, allowing her to have the patient transferred to Hong Kong for treatment. Numberless complications and setbacks rendered the trip from the Red zone into free territory a nightmare obstacle course. Thanks to Reverend Father O'Mara's intervention, the patient was finally admitted to the wards of a Catholic hospital in Hong Kong.

After she had seen her father comfortably settled, Frances' first thought was to look us up. What a sad and at the same time joyful reunion this was! During the weeks that followed we tried by every means to build up the poor girl's shattered health. Often, we accompanied her on visits to her

father at the hospital. Through the pain-filled days and the sleepless nights, his thoughts instead of dwelling on earthly advantages turned to eternal values. Of his own accord, he asked to be instructed and baptized. It was a happy day for father and daughter when they were united in the bonds of faith. The ceremony of Baptism over, the patient exclaimed, "Oh, how thankful I am that my sins have all been washed away!" Frances looked on, speechless with joy, while the priest signed the paper certifying that Mr. X had renounced Communism and embraced Catholicism.

The patient made his First Communion then lingered on for a few more weeks. He died peacefully, blessing divine Providence who had led him through the labyrinthine ways of wordly misfortunes to the immortal good fortune of heaven.

NYASALAND

# The World of Ants

(As known to the Atumbuka)

Sister Maria Rozaria<sup>1</sup>, R.S.



Brown ants, black ants, red ants, wingless ants, ants that can fly — all are known around here under the generic name of black ants. The Citumbuka word *nyerere* usually designates edible ants. Together let us make the rounds of the countryside to see how these insects live, work, and multiply in a little world of their own.

Shall we start with the *sisinya*? Beware! Don't go too near or in any way disturb these large black ants. Their sting is treacherous and causes large swelling sores that take a long time to heal. This ant tribe dwells in underground apartment houses. Piratical at times, it is not above raiding the anthills of weaker tribes there to install its own headquarters. The *sisinya* are ingenious and hardworking. When their larders are bare, they set out in search of worms or of termites; on such outings, their workers march in serried ranks and woe to anyone who tries

<sup>1</sup> Member of the Congregation of Rosarian Sisters.

to block their advance! It once happened that a European photographer, travelling around these parts on the lookout for ideal landscapes, planted himself unawares right in the middle of a *sisinya* cortege. The indignant ants were soon swarming all over the poor man who fled howling with pain, his body covered with smarting lumps. After it has eaten its fill, each *sisinya* worker is expected to carry home a portion of food to feed the baby ants and those who stayed behind to care for them.

On fine days, the *sisinya* may be seen taking out their eggs for a sun bath. At first tiny black points, these eggs develop under the warm sunshine until they measure half an inch long. While the incubation lasts, they are thus carefully carried out every morning and taken in every evening.

Like other ant families the *sisinya* have a queen, several drones, and numerous workers who are the nurses, housekeepers, builders, and sometimes soldiers. Each ant knows just what it is expected to do. Perhaps you are wondering why this particular tribe is called *sisinya*? Some say it is because these insects are often heard whispering among themselves "Si, sii, sii . . ."

Every bit as fiery-tempered as the *sisinya* are the squat, brown-garbed *vidundu*. Their sting, however, does not inflict such large sores. They tunnel deep down into the soil or elect as domicile fallen tree trunks. Whenever they start on hunting expeditions, they proceed in orderly ranks — the soldier ants escorting

the workers. The latter's sole task is to protect the former and to see that they return laden with food for those who kept house.

Another interesting tribe is that of the *nhkungumkom*. These despise the usual worm and termite fare; they thrive on fruit, and for this reason set up housekeeping in the vicinity of fruit-bearing trees. Contrary to the habits of others they are not model homemakers being out most of the time, rushing here and there on some business or another.

The *sungununu* are close relatives of the *sisinya* but they are smaller in size and more alert in movement. They are to be found everywhere on our verandahs and in the cracks of our walls, hunting worms or giving chase to termites; for this reason they are helpful friends of man. Their living quarters consist in small nests.

Damp sandy spots such as the banks of rivers and pools are the favourite haunts of the *nkulande*. Instead of burrowing into the earth to build their homes, they are content to live quite close to the surface. When they start out on some hunting raid, they march in battle array as innumerable, it seems, as sands on the seashore. Their outer ranks are always composed of soldier ants who protect the bulk of the army on the march. They alone are equipped to sting. Curiously enough, once these *nkulande* soldier ants have used their sting, they sicken and die. When these ants turn out in a stable in full force they may slaughter goats, pigs, cows, and other cattle, for they operate all together, viciously

attacking the most sensitive parts such as the eyes, the ears, the mouth of their victims. They have been known to cut to pieces sleeping children and even adults. Wherever they settle down no living being is secure. The only way to destroy them is to dig deep furrows all around their headquarters then set fire to the surrounding grasses and underbrush.

Although the *sosi* resemble other black ants, their habitat, occupations, and customs are rather obscure. They can often be seen threading their way among leaves and short roots. At harvest time, especially when peanuts are being pulled up, they congregate in surprising numbers and busily go about gathering more than their share.

As dark in colour as the *sisinya* but with slightly elongated bodies are the *phomboni*, a species which gives out a very unpleasant smell when disturbed, worse still when crushed. Their anthills are large, reaching down into the soil. Other insects shun their company because

of their disagreeable odour. They are, however, useful to man, for they are the sworn enemies of termites, hunting them down with unerring instinct and devouring them in large quantities.

Usually classified among black ants, the *nthumbatumba* differ from other varieties, sporting white spots all over their shiny black satin coats. Where do they live? Nobody seems to know exactly, but their food habits are the same as those of other ants. They do not, however, appear fond of social life. Instead of operating in large groups, they go their solitary way. A tradition handed down from our forebears asserts that these insects are of good omen. When a *nthumbatumba* climbs up verandahs or peeps inside houses people exclaim, "We shall have visitors!" Should it crawl up on their clothes, they remark, "Someone will make us a present." These ants are always welcome as they carry with them the promise of pleasant little events to come.

(To be continued)

---

## THE COMFORTER

*I think the Blessed Mary saw  
Gethsemanies in women's hearts,  
Fierce battles to be won,  
So there at home in Nazareth  
She prayed for mothers through the years,  
And thanked God for her Son.*

*Edith Tatum*



**As active as the NYERERE, Sister Marie Rozaria, R.S.  
writes an essay on the world of ants.**



## PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

# Abaca

by Sister Elizabeth of the Trinity, M.I.C.

(Rhea Allard, St. Elizabeth of Joliette.)

Various kinds of hemp are cultivated in many countries of temperate or subtropical climes such as, Africa, Canada, Bengal, Japan, India. But the variety which enjoys the highest reputation for its stout, resilient qualities is abaca commonly called Manila hemp, a product of the Philippine Islands.

Here and there throughout the archipelago, are scattered large plantations of these hardy plants, close relatives of the great banana family. Instead of luscious golden fruit, however, abaca produces for the service

of mankind a precious fibre. The plants are composed of numerous canoe-shaped leaves wrapped round and round about a central stalk which when full grown may reach a height of over fifteen feet. The outer leaves of a light vivid green, are about one foot wide and ten feet long. As they grow close together they branch out from the stalk in graceful canopies barely allowing the sunshine to filter through. Well-drained soil being a requisite for its successful cultivation, abaca is often raised on steep mountain slopes.

Timber all around is burnt on the ground; the young shoots are then set out before weeds have time to encroach. Fortunately, the shade in these plantations becomes so deep that other plants have little chance to thrive.

The fibre is obtained from the inner white leaves clinging to the stalk. When the abaca has matured and harvest time has come, Filipinos troop to the plantations with sharp knives called *bolo*. The plants are chopped apart, the feathery outer



A black and white photograph showing a man in a light-colored shirt and trousers standing next to a large, rectangular bundle of long, thin, light-colored fibers (abaca) hanging vertically. The fibers are densely packed and appear to be drying. The background shows tropical vegetation, including palm trees, under a bright sky.

Golden hanks of ABACA  
fibre are hung out to dry  
in the warm sunshine.

leaves being discarded. Formerly, the stripping of the white leaves was a slow and tedious task; it required severe physical exertion on the part of the labourers who "combed" the hemp over logs fitted with dull metal blades to press out the pulp. At present, the process is greatly facilitated by mechanical strippers which turn out a beautiful supple fibre resembling fine silk. Twisted in hanks it is afterwards exposed to prolonged drying in the tropical sunshine.

Now the abaca is ready to start on its adventurous wanderings. Piled up in crude carts drawn by plodding carabao, the raw hems is taken to railway centres and then to manufactures or to

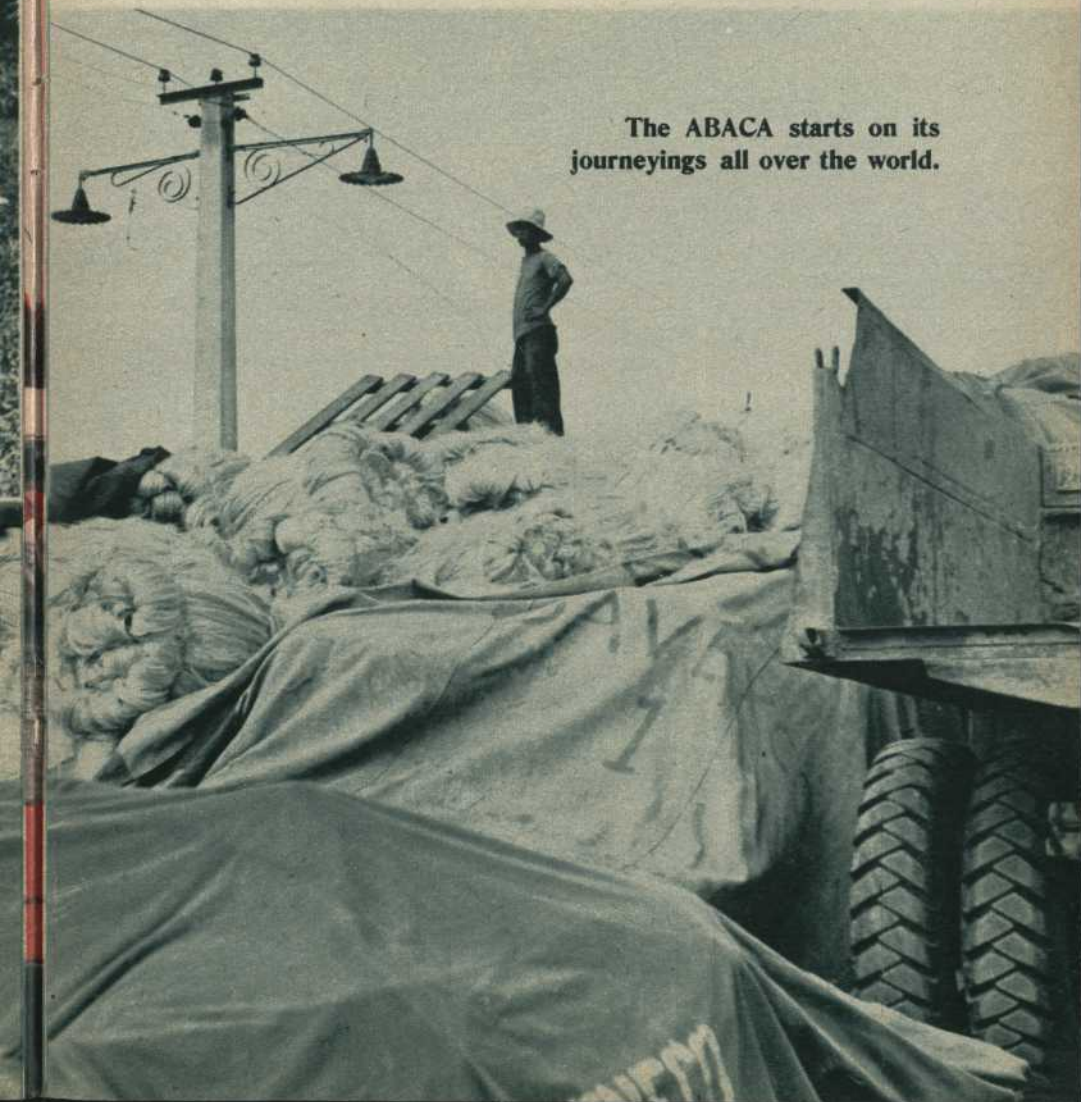
shipping centres whence it is carried all over the world. Its export pours into the Filipino treasury millions of dollars a year.

Once started, an abaca plantation may reproduce itself several times,

fresh shoots springing up all about the chopped stems.

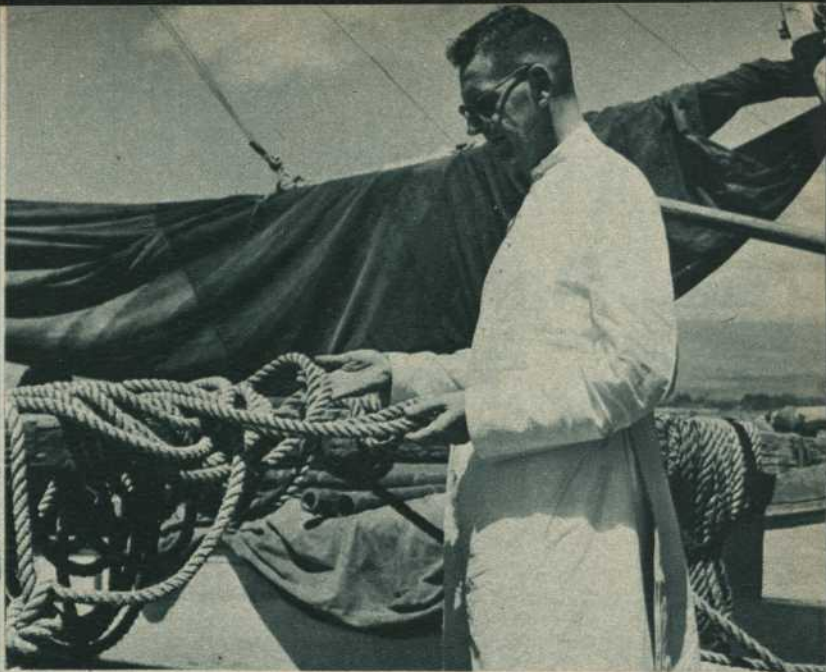
First-grade fibre is woven into fine linen and other cloths appreciated for their light, non-absorbent qualities. Abaca also enters into the fabric-

The ABACA starts on its journeyings all over the world.



On the harbour at Davao.





Reverend L. Labelle  
admires stout ropes  
made of ABACA.



ation of mats, carpets, nets, hats, mattresses. It furnishes the longest and strongest cordage in the world.

To every land on earth according to its climate and the needs of its inhabitants, the almighty Creator has donated precious material riches. Thus the Philippines have been gifted with noble palm trees, papaya, nar-ras, mango, and banana plants. In their shadow, the modest abaca sur-renders the very heart of its sub-stance to accommodate the 21,000,000 people of the Philippine Islands.

# CATALINO Makes His First Communion

by Sister SAINT ELZEAR<sup>1</sup>, M.I.C.

"Can you make the Sign of the Cross?"

"Oh, yes, Madre."

The lanky youth made a vague, awkward gesture meant to figure the blessed sign of our redemption. As for the words, they remained inaudible. Well, I reflected, one must not expect too much just at first; time will come to elaborate on essentials.

Catalino, our newly hired handy man, had been baptized as a child but there ended his introduction into the world of the spirit. For his parents, religion was resumed in having their offspring baptized. They had not the remotest idea that anything else might be required of them.

When I offered to teach Catalino the elements of Christian doctrine he accepted, I must say, without any great show of enthusiasm. From the sweet story of Bethlehem, he plodded on to more abstract verities — the Trinity, the human soul, the re-

demption of mankind. Then, he began to advance one futile pretext after another to evade catechism lessons. Finally, he became conspicuous by his absence whenever there was question of study. On the other hand, he was an active worker, no task proving too hard for him to tackle; hoes and shovels apparently held more interest than books and dogmatic speculations.

A whole year went round and still Catalino's spiritual affairs remained unsettled. One day, Sister Superior went out into the garden to help him with some spading. While they worked in the broiling sunshine, she deftly steered the conversation to the all important matter of First Communion. "Wouldn't you like to be able to receive the Sacraments?" she asked between two spade strokes. Catalino straightened, shifted his tool from one hand to the other, and blurted out, "How can I? I'm just an old dumbbell." Pretending not to



Sister St. Elzear teaches Baguio postulants the practical art of "stitching tucks and mending tears".

notice his embarrassment, she went on, "Sister Saint Elzear is ready to start your lessons all over again and the Padre promises to be lenient. Come! You can at least be man enough to try."

That very evening, Catalino set to work in earnest. During the days that followed he stumbled and staggered his way through the simplest of catechisms. How elated he was when he passed his examination before the

Padre, made his confession, and was told he could receive Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament.

At last dawned Catalino's big day. Dressed in a white suit he knelt in front of the chapel, his proud family pressing close around him. All his relatives had responded to his invitation in spite of pouring rain. Let us hope that the youth's good example will lead his dear ones back to the full practice of their holy Faith.

# Called at the Eleventh Hour

Sister MARIE XAVERIO <sup>1</sup>, M.I.C.

one of our Japanese Sisters, writes to her Sisters of the Motherhouse.

Here I am to tell you about a felicitous event that will set you all singing a fervent Magnificat, I am sure.

Some time ago I was told that my father had arrived at our Koriyama Convent and was asking for me. As I hurried to the parlour, my heart was in a flurry. What could have brought him here from distant Tokyo? Being seventy-five years old he seldom travels.

When I entered the parlour, he said, "I came down to Sirakawa to see my oldest sister who is very ill." Knowing that the whole family outside of Father was as yet non-Christian, I inquired whether he had broached the important subject of Baptism to the sick one. He looked at me long and earnestly, then he replied, "No, I did not do so because I reflected this duty belonged to you. Why not ask your Superior for permission to visit your aunt? I am sure this would be a good opportunity of awakening in our family the desire to enter the true Church. The fact that you are consecrated to the Lord will certainly mean much to them; for, in their own way, they are all religious-minded." Before leaving my father insisted on defraying the expenses of a trip to Sirakawa.

Early the following morning I set out with Sister Agnes of Assisi <sup>2</sup> who was already acquainted with the family. On the way, I prayed hard for light to know how to reach these hearts who understood so little about the life to be. "Holy Mother," I pleaded, "Do tell me how to prepare my aunt for Baptism." As the train brought us nearer Sirakawa, I could admire from the opened windows fine old cherry trees in full bloom. Beautiful indeed they were to behold; but my thoughts rose to the Creator and Redeemer of human souls, blossoms fairer still than the fairest *sakura* (cherry blossoms).

At last we reached Sirakawa and my father's old home. I found my dear aunt in great pain. For two months, she had been unable to lie down because of an abscess; all day and all night she remained squatting under the heavy *fulon* (wadded blanket).

<sup>1</sup> Catherine Sachiko Hongo, Tokyo.

<sup>2</sup> Lucienne Renaud, Montreal.



" My kimono is lovely,  
but so is Auntie's ! "

My visit came as a surprise, but she seemed delighted exclaiming over and over again "Irasshai! Irasshai!" (Welcome! Welcome!) The entire household greeted both of us as honoured guests.

I could not help being deeply touched by the affectionate care with which my cousins surrounded the venerable octogenarian. Although they are avowedly non-Christians, yet they can be said to practise unawares sterling Christian virtues. On her part, my aunt kept on repeating how kind and considerate everybody was. "You'd think I was a grand lady indeed to see them fluttering around me with the nicest things they can think of to please a sick *baba chan* (old woman)," she chuckled. I was deeply edified to find her cheerful and serene in spite of her painful situation.

Hours went past and the all important subject had not yet been touched. I sent up an interior cry of supplication to *Maria Sama* (honourable Mary). Just then, Sister Agnes of Assisi slipped a miraculous medal into my hand. This appeared to me as Our Lady's direct answer. Offering it to the patient, I explained that it was the image of the heavenly Mother. With the deftness born of her long experience, my companion then steered the conversation to the principal truths of our holy Faith.

My beloved relative seemed to have been awaiting this occasion to unburden her heart of certain anxieties. She expressed regretfulness for the errors of her lifetime and requested to be baptized. Need I tell you that my hand shook with emotion when I poured the blessed waters on her wrinkled forehead?

On the train as we returned to Koriyama, my heart sang its gratitude to God for this wonderful grace.

A few days later, I again visited Auntie. She was resting comfortably. How pleased my cousins were to announce that since her Baptism all the pains of the aged one had vanished! She was as happy as a child over the prospect of leaving soon for *tengoku* (the land above). As they had never heard of such a land, my relative wanted to know how their mother would get there. Would she travel by bus, train, or plane? Was there no danger of missing the right way? These naive questions naturally presented me with the opportunity of teaching my dear ones a simple catechism lesson. Respectfully lifting Our Lady's medal to her forehead, my aunt queried, "Did you tell me this was the picture of the heavenly Mother?"

"Yes," I replied. "She it was who soothed away your pain." She bowed low, murmuring all the while, *Maria Sama, arigato, arigato* (Honourable Mary, thank you, thank you.)

Just then I remembered the words of our sublime motto, "May Mary Immaculate be known from pole to pole!" Through Mary this soul had been led to Jesus. Never it seemed had I so well realized the grandeur of our missionary vocation.

My dear old aunt passed away peacefully on May 11. What marvels of grace had been wrought in her soul during the last days of her eighty-four years of life here below!

KOWLOON, HONG KONG

# POLICEMEN ON RETREAT

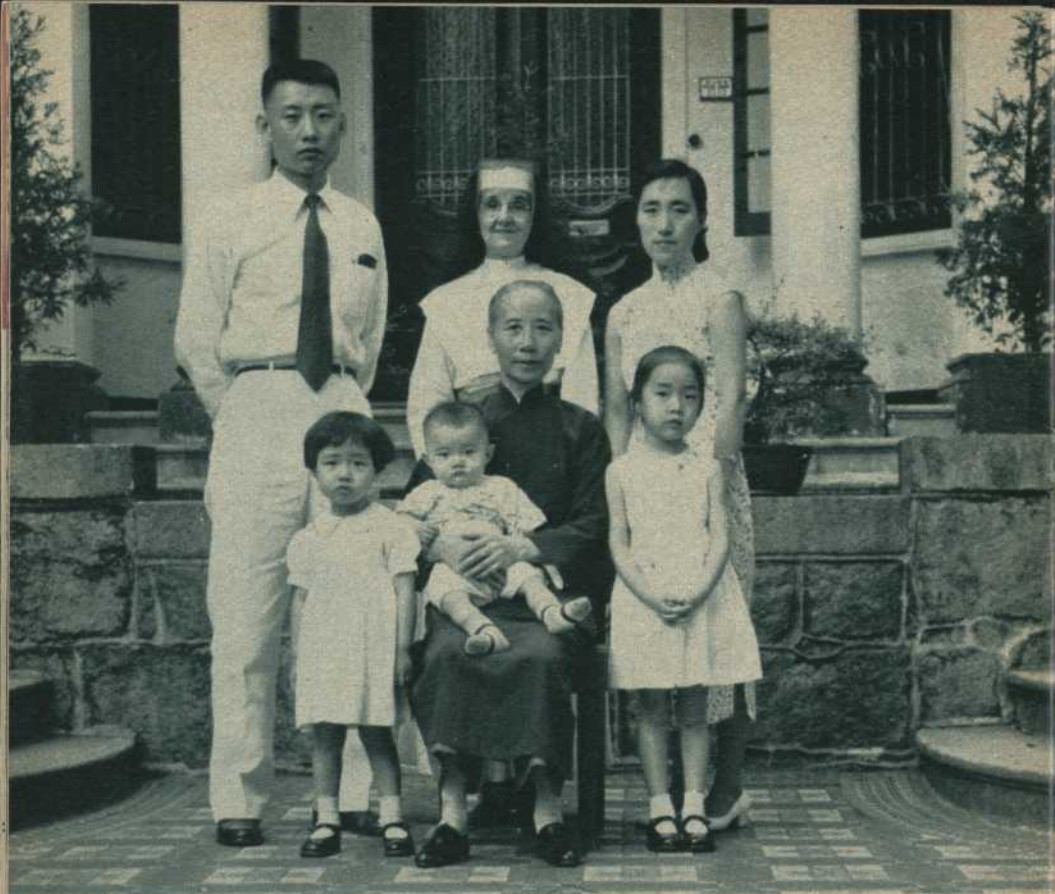
by Sister BLANDINE OF JESUS<sup>1</sup>, M.I.C.

We had lately been talking, half wishfully and half in earnest, of adding to our missionary activities the organization of a day of recollection in favour of Police Officers. Members of the city Police Corps are usually recruited among Chinese from Manchuria or from the region of Pekin because of their tall, sturdy build and more especially of their natural uprightness. We carefully made our plans, then we launched the movement hoping for the best.

Our first move was to entrust the success of the retreat to the sainted Curé of Ars. Thanks to his intercession, it was even more successful than we had dared to hope. Accompanied by their wives, the men seriously devoted a whole day to prayer and meditation. That the conferences were given in Mandarin was in itself a treat to these natives of the North of China, for in Kowloon



<sup>1</sup> Blandine Simard, of Roberval, P.Q.

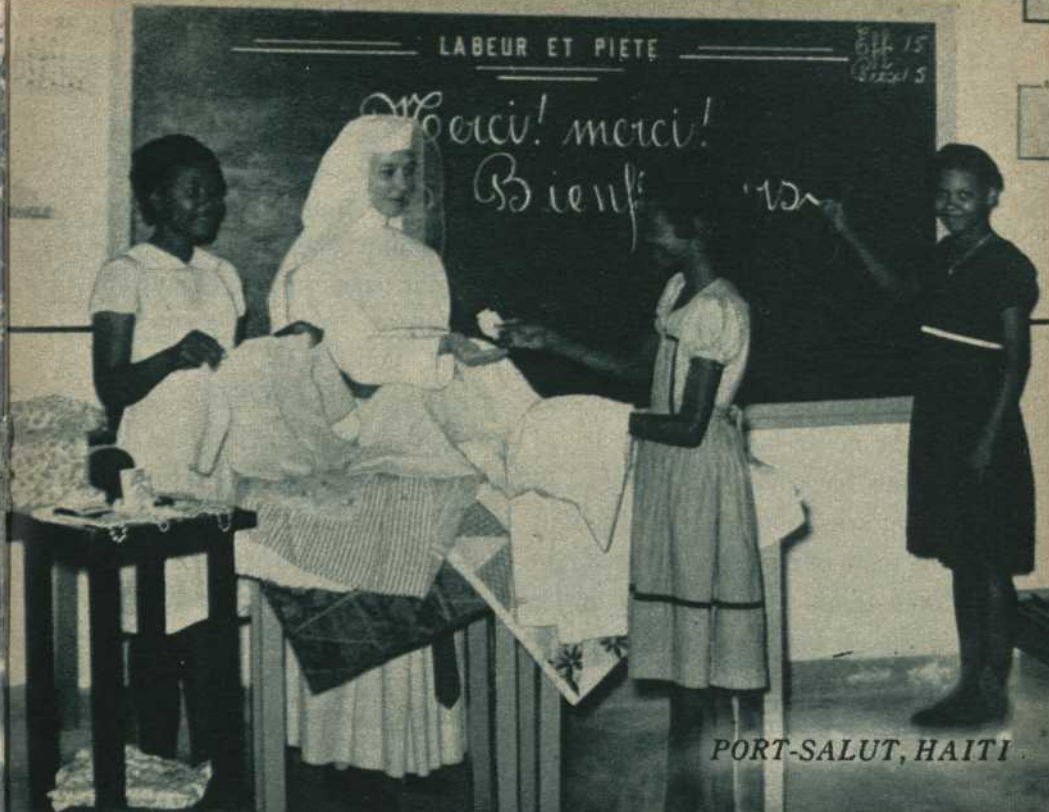


they usually hear only Cantonese or English.

The thirty-six participants proved exceptionally receptive; the special graces and lights bestowed upon them on that blessed day will doubtless help them lead their Christian life with a new understanding. Two or three years ago, these neophytes had but a vague idea of religious ceremonies; they knew next to nothing about Catholicism and had never even heard the expression *pi king* (retreat). What a consolation for

missionary Sisters to reveal to these souls God as their Saviour and Father! It is touching indeed to discover with what fidelity they have followed, until now, the natural law engraved upon the tablets of their hearts.

This memorable day was brought to a close by a happy event. A chubby gurgling Chinese baby — first-born of one of the retreatants and probably future peace officer — officially made his entrance into the true Church through Baptism.



PORT-SALUT, HAITI

# THANK YOU!

by Sister SAINT FRANCIS OF BORGIA<sup>1</sup>, M.I.C.

Generous benefactors of our Haitian missions will doubtless be interested in knowing about the distribution of the "treasure" parcels they so kindly sent to our address.

Would you believe it? Every single item was sold at auction to the highest bidders. You are wondering what is the meaning of this, I am sure. Can missionaries be selling at a profit what

<sup>1</sup> Antonia Demers, Laprairie.

is sent to them out of charity? Nothing of the sort. You have perhaps guessed that the "payment" mentioned consisted in good marks, fruit of studious application on the part of our pupils. For a long while, little and big girls were hoarding laboriously won good notes. Thanks to the never failing generosity of friends back home, I prepared in secret sensational bargains to suit the taste of everyone. You should have seen the beaming faces when at last the children were allowed to see my "stock" and "buy". I think I was even happier than they were. In the twinkling of an eye, brown hands had swept every article off my

improvised counter.

This "sale" proved a wonderful incentive to serious study. Thank you from my heart, dear friends and benefactors, for your apostolic cooperation. It means more to me than words can say. Thank you in a very special manner, devoted members of our mission sewing circles, for the pretty frocks and other garments sewn with such diligent goodwill. How I wish it were in my power to flash before your eyes the smiling roguish faces of my dear charges! You would feel how good it is to make others, especially little children, glad. God bless you and Our Lady have you in tender keeping always.

### MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

**March:** That numerous vocations to the apostolate respond to the growing needs of the Church in Africa.

**April:** That a serious spiritual, doctrinal, scientific, and technical preparation be given to lay apostles who devote their lives to the service of the Church in the mission field.

# The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

## CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road  
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.  
NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 9.  
OUTREMONT, 314 St. Catherine Road,  
Montreal 8.  
CHINESE HOSPITAL, 112 Lagauchetiere St., West,  
Montreal 1.  
NOMININGUE, Labelle County, P.Q.  
RIMOUSKI, 85 St. Germain Street, P.Q.  
JOLIETTE P.Q., 750 St. Louis Street.  
QUEBEC, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.  
VANCOUVER, Oriental Hospital, 236 Campbell St.  
VANCOUVER, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,  
3080 Prince Edward Street.  
TROIS RIVIERES, P.Q., 1325 de la Terriere Street.  
GRANBY, P.Q., 35 Dufferin Street.  
GRANBY, P. Q., 279 Main Street.  
CHICOUTIMI, P.Q., 766 Cenacle Street.  
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, P.Q.  
SAINT JOHNS, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.  
PERTH, N.B., P.B. 259.  
OTTAWA, Ont., 443 Gilmour Street.

## UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, Mass., 207 Pleasant Street.

## CHINA

OUR LADY OF FATIMA HOUSE,  
103 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.  
OUR LADY OF PROTECTION HOUSE,  
Clear Water Bay Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

## FORMOSA

KUANHSI, Catholic Church, Hsinchu Hsien,  
Taiwan.

SHIH KUANG TSE, Catholic Church,  
Hsinchu Hsien, Taiwan.

TAIPEI, 363, An Tung Chieh Taiwan,  
Free China.

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 Fukazaya cho, Setagaya ku.

## ITALY

ROME, via Giacinto Carini, 8.

## MADAGASCAR

MORONDAVA, Madagascar.

AMBOHIBARY, Madagascar.

## BOLIVIA

COCHABAMBA, Academia Comercial,  
Calle Oruo, 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.  
BAQUIO City, 11, Pacdal, Mountain Province.

## WEST INDIES

LES CAYES, Haiti.  
LES COTEAUX, Haiti.  
ROCHE A BATEAU, Haiti.  
PORT SALUT, Haiti.  
CAMP PERRIN, Haiti.  
MIREBALAIS, Haiti.  
LIMBE, Haiti.  
CAP HAITIEN, Haiti.  
CHANTAL, Haiti.  
TROU DU NORD, Haiti.  
PORT AU PRINCE, cité No 2.  
DESCHAPELLES, Albert Schweitzer Hospital  
Post Box No. 4, Saint Marc, Haiti.  
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, Rumphu 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.

**Hong Kong**

