



Vol. XXIV — 38th year
March-April 1960
Montreal — No. 2

The Precursor

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

Imprimatur: † Mgr Paul Touchette, P.A.V.D., October 10, 1958.

Nihil obstat : François Brouillette, ptre, August 26, 1959.

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

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IN THIS ISSUE

Filipino Colegio in Rome 51

Imbuing Adolescents with Missionary Spirit 52
Sister Marie Elias, M.I.C.

Deluge in Madagascar 65
Sister Marie Viateur, M.I.C.

Marriage in the Philippines 69
Sister Joseph Armand, M.I.C.

Realm of Beauty 76
Sister Saint Emilienne, M.I.C.

*What Secondary Education Means to Girls
in Northern Nyasaland* 75

Chinese Children and Their Problems 85
Sister Marie Honorius, M.I.C.

Their Eyes Met... 88
Sister Mary of the Reparation, M.I.C.

Mamma Catherine 91
Sister Saint Felicite, M.I.C.

Our Cover-Page :

She Teaches at Tak Sun School.



Filipino Colegio in Rome

The Filipino nation will soon possess a seminary of its own in the Eternal City. Our Holy Father Pope John XXIII blessed the cornerstone at Castelgandolfo, on August 9, 1959, in the presence of His Excellency The Most Reverend Rufino Santos, Archbishop of Manila, and of Mr. Jose Delgado, ambassador of the Philippines to the Holy See.

At six that same evening, His Eminence, Giuseppe Cardinal Pizzardo, prefect of the Vatican Congregation of Seminaries, laid the cornerstone for the new edifice situated Via Aurelia, on the outskirts of Rome.

The Colegio, a four-story-building, is expected to be ready for occupancy in 1960.

Imbuing Adolescents with the Missionary Spirit



Sister MARIE ELIAS¹, M.I.C.

Girls of the movies, the television, and the sputnik, fascinated by the kaleidoscopic world all around them, eager for the sensational, the adventurous; superficial perhaps, yet nonetheless sociable, bighearted, alert, such appear the senior students of our Secondary Course. There are those who, persistently clinging to the pedagogical methods of the "good old days", wag their heads over these same girls and make dire predictions in regard with the calamitous future for which they are supposedly heading. As illogical as it is negative, this policy is unacceptable to consciencious, clear sighted Catholic educators.

There can be only one solution to the problem; look it straight into the eye in the light of the Holy Spirit, then effect the necessary readjustments. Living synthesis of the great currents of contemporary thought, the adolescent proves a "providential good to our routinism". What our present-day adolescents

desperately need, even if at times unconsciously, is a concrete ideal at once noble and exacting — one that will bring out what is finest in their nature. "God knows that the young people of today have had enough of empty high-sounding slogans and conventional phrases."² The only Christianity that will respond to their yearning for the social, the universal, the human, is an authentic missionary Christianity as open as modern culture on the entire human community. A hothouse education is no longer acceptable. Was it ever so? The cry is for vast horizons and "hard up with the helm". Everywhere, the rising community instinct calls for intensive education of the missionary sense among our youth.

But what is to be understood by the missionary sense? "Nothing other than sensitiveness to all that relates to the advancement of the Church in the world, coupled with the desire to further this advancement to the utmost of one's ability."³ And we

¹ Eliette Gagnon, L'Anse Saint Jean.

A music pupil,
Tak Sun School.





Students of the Secondary School of Home Economics, Cap Haitien.

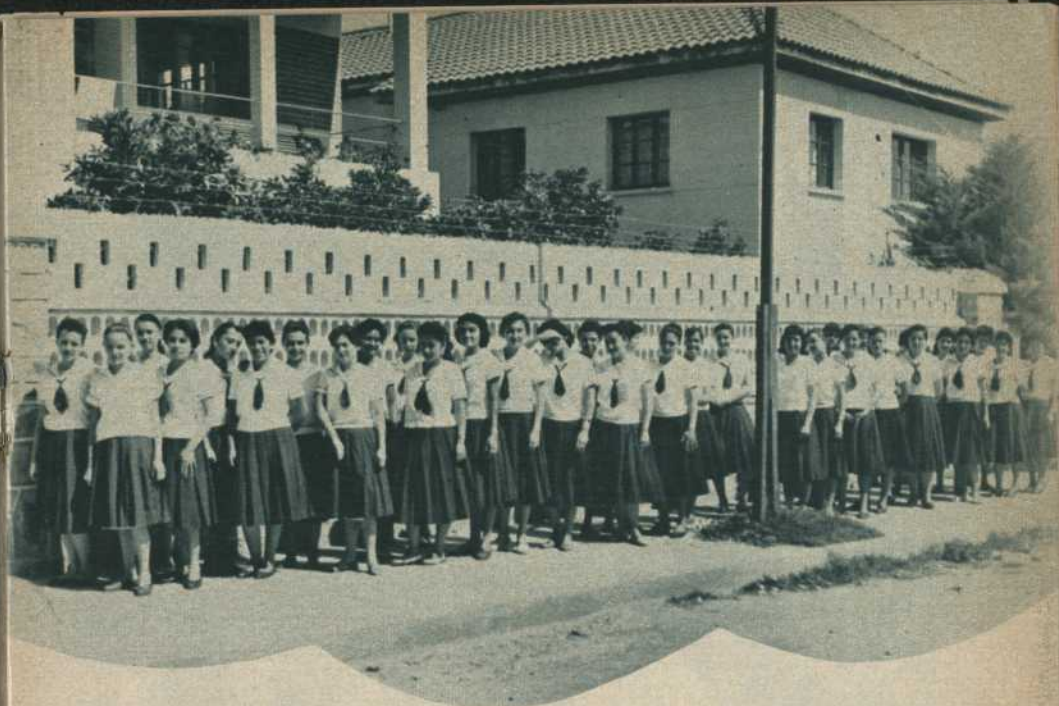
should not think of this as a sort of eleventh commandment, an innovation, a pious extra, imposed on an elite. The missionary sense is the Christian sense in its amplitude. "It is Christianity lived on a cosmic scale." The thoughts of all Catholics should be filled with solicitude for the whole world, and educators have

the grave duty to see that they are. During the last twenty years more particularly, the Sovereign Pontiffs have often emphasized this truth. In a letter to the Cardinal Prefect of the Sacred Congregation of Propaganda, September 1944, Pope Pius XII wrote:

Generous student youth at times seduced by false ideologies, must be drawn to embrace nobler enterprises through the admirable strength and example of the mission apostolate. With a fatherly heart we exhort all priests and all religious, more especially those engaged in educational work, to heed our appeal . . .⁴

On this same subject, His Holiness Pius XI, the Pope of the Missions,

left no doubt as to his convictions:



Bolivian girls who attend
our Catholic Commercial School in Cóchabamba.

No Christian formation is genuine and complete unless the missionary sense has been so thoroughly developed that it will permeate the life of the young people when they become adults.⁴

Are we excusable to continue in our hesitations, to have "ears that hear not"? The litany of our pretexts might be indefinitely lengthened: "There is so much work to be done... the curriculum is so strenuous... specialized movements take up all our time... distractions abound ... sermons are not in the adolescents' line..." It is, nevertheless, true that the great majority of our youth rich in dynamism and initiative "slum-

bers" and will probably go on "slumbering" all its life from a Christian point of view. Meanwhile, behind the Iron or the Bamboo Curtain, thousands of adolescents profoundly engaged in militant atheism are battling for the triumph of error with a courage that does not flinch in the face of suffering and even death. Reverend E. Depret reports in the "China Missionary Bulletin" April 1952;

The timid grow brave, the unruly submit to the iron discipline of the Party, the ambitious give up their ambitions, their interests, their most legitimate affections to assume secondary tasks without fear of losing everything, of severing the closest ties of friendship or family.⁴



Japanese students of our Wakamatsu Secondary School.

Communist youth has indeed been "awakened". A dialectic of self-denial based on passionate ideas, patiently but relentlessly injected, has accomplished the miracle of this awakening.

Will the children of darkness always be wiser than the children of light? Although there is no question here of servile imitation, we might profitably observe how youthful Communist "apostles" are trained. They receive a formation in Marxist doctrine simultaneously with a formation of desire and an action technique; study and membership in a group transmit the power of the group to individuals, totally involving them

in the movement. Might not such methods be applied to infuse the spirit of the apostolate into the hearts and minds of our pupils? Surely, in so far as the liberty of the human person and its dignity are safeguarded, and if we take into account that not a few of these methods have been borrowed from the first Christians, for as Reverend J. Daniélou remarks in his book "The Salvation of Nations", "The fundamental strength of Communism lies in what it retains of Christianity." In one of his radio addresses, His Excellency The Most Reverend Fulton Sheen moreover affirms on this subject: "Although it is hostile to

Christianity, Communism is using the 1000 year old Christian training of the Russian soul in the spirit of self-sacrifice... Whether it knows it or not Communism is living on Calvary's heritage..." This is also energetically affirmed by Msgr. Suenens in his masterly work on the apostolate, *L'Eglise en Etat de Mission*.

To transform our senior pupils into ardent apostles for the building up of the Mystical Body of Christ, we educators need a dialectic, a mysticism, a technique.



Exactly where shall we find such an ideal technique? Libraries are full of books on this subject, but too often they present only ingenious plans and sterile theories. True fecundity must flow from within. It supposes ardent love of God and neighbour, life-source of all intuitions, of all courageous action. As Saint Jean Marie Vianney so well said: "The world belongs to him who loves it most and proves his love".

The ideal technique, then, can be resumed in being loyal, devoted daughters of the Church, conscious

of our responsibility to work within our sphere of action "to remake the entire world in Christ".

Throughout all ages, the Church has had this one end in view — that all its members may have life and have it abundantly according to the words of its divine Founder, that all men may be safely brought into the unity of the Father's house. This tremendous task is also our own personal task since, in a certain sense, we are the Church. Have we not through Baptism been incorporated into the Mystical Body in

A student of Gagalangin High School, P.I., teaches catechism

**to a group of
public school children.**



such a manner that while keeping our individuality we are totally one

with it? Saint Paul thus describes our incorporation in Christ:

Each of us has one body with many different parts, and not all these parts have the same function: just so we, though many in number, form one body in Christ, and each acts as the counterpart of another... Each must perform his own task well... doing works of mercy smilingly.⁷

We are one with the Church, for the members are answerable to the entire Body. Every act of sloth is a theft, every fault, a wound to the entire Body. This vital solidarity

necessarily calls for action. His Holiness Pope Pius XII stressed this aspect in his encyclical, *Mystici Corporis Christi*:

A body calls for a multiplicity of members which are linked together in such a way to help one another. And as in our mortal composite being, when one member suffers all other members share its pain and the healthy members come to the assistance of the ailing, so in the Church the individual members do not live for themselves alone but also help their fellows and all work in mutual collaboration for their common comfort and for the more perfect building up of the body.⁸

To be daughters of the Church is to accept our essential role of adding strength to the Mystical Body, of contributing to its general welfare. In the conviction that this Body groans for completion, that it depends upon every member to further its interests, will be found an incentive to flaming zeal driving one on work with might and main at the salvation of all souls "without distinction of colour, wealth, or class, feeling in one's heart the vocation of universal brotherhood, like Charles de Foucauld, like Christ Himself."⁹

To be daughters of the Church, is to understand that the mission of the Church evolves in time and that "Christ is even now bringing salvation to mankind". As Word Incarnate, He assumed human nature with all the limitations of time and space. Without losing anything of its

integrity, the Church adapts itself to the various aspects of various cultures and civilizations. Daughters of the Church, we must accept the characteristics of the epoch in which we live: "To keep abreast of times, to be fully, with all our hearts of our times is a requisite of the apostolate."¹⁰ Christ was unquestionably of His country and of His time. He was the Galilean adolescent who went to the synagogue to hear the Bible readings, who attentively listened to the scribes explaining the beauties of Holy Scripture, the grown man who faithfully went up to the Temple for the prescribed festivals and carried out every tittle of the law.

Our imperative task is to place our students — builders of a new Christian world — into contact with the spiritual riches of the Church.

"With power drawn from the founts of zeal and a new dedication of heart, Catholic youth can write succinctly the history of the century they span: 'Memo to posterity from a century of Catholics who knew the crisis and came to grips with it. Challenge offered, challenge met'." ¹¹

For us, Catholic educators, there is also a challenge to be met. Our girls have not much use for preaching. Instead, they want concrete examples of the Faith fully lived. There is no fire like that of total dedication burning in the heart of a real person to melt away apathy and indifference. Ours, then, to radiate love, conviction, infectious enthusiasm for the greatest and noblest of all causes. In the measure that we

precede them at the vivifying well-springs of zeal, our girls will become aflame with the ideal of service.

It is not the place here to analyse in detail all the methods of missionary apostolate. They may vary according to particular circumstances, but to be fully efficacious, they must be adapted to certain psychological principles which have assured the success of the communistic indoctrination of youth. Such principles as favourable environment, the necessity of putting young people into contact with reality, of entrusting them with responsible posts must not be lightly disregarded. Capital points seem to be the environment and the power to hold firm convictions and to act upon them.

Realities pregnant with sentiment are expressed in terse striking formulas easily assimilated because indefinitely repeated... During the interminable hours of indoctrination, a certain sentence or a hackneyed formula continually crops up like the musical phrase of a symphony. ¹²

Slowly but surely, the poison of error seeps into the subconscious, impelling action in conformity with Marxist ideology. Communists do not rest satisfied merely with steady progress; they urge the "forward leap". They have as slogan to youth: "Not a single breath wasted for twenty years!" Their perverted drive and devotion should make us realize what greater works Christianity could perform if we really began to make full use of the power placed at our disposal.

We owe it to our pupils to impress upon them that by the fact of their Baptism, their Confirmation, their Catholic education, they are inescapably committed to the salva-

tion of souls, to the conquest of the world for Christ. Their "forward leap" may then be expected to outmatch that of misguided Communist youth. Every psychological device should be put to use to bolster their conviction. In our schoolrooms, billboards, posters, slogans, pictures, maps, well-written books and magazines, everything in a word should be made to tell of beauty, apostolate, self-denial. This is part of what is meant by creating a favourable environment. But the most important point will always be the good example set by the educators themselves, a mentality which proves that teacher, theory, and practice are one. The young are quick to note inconsistencies.

Convinced that "the song of the rippling brook lures away from the swamp" the teacher of religion will focus the attention of the students on the radiant personality of Christ. She will train not merely *thinking*

Christians capable of evaluating situations and events in the light of Christ's teachings, but also *acting* Christians trained in all the techniques of the lay apostolate.

The forming of the Catholic conscience of a child or a youth consists... in enlightening his mind regarding the Will of Christ, His law, His way, and also in acting on his inner self in so far as this can be done from without, in order to bring it to the free and constant carrying out of the divine Will. This is the highest duty of education.¹³

According to Pope Pius XI, teaching and organization should be regulated by the Catholic spirit: "It is necessary that all the teaching and the whole organization of the school be regulated by the Christian spirit under the direction and the maternal supervision of the Church, so that religion may be in very truth, the foundation and crown of the youth's entire training."

We must, therefore, organize our curriculum in such a manner that the Christian formation of youth predominates. No conflict need exist

between training our pupils to realize fully their Christian education and at the same time to be most competent in their chosen field of work. In the words of Pope Pius XI, (in his encyclical "The Christian Education of Youth"): "The true Christian... does not stunt his natural faculties... he develops and perfects them by co-ordinating them with the supernatural."

Another principle as important as environment, is contact with everyday reality.

Nothing can ever replace contact with the reality of hard work, the sharing of the peasants' labour... When, late in the evening, one returns home broken with fatigue, one begins to understand more clearly the hardships of such a life.¹⁴

If we wish to create strong convictions in the hearts of our pupils, our education must keep in touch with reality. Reality of the visiting missionary welcomed in our classrooms, not with white gloves and conventional attitudes, but with warm sympathy and deep-felt admiration; reality of the missionary priest or religious with whom the children are encouraged to correspond and whose letters are read and reread, commented and appreciated; reality of up-to-date, contrastive statistics which act as eye openers; reality of

friendly relations with other groups of young people imbued with the same ideal. More eloquent than a thesis on this subject is the apostolic adventure lived in a certain industrial town of our province, by the pupils of a secondary school. In one of their monthly meetings, several groups of seniors after discussing the problem of wealth and poverty, suggested making helpful visits at regular periods to needy families. Two of the older girls were delegated on an initial visitation to see what could eventually be done. They returned



**Leaving for social service
on Saturday morning.**

from the town's poorest quarters, deeply impressed by what they had seen and eager to do something practical to assist the poor. Together with their companions, they decided to go two by two, every Saturday morning, to help harassed mothers with the cleaning, the washing, the children's toilet, and at the same time dispense words of encouragement. The school authorities consulted as to the advisability of such a plan approved it, but left the girls entirely to their own initiative. The latter then obtained the permission of the pastors in various parishes, and chose a social-assistant Sister as technical adviser. To her they made their weekly reports. On this occa-

sion, they asked her advice and discussed current problems. When the group first launched its apostolic experiment, sceptics assured that this was too good to last. From October 1957 until June of the following year, however, the forty pioneers persevered in spite of fatigue, cold or rainy weather, untidiness of hovels. Not even the perspective of final examinations could hold them back. By September 1958, their number had increased to seventy. The timid had grown brave, the selfish had become generous, the intellectual had mastered the secrets of cooking and washing... All had acquired a new and more mature outlook on life; all were spiritually enriched, thanks to

these contacts with reality. One of the girls remarked, upon being congratulated, "I really got more than I gave. It is so sweet to be able to do something to help others in their troubles." Could anything be truer? Coming into close contact with physical and moral poverty, these adolescents learned at first hand that human consolations avail but little to assuage certain trials and sorrows. They realized all the more vividly what must be the unspeakable distress of those who sit in the shadow of error or paganism. On these visits, many a senior discovered herself a vocation to the missionary life or social assistance work. None of these girls will be mediocre Catholics, for they have truly been "awakened".

Conscious of the good will and capacity of youth for generosity,

let us not hesitate to entrust our students in the school itself with interesting missionary responsibilities. To this end, let an active missionary committee be organized. The young people of today being world-conscious feel drawn to the apostolic ideal. Given a dynamic directress who thinks in terms of the Mystical Body and reproduces within herself the qualities of Christ, these girls will dedicate themselves wholeheartedly to the apostolate of Christian living. Study clubs, lectures, workshops, correspondance with missionaries a-field will provide objective information on the problem of the missions and spur students to concern themselves with the extension of God's kingdom upon earth. The love of these girls of the television, the movies, and the sputnik for the Church will soon flower into action. Nothing should be imposed, but the girls

"I really got more than I gave."



should be brought to assume voluntarily certain responsibilities such as: leagues of prayers and Masses; "The most efficacious aid given to the missions is the spiritual aid which renders fruitful the activities of missionaries" ¹⁵ or "obtains labourers for the harvest" ¹⁶; work for the Propagation of the Faith, a Pontifical organization which must take first place among missionary activities; preparation of mission days, exhibits, albums; making of missionary billboards; collecting of cancelled stamps for the missions... Such mission-minded groups will soon act as a leaven in the mass of students.

As Christian educators we have the awesome responsibility of tapping the ardent spirit of youth and aiming it at the only worthwhile target, the progressive unification and perfectioning of all men within the Mystical Body of Christ.

The task is no easy one, but we are daughters of the Church and our Mother relies upon us. Addressing a group of teaching Sisters in January 1958, Pope Pius XII exclaimed:

"To grow and to multiply, the Church relies in a large measure on your work. It is always convinced of the importance of your co-operation in its complete and multiform apostolate."

The enemy is hard at work undermining the foundations of Christendom; this is no time for compromise and apology about the nature of our mission. Ready to meet the changing societal conditions in which our students move, let us equip them with the armour of Christlike living; let our programme be oriented in a manner dynamic enough to produce Catholics who think and love and do the charity of Christ wherever they may be.

To whom shall we turn for counsel and guidance in our noble but arduous task if not to Mary, the Christian Educator *par excellence* whom God the Father Himself willed to have in the education of the Word Incarnate. May her maternal blessing render fruitful our efforts to bring the souls of our pupils to the maturity of their Christian and apostolic vocation.

² Rev. Emile Mersch, S.J. *Lumen Vitæ*, 1958.

³ Rev. Gaston Courtois.

⁴ *Le Laïc et les Missions*, University of Ottawa Editions, 1951.

⁵ *L'Heure de Jésus*, Vol. II.

⁶ Rev. Dufay, M.E.P., *Communist Doctrine*.

⁷ Paul, Romans XII — 4.

⁸ Paul, Corinthians, IX, 16.

⁹ Rev. J. Bouchard, S.J., *Missiology Course*, 1958.

¹⁰ Rev. E. Mersch, S.J., *Le Professeur de Religion*.

¹¹ Rev. H. J. Klocker, S.T.D., *The Shield*.

¹² Rev. E. Depret, *Catholic Documents*, Sept. 1952.

¹³ Pius XII, *Catholic Documents*, July 1952.

¹⁴ Rev. E. Depret, *Catholic Documents*.

¹⁵ Encyclical *Maximum Illud*.

¹⁶ Encyclical *Rerum Ecclesiæ*.

Deluge in Madagascar

Sister MARIE VIATEUR¹, M.I.C.

The Holy Week liturgy evokes among other outstanding events in the history of the people of God, the passage of the Red Sea. Holy Week 1959, in Madagascar recalled to us the episode of the deluge in a vivid manner.

On Holy Wednesday evening a light rain began to fall. By Good Friday it was driven by a high wind at the speed of 240 kilometres an hour. Ambohibary was hit by one of the four cyclones which successively wrought havoc in Madagascar.

One hundred homeless families took refuge at the hospital. A man was carried in bleeding profusely and suffering from shock; he had had a hairbreath escape when his hut had toppled over him. His scant belongings were, alas, "gone with the wind".

Within a very short time, the Catholic Auxiliary came to the rescue. Our good Bishop Rolland was the very first to place a generous sum at the disposal of the cyclone victims. On the other hand, the Government soon organized distributions of rice. For our part, Sister Superior² having undertaken to provide clothes for the children, our Easter holidays were spent in trying-on sessions and

sewing bees. Every other minute, some Malagasy rang our doorbell with a doleful tale in this vein, "Our house has fallen apart... the wind has blown off the roof... our clothes and blankets are lost..." Already very poor, these people had just passed a hard winter with scarcely enough to eat. For the most part they live off the produce of their diminutive farms.

However, compared to Tananarivo, Tamatave and other regions of the eastern coast, Ambohibary was not severely damaged. Port Bergé, for instance, was destroyed ninety per cent when the Bemarivo river, spilling over its banks, raged through the town. Early on Maundy Thursday, the water rose to 1.50 metre between the Catholic Mission Centre and the village and it continued to go up at the rate of 30 cm an hour. The missionaries were forced to evacuate in the direction of Vardas Hotel, highest point in Port Bergé. Shortly afterwards, even this elevation was flooded. The Malagasy then fashioned rafts out of empty casks capable of holding 200 litres, and hauled up to the hotel two large lighters ordinarily used to carry passengers across the

¹ Therese Drainville, Laval des Rapides.

² Adelaide Tremblay, St. Cyprian of Temiscouata.

Bemarivo. As the water continued to rise, the decision was taken to transfer the 1,500 persons who had taken refuge at Vardas Hotel to the hill on which stood the Adventist Mission

Compound.

"Operation Rescue" went into effect without a single loss of life. On Holy Saturday, the place looked like a human anthill. Still the angry tide kept rising, endangering the school; to make matters worse a storm broke in all its fury during the night. Only towards three in the morning, when a lull occurred, the waters slowly began to recede.

On Easter Sunday, Reverend Leo Peter, c.s.s.p., pastor of the mission, left aboard a dugout to reconnoitre as far as Port Bergé. He found that in the lower town all the larger houses had been submerged up to the roofs while the huts had entirely disappeared; the school of Fanjakara and one wing of the hospital had collapsed. Further on inside the Catholic Mission Compound the school, the Fathers' residence, the nave of the church were a heap of wreckage. Cows, pigs, sheep, dogs, cats, ducks who had breasted the tide were now precariously perched on the roofs emerging from the waters.

When Father returned with this sad news to the Adventist Hill, non-Christians mingled their tears with those of the Christians. Some In-



A Christian woman in Tananarivo

**recovers a crucifix
from the ruins
of her home.**

dians exclaimed "Isn't it too bad it had to happen on this day, your most solemn feast! If only we could do something for you!"

A military plane flew over the hill, on Easter Sunday afternoon, parachuting bread, medicine, and clothes. On the following day, by order of civil authorities all those who had taken refuge there were transferred to the aviation camp. The medical service meanwhile took necessary measures to distribute medicine and disinfectant as the carcasses of drowned animals began to emit a pestilential stench. Everywhere, people feverishly dug into the ruins with the hope

of recovering some scraps of their possessions.

The principal victim of the cyclone, if statistics are taken into account, was Tananariyo with 60,000 inhabitants rendered homeless. Breaches, which opened in certain dams on the Ikopa, caused the lower town of Soanierana and Isotry to disappear under the inundation. Public Services, Catholic Auxiliary, Catholic and Protestant Boy Scouts, Youth Movements hastened to help refugees settle temporarily in safer quarters.

There were about twenty lives lost during the disaster, among which four rescuers, Rover Boy Scouts,

In Isotry, this man refuses to be downhearted over the deluge.





Helping the victims of the cyclone in Ambohibary, Sisters Saint Adelaide (Adelaide Tremblay, Saint Cyprian of Temiscouata) and Marie Viator (Therese Drainville, Laval des Rapides).

who were drowned trying to rescue others. The series of cyclones which spared only the Tuléar, southeastern province, cost the Great Island 300 deaths besides material damages amounting to 25 milliards of francs.

His Holiness Pope John XXIII, in his paternal solicitude for his sorely

tried children of Madagascar, recently donated the sum of thirty million francs to be used for the erection of a new town to accommodate the thousands of cyclone victims. Given the name "Cité Jean XXIII" this town will be a lasting memorial of the Sovereign Pontiff's active charity in favour of the Malagasy nation.

Deo. A. Rosario

Kundiman
(Canción Filipina)

Intro.
Moderato

Francisco Santia

Marriage in the Philippines

Sister JOSEPH ARMAND¹, M.I.C.

In the Islands today, young people, at least those living in large cities, are in a great measure inclined to adopt western fashions and customs as regards courtship and marriage. The choice of a life partner which due to Chinese influence was long left to parents, is now made by the parties concerned. Chaperons have gone out of style; young Filipinos consider that they no longer fit into the pattern of modern living.

However this may be, in remote *barrios*, ancient traditions introduced for the most part by the Spanish continue to be followed. Lovers are still fond of serenades. The youth in love blessed with an agreeable voice, pours out his heart in ardent song to the melodious strains of the guitar in the tranquil moonlit hours between dusk and dawn. If he cannot

sing, he hires a friend to serenade his dark-eyed *signorita* in his place. As the last notes float on the balmy air and melt in a thin echo, a smiling face appears framed in the bamboo window of the nipa hut and a dainty brown hand waves an affectionate gesture of appreciation.

In some regions, the parents of the girl invite the serenader (or serenaders) into the house to partake of a light collation. This gives the lovers the pleasure of an interview. With the parents' permission, the young man may call again or write to his sweetheart should he happen to travel far from the home *barrio*.

When the father and mother approve of the prospective bridegroom,

¹ Gertrude Gagnon, Petit Saguenay.

the wedding is not long postponed. It sometimes happens that because of parental opposition, young girls elope. Such deplorable situations are a nightmare to closely knit Filipino families.

Many a quaint courtship custom exists even at the present time in some of the remote provinces. In Palawan, for instance, when a young gallant sues for the hand of his lady love, he offers her parents a practical and original gift of five china plates paid all of five *pesos*. Should another suitor come forward and win preference, he must offer the first suitor five plates as a sort of consolation prize. In cases where the belle is such a rare pearl that a third suitor appears on the scene, he must bolster up his suit with a pile of fifteen plates. If the father accepts this latecomer as son-in-law, he must give each rejected suitor five plates in compensation.

Rivals at times resort to the following expedient to settle their disputes; each chooses a sugar cane stalk about six feet high, fixes it into the ground, then attempts to cleave it lengthwise with a knife using only his right hand. The first to carry off this feat of skill obtains the woman's hand.

In southern districts, the girl who intends to marry wears her hair in a single plait. When she is being courted, she wears two braids hanging down in front; when she be-

comes a fiancée, she cuts her hair and wears it bobbed western fashion.

The dowry of the Filipino bride as well as her trousseau are provided by the bridegroom. What a delicate problem this often proves to be! It must be settled a short time before the wedding proper, at the latest on the preceding day. Accompanied by his parents and at times followed by the entire population of his *barrio*, the young man proceeds to the house of his beloved. Humbly kneeling before her parents, he requests the inestimable favour of having her as his dear wife. Wishing to impress the assistants with the rare accomplishments of his daughter, the father does not hesitate to show himself exacting in his demands, especially if the son-in-law to be is in easy circumstances. In farming regions where horses are few, a *carabao* to be used in the fields or for transportation purposes is a highly acceptable wedding present; gifts of rice or of money may also be offered.

When everything has been amicably settled, the sleeping mats are brought out and spread over the bamboo flooring, for the visitors will spend the night (the men in one room, the women in another). Packed like peas in a pod under the family mosquito net, the sleepers notwithstanding the heat snore contentedly until early morning, except perhaps the fiancés who impatiently sigh for the rising of the sun on their big day.

Wedding Ceremonies

Outside those, too numerous alas, who are never seen inside a church between their Baptism and their burial, young Filipinos have their

union blessed by the priest.

Marriage ceremonies customarily take place during a *fiesta* or on a Sun-



day. The bride wears a white dress of silk or organdy and a long, filmy white veil; the groom also wears white or better still a *barong tagalog* (shirt) of embroidered pineapple fibre worn over black trousers. Heading the bridal cortege at the church entrance is a ring bearer, usually a boy of five or six; follow a flower girl of the same age, a bridesmaid in pink, a cord bearer, another young girl, close friend or relative of the bride, and finally the bride herself accompanied by her parents and godparents. The groom waits inside the church with his suite consisting of his best man, two bridesmaids, and a youthful cord bearer. When the bride enters on her father's arm, he bows to her, then both kneel at the foot of the altar.

The nuptial blessing is the one used in Catholic churches everywhere. After the ring has been placed on the finger of the bride, the officiating priest offers the groom the *arras* (gold piece) or according to modern usage the *pesos* strung in odd numbers. Why this money offered to the groom at such a solemn moment? It signifies, according to local tradition, his authority as head of the family. He himself passes the *pesos* on to his wife whom he thereby acknowledges queen of the household. In Filipino homes, the husband entrusts the family funds to his wife who manages the budget and provides for the children's education.

After the *Sanctus*, the best man and a bridesmaid throw over the heads and shoulders of the kneeling twosome a large white veil which is meant to be a symbol of the virginity kept until this day. The cord bearers next pass a cord tied in a circle around the neck of the two to remind them of the biblical "what God has put together, let no man put asunder."

Veil and cord are removed by the godparents towards the end of the Mass. This is the time when the bride effusively kisses





her mother farewell. Many tears are shed, for the separation is keenly felt.

When, the religious ceremony over, husband and wife emerge from the church, the women folk shower them

Wedding Banquet

Musicians escort the bridal party home for the wedding banquet. Often, all the people of the *barrio* are present, for in this land of sunshine, simplicity, and gladness, such joyful occasions assume the proportion of a village feast. No formal wedding cards are needed, for all naturally consider themselves invited.

A more or less superstitious practice cautions the newly married couple to step carefully as they mount the narrow ladder which leads to the upper part of a Filipino house. If either should trip it might mean an early death.

Before sitting down to their wedding banquet, the newly wedded pair perform a religious rite inaugurated long ago by their ancestors. Carrying a lighted candle, both kneel in front of the rustic shrine set up in a corner of the house where the family usually assembles for daily prayer. The father of the groom recites special prayers for the repose of the souls of departed relatives, then the *Salve Regina* is chanted in order to call down Our Lady's protection on the bride and on the groom. They afterwards kiss the hands of older brothers and sisters belonging to their respective families.

Among other foods abundantly provided for the wedding feast figure *litichoun* (pork roasted on a spit) chicken, goat meat cooked according to delicious local recipes... To avoid any loss of face should guests be more numerous than has been anticipated, the hosts always keep

with rice, a pledge of prosperity throughout the Far East. In certain provinces the bride throws her bouquet into the crowd and the girl who catches it is supposed to be the next to marry.

handy a provision of rice and a suckling pig.

The greathearted hospitality of the Islands has its own code of etiquette. Before the meal begins, the guests patiently await the coming of the bride and the groom to offer their presents. Large baskets to receive gifts are placed in front of the two as they sit, the latter at the head, the former at the lower end of a long narrow table.

At a signal from the president, the banquet begins while a solemn silence reigns in the room. When the first guests rise from the table, others take their place. Those who have eaten go out into the garden where the host distributes to each a small *palabon* (cake) wrapped in a banana leaf. Under the influence of *tuba* or of a racy cocktail composed of sugar cane juice mixed with gin or local rum, tongues are loosened and lighthearted gaiety prevails. Glasses are emptied and refilled, for who would dream of being so rude as to refuse a second glass?

Music and dance highlight all festivities in the Philippines. Soon, the evening air is filled with the melody of songs among which the best loved are the *Kumitang* or Tagalog Bridal Song and the *Kundiman* a Filipino love song. Young couples dance graceful folk dances, while parents look on approvingly. Between dances, boys and girls always form separate groups.



End of a Perfect Day

Like all happy days on earth, this one comes to a close. The youths have sung and danced to their heart's content; the men have repeatedly toasted the newly married pair; the women have cheerfully presided over the cooking and seen to the comfort of all. The time has now come to retire. With a last loving farewell and a heartfelt "Thank You", neighbours and acquaintances pensively turn homeward in the gathering twilight. The round heads of the cocoanut palms nod under a light breeze and the stars overhead wink a friendly "Good Night".

The activities of their wedding day have so crowded every hour,

that bride and groom have had little time to reflect over the serious step they have taken and the responsibilities of their new state in life. But in the hush of the tropical night, they recall the words pregnant with meaning of the liturgical blessing received that morning at the foot of the altar, words which for two thousand years have been a source of strength and inspiration to Christians united in holy wedlock the world over: "May the Lord send you help from the sanctuary, and defend you out of Sion... May the Lord out of Sion bless you, He that made Heaven and earth".



Realm of Beauty

Sister SAINT EMILIENNE¹, M.L.C.

Some time ago, the mothers of our English course pupils invited us to take part in an excursion to Nihonmatsu, a town about forty miles distant from Koriyama. More than any other spot around here, this place, known as the realm of chrysanthemum manikins, bears the stamp of old Japan.

Right at the entrance of the town, a large statue of Buddha serenely sits on an eminence as if brooding over the whole countryside. Below, a picturesque hunchbacked bridge leads

visitors to a miniature city around which colour and fragrance weave an aura of enchantment.

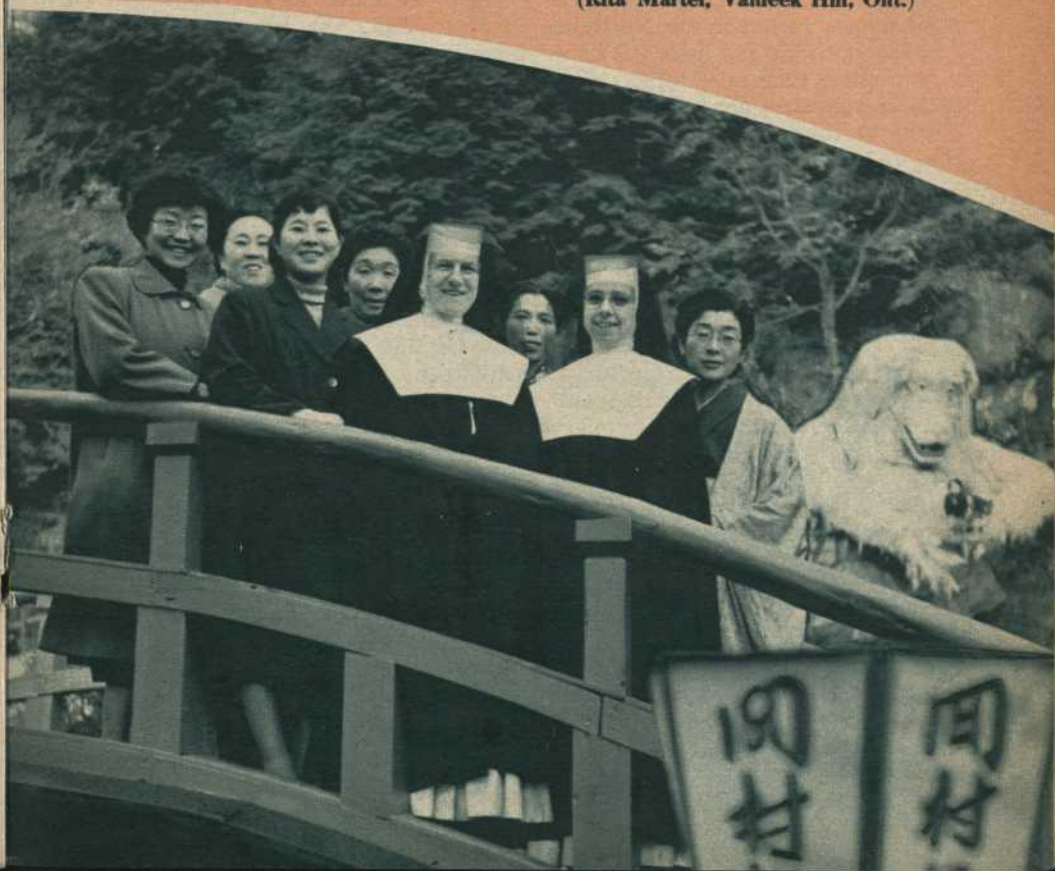
In long rows of kiosks are represented scenes from feudal Japan. The combined efforts of artists and botanists have realized a faithful and original reproduction of interesting events of the past. Historical or legendary personages appear in ancient costumes entirely fashioned out of the loveliest varieties of chrysanthemums. Only faces and hands are made of plaster.

This splendid museum, the concrete expression of exquisite oriental art, reveals the soul of Japan enamoured of the beautiful. How soon will this spiritually rich people come to know Christ, the wellspring of all Beauty?

Being as yet a tyro missionary, I was happy, on this excursion, to add to my knowledge of my adopted

country's customs and traditions. When time came to empty the lunch boxes brought by our Japanese friends, I bravely took in hand my chopsticks and plied them with a will. Overlooking my awkward attempts, the ladies smilingly congratulated me. Must not the missionary on all occasions put into practice Saint Paul's admonition to be all things to all men?

Visiting Nihonmatsu, Sisters Saint Emilienne and Gregory of Nazianzen
(Rita Martel, Vanleek Hill, Ont.)



What Secondary Education Means to Girls in Northern Nyasaland

by an African alumna

of Karonga Secondary School

Seven years ago, before the arrival of missionary Sisters in our Northern Province, girls did not have the same opportunities they now enjoy. Most of them were then uneducated. They stayed in their homes and learned how to cook *sima*, to pound maize, to hoe in the gardens, this being the lot of married women in general.

Since then, much has been done to develop their education. They began to attend junior primary school, progressed to the vernacular grade which gives the right to teach in "sub a", "sub b", and Standard I, then went on to senior primary school. After finishing their primary school, the students were able to join either the teacher's training centre or the Secondary School. The Northern Province was the last region of Nyasaland to receive the benefits of education and civilization, but such progress has been achieved that one can hardly believe so much work has been done in a few years. Today, a Northern Province girl has the same chance

of being educated as any other girl in Nyasaland. We are very lucky, indeed.

Katete Secondary School was opened in November, 1954, with just four girl students. In the following year, these passed the Standard VIII (Grade Ten) examinations. Transferred to Karonga, the Secondary School has at present a roster of 18 pupils. As many have been refused because of lack of space.

But since education for girls is new around here, many African parents have no desire of spending money to send their daughters to secondary school. They are much more interested in having their boys keep on their studies than their girls, because, as they say, once a girl is married her own family has nothing more to hope for; she must work for the interests of her husband's family.

On the other hand, if a boy is well educated and becomes a teacher or a clerk, he always helps his parents with money or clothing. That is why there are many boys but few



Pounding corn for the SIMA
and hoeing the garden;
woman's work in Nyasaland
is never done !



Pupils of Standard 6, Karonga Elementary School, follow the regular course in Home Economics given by specialized professor, Sister Cecile of Milan (Cecile Demers, Rapide l'Original).

girls in school at present. For example, in 1954, the first secondary school for boys was opened at Nkata-Bay with about forty pupils and another will shortly be organized at Karonga.

Besides, there is the problem of school fees. Many African parents are not employed at any special work here except in their gardens. Hence, many cannot afford to pay fees and clothes for their girls. Fees at secondary schools are much higher than at primary schools. When a girl

happens to finish her Standard VI, the last year of the primary school course, her parents usually want her to take the Teachers' Training Course right away because she will earn money sooner and be able to help them before she marries.

Numerous are those who do not yet understand how helpful education is to girls. Some people say, "What's the use of sending a girl to school for many years? The fact that a girl attends school, often causes her to

become lazy. Because she is interested in books only, she dislikes to pound maize as others do. She cannot even cook the *sima* well. What kind of a housekeeper will she be?" It must be admitted that some educated girls make things difficult for the education of others when, upon returning to their villages, they refuse to help with household tasks preferring to visit their friends. They presume to believe that manual work is for uneducated girls only. Our people will appreciate education to the extent that we make ourselves useful when we return home for the holidays.

Furthermore, parents are afraid that studying will prevent their girls from marrying young enough. They want to get cows as dowry price.

Some are unwilling to send their girls to Catholic schools for fear they might want to become Sisters and then they would lose both cows and daughters.

Yet, people are not totally against education for girls. They know that women teachers often earn higher wages than men working their gardens. Agriculture is the main industry in Northern Nyasa. It is to be hoped that little by little, Nyasalanders will come to understand the worth of training for girls.

We expect this will take time. Girls themselves are not always very enthusiastic about keeping up with their studies. Some are even heard to remark, "As long as I know how to read and write a letter, that is enough; I will be able to write to my husband when I marry."

It must be added that, at times, girls do not want to go into higher



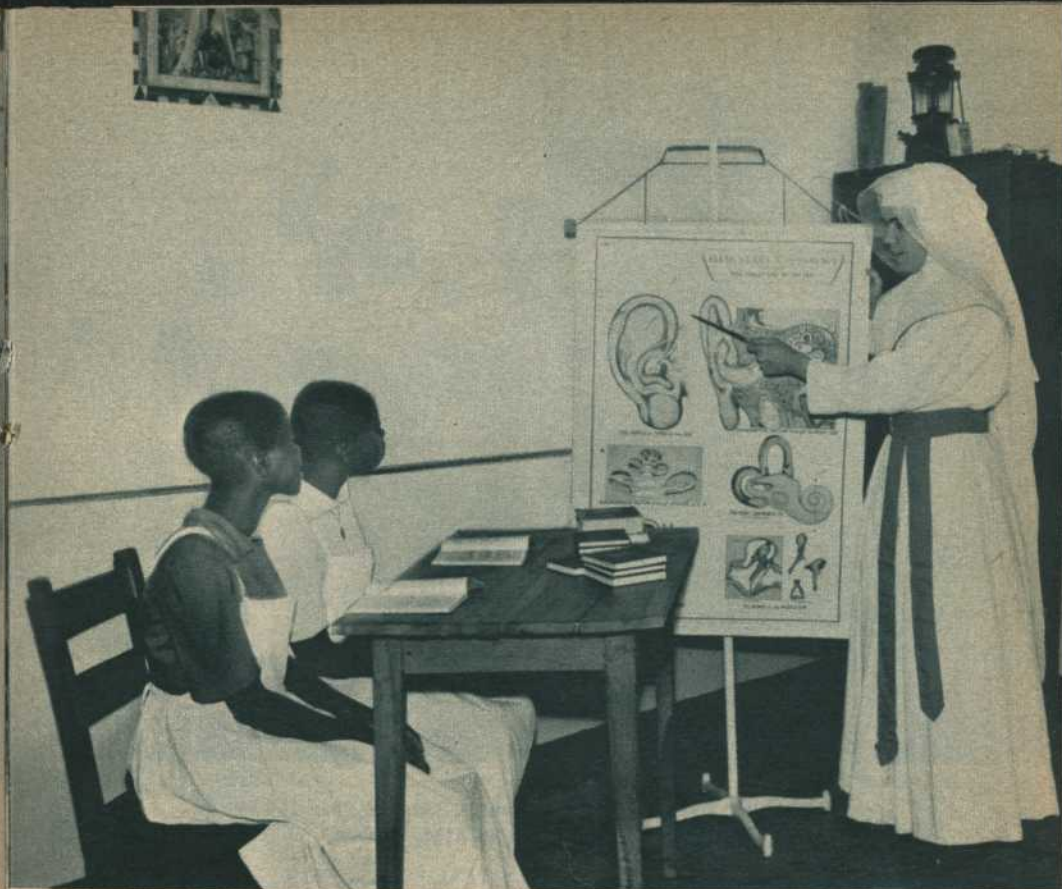


Winnowing corn to get rid of **MAFUFUZI** (insects that bore through dried kernels) is a task familiar to African girls.

classes because they find the going very hard. We Nyasalanders do not know much English. In primary school we study partly in English and partly in *Cilumbuka* up to Standard IV. In the Secondary School we have to take mathematics, literature, history, and geography, in English. Mother Claudiya, our teacher, often tells us, "You must read English if you want to acquire vocabulary." We were very grateful to receive books recently sent by the society, "Intellectual Aid to Missionaries". With these precious

volumes we have been able to start our own secondary school library which, we hope, will grow larger with time. Of course the books we are able to enjoy are the easy ones... and the rather short ones. What makes it harder for us to build a library and to meet all the other expenses connected with our schooling, is the fact that we have not yet been able to obtain any government grants.

Just the same, we dream of a bright future for our Nyasaland. Things mentioned above are happen-



Sacred Heart Hospital, Katete. Sister Saint Yvette (Yvette Carle, Joliette) gives a lesson in physiology to future nurses, postulants of Rosarian Sisters.

ing now because our Northern Province is just beginning to provide education for girls. In the Southern and in the Central Province of Nyasaland where schools for girls have been opened a long time ago, many noteworthy improvements have been brought about. Modern African housewives are trying to introduce European civilization into their homes. They use chairs, tables, beds,

and many other things. They teach their children good manners. For them, the problem of sending their children to good schools is not a hard one. Educated young men and women can assist missionaries in their great task of spreading the Catholic faith among the people. We trust it will be the same over here, soon.

These are some of the reasons why



**Sister Saint Imelda (Imelda Saurette, Letellier, Manitoba).
Distributing books sent by AIM, Ottawa,**

we want to complete our studies at the Karonga Junior Secondary School. Some time ago, we read in class a very interesting book, "Up From Slavery" by Booker Washington. The author, an ex-slave who later became the founder of the "Tuskegee Institute", a celebrated industrial and training college for American Negroes, tells us that we must aim first to "educate head, hand, and heart" in order to be able to help others in the future. With two years

of high school and with an additional two-year teachers' training course, we will be qualified to teach in any of the primary school grades and even, if need be, to take over the responsibility of the whole primary school. Thus we will be able to help our dear people. We know the task ahead is no easy one. But we have confidence that Our Lady of the Sacred Heart will take motherly care of the new-born Girls' Secondary School dedicated to her.

Chinese Children and Their Problems

Sister MARIE HONORIUS¹, M.I.C.

HONG KONG



The sacristan of the Motherhouse would undoubtedly be overjoyed if she could have at her disposal the splendid group of altar boys who take turns, week after week, serving Mass at our Austin Road Convent. Chosen among volunteers from our Tak Sun School, they number thirty strong. Every day they assemble to study the prayers and Mass responses, vying with one another in their attempts at acquiring an almost faultless Latin pronunciation, notwithstanding the fact that nearly all are as yet non-Christians.

After they have been sufficiently prepared, these Chinese lads willingly become early risers in order to serve the priest of God at the altar.

One day, after Mass, one of them confided, "Sister, there is someone at my home who no longer believes

¹ Veronique Therrien, St. Julien of Wolfston. 85

in Catholic teachings..." His lips trembled and his eyes were bright with unshed tears.

"That's too bad!" I replied. "May I know who it is?"

"It is Papa, my dear Papa. Oh, Sister my heart is so sore! A few days ago, he broke our statues and burnt all our religious articles. My older brother helped him... Please, Sister, pray for their conversion."

Another altar boy, a non-Christian, once told me, "Sister, Mamma

has no faith. She said so."

"What about Papa? Does he believe?"

"Yes, he told me 'If you believe I also believe'".

Chinese youths are often confronted with problems unknown to the majority of Canadian youths. Boys and girls of Hong Kong are very lucky when they can attend a Catholic school, for it is then possible for them to have recourse to their professors to clear up their

Sister Mary Honorius has the knack of making friends.





doubts and to learn the true scale of values. Unfortunately, the number of children at present registered in Catholic institutions represents only 16.5 per cent of the student population — 71,000 on a total of 420,000. At our Tak Sun Primary School, 1,700 boys are enrolled, while our Good Hope School has a roster of over 1,800. Hundreds more could be admitted if only there were available space.

In December 1958, on the occasion of his passage in Hong Kong, His Eminence Cardinal Agagianian blessed a large school of fourteen floors capable of accommodating 3,100 pupils. This establishment was named

Raimundi College in memory of Hong Kong's first Vicariate Apostolic. The Cardinal also inaugurated another school erected in a refugee sector for 2,500 children.

What a wonderful field of apostolate these educational establishments prove! Through the school the Faith is spread into the homes and the heart of nations.

May the divine Master multiply Chinese altar boys and grant missionaries to reach the youth of Hong Kong, so that in the generation which grows up in the shadow of Communism may pass a current of Christian energy capable of annihilating the subversive forces of evil.

Their Eyes Met



Sister MARY OF THE REPARATION¹, M.I.C.

When the rainy season is at its peak, the heat becomes so oppressive that all living things seem to gasp for breath. The river which separates the hamlet of Les Coteaux from the village of Débauché then sings a tempestuous song as it rolls its muddy waters down to the Caribbean Sea. It was during this time last year that Alcine, one of my out-patients, died. But let me tell you her story which illustrates the tenderness of the Mother of Mercy for straying souls.

Six years ago, Alcine a robust young woman filled with the joy of living, married the man of her choice. Eventually she became the proud mother of two lovely children. Alas,

her idyll was short-lived. Fickle and shiftless, her husband soon deserted leaving her to earn her own living and that of her little ones.

Courageously, she set up a small shop if shop it could be called, for it was nothing other than a large tray piled with bunches of various kinds of vegetables placed on a stool in front of her open door. On days when a kind neighbour offered to take care of her children, she balanced the tray on her head and hawked her wares in the lanes of Débauché.

In time, worry, hunger, and loneliness gnawed into the fibre of her being. She became ill with tuberculosis of the lungs, and as she was too poor

¹ Marie Ange Provost, Sherrington.

to go into a sanatorium, she grew from bad to worse. At last, a violent hemorrhage brought her close to death. A friend ran in to our dispensary to ask for succour. At that time of the year, the river current was so swift that it was useless to attempt the crossing on horseback as I usually did in fair weather. What was to be done? Just then a guide who heard of the predicament offered to carry me on his back. This is often done around here as

floor, shrieking and gesticulating to frighten the evil spirits away. Some of the older women assiduously sprinkled tafia (a spirit obtained from distilled sugar cane juice) over the patient as they considered this an excellent means of bringing back consciousness. It took a good deal of persuasion on my part to have the people leave the one-room *caille* so that I could attend to the patient. Only after several hours did I have the satisfaction of knowing that



there are no bridges and few boats to ferry people across.

I found the shack crowded with people who excitedly milled around the sick woman lying on a straw mat, apparently unconscious. Two close relatives rolled about on the

Alcine had been pulled out of a tight spot. As soon as she recognized me, she smiled wanly. Into her wasted hands held out in a gesture of affectionate thankfulness, I dropped a miraculous medal, most powerful of all talismans. She held it respect-

fully to her lips, then asked to have it put on string and passed around her neck.

On the following day, after ministering to the needs of the dispensary patients, I started for Débauché. Alcine was overjoyed when she saw me at her door, laden with packages of food, some clean clothes, and medicine. She told me she already felt much better.

Alcine slowly recovered from the effect of her severe hemorrhage although she did not regain sufficient strength to take up her work again. How could she hope for a cure when she did not have sufficient food to eat and when her heart was wrung with anxiety for her hungry babies? I visited her every week and did all in my power to bring her relief and consolation. Always she showed herself grateful for the least service rendered.

Then, unexpectedly, her attitude changed. I discovered her, on one of my visits, lying on the floor, her face contorted with passion, a strange wild look in her dark eyes. She had flung Our Lady's medal far from her, and was muttering over and over that she no longer believed in God. In vain I tried to pacify her and to have her pray. Poor Alcine! It was plain that the arch enemy of souls

had been at work. My only hope to save her now lay in the intercession of Mary whom the Church has taught us to invoke under the title of Refuge of Sinners. After giving the patient some medicine, I reminded her that in a few days the pilgrim statue of Our Lady of Lourdes would pass through Débauché. But she only glowered at me and turned her face to the wall.

* * *

Carried on a flower-decked float, Our Lady of Lourdes passed through the poor hamlet and paused in front of the *caille* where Alcine lay gasping out her life. Through the half-open door, the unhappy woman saw that her Mother had indeed come to her in her hour of direst need. Their eyes met. At the mute reproach she read in that maternal glance, the prodigal burst into tears of repentance. That very day she sent a neighbour to call for Reverend O. Duplessis, O.M.I., pastor of Les Coteaux, who reconciled her with her Maker and prepared her for the supreme voyage.

On February 11, while thousands at Lourdes acclaimed the Immaculate Queen of Heaven in her beloved sanctuary, Alcine's shriven soul entered through the Gate of Heaven into the peace of the Father's House.

MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

MARCH: That family life in Africa may become deeply imbued with Christian principles.

APRIL: That Catholics in mission lands may efficiently react against the dangers of a hostile press.

MAMMA CATHERINE

Sister SAINT FELICITE¹, M.I.C.

The population of Madagascar comprises about fifteen tribes who once lived independent one from the other and who now share the land as follows: the Merina, leaders and intellectuals, inhabit the great central plateaus with Tananarivo as capital; the peaceful and industrious Betsileos, mostly rice growers, are grouped around Fianarantsea; the Betsimisaraka, good farmers and excellent sailors, live on the eastern coast; the Tanala, occupy the forest belt in the north. Other tribes are the Bara, the Mahafaly, and the Sakalava, the latter occupying the western coast or coast of the spreading valleys. Divided into clans, the Sakalava are subject to respective *mpanjaka* kings or queens. None show deeper attachment to ancestral customs and superstitions. To this ethnic group distinguished by noble qualities of mind and character, belongs Mamma Catherine whose story I am about to relate.

Her grandfather was sentenced to be shot during the troublous days following the 1896 insurrection which

brought about the annexation of Madagascar to France. The officer commissioned to carry out this execution took pity on Marokao, the young son of the condemned man, and during the entire time of his stay in the Sakalava district, he devoted his leisure teaching him French and seeing to his welfare. Thanks to his kindness the boy grew up to be a credit to his clan.

In time he married not one but two then three wives according to Sakalava traditions which not only sanction polygamy, but consider it a title of glory. Thus he lived for several years, when, because of a slight disagreement, he dismissed his first wife. Shortly afterwards, the woman gave birth to a baby girl; in compliance with Malagasy customs in case of divorce, the child was claimed by the father to be brought up in his household. Left entirely to her own devices, the little girl lacked the wise, firm guidance she sorely needed; by a special heavenly grace, however, this educational deficiency did not have the regrettable results

¹ Therese Leblanc, St. Sylvere.



**It is a real joy to teach Malagasy pupils, says Sister Saint Felicite
(Therese Leblanc, Saint Sylvere).**

one might have expected.

Until she was fourteen, Catherine was without any religious knowledge whatever. Around this period, having once gone on a visit to her mother who lived with an uncle in a distant village, she met the daughter of a catechist with whom she soon became fast friends. From this young girl she learned that a foreign Catholic priest called at the Mission every month to teach the doctrine to catechumens. Fired with the desire to share in this instruction, Catherine several times undertook the tiresome journey to her uncle's village. Before long, she knew enough to pass successfully the examinations preparatory to Baptism. "Now that I

am instructed, you cannot refuse to baptize me," she declared to the missionary priest. "Please do not delay. I am desirous of becoming a Christian as soon as possible." After he had made sure that the girl was acting of her own free will, the missionary granted her request.

Returning to her uncle's house after the ceremony, eager to share her happiness, she broke the wonderful news to anyone who would listen to her. Poor little girl! She had yet to learn that discretion is the better part of valour. Her infuriated uncle sent her home post-haste. Vanished forever were the carefree days of her childhood; she would henceforth have to fight for the liberty to live as her

conscience dictated. After a stormy interview with her stern father, she prudently resolved for the time being to keep her secret from all her other relatives and friends. Caught in the net of ancient family practices that savoured more or less of superstition, she nonetheless remained true to the Faith of her Baptism, although she was unable to attend church.

At sixteen, Catherine was forced to accept a pagan husband, Mr. Tainoka, a cultured man and a distinguished member of the local government who, at first, left her entirely free to attend religious instructions given by a catechist at the Catholic Mission every Sunday. Then he unexpectedly adopted a contrary course. Rising early, one Sunday morning, he hid his young wife's garments in a chest and left for his work with the key in his pocket. Undaunted, Catherine snatched up her bed sheets, draped them gracefully about her, then sauntered out to attend the doctrine lesson from outside an open chapel window.

The dignified gentleman nearly choked with rage and mortification when a servant ran to his office with the news. "She will pay dearly for her boldness!" he exclaimed. He strode home, armed himself with a stout stick, and watched for her return. Uncomplainingly, she bore with this harsh treatment. The following Sunday when she again attempted to leave for the Mission, she found herself a prisoner in her room. Remembering how, on the occasion of her Baptism, the priest had given her a beautiful picture of Our Lady, she now took it out of her trunk,

placed it on a table with her personal adornments laid about it, and knelt down to pray and meditate.

Some months after this, she left her native village, as her husband had been assigned to an honourable post in Miandrivasa. Convinced by now, that no amount of reasoning would induce his wife to change her mind, he left her in peace as far as religion was concerned.

Although they had been married for several years, their union had remained childless. Eventually, Mr. Tainoka, following in this the pagan customs of his people, decided to take another wife. What a heavy trial this was for Catherine's tender heart! Through the years she had hoped by dint of patience and of persevering prayer to win her beloved husband to the Faith, but now, obstacles to his conversion seemed unsurmountable. They might have been to any other woman but Catherine. Instead of sulking the newly introduced wife and causing her husband to feel the weight of her resentment, she grew even more attentive and affectionate, surrounding him with delicate attentions of all kinds. What should have proved a wedge between the two, brought on instead a closer approach to intimacy. Before the end of the year, Mr. Tainoka, on his own accord, required his wife to teach him the doctrine. Better still, the second wife asked to share in the catechism lessons given by her rival and finally accepted to return to her home village where she was later on baptized.

What a blissful day it was for Catherine and for the entire parish of Miandrivasa, when Mr. Tainoka

entered the Fold! The good town folk were present at the ceremony of his Baptism and of his First Communion, thanking God with the happy wife for this remarkable event. That a scion of the noble Sakalava clan should become a Catholic was considered as nothing short of a miracle.

Until his death which occurred in 1946, Mr. Tainoka made himself a generous protector of the missionaries; he and his saintly wife vied with each other in the practice of Christian virtues. As they had not been granted any children of their own, they provided for the education of five nephews, one of whom is at present Minister of Education.

When her husband died Catherine found herself alone in the world, for her five adopted sons had meantime been recalled by their families.

Her isolation did not last long. Hearing that her father who had remained a non-Christian was seriously ill she set out immediately for her native district. What mattered it that the rainy season was at its peak, rendering the roads nearly impassable? Her filial love found nothing too difficult in order to bring this beloved soul salvation at last.

After ten days of instruction, the aged man was baptized. He had always held a soft spot in his heart for his spirited eldest daughter of whom he was immensely proud. To give her a last token of his solicitude, he gathered his large family about him and thus spoke, "Catherine is now alone in the world with none to care for her in her old age; you must agree to give her some of your children to keep her company."

The Malagasy hold the wishes of the dying sacred. It, therefore, turned out that Catherine returned to Morondava with a girl and a boy who had been legally adopted; the latter is at present a pupil in the Junior Seminary, while the former is a boarder at our convent school.

Mamma Catherine spends her days in the shadow of the mission church doing good to all who come into contact with her. The ailing, the needy, the distressed are sure to find a motherly welcome at her home; her kindness and generosity are proverbial throughout the countryside. We, tyro missionaries, benefit by her expert lessons in the Malagasy dialect. Serenely she awaits the call of the good Master she serves so well.

* ————— *

It is especially in an age like this that our faith, our hope and our love are put to the test. Christ is saying to everyone of us, "It is I. Fear ye not." And we should at least answer, "Lord, I fear not; but increase my courage."

Dr. C. H. John Wu

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.
NOVITIATE, Pont Vieu, Montreal 40.
OUTREMONT, 314 St. Catherine Road,
Montreal 8.
CHINESE HOSPITAL, 112 Lagauchetiere St., West,
Montreal 1.
NOMINIQUE, Labelle County, P.Q.
RIMOUSKI, 85 St. Germain Street, P.Q.
JOLIETTE P.Q., 750 St. Louis Street.
QUEBEC, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.
VANCOUVER, Oriental Hospital, 236 Campbell St.
VANCOUVER, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward Street.
TROIS RIVIERES, P.Q., 1325 de la Terriere Street.
GRANBY, P.Q., 35 Dufferin 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 Vilanhsien, 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, Haiti.
CHANTAL, Haiti.
TROU DU NORD, Haiti.
PORT AU PRINCE, cité No 2, Haiti.
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. of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

KATEIE MISSION, Champira P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZAMBAZI MISSION, Kaufkule P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
RUMPI MISSION, Rumpi 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, Convent School, Mzuzu 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.
NYIMBA MISSION, Sacred Heart Hospital
Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.

