



Vol. XXIV - 38th year

May-June 1960

Montreal No. 3

The Precursor

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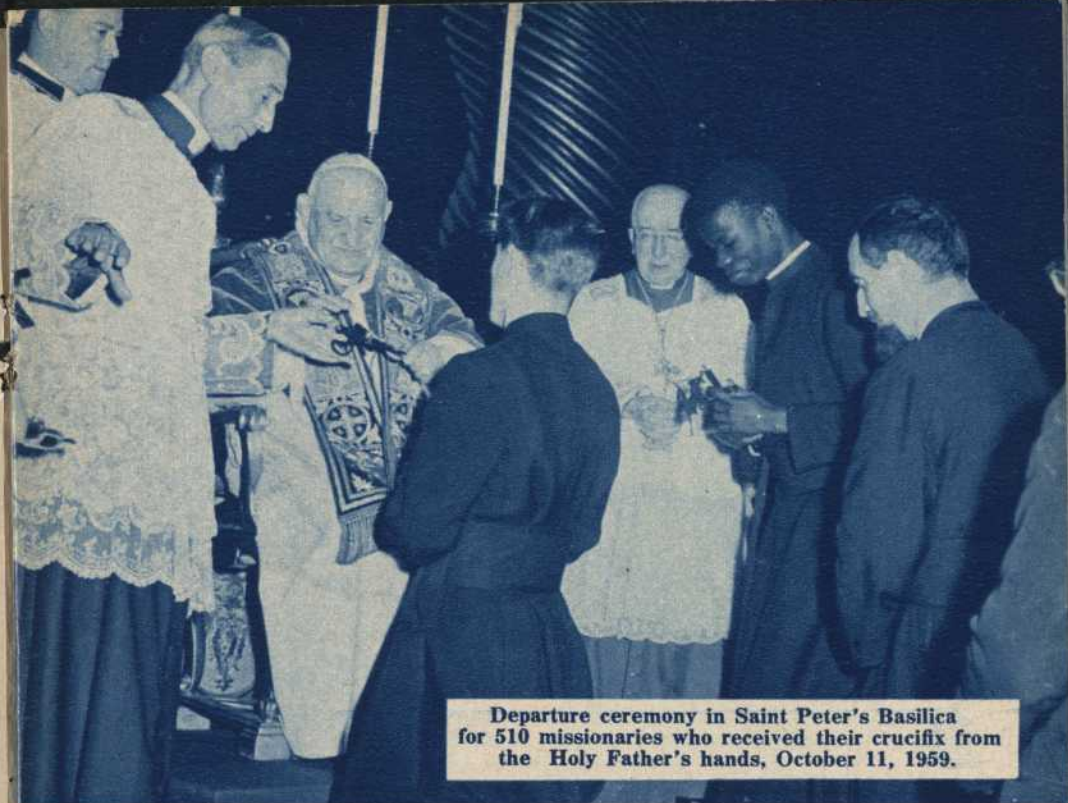
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Our Cover-Page: Springtime idyll —
a Japanese bride.



Departure ceremony in Saint Peter's Basilica for 510 missionaries who received their crucifix from the Holy Father's hands, October 11, 1959.

TRUE NATURE OF WORK FOR MISSIONS

VATICAN CITY — In a brief discourse to members of an Italian lay society for the support of the missions, His Holiness the Pope put the various forms of work for the missions in their true perspective. "Material offerings," His Holiness said, "are necessary, but they are not the principal, nor the only form of assistance."

"Not a few Christians hold the erroneous idea that missionary assistance is carried out completely in the simple offering of material help. Such a way of thinking reduces the missionary problem to the level of just another human problem, whereas it is essentially a supernatural problem."

The more valuable means of assistance, His Holiness went on, include "love for souls, prayers for the salvation of others, and, above all, suffering inspired by charity."

"Ah ! What a triumph for the Church it would be if it were possible to enroll under the banner of the mission apostolate all the Christians who suffer in the hospitals, in the sanatoriums, and in rest homes ; if it were possible, above all, to make these places centres of spiritual support for the missionary army ; if it were possible to persuade the infirm to give their pain, accepted with love from the hands of God, for the missions!"



Bounties of the Queen

Sister SAINT FEBRONIE¹, M.I.C.

Hardly a day passes for us missionaries without it being marked by some new and gracious favour from the Queen of Missions. Let me tell you about the favours recently bestowed upon two of my Cuban friends who love Mary with a deep childlike devotion.

Early one morning, Ramon bounded into the classroom shouting triumphantly, "Madre, I'm baptized!" The little lad had been sighing for months after this happiness, but his parents had always refused their consent. Novena after novena was made to Our Lady of Perpetual Help and at last she had deigned to hear the plea of pupils and teacher.

The *Magnificat* still sang in my

heart when a neighbour knocked at the door with a message from Mr. X, the town tailor, who was ill and who wanted to see the *Madre* without delay. I was all the more surprised at this summons that Mr. X was the pueblo Communist leader. True, his Marxist convictions did not run very deep, for he allowed his children to follow my weekly courses on Christian doctrine. One of his darlings had even told me, "Daddy never goes to bed without first reciting a few *Ave Marias* in memory of his own mother who taught him to love the Mother of God."

We found the poor man in great pain lying on a pallet behind the counter in his little shop. The doctor

held out no hope, for the patient was suffering from an advanced case of cancer. As soon as he caught sight of us, Mr. X exclaimed, *Madre quiero morir con Dios* (I want to die with God)! We pinned a miraculous medal to his clothes and knelt beside him to say the Rosary at his request. He thanked us gratefully and made us promise to help him die *con Dios*.

On one of our visits in the days that followed, he remarked, "Madre, when you pray Our Lady for me I feel so much consolation that I seem to forget my pain." He went on, "I forgive all those who have done me any wrong. There is no spite in my heart. I am quite ready to die." Notwithstanding the custom which in Cuba keeps the priest away from the bedside of the dying under the pretext of not upsetting them, Reverend Father Bertrand, P.M.E. frequently called on the tailor. After Mr. X had made his confession and received the Last Sacraments, he confided, "I am not at all afraid of death. Why should I be?" The priest encouraged him then explained that it was not unusual for people to rally after being anointed. "Do you mean that I can still hope to be cured?" the moribund queried.

"Science is powerless to do any-

thing for you but God is all powerful," Father replied.

In the dying man's soul was born at that moment the Faith that obtains miracles... through Mary's intercession.

During the weeks that followed, the good people of Manguito did all in their power to bring him comfort and relief. A neighbour installed an electric fan in the shop; every day a lady brought him a thermos flask of hot coffee; another hung a mosquito net over his pallet. Filled with gratitude, Mr. X talked to all who visited him about God's providence, His infinite mercy, the joy of living in union with Jesus and Mary.

Gradually, the patient began to improve. The sores covering his wasted body healed; his sufferings abated, then vanished. In his body and in his soul the divine Physician was working wonders.

Upon our return from Colon where we had gone for the Annual Retreat, we found the tailor on the road to complete recovery. As a token of thanksgiving Mr. X made a solemn consecration of himself to Our Lady on August 15. He is now desirous of spending the rest of a life so miraculously restored to him in the service of his heavenly Protectress, helping the *Padre* in his apostolate among the people of Manguito.

MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

MAY: That Catholics in mission lands may efficaciously react against the dangers of an objectionable press.

JUNE: The collaboration of Catholics in offering spiritual and material help to underdeveloped countries.

KORIYAMA, JAPAN

Mother's Day

Sister SAINT EUSTACHE¹, M.I.C.

Lately Sister Superior, being kept more busy than usual with the building of our new school, has entrusted me with the welcome task of visiting the sick at Kōkuritsu Hospital ten minutes by bus from Koriyama.

While my companion, a member of the Legion of Mary, explains the doctrine to a group of patients, I make the rounds of the other wards scattering smiles and kind words as I go. My rather sketchy knowledge of Japanese does not allow me to say much, but I feel that the patients enjoy our weekly visit.

On Mother's Day as we left for the hospital, my thoughts naturally turned to my own dear mother in the homeland so far away. If only I could baptize some one today in her name! There was Grandmother Iwashima who had long been a catechumen but who kept putting off being baptized. Perhaps I would find her ready today...

I started my visits with the old women's ward to wish them all an affectionate "Happy Mother's Day!" They were deeply touched by this delicate attention. "You are the only one to remember that we have been mothers," whispered one old lady with tears in her eyes. I found Mrs. Iwashima in bed and learned she had had a slight stroke. "Dear Grandma," I urged, "Don't you want to become the child of God in order to be with Him forever in heaven?"

"Yes, yes. *Sugu*. (right away). I must be ready when He calls." The Legionary who accompanied me instructed her anew in the most important mysteries of our Faith, then I had the privilege of pouring the waters of re-

"We've been as
these little orphans

ood
all
Sist



generation giving my old friend the names of Marie Alfreda Laurence. With her companions, the neophyte piously recited the *Pater*, the *Ave*, the *Credo*. She was overjoyed and thanked us effusively.

On the way home, I thanked the Queen of May for this wonderful grace, this mystical gift she had enabled me to offer to my dear mother on Mother's Day.

as
ns
ood as gold today,"
all their dear friend
Sister Saint Eustache.





THE MALAGASY

Traditions, way of l

therefore, feels like an outcast. He is averse to living alone, for such a life does not appear at all normal. On the contrary, he relies on the support of his parents, his brothers, the members of his clan. The traditional family in these regions reaches the proportion of a tribe known under the name of a common ancestor, the members of this vast social structure possessing no proper names but being simply designated as Peter or Paul or again as the grandson of Louis, grandfather's grandson...

Love of life to be preserved and to be transmitted, such has always been the initial sense of the family in Madagascar.

To the Malagasy, everything relating to life deserves infinite respect. Like the patriarchs of old, he considers fertility a blessing, sterility a curse. Motherhood he surrounds with joy, and woman is all the more loved and honoured that she bears him a greater number of children. The child is a gift from heaven, the *menaky ny aina* (fat of life). Sons assure the prolongation of the family and of tradition; a man without descendants,

Perhaps to make up for this lack of surnames the honorific particle *ra* is prefixed to all Malagasy given names. Even the children as soon as they have reached the age of discretion are entitled to this prefix; the Malagasy attach so much importance to it that the newly baptized always affix it to their Christian names and so we have *RAPPAUL*, *RAPIERRE*, *RAMARIE*, *RATHERSE*...

In towns and cities boasting of a strong Christian culture where the parochial organization brings about

Y FAMILY

y of life, customs...

Sister SAINT ELOI, M.I.C.

Cecile Desjardins, Saint Eloi.

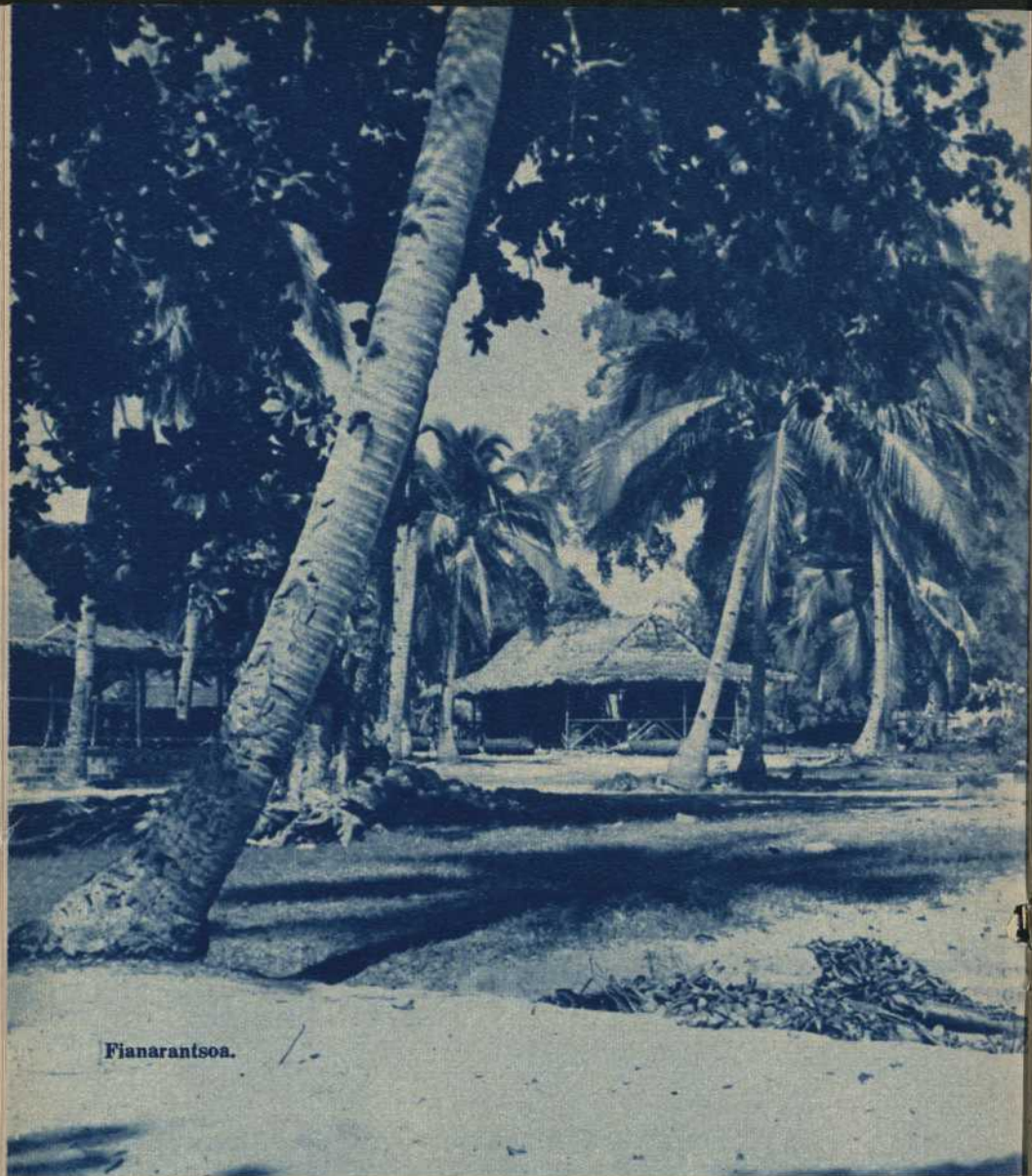
many changes in the family structure, the great tribal community is gradually disappearing subdivided as it is into small families such as we know them. The sense of collectivity and the need of union persist, nonetheless, strenghtening the bonds of kinship, rendering separations acutely painful. Separated from his family, the child pines for his loved ones, and the least incident revives his sorrow. For their part, the parents

endlessly repeat the name of the absent one as if to bring him back to the family hearth by this simple call of love.

Another noble characteristic of the Malagasy is his innate, profound religious sense, his desire to have someone of his family perpetuate ancestor worship through the offering of sacrifices to the dead. Extraordinary respect for the departed is in fact a sort of religion in Madagascar where death is synonymous not with sadness but with

Pounding rice for the noonday meal in Madagascar.





Fianarantsoa.

joy. What is it if not a happy arrival in the Land of the Leal, in the kingdom of the ancestors? To these

conquerors of immortality, requests are made; in them, the living confide in times of trial or sorrow; with them

they share their everyday pleasures. A yearly festival is held in their honour during which their remains, carefully wrapped in new *lambas*, are carried through the streets to the tune of merry music, songs, and dances. After they have been sufficiently refreshed and feted, they are replaced inside their mausoleums to await in peace a new *retournement* (turning over) as this, to us, gruesome ceremony is called.

Marriage customs

Early marriages are the rule in the Red Isle where it usually falls to the mother to propose in place of her son! If the young girl accepts, the family of the prospective groom sends her the traditional *vodriondry* (leg of mutton) which really consists in a certain sum of money, a sort of token bearing out the assent of in-laws and ancients. Such is the importance of this rite to ensure conjugal stability, that missionaries require it in Catholic marriages. When parents show opposition, their consent may be carried off by more or less expensive gifts, two or three bullocks, for instance, or an important sum of money. Preliminary arrangements being concluded, the pair are affianced, then a few months later married. Wedding festivities are merry affairs extending at time over an entire week as guests keep on arriving.

In most cases, the newly married settle down to live with the parents of the groom. When the old homestead is bursting at the seams with the families of several married sons, a new hut is built in the yard for the youngest couple. The family thus remains closely united under

the authority of Grandpa and Grandma whose advice is respectfully listened to and religiously followed. When grandparents die, the father becomes the honoured and cherished king of the family group. His is the first place always and in all things. Should there be only one chair in the house, it is his by right. In Madagascar, etiquette forbidding inferiors to sit on a level with superiors, this explains why the Malagasy mother and her children sit on lower chairs or stools than the father.

Polygamy, once practised on a large scale, is no longer the fashion. In the plateau region, woman is considered the equal of man, sharing his privileges and responsibilities. The husband builds the family hut and tills the land; the wife cooks the meals and helps with the weeding and harvesting. Along the coast, woman's lot is harsher. There the heaviest tasks are left to her, as carrying water from distant wells, a work that sometimes obliges her

MALAGASY CHURCH

1,100,000 Catholics

5,342 Catechists

74,500 Catechumens

128 Priests

235 Brothers

336 Religious

(Sisters)

351 Seminarians



Pensive Malagasy youth faces the future.

to walk for hours on end, bent under her burden.

For a Malagasy, there is no worse

affront than to be forced to cook his own meals. Discontented wives adroitly take advantage of this to effect their husband's reform...

Education of youth

The coming of the child is ardently desired in a Malagasy home. Women feel disgraced if they find themselves deprived of the joy and glory of motherhood. No orphan is ever abandoned. Even the children born out of wedlock are welcomed and cherished.

The Malagasy are occasionally reproached with weakness in the education of youth. Before finding fault with their methods, however, we might do well to study their mentality, a mentality which is based on love. Imbued from their earliest years

with filial piety and respect for authority, children surround their parents with affectionate veneration and delicate attentions, carefully avoiding anything which might bring them pain. This veneration extends to grandparents as well as to older brothers and sisters. Dutiful sons or daughters will never allow their mother or elders in general to carry burdens. In school, the same deference is shown by younger to older pupils. Modern ideas penetrating this distant country are gradually, alas, causing this respectful attitude to

diminish among the young generation. More is the pity, for was there not much homely wisdom in the traditions of the past?

Rules of etiquette differ from ours on many a point. The child is taught to blow on his rice before attempting to eat it, to hold out both hands in accepting an object be it only a pin... Young girls learning the art of cooking must take care when fowl figures on their menu to offer the "parson's nose" to the guest of honour, the legs to children, the breast and the wings to intermediary guests...

Notwithstanding recent developments in education more especially in town and villages, only half of the total number of children of school age attend educational institutions: 450,000 on about 900,000. On this number, the majority of pupils from rural areas leave school to work on farms when they are fourteen. As they have studied in French, a language not used in the home, their intellectual baggage is slight indeed. Does learning, then, leave the Malagasy indifferent? Far from it. Poverty alone compels them to forego the advantages of higher studies. Even girls would like nothing better, if given half a chance, than to become teachers, nurses, doctors...

Costume

Twentieth century customs have considerably altered traditional garb more particularly in urban areas where European fashions prevail. In remote country districts, however, men still wear the loin cloth, women the skirt supplemented for both sexes by the *lamba*.

Hairdos are simple for the men who now have their hair cut short, elaborate for the women who in most cases twist fine braids into knobs or chignons.

Malagasy dwellings

As the climate of Madagascar varies in different parts of the island, houses are built according to these conditions. In the east where it is warm and humid, they are made on stilts with walls of red clay or timber planks, and roofs of thatch and shingles. On the plateau where the weather is rather cold during four or five months of the year, comfortable, two-story brick dwellings are used. From one end of the country to the other, however, the shape of the houses is always oblong and their orientation north to south with door and window on the western side. Chairs, tables, and beds may be





found in wealthy homes, but a great many people have to be content with the simple furniture of their ancestors — the ubiquitous mats used in lieu of seats and beds.

Amusements and pastimes

Born orators, the Malagasy are very fond of storytelling and of interminable speeches made out of doors for the benefit of neighbours.

These speeches are usually prefaced by one or other of the following formulas: "Honourable relatives (or friends), the youth of the day is

the morning, its old age is the evening. Alas, we cannot hold back the day, for it always runs away to hide in the dark... I who hardly know as yet how to manipulate the hoe and plant the rice seedlings should not presume to speak before men of ripe experience who have harvested white rice, pounded it, had it cooked to perfection... Does not the cock flap its wings before it crows? The bull twitch its tail before it bellows? So should I make a hundred, nay a thousand excuses before presuming to speak in front of you..."

Other pastimes are the singing of folk songs, and simple dances to the accompaniment of flutes, drums, accordions, and other instruments. Radio and movies provide modern amusements in more developed centres.

The best loved of all festivals in Madagascar is the traditional family celebration held every July 14, a day of reunion when scattered sons and daughters with their children gather under the old roof tree to partake of a delicious banquet which Grandpa has had prepared. The only excuse from being present at this family feast is a too considerable distance to be covered. In the evening, a bonfire is lighted in the yard around which relatives gather to dance, to make speeches, to sing the joys of family life.

Religion

On a total population of 5,100,000 inhabitants, Catholics number 1,100,000; Protestants about 870,000. The great majority of the people are non-Christians which does not mean to say they are irreligious, for the Malagasy are naturally drawn

to contemplation, to the spiritual aspects of life.

Their veneration for ancestors embraces a number of animals and things which they suppose possess a soul: crocodiles, oxen, cats, cereals, more especially rice, the staple food of the Island. Nevertheless, monotheism remains transcendent.

Indeed, one might say that the idea of the one true God is interwoven in their social and familial life. When a Malagasy starts on a journey, his friends wish him god-speed thus, "May you have a safe going and returning. May Andriamanitra (God) lead you by the hand." As they slip into eternity, the dying murmur, "Andriamanitra is calling."

Many a proverb also stresses this belief in a unique God who rewards the good and punishes the wicked. "Do not imagine that you are alone in the valley. God watches from above." "God abhors those who work evil." "Pray to your ancestors if you want to obtain the bounties He alone can dispense." Because of his own peculiar psychology inclining him to a respect that is often excessive, the Malagasy lives in constant dread of God and of inferior spirits. Sacrifices and superstitious rites practised with the hope of warding off evils, stem from this feeling. Such restrictions and obligations, however, often contribute in preserving him from serious wrongdoing.

Betsileo village of Fianarantsoa.



The Malagasy family is a fertile ground in which may be sowed broadcast the seed of Christian teaching. "Let the little ones come unto Me..." These words cannot but sweetly fall on the ears of a people who consider children as treasures beyond price. Christ's lessons on poverty are easily understood by the frugal but hospitable peasant who is always ready to share his humble home with those in need. Catholic liturgy with its ceremonies, its hymns, prayers said in common, answers their need of brotherhood and union. The teachings of the Church on the

responsibilities of parents, the education of children, strengthen existing moral obligations while at the same time it facilitates their performance.

The faith of Malagasy Christians is sturdy, staunch, and generous. To assist at Holy Mass or receive the Sacraments they will often walk more than ten miles.

In this fragrant garden of the Malagasy family have already bloomed hundreds of vocations to the priesthood and the religious life. May they increase for the greater glory of God and the expansion of His Church in this beautiful island.

Morondava Crusaders work under the direction of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception.





At the Pont Viau Noviciate, Sister Ravao, our first Malagasy postulant, converses with Sister Marie Dolores (Dolores Saint-Cyr, Coleraine).

The world was not worthy to receive the WORD directly from God. Mary is still our Mediatrix, just as she was in the Incarnation. No one becomes acquainted with Jesus Christ or embraces His holy law, no one is blessed with faith unto salvation but through the prayers of Mary. Her mission, which she faithfully fulfils, is to give us Jesus. We must receive Him from her hands; in vain would we look for Him elsewhere.

Blessed Peter Julian Eymard

Kanyanga Girls



Sister JEANNE DE VALOIS, M.I.C

(Jeannine Forcier, Chicopee Falls, Mass.)



This African Miss plays the BAJA, a musical instrument fashioned out of the upper end of a dried gourd; the player blows in the stem opening covered over with a certain kind of spider's web.

School



Kanyanga Girls School founded by His Excellency Bishop Courtemanche, has just had its third birthday. Situated in the Eastern Province, twenty-two miles north of Lundazi, the school during the last two years has made remarkable progress. Its pleasing array of buildings attracts many a passer-by. For those who will perhaps never see it, here is a capsule description of our pride and joy. A bird's eye-view shows that the twelve constructions, all made of brick with tiled roofs, are laid out to form a U pattern with green lawns in the centre. The chapel, classroom blocks, dormitories, dining hall, teachers' and cooks' lodgings are the work of a group of Africans under the guidance of Brothers Restitutius and Ubald of the White Fathers' Society.

The playground is witness to many an exciting netball game the best of which was played against Mphamba School.

Now, I am sure you would like to get acquainted with our lovable African girls. Last year, 150 enrolled belonging to six different tribes,



The Guides of Kanyanga salute the flag.



namely: Tumbuka, Nyanja, Senga, Ngoni, Chewa, and Bemba. In spite of differences in tribal customs and dialects, they got on well together, producing one big, happy family. As they were all boarders, some interesting out-of-school activities had to be organized to keep them occupied and joyful. Here are some of the pastimes adopted: C. Y. O. meetings, Girl-Guiding, gardening, knitting and mending, library work, netball, skipping rope, plays in which our girls showed their dramatic abilities, and singing. At an inter-school debate on girls' education, the boys of Emusa School were our guests. Al-

though African girls are not as a rule keen on public-speaking they certainly held their own that evening. In the heat of the discussions, they forgot their natural shyness and bravely gave their say on the matter. Their good arguments won them a brilliant victory.

Never is there a dull moment at Kanyanga. This year, volley ball, badminton, and tennis will be taught so that all breaks will be packed with frolicsome amusement, giving the girls a real brain rest.

The highlights of the year were the visits of Miss D. Cartwright, S.W.E.O., and of Lady Clay, Girl

Guide Colony Commissioner. Both these visits were a delight, and on these important occasions the girls proved themselves to be well-mannered and ladylike. Miss H. M. Spring, our devoted W.E.O., also made several trips to the school always leaving a good word of advice and encouragement to all.

A word about the staff. Five teachers share the magnificent work of educating the girls. Four of these teachers are Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception and the other is Miss Anna Mtonga in charge of Standard III. Sister St. Rodrigue¹ has under her guidance the pupils of Standard IV and the Girl Guides. Sister Marie Florence², a new-comer

from Canada, will take over Standard V this year. Sister St. Pascal Baylon³ has the noble task of forming the housewives of tomorrow. Sister Jeanne of Valois cumulates the function of Principal of the school to that of teacher in Standard VI. All are happy to help in some way the progress of African girls' education.

It would be most ungrateful to close this *aperçu* without expressing our heartfelt thanks to the Divine Master who made possible the opening and flourishing of Kanyanga Girls' School. May He continue to bless the work begun and take under His loving protection the young girls we have adopted as our own.

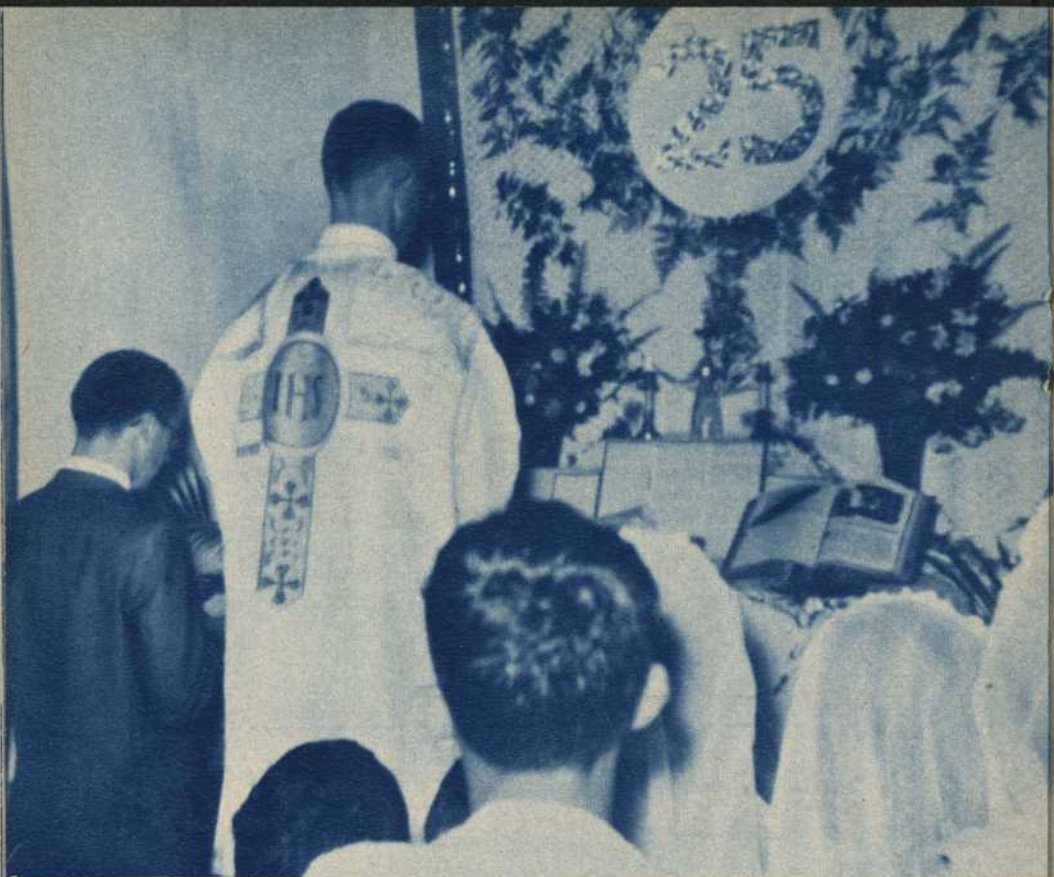
¹ Françoise Pageau, Quebec.

² Suzanne Lachapelle, Montreal.

³ Therese Deziel, Cote Saint Paul.

Calisthenics performed by Kanyanga pupils.





Silver Bells in Cuba

Sister SAINT EVELINE, M.I.C.

(Annette Bergeron, Kenogami.)

On the radiant day of his ordination in Joliette, June 24, 1934, little did Reverend Armand Asselin, P.M.E. dream that he would celebrate the 25th anniversary of this happy event in a remote Cuban *campo*. How unsearchable are the designs of divine Providence! Reverend Father's first assignment was for Manchuria where his Society then staffed many a flourishing mis-

sion. But the years brought ruin and upheaval to this part of mission territories and by a roundabout way he found himself in sunny Cuba, pastor of Maximo Gomez.

A play and a musical programme presented by our pupils of San Javier Colegio inaugurated the Silver Jubilee celebrations on June 6. His Excellency The Most Reverend A. Martin, Bishop of Matanzas, graciously presided; were also present numerous friends, parishioners, Catholic Actionists, all eager to offer their respectful homage to their dear Padre Armando. The Bishop stressed the sublime vocation of Catholic priesthood and the devotedness and spirit of self-sacrifice animating missionaries such as Father Asselin. "Without this zealous priest," he remarked, "Maximo Gomez would not be the splendid parish it is today and you would not receive the Sacraments as often as you do now."

On June 24, the jubilarian was happy to welcome to Cuba one of his own brothers from Joliette, Mr. Felicien Asselin, who with his wife had come all the way from Canada to represent the family on this blessed anniversary.

The second celebration was held

in the little town of Santa Catalina (an outpost of Maximo Gomez). Early on the morning of June 25, Mr. and Mrs. Asselin, Mrs. J. Febles, and five Sisters of the Immaculate Conception set out for the *campo*.

While the Sisters prepared a makeshift altar in the home of Senora Blanco, the parishioners scattered over the countryside to call the eighteen children who were to make their First Holy Communion.

Mr. Asselin served his brother's Mass; while Mrs. Asselin sang appropriate hymns. Immediately before communion, Spanish hymns were rendered by the *campo* folk.

Chanting the *Magnificat* at the close of the ceremony, we thanked God for the work accomplished in this out-of-the way spot during the last ten years. To a casual onlooker, the fifty persons present were but a meagre congregation. To us, these fifty denoted a genuine progress in the work of rechristianization undertaken by Canadian missionaries in the island.

Before leaving, Reverend Father distributed souvenir pictures to the grown-ups and sweets to the little ones. Everybody was happy but none more deeply so than good Father Armando!

Island



Eden

Sister MARIE OF PERPETUAL SUCCOUR, M.I.C.

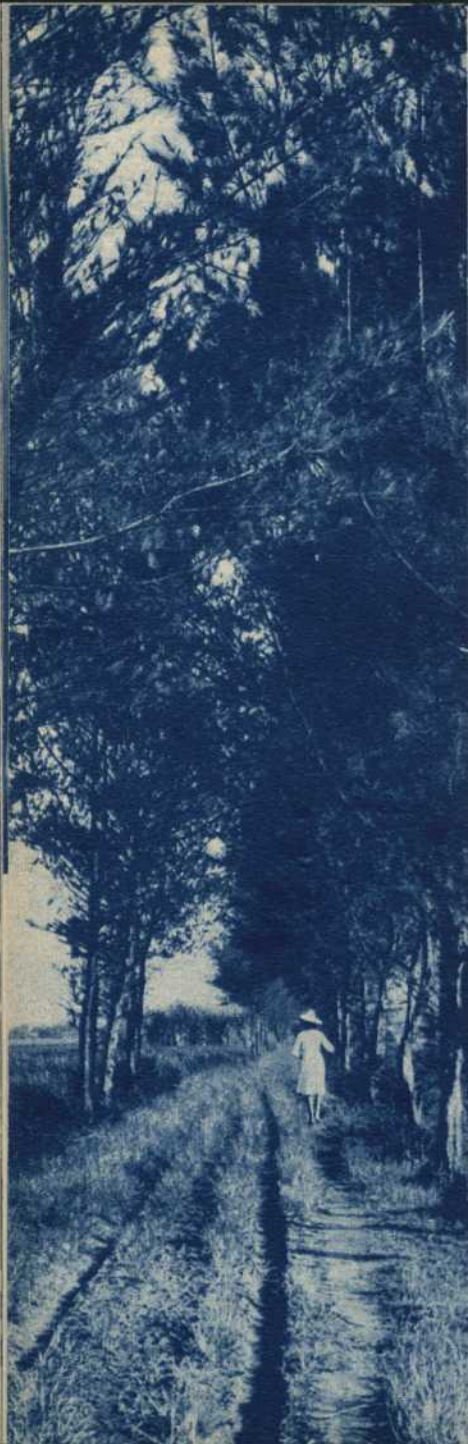
Florine Morin, Montreal.

With its queenly western plain spanning the length of the island and sweeping down to the sea, its fertile terraced hillsides, its domed mountains rising out of a filmy blue haze, Formosa appears indeed like a corner of the garden of enchantment where Adam and Eve spent such brief but blissful days.

The loveliness of their homeland notwithstanding, Formosan farmers, more than half the island's popula-

tion, lead a strenuous life. Labour in the fields, nearly all handwork, is hard and primitive. On the greater number of small farms power is provided by the plodding carabao, tractors being all but unavailable. The farmers spend their days from early dawn to late twilight, knee-deep in ooze, wrestling with crude implements. Drudgery is lightened by neighbourly co-operation, men and women chatting and laughing merrily as they slush through the rice paddies or bend over the vegetable gardens. Despite handicaps, Formosans raise most of their food and,





besides, manage to export sugar and rice. Toil and sweat are forgotten when the time comes to put the scythe through the golden grain. Some farmers spread their rice on country roads with the purpose not only to have it dried but to have it threshed by traffic; every wheel loosens grain, while the rush of air from fast-moving vehicles scatters the chaff. Stacked in pyramids to dry in the sun, the straw is afterwards put to various uses. The farms which cover Formosa's western plain and climb up into mountain valleys, annually produce 1,800,000 tons of rice.

In order to get two cereal crops a year and one of vegetables, thousands of tons of chemical fertilizer are applied to the soil which is given no rest. Sugar cane, often interplanted with sweet potatoes, yields the largest sugar crop in the world after Cuba.

Saltcellar as well as rice basket, sugar and fruit bowl, the southwest coast produces salt from the sea. Thousands of tons are annually shipped to Japan for industrial uses.

On the mountain slopes, tea cultivation is intense. Formosan tea ranks first in quality. From March to October, men, women, and young girls gather the tender leaves two weeks out of every month. Experts in this work may pluck thirty pounds a day and even fifty if they work without break from early dawn to late at dusk. It goes without saying that only the robust can accomplish such a feat. Bent double, their toes digging into the soil, the labourers literally haul themselves up the steep incline. Once plucked, tea leaves are

Photo credits, Reverend F. Foley, S. J.

shipped to the mills for torrefaction. In the Kuanhsi region there are about forty works such as these where tea is prepared for market. The oolong brand, exported chiefly to Europe and America, is made from the choicest and most delicate leaves, while the pouchong brand made from coarser leaves of the tea bush sometimes mixed with jasmine and other flowers goes to the local markets or to Java or Hawaii.

Camphor trees thrive higher on the mountain slopes. Hacked into chips and distilled locally, the product is then shipped to Taipei for refining. This was once a prosperous industry

and the chief source of the world's camphor supply. Large-scale manufacture of synthetic camphor from turpentine has considerably reduced revenues from this quarter.

Beautiful, sweet-smelling flowers framed by giant ferns, regal palm trees, cool bamboo thickets adorn Formosa. Everywhere there is an abundance of fresh fruits. Lately, we were invited to visit a large plantation of orange trees. The proprietor himself, Mr. Lin, graciously took us around the grounds where rows upon rows of trees were loaded with their golden harvest. From one terrace to another we climbed to

The Formosan farmer leads a laborious life.



the summit of the hill whence we feasted our eyes on the luxuriance of the foliage and the wonderful shades of green. Each tree bears a label indicating when it was last

sprayed with D.T.T. Orange trees require heavy, clayey soil and frequent watering. Raised from seed the young plants must be grafted. But this profusion of earthly wealth

Women may come and ducks may go, but the brook goes on forever...





Selling oranges in Formosa.

is nothing when put into comparison with the spiritual potentialities missionaries discover upon reaching Formosa. Let it suffice to mention here that the number of baptized Catholics has risen by about 104,000 between 1945 and 1957.

Most of the conversions in recent years have been among the aborigines of the eastern coast and the refugees of the capital. The former who were head hunters until about a century ago are now entering the Catholic Church at the yearly rate of 10,000; the latter, victims of Communist tyranny having cruelly suffered in their homeland, are thereby brought closer to the heart of a Church in which they are assured to find the strength and the consolation they need in their bitter trials.

The hope of the Formosan missions is centered in its youth. Children here are numerous and deeply cherished. No home could do without at least one of these treasures, and people who have none of their own, "buy" one if need be. You meet little ones everywhere, riding pickaback, gamboling in the fields, toddling along the streets, fondling their dolls or pet animals. The schools have a student population of 1,500,000.

Numerous are the missionaries needed to transform these thousands of young people into fervent Christians! Pray, therefore, the Lord of the harvest to send apostolic labourers in great numbers to this island Eden.

RESCUED FROM

Sister MIREILLE, Novice

It happened on a balmy evening in April. The sun after cheering us all day with its vivifying rays,

was sinking to rest in a sea of turquoise and gold. Down by the banks of the tumultuous Rivière des Prairies, the poplars were whispering about the miracle of their newly opened buds.

On the paved alley leading to the novitiate, a group of novices played an animated game of bowling. Other groups raked dead leaves and twigs out of the hair of the young grass or strolled beside the river. So pleasant was it out of doors that we would willingly have spent the whole evening there. But, from an opened window, all too soon, floated the chimes of the community clock. Seven. Time to go in for prayers and a study period.

As we turned into the side entrance, a novice ran up all out of breath and announced. "Polly's drowning..." Imagine the reaction! Mother Mistress in the lead, down



THE RIVER

we trooped to the river bank where we found an excited group in blue and white milling around a certain spot. Various comments flew from mouth to mouth as all heads stretched in the same direction.

"Poor Polly... perhaps she'll make it."

"Not the ghost of a chance in that swift current..."

"All we can see now is the top of her black cap..."

"Let's try with a rake."

A hardy novice held out her rake at arm's length while her companions clutched at her skirts. A disgruntled, "Aw, it's no use..." rose from the group.

Meantime, the seminarians who had been watching this commotion from afar, now came forward to offer their assistance. A few began throwing stones where the black cap alternately rose and sank. The idea seemed to be that the stones would raise the water level and





bring Polly back to us. Others ran further ahead and with tree branches tried to effect a rescue.

We followed these operations with as much breathless suspense as we used to watch the hockey games back home.

"They've got her..."

"She's gone down again..."

"What a loss for us novices!"

Suddenly, a novice of the eagle eye shouted, "Look at those seminarians playing with our ball!"

Of course, Polly was none other than our beautiful black bowling ball. A vigorous but awkward stroke had sent it rolling in the wrong direction and *en roulant ma boule* it drifted down stream. Polly being rescued we will have many another merry game of bowling *sur le bord de l'eau*.

Gilt-Edged Mission

Sister SAINT BASILE¹, M.I.C.

Since our arrival in Africa, last February, we had been living with our dear Sisters of Fort Jameson to learn the elements of Cinyanga and get our bearings. Although we enjoyed our stay in this mission, thanks to the kindness of our Sisters, we were eager to be on our way to Nyimba. What a joy it was for us to receive from Reverend Mother Regional the news that on May 1, we would leave for our Promised Land! The date could not have been better chosen, placing as it did our missionary enterprise under the dual patronage of Mary and Joseph.

Towards noon, we reached Minga where the White Sisters offered us a delicious dinner. After a brief tour of the leper hospital and a peek at the secondary and normal schools, we set out on the last leg of our trip arriving at Nyimba before sunset. His Excellency Bishop F. Courte-

manche was on the spot to bid us welcome and to introduce us into our temporary convent, an attractive brick cottage formerly used by a European registered nurse. A mulberry hedge runs around the property isolating it from the hospital and the mission compound close at hand.

Doctor and Mrs. Joubert, the only whites in Nyimba, invited us to have supper at their home. As the dessert was being served, Reverend Father Gagnon, W.F., came in to tell us we were expected at the hospital where a reception was to be held in our honour at seven.

The town of Nyimba being made up of the hospital buildings, the mission compound, and a few Indian stores, we were surprised to find a crowd of people gathered in front of the hospital. We entered the

grounds accompanied by His Excellency Bishop Courtemanche, Reverend Fathers Gomers, W.F., from Fort Jameson, and Gagnon, assistant at Nyimba, Reverend Mother Regional,¹ Doctor and Mrs. Joubert. An address was read in Cinyanja and immediately translated into English, then a Protestant teacher gave a speech of welcome, and the show was on. The Africans are certainly gifted with an innate sense of rhythm and are graceful and tireless dancers. Their voices are warm and full.

We were treated to a very fine programme of dances and song. As interludes, the people acted charades representing every day happenings in their bush villages. The one we found most amusing was a group of pseudo patients each complaining of a different ailment. Their mimicry was irresistible. At the closing of the celebration, the Bishop thanked the good folk of Nyimba in our name and announced that we had come to take care of their sick and to teach their children.

¹ Sister Saint Julie (Beatrice Tessier, Woonsocket, R.I.)

In the Nyimba banana plantation : left to right, Sister Martha of the Sacred Heart, Sister Saint Basil, Mother Saint Julie, Sister Saint Valentine.



**Bishop F. Courtemanche
of Fort Jameson,
introduced the four
Canadian missionaries
to the Nyimba population.**



Impressions and reflexions

The following day being Sunday we heard Holy Mass at the Mission Church where only a handful of Africans were present. Where had the crowd of yesterday evening gone to? After Mass, the Father in charge of Nyimba explained that Protestant missionaries had come to this district ten years ago when Catholic missionaries had not yet had time to organize a mission. At present, there is not a single Catholic school, but the territory extending over 90 miles has been subdivided into 277 outposts each numbering from 50 to 70 families, entrusted to the care of two White Fathers. The mission church is built in the purest bush

style with floor of packed dirt, clumsy thatch roof, and log walls. Ants are busy inside, building ant-hills measuring a good ten inches high, while lizards organize races all over the walls.

Fort Jameson is a pretty little town half African half European with a lovely backdrop of mountains. Nyimba on the contrary is a wild plain country without any of the commodities of civilization. At night, we go to sleep with the leopard's grunt or the hyena's mournful howl as lullaby! Some time ago, a boa, twelve feet long and six inches around, was shot in the Father's garden patch.

In this bush country it is given us to admire magnificent sunrises and sunsets. One morning when we came out of church after Mass, the sky seemed lined with innumerable tiny clouds of a deep rosy tint edged with old gold. While we stood lost in admiration, the rose colour faded into exquisite golden yellow, and our little mission literally appeared gilt-edged.

Sisters Saint Valentine¹ and Martha of the Sacred Heart,² both registered Nurses, are already at work among the hospital patients. I had never imagined what a bush hospital could be like. Sister Superior called to me one day, "Sister, the ambulance has just come into the yard." I went out and saw, not a sleek green car like those around Montreal, but a creaky wooden cart drawn by a pair of oxen. On the bare planks lay a dying girl. Was it not a wonder she had arrived here alive after the jolts of a long journey over the plain? As customary in this region, the mother and grandmother accompanied the patient, pots and parcels of food riding on their heads.

One must not be too punctilious regarding order and neatness. In the villages, people use their huts as sleeping quarters and shelters from the rain. Household activities are carried out in the open. Patients who come to the hospital, dislike being shut up inside four walls during the day, and as long as they are able to walk they sit or lounge on the grounds. No better medicine exists for them than sunshine! When the time comes for medication we use a whistle to call everybody to the dispensary. As for meals they

are served not on dainty trays with cups, saucers, plates, knives, and forks, but African style, on granite plates or "in the pot", fingers being used with great dexterity to roll the little balls of *sima* and plop them into the mouth. Relatives who accompany the patients prepare the food in the small huts placed at their disposal and serve it to them outside or inside according to the weather. When, at night, the patients seek their beds, the wards are at sixes and sevens with pots, bowls, baskets, mats, plates stowed under the bedsteads or right in the middle of the aisles, but we Sisters are the only ones who suffer from this disorder!

More or less wary of the white man's medicine, the Africans usually bring their sick to us only after they have tried in vain that of quack doctors. We cannot save many of those who are carried here in a desperate condition. Death naturally occurs. When this happens repeatedly, the other patients or their relatives take fright, and we arrive in the morning to find the wards half empty. Upon being interrogated, the attendants shrug the fact away saying, "*Anapitha ku mudsi* (they left for their tribal village)." Another explanation might be that Africans are loathe to die away from their tribal territories.

How I wish there were a magic formula to learn the Cinyanja in a trice! Already, I love these dear Africans with all my heart and hope to lead them to the Good Shepherd. At present, our apostolate consists in caring for their ailing bodies in order to reach their immortal souls. Is not charity after all the gateway to Truth?

¹ Gladys McLean, Cabano.

² Henriette Sylvestre, Montreal.

MARTI, CUBA

DOLORITA

Sister MARIE HERMINE¹, M.I.C.

Two or three kilometres off the highway, groups of rustic cabins lie scattered like little boats at anchor on a sea of green sugar cane. Vines climb over the shaggy roofs and sweet-smelling flowers of brilliant hues cover the white-washed walls in an attempt at camouflaging their dilapidated condition. This solitary hamlet is known as Dolorita, Little Dolour. Whence this dismal name? No one really knows. To me, Dolorita, notwithstanding its gloomy connotation, is an oasis of peace and consolation. Come with me some Saturday morning and you will know the reason why.

The last day of the week is always an extra busy day at our Marti convent. In the small classroom where catechisms, Bible histories, and charts are kept, Maria del Carmen, Rosa, and Odila are selecting the materials they will need to enliven their doctrine lessons. For my part, I make sure that my inscription cards are in order and that my little box of awards is reasonably full.

"Madre, Tongo is waiting at the door!" Tongo is our chauffeur on

our missionary expeditions, always punctual, always courteous. Our first stop is for Ategorrietta. Here, Sister Saint Alexis² and her team of catechists alight. From the car, we watch them making their way to a large tree under which over a hundred children and adolescents have gathered, eager to welcome their beloved doctrine teachers.

The macadamized road stops at Ategorrietta; from this town onward, we travel over the *guardarayas*, narrow tracks that crisscross the immense, undulating fields of sugar cane. As we bounce along, we recite one round of the beads. Tongo respectfully doffs his cap and joins in our Aves, all the while keeping an eye on the camel bumps ahead. We reach Dolorita as the last decade is being said. Troups of ragged urchins, shy, barefoot girls, elegant young ladies surround us in a trice, calling out cheerful greetings. Saturday is a red-letter day at Dolorita. In less than five minutes, our classes are grouped in a semblance of order before a modest statue of Our Lady of Charity ensconced in

¹ Veronique Bernatchez, Pont Rouge.

² Dolores Tremblay, Port Alfred.

the spreading branches of a huge ceiba (silk-cotton tree). This is a popular meeting place where the campo people often gather to pray for peace, for a good harvest, for rain during droughts. Every Saturday, before we start our doctrine course, we recite here a few decades of the rosary and have the children sing a hymn to La Caridad, celestial patroness of Cuba.

As the last strains are wafted on the air, Adelina, the good woman in charge of the school building, opens wide the doors, beaming happily

upon pupils and teachers. Only the seniors, those who have made their First Communion, can find place inside with their teacher, Maria del Carmen; the other groups sit outside in the schoolyard. It is a charming sight to watch the youngest of the flock squatting on an old carpet at Rosa's feet, literally hanging on her every word. A little further on the class of future First Communicants surround their devoted teacher, O-dillia.

In between harvests, we have another interesting class — adults

The youngest of the flock squat on an old carpet at Rosa's feet.



who as yet have not managed to make their First Communion. For this, they are not entirely to blame, as Dolorita has never had a parish church with a resident pastor of its own, because of the deplorable scarcity of priests in the Island. This class which usually sits apart in the neighbourhood of the railway tracks used only during the harvest consists of men of various ages: from eighteen-year-old striplings to a dignified grandfather with face as furrowed as a cocoanut shell. The latter nods solemn approbation at everything I say. His memory may not be

good but his attention is one hundred per cent. Tongo joins these men when the car is not in need of repairs; so does Manuel, a native of the Canary Islands who gives splendid example here as a practising Catholic. He never misses the occasion of going to confession and of receiving Holy Communion when the missionary priest calls at the campo twice a year.

During the busy months in the fields, these men cannot be spared from their labours. This is the time for coaxing the campo women to study the doctrine. They give all

The rosary is recited before a modest statue of Our Lady of Charity ensconced in the branches of a huge "ceiba".



sorts of reasons and excuses of the kind mentioned in the gospel of the King who invited guests to attend his wedding feast. At long last some reluctantly agree that they can spare one short half-hour... I assemble them, ten in all each with a babe in arms, under Adelina's hospitable roof to explain in simple terms the eternal truths about the existence of God, original sin, the Incarnation. Their attention is sometimes short but their good-will is not lacking. During one of our meetings recently, a four-year-old suddenly pattered into the cottage and running up to his mother kissed the baby asleep in her arms then quietly went about his business. A knowing smile lit up every mother's face as the child closed the door.

Before leaving Dolorita, I make it

a duty to visit a few families. When Tongo is ready to start the car, all the pupils surround us with affectionate *adios* and Adelina invariably comes forward holding out a big bunch of the loveliest flowers in her garden to be placed, she states, before Our Lady's statue in our Marti convent.

As we drive along the cantankerous *guardarrayas* then turn into the smooth highway, I like to ponder in my heart over the wonder of this my missionary vocation. What a privilege it is for me to make God better known and loved of these humble folk! Never can I thank Him enough for deigning to call me as He did. Do you understand now why Dolorita, Little Dolour, gives me such delight?

CATHOLIC WORLD POPULATION

Asia	32,000,000	on	1,543,000,000	inhabitants
Europe	232,000,000	on	560,000,000	"
America	202,000,000	on	373,000,000	"
Africa	21,000,000	on	224,000,000	"
Oceania	3,050,000	on	15,000,000	"
Total World				
Population	486,000,000	on	2,718,000,000	"

Any process of education, however perfect otherwise, which does not educate to live the present life with a view to the next, is an imperfect and wrong process. It is useless as the signpost that points south when it should point north, or that is just a post and does not point at all.

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I am always delighted to find how even non-Christian Japanese love and revere Maria Sama, the mother of our Blessed Saviour. In the Toni family, for instance, the Hail Mary has been daily recited for a long while past. Each in turn, the six Toni children have attended our kindergarten, then our St. Francis Xavier primary school. They were responsible for introducing the custom in their family circle of reciting together at the close of day the Catholic evening prayers. Whenever a crisis occurs at home or at school, these same children never fail to call on Maria Sama, and their

mother follows suit.

Last year Mrs. Toni asked to be enrolled as a catechumen. The missionary Father in charge of the Wakamatsu Mission Church found, much to his surprise, that she already knew all the ordinary prayers by heart and was fairly well instructed on important points of the doctrine.

Who had been her teacher? None other than her ten-year-old daughter Fumiko. Desirous of becoming a Catholic, the child knew she would not be baptized unless she could produce serious guarantees that her family would not hinder the fulfillment of her religious duties. She

WAKAMATSU,
JAPAN

Mr. Toni Paints a Picture



had accordingly set out to win her mother to the true Faith and had succeeded. Although he put no obstacles in the way of his wife and children, Mr. Toni remained aloof and refused to take any steps towards becoming a Catholic.

When I was about to leave for the homeland some time ago, I was surprised to receive from this same Mr. Toni an original farewell *miyage* (present). It consisted in a small wooden casket enclosing a pen picture of the Immaculate Conception. All about the picture had been written in an extremely fine script the thirteenth chapter of St. Paul's first epistle to the Corinthians. "I may speak with every tongue that men and angels use; yet if I lack charity, I am no better than echoing bronze or the clash of cymbals..." Deeply touched at this delicate attention from a non-Christian, I inquired whether he knew the meaning of this immortal text. "Certainly," he

replied. Then anxiously, "What do you think of Maria Sama's picture?" he asked. I replied that I found the picture lovely; that I greatly admired his idea of placing Our Lady in the centre of the Magna Carta of charity. His naturally austere features relaxed into a sunny smile. I understood then that Mary secretly ruled the heart of this Japanese son of hers and that she would eventually lead him to Jesus her divine Son. He would then fully grasp the truth of the words he had so lovingly written as a frame around her picture: "At present we are looking at a confused reflection in a mirror; then, we shall see face to face; now I have only a glimpse of knowledge; then I shall recognize God as He has recognized me!"

Dear Mr. Toni, nothing is left for you now but to dive from the springboard of charity into the deep waters of faith.

Sœur SAINT-COME, m.i.c.

(Therese Laliberte, Lotbiniere.)



CATHOLICS IN JAPAN

Catholic statistics give a picture of the healthy growth of the Catholic Church in Japan. There are at present 266,608 Catholics, 110,999 living in the southern island of Kyushu and 156,409 in the rest of Japan. This points to an increase of 12,000 over last year. Catechumens number 17,627. Of the 1,576 priests in Japan, 382 are Japanese - 281 secular priests and 101 religious - and 1,194 are foreign missionaries all religious except 13 secular priests. 410 Japanese are in direct preparation for the priesthood. There is well-founded hope that within a few years there will be about 500 Japanese priests for the Church in Japan.

Our Dear Departed

Msgr. Alphonse Martel, **Eunice, Louisiana**; Honourable Paul Sauvé, Prime Minister of the Province of Quebec; Mrs. Auguste Gérin, **Outremont**, mother of our Sisters Therese of the Child Jesus, Madeleine de la Croix, Marie du Cenacle, Marie Auguste, Marie Leonise and Marie Emma; Mrs. Octave Begin, **Quebec**, mother of our Sister Joseph Octave; Mrs. Edouard Lemire, **Baie du Febvre**, mother of our Sister Saint Foy; Mrs. Léonce Caron, **Trois Saumons**, mother of our Sister Saint Jean de la Lande; Mr. Wilfrid Granger, **Saint Gabriel de Brandon**, father of our Sister Rose des Anges; Mr. Joseph E. Pelletier, **Saint Germain de Kamouraska**, father of our Sister Joseph Emile; Mrs. Georges Beaudet, **Deschailons**, mother of our Sister Blanche de Castille; Mrs. Josaphat Paré, **Saint Denis sur Richelieu**, mother of our Sister Saint Josaphat; Mr. René Pigeon, **Montreal**, brother of our Sister Marie Hortense; Mr. Jean Rinfret, **Ottawa**, brother of our Sister Claude de la Colombière; Mr. Albert Chouinard, brother of our late Sister Marie Philippe; Mr. L. Pinsonnault, **Montreal**, brother of our Sister Marie des Lys; Mr. Benoit Mathieu, **Saint Narcisse of Champlain**, brother of our Sister Saint Angelique; Mr. Remi Fontaine, **Montreal**, brother of our Sister Leon Marie; Mr. Rodolphe Beauregard, **Detroit, Michigan**, brother of our Sister Cyrille de l'Enfant Jesus; Mrs. M. Larose, **Montreal**, sister of our Sister Marie des Martyrs; Mrs. Deguire, **Montreal**, grandmother of our Sister Saint Gabriel Archangel; Mr. Eddie J. Barton, **Athol, Mass.**; Mr. J. Ferdinand Dion, **Saint Sylvestre, Lotbiniere**; Mr. John S. Mansfield, **Saint Lambert**; Mr. Albert Towner, **Quebec**; Miss N. Caron, Mrs. Lemarbre, Miss D. Drouin, Mrs. Alfred Jodoin, Mr. Leo Valiquette, Mr. Noel Morin, Mr. Joseph Paquette, Mrs. Aime Julien, **Montreal**; Mr. Gerard Bessette, **Montreal North**; Mrs. Donat Charland, **Verdun**; Mr. Joseph Bourdon, **Rosemont**; Mr. Albert Hamelin, **Bordeaux**; Mrs. Fortunat Aubry, **Dorval**; Mr. Armand Lefebvre, **Saint Rose de Laval**; Mrs. Theodore Bedard, Mrs. Aldee Poissant, Mrs. Chs. Emile Lamarre, Mr. Omer Landry, Mr. Etienne Georges, Mr. F. Melillo, **Saint Johns**; Miss Mélina Cyr, **Saint Blaise**; Mr. Alexis Guindon, **Saint Anne de Bellevue**; Mr. Joseph A. Beauvais, **Caughnawaga**; Mr. Jean Marc Durand, **Mont Laurier**; Mrs. Aurele Felix, **Saint Clet**; Mr. Albert Dion, **Saint Therese**; Mr. Benoit Dufresne, **Saint Benoit**; Mrs. Philippe Menard, **Saint Elisabeth**; Mrs. Elphege Lavoie, **Lavaltrie**; Mr. Adelard Roberge, **Saint Thomas**; Mr. Severe Lasalle, **Joliette**; Mr. Georges Marsolais, **Saint James of Montcalm**; Mrs. Simeon Langevin, **Champlain**; Mr. I. A. Gilbert, **Cap de la Madeleine**; Mrs. Geo. Ratté, Dr. J. G. Larochelle, Mrs. Georges Fillion, **Quebec**; Mr. Lionel Theriault, **City Laffache**; Mr. Albert Ethier, **Saint Basile le Grand**; Mr. et Mrs. Napoleon Parent, **Saint Isidore of Dorchester**; Mrs. Zenon Boutin, **Bureau Bernatchez**; Mrs. Ludger Soucy, **Saint Antonin**; Mr. Joseph Morency, **Trois-Pistoles**; Mrs. Jean Morin, Mrs. Alex. Madore, Mrs. Joseph Plourde, **Saint Moise of Matapedia**; Miss Alleluia Talbot, **Roberval**; Mr. Adrien Frigon, **Normandin**; Mrs. Patrick Aubry, **Ottawa**; Mrs. Augustin Leger, **Caraquet, N. B.**; Mr. and Mrs. Francois Rivard, **Lewiston, Me.**; Miss Dorilda Beaulieu, Miss Marie Anna Raymond, **Salem, Mass.**; Mr. Ernest Levy, **Lowell, Mass.**; Mrs. Xavier Grondin, **Indian Orchard, Mass.**; Miss Emma Cournoyer, **Taftville, Conn.**; Mrs. Hormisdas Belanger, **Greenville, N. H.**; Mr. Fernand Biron, **Hooksett, N. H.**

* ————— *

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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

KATETE MISSION, Champira P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZAMBAZI MISSION, Kafukule 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.

俄獅子

天衣紛上野初花

島の千歳

一谷嫩軍記

島嶺月白浪

出世

出せ

市川海老蔵参加

尾上菊五郎劇團

日本一の勸進帳・最高好記役

尾上菊五郎劇団 成立十周年公演

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