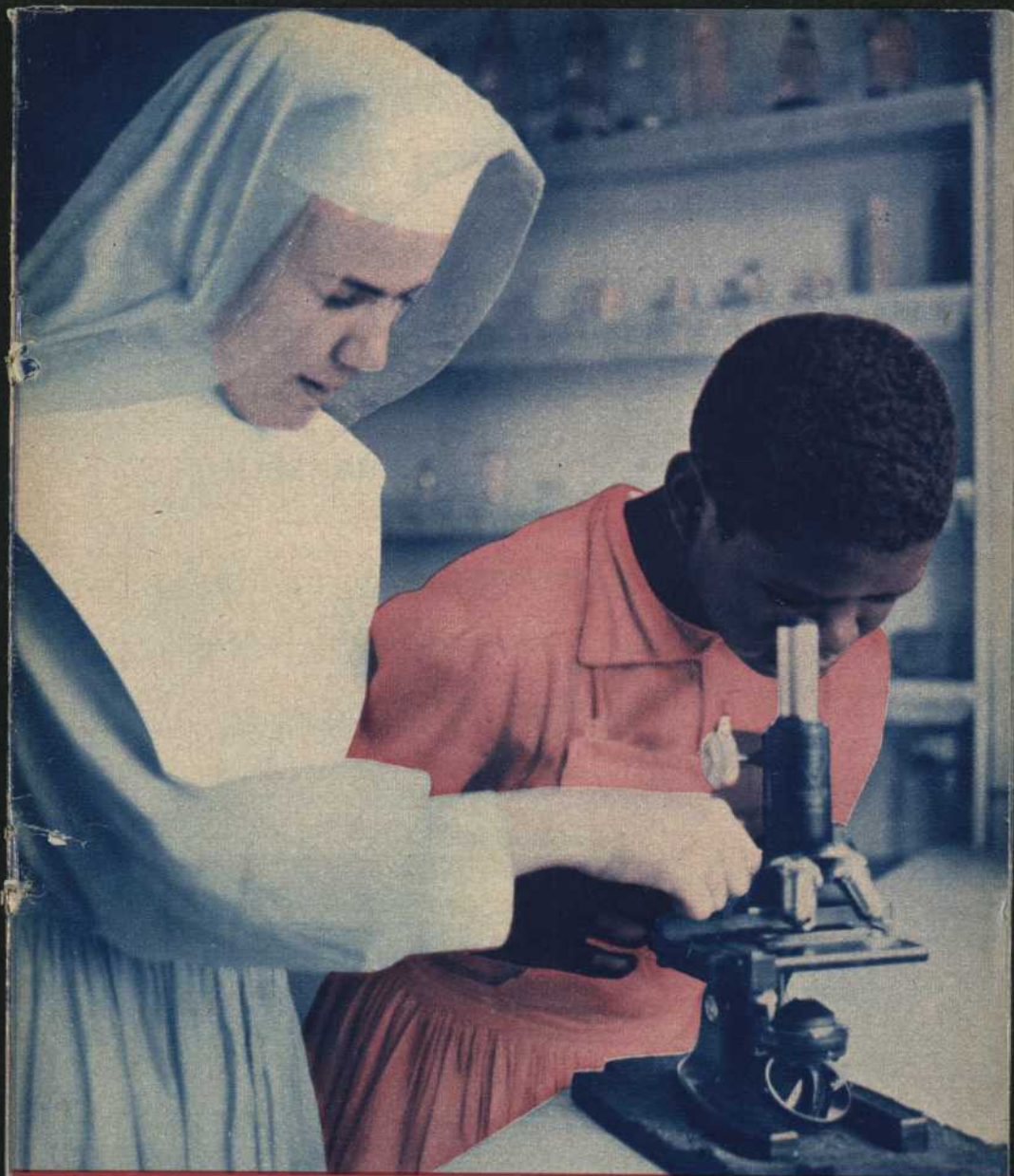




Vol. XXIV - 38th year

July-August 1960

Montreal No. 4

The Precursor

The Precursor

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*Our Cover-Picture: At Katete Hospital, Sister
Saint Yvette (Yvette Carle, Joliette) teaches an
African girl how to use the microscope.*

Send Me!

There is no denying the fact that missionaries are too few. But, whence will vocations come? The Pope and the Bishops may make stirring appeals; the family, the school, the parish may create a favourable atmosphere; but, when all is said and done, the responsibility rests with Catholic youth. In a State, conscription may provide for military service. The Church has no obligatory missionary service. Only volunteers are enlisted. If young people know how to live the Christian way, they will understand the urgent needs of [the missions. They will not say, "Lord, send labourers into the harvest fields", but, "Lord, send me!" And when they hear the Saviour's "*Si vis*" they will answer a resolute, "Here I am!"

(Fides)



Search for Happiness

Sister LOUISE, Novice



Pierrette was a poem of motion as she rowed our little boat with smooth vigorous strokes over the placid waters of the lake. Sitting at the forward end, idly enjoying the scene, I hummed a few lines from one of the latest popular songs. Suddenly, Pierrette shot at me, her eyes stormy,

"Have you changed your mind?"

"Changed my mind about what?" I asked innocently, although I knew very well what she meant.

"About going to prison..."

I laughed at her vehemence and replied, "The convent, you mean? Isn't there a world of difference?"

"Not for me. It's one and the same thing. You're certainly searching for happiness in the wrong place."

"Happy is as happy does, you know. I hope to find in the convent the sum of happiness one may reasonably hope for here below."

"Louise, I think you have wrong notions about happiness. Let me tell you what the word means to me. It means to make the most of my youth, to marry the man I love, to have many children, and to live happily ever after."

"I'm not denying that is genuine earthly happiness but the hitch is, how long will it last? Is there any insurance against trials, sickness, death?"

"My dear, never trouble trouble 'till trouble troubles you, as my old teacher used to say. There's no

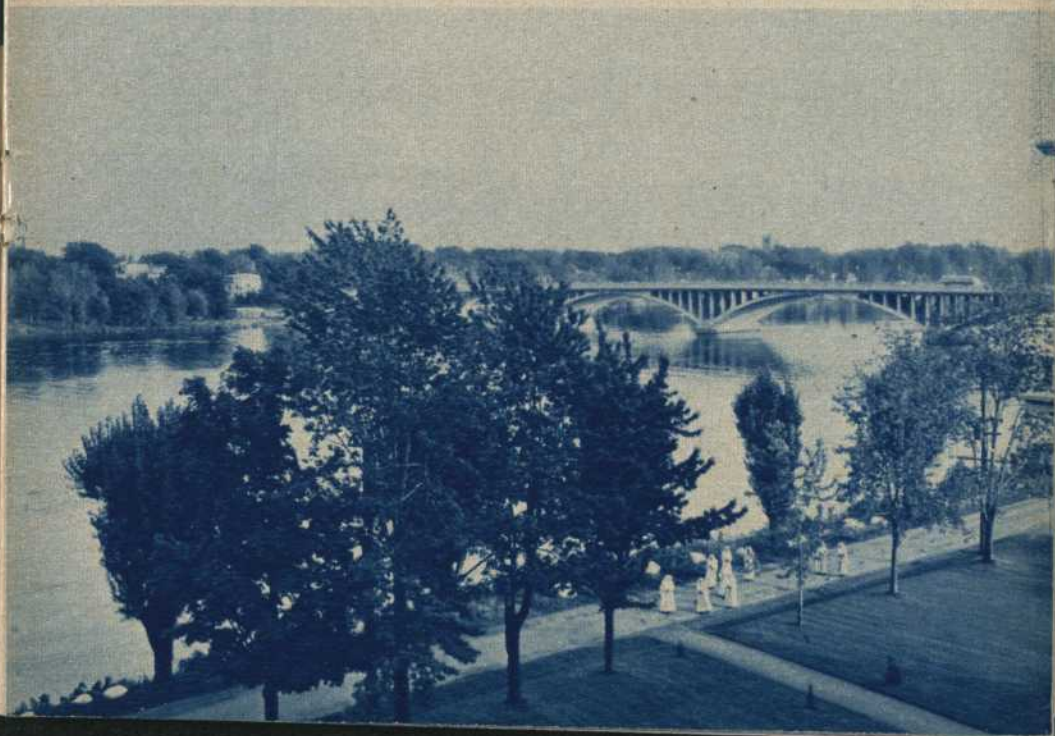
sense in crossing your bridges before you come to them. Tell me, frankly, what do you expect to find in a nun's life?"

"I expect to find joy, the joy of loving and of being loved, of being the bride of the Tremendous Lover, of having many, many children to care for, and of living happily forever after."

Pierrette's paddles slapped the waves impatiently. "Explain yourself!" she exclaimed. "You have me out of my depth there."

"The fact is, Pierrette, I can't forget that more than half the human race is still ignorant of the true God. I'll never be truly happy in life unless I can do something personal to pass on the glad tidings to the non-Christians."

"They will be the big family you



mentioned, I suppose?"

"Exactly. You're beginning to see things in a better light."

Pierrette shrugged her shoulders. She went on, "I understand that supernatural happiness exists. After all, I'm a Christian. But, little sister of mine, have you ever weighed the pros and cons of common life?" I laughed a gay little laugh which made my big sister frown at what she considered my lightheadedness. "The pros and cons of common life?" I echoed. "The man or the woman is yet to be born who has not to wrestle with them in any state of life."

"Of course, true love never runs smooth. I know the old proverb for hearing Aunt Jane repeat it so often. Still, it can't be the same... In a community where there are so many different people assembled from so many different walks in life, it must be next to impossible to preserve the peace."

"You forget the essential, Pierrette; the bond that makes for unity. Wasn't it Saint Exupéry, your favourite author, who said, 'To love... is to look forward together in the same direction.' I'm sure it's impossible for missionary Sisters who all 'look together in the same direction' not to be happy. Community of thought, an identical motive of love in the pursuit of a common ideal surely help to create an atmosphere of warm friendliness. You and I have tasted more than once the joy of fraternal union in the Guide camps where we spent such merry holidays when we were school

girls. Change the beret for the veil, the whistle for the bell, a tent in the woods for a convent and its garden, and common life is not so very different."

"I admit that makes sense, Louise, but still I can't help clinging to my own idea of happiness."

"We can't all have the same vocation, Pierrette. Remember the words of Pierre de Craon in Claudel's *Annonce à Marie*: 'It does not belong to the quarried stone to select its place but to the Divine Architect who has chosen it.'"

"That's a beautiful thought."

"Here's another from the same author you will find still more inspiring: 'We must learn not to live but to die; we must not fashion our cross but let ourselves be fastened to it; what is ours we must smilingly surrender.'"

"O my dear Louise, there you are off again in your mystical ramblings!" She set down her paddles, for we had reached the shore. Standing there like a charming sylph, Pierrette exclaimed as she pointed to a cosy white house with green shutters which sat demurely in a nest of shady trees:

"To me, happiness is where the home is. What think you, my devout little sister?"

"Just because this happiness is a very real and very precious good, my dear Louise, is it not all the more worth while to give it up for a still higher good? I also want to make a home, but a home not for a little family only, but for the big family of those who otherwise would have nobody to love and to care for them."

COLON, CUBA



The Colegio chapel is fragrant with incense and flowers. Under the admiring eyes of their parents and friends, 12 pages and 18 Crusaders are marching up the central aisle to the sanctuary where a special place has been assigned them around the statue of the Sacred Heart and that of Saint Tarcisius, patron saint of the Crusade. This is the day of the solemn promise, the day of definite enrollment in the army of the King of kings.

Crusade Doings in Colon

Sister MARIE CONRAD, M.I.C.

(Yolande Mecier, Thetford Mines.)



"Why do you wish to enroll in the Crusade?"

"To help Jesus carry His Cross and save the world."

"How can you hope to do so?"

"By offering my sacrifices, games, studies, prayers, joys, and sorrows."

To each of these questions put by Reverend Father Landry, P.M.E., the children answer clearly and firmly.

Lost in the crowd, I silently enjoy the reward promised to those who receive little children in the name of Christ and break for them the bread of truth. On the screen of my imagination flash the ten years spent in the Lord's vineyard. What joy has been mine to prepare so many innocent hearts to receive Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament! But, then,

what sadness to see these same little ones thrown back into a milieu of rampant indifferentism grow lukewarm in the reception of the Sacraments. How I yearned to remedy this situation! It was then I remembered the flourishing work of the Eucharistic Crusade in my homeland, and decided to try this ideal solution to the problem in my Cuban school. The initial difficulty confronting me was that the Eucharistic Crusade had not yet been organized in this country. Strong with ecclesiastical approbation, I resolved to launch the movement in Colon without any further delay.

Upon being contacted, the Canadian National Secretariat encouraged the project and forwarded literature

and directives. During the first few months, I attentively studied the techniques and the spirit of the organization, meanwhile firing my pupils of Grades 1, 2, and 3 with the desire of becoming members. To the first who evinced this desire, I imposed a sort of "postulancy" lasting at least two months. During this period, the "postulants" were required to recite without fail morning and evening prayers, to assist at Sunday Mass, to practice the virtues of obedience and sincerity, to give good example — in a word to live a new life.

Thanks to the collaboration of my devoted companions, the several Crusade publications were soon translated into Spanish. (We learned later

that a Spanish translation was available at Bogota). Were also prepared promotional items useful to the development of the work, such as large pictures of Jesus, King of the Crusade, charts, insignia, pennants, banners. God alone knows the time and patience needed to assure the success of this enterprise, but we Sisters felt amply rewarded when we saw how the precious seed of Eucharistic love sprouted and bore fruit in the souls of our pupils.

Yes, Cuban children glory in belonging to the Crusade. They enjoy hearing, at Crusade meetings, detailed explanations regarding the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass. Tiny lads insist on staying on after school

Meeting of Crusade captains in Colon.

Sister Blanche of Castille (Therèse Baudet of Deschaillons) directs the group.





Virginia, Simonita, and Teresita
enjoy making Marian posters.

hours to learn the Mass responses. Others give up a few minutes of recess to visit Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament or sacrifice their collation in order to receive Holy Communion at the eleven o'clock Mass.

Even the parents are being stirred out of their religious apathy. Elcina reports, "Sister, Mamma says I'm much more obedient since I've joined the Crusade. She now allows me to

go to Mass every Sunday."

Ramon, a Grade 3 pupil who has not yet made his First Communion but who knows the catechism from cover to cover and ardently loves Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament, confides, "Mamma does not want me to receive Holy Communion, but whenever I visit Jesus in the Tabernacle, I make many spiritual communions. I say to Him, 'Come dear Jesus, into my heart. I love You, I desire to re-

ceive You. A thousand times welcome, dear Saviour!"

Captains and leaders are keenly conscious of their responsibilities. During the holidays, Teresita holds meetings at her home with her mother's approval. The good lady greatly wonders at the change for the better noticed in her usually mischievous flighty little daughter. As Emelita cannot follow Teresita's example because she lives too far in the country, she takes it upon herself to write to each of her assistants reminding them of their obligations,

recalling the Crusade catchword.

Like the mustard seed cast into the furrow the Crusade has grown and prospered in our Colon Colegio. A branch has even been grafted on its robust trunk — the handmaids of the Sacred Heart.

May I ask you, dear readers, to pray for the perseverance of my beloved Crusaders? Their influence will, I hope, prove a leaven penetrating the mass of indifferent Catholics, bringing about a genuine religious revival among the inhabitants of this beautiful land of sunshine.

RELIGIONS AND WATCHES

"Look here, Father," said the smirking principal of a Filipino school, as he fiddled with his gold watch; "religions are just like watches. It makes no difference what kind of watch you have; they all give the same time. So it is with religions. It makes no difference which religion you have; they are all alike and get you to the right place."

The maze of brown faces grouped around were wide with astonishment at this open display of wisdom on the part of the principal, and they turned pitying eyes on the poor missionary.

"If they are all so terribly alike," said the priest, "Why, then let's make a trade." With this he pulled his Ingersoll out of his pocket and offered it to the principal. It was a watch; it worked. But the gold watch of the principal went back into his pocket and the laughter of the students went through the whole village.

The Hour

* * *

Always keep in mind your own example as a Catholic comes first. Every Catholic is a good or bad advertisement for the Faith. The chief obstacles to conversion are bad Catholics. A lesser obstacle is the mediocrity of so many practising Catholics — they do not inspire non-Catholics as they should. A good and enthusiastic Catholic is an attraction. He acts like a magnet to those outside the Church.

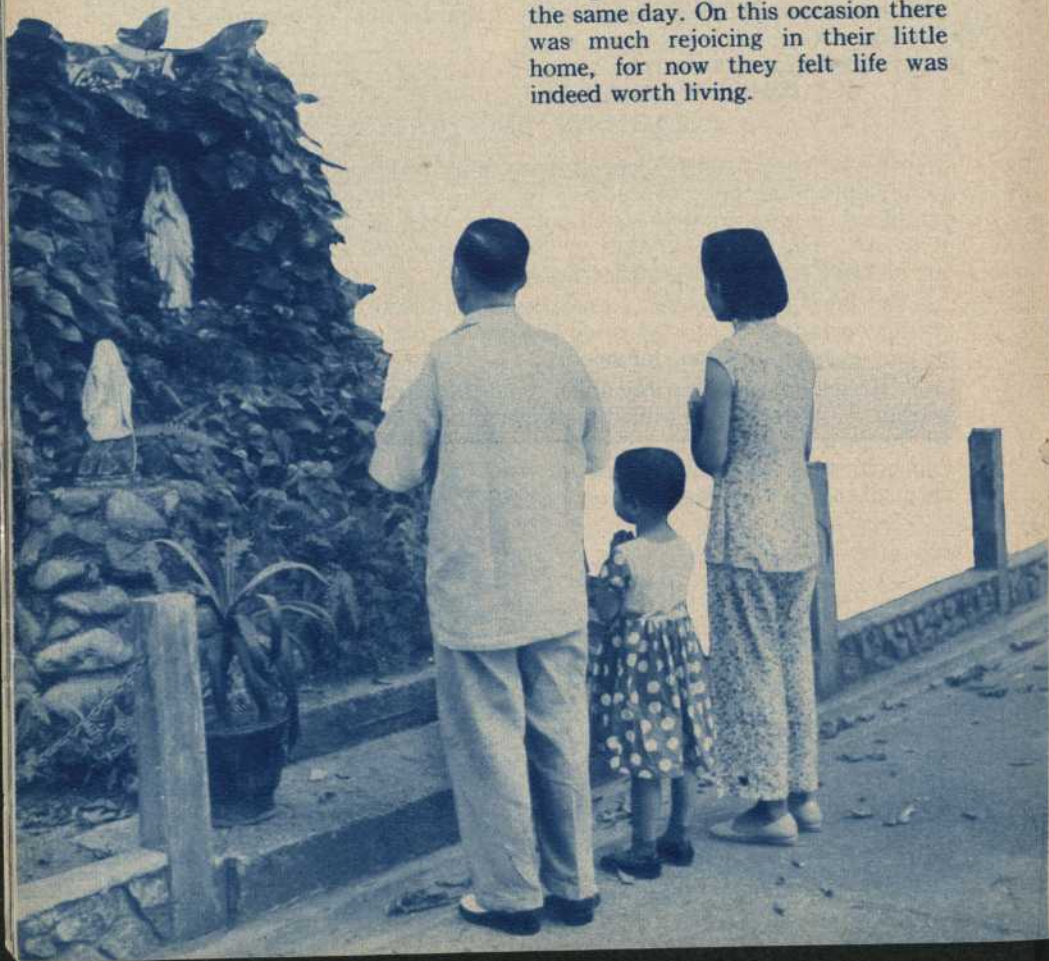
E. J. Keeglan

Struggle for the Faith

Sister MARIE DES OLIVIERS¹, M.I.C.

¹ Gertrude Laforest, Montreal.

Three years ago, a Chinese workingman, native of Macao, moved to Hong Kong with his wife and young daughter. In a short while the family enrolled at our catechumenate and after following doctrinal instructions during six months were baptized on the same day. On this occasion there was much rejoicing in their little home, for now they felt life was indeed worth living.





Unfortunately, it happened that a few weeks later the printing shop where the neophyte worked closed its doors. What a severe trial this was for him! In vain he combed all the sections of the city seeking suitable employment. Refusing to be downhearted, he meanwhile became a member of the Legion of Mary; in this apostolic organization he found new incentives to live up to the Christian ideal and to spread the Faith around him.

A whole year went past and still our friend could find no regular work.

A few odd jobs secured now and then did not suffice to provide for the needs of his family.

I met him one day on his endless search through the city. He was looking gaunt and somewhat depressed. "Sister," he confided, "You must pray that I may not lose patience. My wife blames me for not finding work. She believes our present misfortunes have been brought on because we discarded the religion of our ancestors and she refuses to go to church anymore. What am I to do?"

I consoled him as best as I could and promised to pray for his intentions.

A few days later he rang the convent doorbell and joyfully announced, "Sister, a friend has found a job for me at a printer's shop. It's just what I wanted. Help me to thank the good Lord!"

A fortnight had not gone past when he called again, this time the picture of woe. "I got caught in a Communist net" he admitted. "The Reds had often offered me work with a good pay but I always refused to get mixed up with them. This once, I was betrayed in their hands by a so-called friend. Night

after night they kept me at the shop striving to brainwash me and gave me up at last as an obstinate fool. I prefer my Faith and my liberty to this living hell."

Touched by the sufferings and the staunch courage of her husband, the worried wife has returned to the Church. As she has found sewing to do at home, this helps keep the wolf from the door. But, until when?

Please, dear readers of THE PRECURSOR, remember these people in your prayers that Our Lady may keep them safe from the toils of the archenemy of souls and provide them with adequate means of livelihood.



Masambiro

Sister SAINT RODRIGUE¹, M.I.C.

Masambiro is the name given around here to series of catechetical instructions preparatory to Baptism or First Communion which take place two weeks on end at the central mission and in its outposts. For catechumens, these instructions extend over a period of four consecutive years.

On the last day of the school year, May 30, Sister Saint Pascal Baylon² and I learned that we were to take charge of the *masambiro* at Kacindira, a little mission eighteen miles distant from Kanyanga. This meant real adventure for me who until then had been missioned in urban centres such as Fort Jameson.

The adventure was launched the moment Mr. Badat, the owner of a shop in Amusa, brought his light lorry to a stop in front of the convent door and started loading it with folding cots, suitcases, medicine boxes, a small oil stove, educational equipment, cases of food, and a precious box containing a monstrance, candlesticks, a crucifix, surplices, cassocks, wherewith to celebrate *Corpus Christi* in the bush. When time came for us Sisters to board the vehicle

there was hardly any place left... And yet, the passengers were at least as essential as the oil stove and the folding cots! As no special *masambiro* was to be held this year for the children of Kanyanga we had, moreover, to take along the youngsters of the neighbourhood. After much pushing, squeezing, and juggling we finally got them inside the car, sitting *pakati wa katundu ndipo pa canya* (between and on the bundles). While my companion kept a wary eye on the rear, I sat in front with tiny Gabrielle sandwiched between the driver and myself.

At first we rode through fields of tall grass flung like some giant net of brown and gold over low clusters of primitive dwellings. Suddenly, a hole appeared in the net and we rolled into the Kacindira Mission enclosure. There emerged a squat little church built of red clay bricks baked in the sun and roofed with tawny thatch; right beside it, like a child nestling close to its mother, was a low brick cottage built African style. The latter, the missionary's residence on his occasional visits to the post, was to be our convent

¹ Francoise Pageau, Quebec.

² Therese Deziel, Cote Saint Paul.



Mr. Badat's shop at Emusa. Sister Marie of Lourdes (Irene Champagne, Montreal) and Sister Jane of Valois (Jeannine Forcier, Chicopee Falls, Mass.) do some shopping.

for the duration. Because of the brown and gold net, the village although lying at eight minutes' walk was invisible from the mission church grounds. The catechist was our near-

est neighbour. The furnishings of our one-room bush convent consisted in a chair, a table, two folding-cots, and a packing case doing duty as cupboard.

Corpus Christi

Sunday, May 31. The first task to be tackled was to erect an outdoor altar. Placing the small table on the porch, we tacked behind it

as backdrop two white sheets and pinned in the middle a lace curtain ornamented with a large gilt paper host encircled with the words *Ili*

ndi lane, Ini ndi ndopa zane (This is my Body, this is my Blood). Yellow, red, and green ribbons were hung over the altar in graceful arches.

Meantime, we noticed that the children, who had been swarming all over the place eager to miss nothing of these exciting preparations, suddenly slipped away to the neighbouring fields. They soon returned with armfuls of wild flowers and feathery grass which we arranged in bouquets, using as vases empty bottles with severed necks. You should

have heard the oh's and ah's of admiration as we placed the flowers on either side of a half empty gasoline can swathed in white cotton and promoted to the honour of pedestal to the monstrance.

About a hundred Christians and catechumens were present at the Sung Mass. As we gazed around at the appointments of the poor little red clay chapel, our hearts were touched by a deep realization of the *humility of God*, Creator of marble and gold, who deigns to descend into

Sister Saint Pascal Baylon with her group of pupils.





Mass in the Kacindira chapel.

such miserable surroundings.

After Mass, a motley procession of men, women, and children escorted Jesus in the Blessed Sacrament as He went forth carried in the hands of His priest to bless the mission.

Almost without transition, the people passed from the religious offices to the dispensary installed just outside the chapel door. At sight of the *Wamayi's* medicine kit all had discovered themselves some sickness or other. The old women begged for *mafutu* (liniment) wherewith to rub

their rheumatic joints; the children coughed discreetly — and indiscreetly — with the hope of getting a teaspoonful of syrup; others showed ugly sores to be dressed; still others wanted drops to be put in their eyes.

While I dispensed medication and encouragement to my patients, Sister Saint Pascal Baylon did her best, with the meagre provisions on hand, to prepare a meal with a Canadian flavour for the missionary Father who, when in bush stations, usually has to be content with the local

sima (corn mush). After she had served the meal Sister left our guest alone and joined me in caring for the sick who had not yet been treated. In Canada, leaving a guest to shift for himself would be considered impolite. Not so in African villages where etiquette requires men and boys to sit strictly apart from women and girls. Other reasons motivated this way of acting: the smallness of the room, the one and only chair,

and particularly the necessity of avoiding anything which might be unfavourably interpreted by the people around here who understand next to nothing about the beauty of virginity, and cannot believe that the only link between white men and women such as we are is that of an identical apostolate.

When our guest left, Sister and I had our own breakfast.

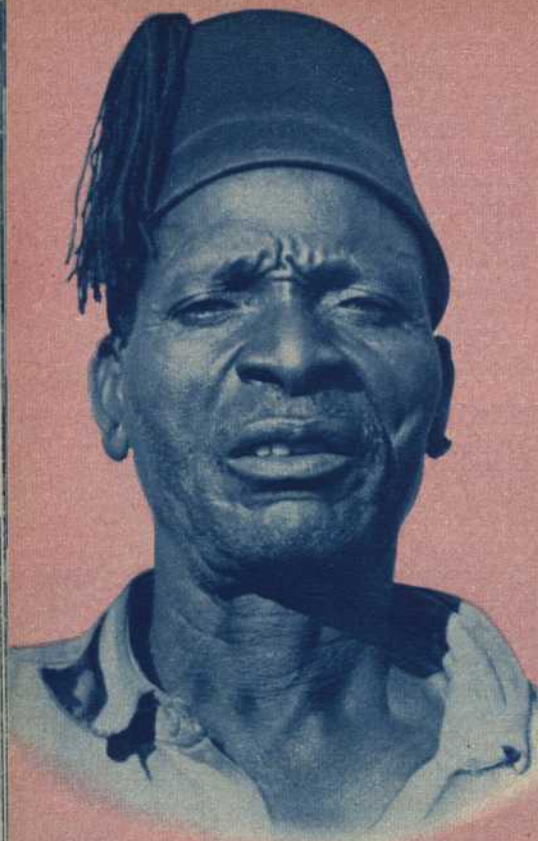
Life in the bush

On Monday, the doctrine courses began in earnest. Sister Saint Pascal

Baylon took charge of the older children while I taught the little ones.

Kacindira is a neat and picturesque village.





The headman gave us
a courteous welcome.

Among our pupils a few had already made their First Communion, others were preparing to do so, still others were pagans.

A man called Petulo brought in his daughter Anastasia whose name did not figure on the list given me by the pastor. How explain this situation? I soon found out that Petulo was a Christian who no longer went to church because he had taken

unto himself a second wife. Anastasia, the child of his first wife, had been baptized, but as she was now living with the pagan wife, she knew not a word of catechism. I congratulated the man on his solicitude for the religious instruction of his child. It is a good sign. Who knows? Anastasia may be the means of reconciling her parents with the Church.

Tereza, one of my littlest girls who has had no schooling so far, was rather abashed by this, to her, big and solemn meeting. Never in her whole life had she had to give a personal answer to any query. Whenever I questioned her, she darted a reproachful look at me, crying out in a squeaky little voice, *Ngati niku-manya ine* (How should I know)? Stefana boldly stated that we receive *Amama Maryia* in Holy Communion. Petulo, a lively boy no taller than three mangoes, declared the devil came into our hearts at Confirmation... It was quite a task to set these ignorant children straight on the mystery of Redemption and on the Sacraments.

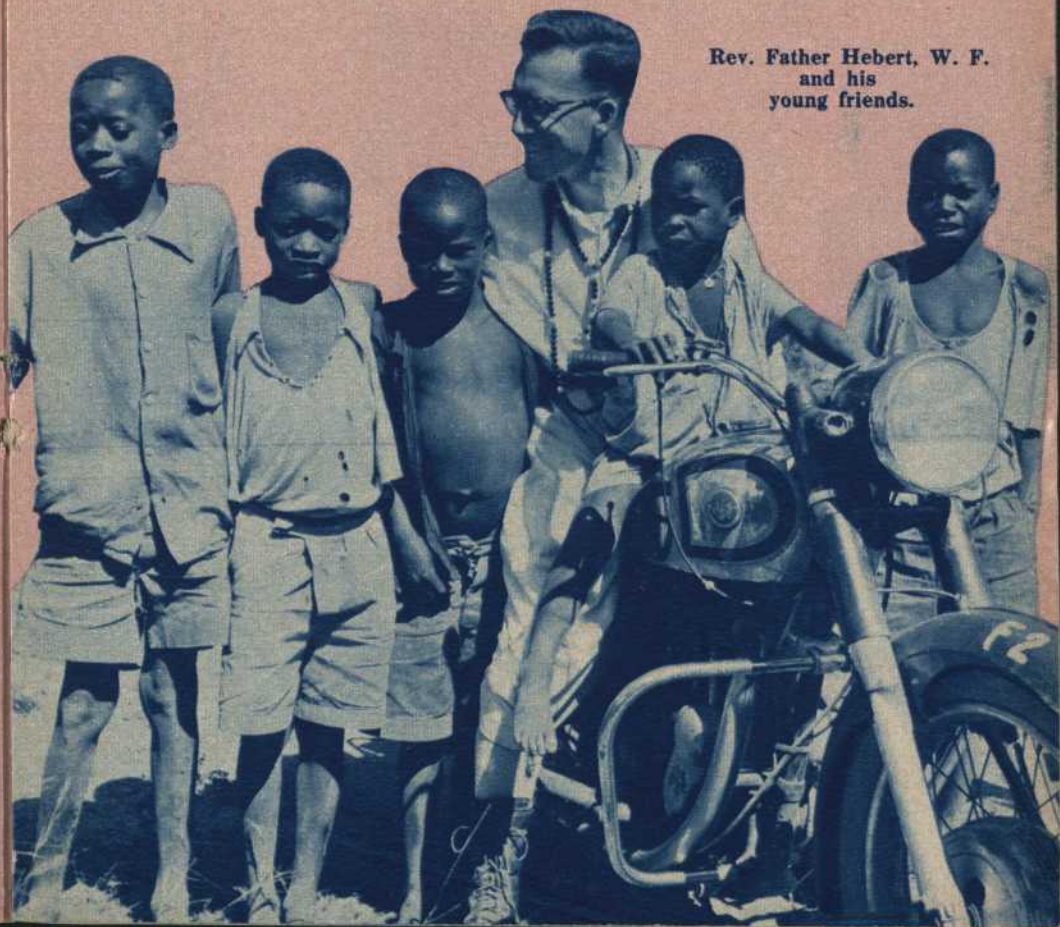
Everyday after dinner, we usually made home visits in Kacindira. The village, composed of some thirty families, is neat and picturesque with its straight rows of huts, its well-kept vegetable gardens, its tall shady trees. Each village bears the name of its chief or headman as he is called. Responsible to a higher official, he possesses a limited authority which allows him to settle minor difficulties and keep order in the village. Mr. Kacindira, a tall, dignified old man formerly member of the Church of Scotland, gave us a courteous welcome. He told us he believed in

God, the Creator and Master of all whom we are bound to serve, but found a few of His commandments rather hard to observe for Africans... Then he added, "Can you understand why those who love the Lord should be forbidden to go to church just because they happen to be too fond of strong drinks or have too many wives?" The Church of Scotland excommunicates both drunkards and polygamists. For his part, Mr. Kacindira reigns over five households, five wives, and a numerous progeny. In spite of all this, he

stoutly declares nobody can be surer of heaven than he!

Towards four on Monday of our second week in the bush, a priest from Kanyanga arrived to say Mass. In the mail he brought to our address, was a letter from an unknown person in Montreal. Oh joy! This lady wrote that having read in "The Precursor" an article titled "Will Krispini be a Priest?" she had decided to pay his seminary fees for this year. This letter came when we had not a cent left to provide for our protégé. Krispini had written

Rev. Father Hebert, W. F.
and his
young friends.



"There's nothing to it," laughs the girl.
Sister is not quite convinced.



Our convent for the duration.



me a few days earlier saying he had come out first at the year's final examinations and asking me to pray for his perseverance. The charitable offer of this unknown benefactor coming as it did on June 2, eve of the anniversary day of the foundation of our Society, appeared to me as a gift straight from the heart of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit, our revered Foundress. This beloved Mother had nothing more to heart than the recruitment of an autochthonous clergy. Did not her prayers and endeavours

bring about the foundation of a Foreign Mission Seminary?

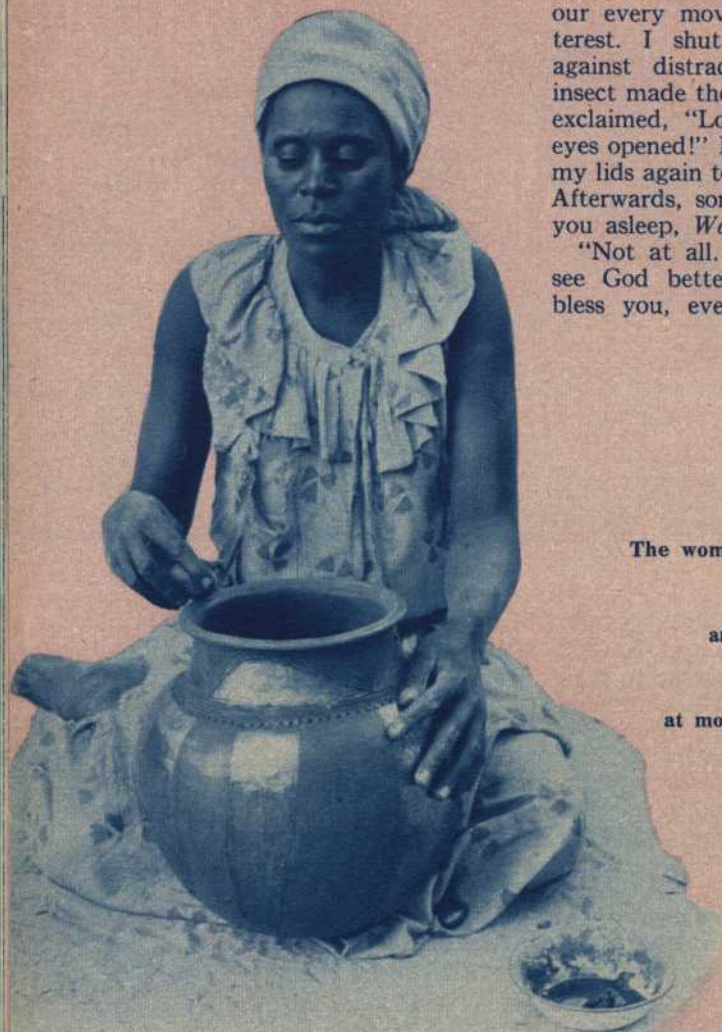
In the quiet of the evening we returned home to Kacindira in time to say the Rosary with the Christians and the catechumens. Twilight here is a matter of minutes, but it is the grandest time of the day. A fresh cool breath comes from the darkening skies where clouds turn for a moment into wondrous hues of turquoise, lavender, and gold.

Ahead of us in the gathering darkness, the village presented a cheerful

sight with home fires glowing like giant rubies in each hut. In the circle of light, squatted parents and children, talking, laughing, and singing.

While waiting for the village folk to finish their meal, we sat outside on a mat saying our evening prayers by the light of the lantern we carried along. How I love to pray thus in close contact with nature! One by one, the children gathered around us on the mat jostling one another to get as near as possible, watching our every move with unfeigned interest. I shut my eyes to guard against distractions. If a prying insect made them blink, the children exclaimed, "Look, *Wamayi* has her eyes opened!" I immediately lowered my lids again to continue my prayer. Afterwards, someone asked, "Were you asleep, *Wamayi*?"

"Not at all. I closed my eyes to see God better and pray Him to bless you, everyone."



The women of Kacindira

are clever

at molding pottery.

During the week, we gave our catechism lessons in the forenoon as usual and spent the afternoons visiting several villages of the neighbourhood: Zebedia, Jimangu, Kwapondako, Cinganyama, Njenjama, Kaniyero, Kabompo. We met not a few disciples of Elisina, the famous African prophetess, who has launched a sort of nationalist religious revival in Northern Rhodesia. Her baptism administered in the name of "the Almighty, the Immeasurable, the Unbreakable Rock," costs exactly 6 shillings, 6 pence. Those who refuse it are fined a few pounds. At Kabompo, I had the occasion of putting one of these deluded disciples in the right. "Your prophetess," I said, "asserts that Christ came to save whites only. Do you believe such nonsense? I don't, God is not colour-conscious. We are all His children. We, *Wamayi*, believe so firmly Christ died for you as well as for us, that we have left our own homeland to bring you the Gospel message..."

Turning to the crowd gathered around us, the man harangued, "The *Wamayi* is right. She loves Christ and she loves us too. She has walked so far to come and see us because she cares for Africans. She is not like some whites who will not come near us. She walked hours and hours to reach our village..."

Was he being merely polite? God only knows. Before I left he made all the people kneel to pray.

First Communion

Gradually, the children learned the catechism and the prayers. They gave no more ludicrous answers to

my questions, but knew that Baptism effaced original sin, that through Confession sins committed after Baptism are forgiven, that Jesus comes into our souls in Holy Communion...



In a last rehearsal, I prepared the little ones to enter that mysterious nook — the confessional. So nervous was poor Tereza that she kept repeating, "Bless me Father, for I have sinned" without ever getting down to business. After numerous attempts, her shyness disappeared and she was ready and even eager to have her soul washed clean.

These poor children had nothing but rags to wear. After a brief consultation, my companion and I drew from our suitcases white petticoats which we proceeded to turn into dresses for our two little girls. After tying the garments high up under the arms, we completed the costume with altar boy surplices and pieces of white ribbon as sashes. Our mosquito nets folded in four did duty as veils. Do not laugh, please! The effect was startlingly elegant, at least in bush society.

When Tereza and Emelya entered the flower-decked chapel on the great day of First Communion they trembled — was it of cold or emotion — I hardly know. Certainly, neither had ever worn such princely attire before. Anastasia who was not yet ready to become a First Communicant looked on enviously. At the close of the *masambiro* she really had acquired some knowledge of the elements of doctrine; I can only hope she will remember at least part of what she learned until next year.

Father found my First Communicants so winsome that he insisted on their posing for posterity.

Epilogue

June 12, closing day of this year's *masambiro*. We distributed awards and bade our Kacindira pupils farewell. When Mr. Badat's lorry left in a cloud of dust they ran after it shouting *Khalani! Khalani!* (Stay).

Missionary Intentions

JULY: That the great popular missions given in Latin America may have deep and durable results.

AUGUST: The increase of feminine religious vocations for the mission field.

KARONGA, NYASALAND

Already I have been a whole year on the missions. It seems incredible, so fast did time fly, but calendars unerringly keep track of dates... Never can I thank God enough for granting me the grace of a missionary vocation and sending me to Africa, the so-called dark continent being increasingly illumined by the light of the Gospel. Karonga spells home to me now. My dear companions gave me a most affectionate welcome and did all in their power to smooth out initial difficulties.

A Year After

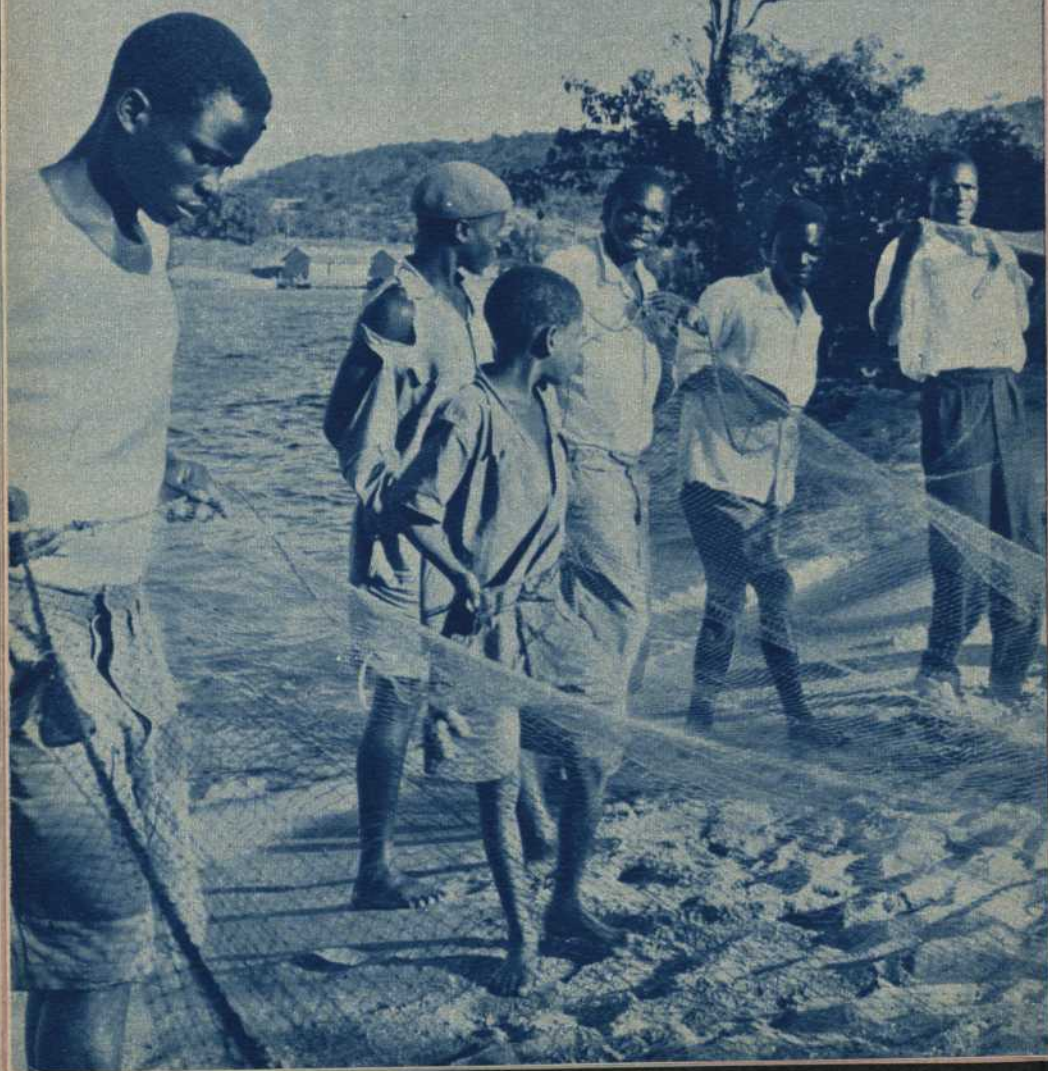
Sister MARIE CHRISTINE, M.I.C.

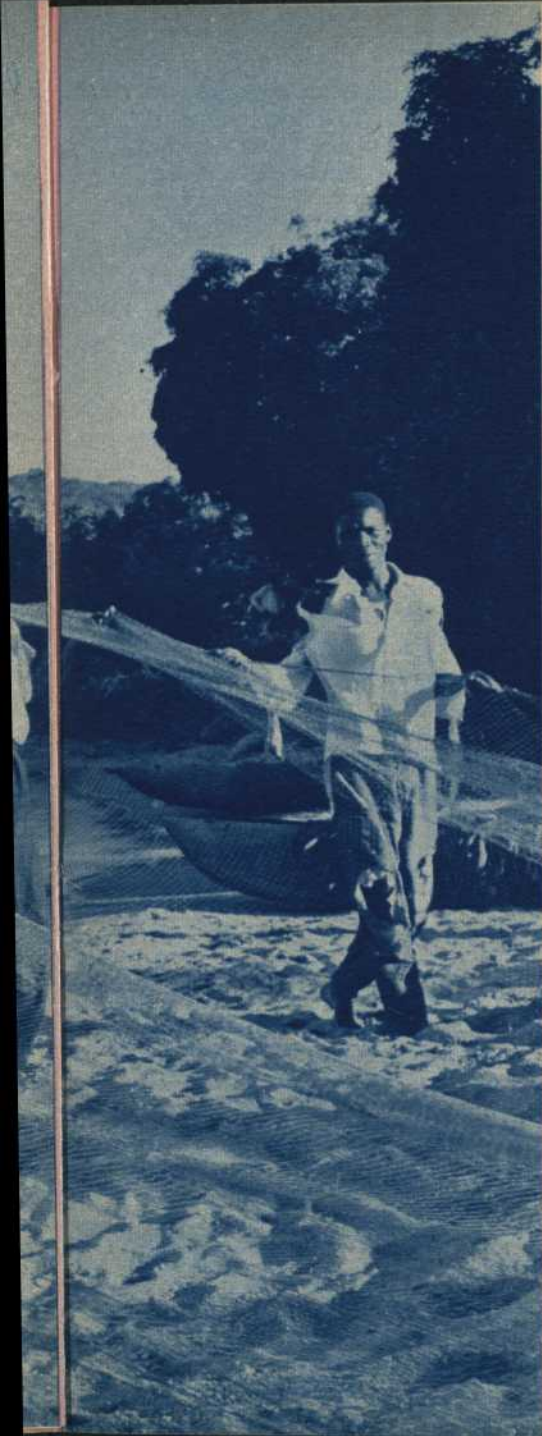
(Therese Blais, Sherbrooke.)



Sisters Marie Christine and Joseph of the Sacred Heart (Jacqueline Bastien, Ottawa) get acquainted with the Wankhonde of Karonga.

Mending nets on the shores
of Lake Nyasa.





Like all tyro missionaries, I spent this first year getting acquainted with the people, the language, the geography of my adopted land. I met with not a single of those heroic adventures I had dreamt of at twenty!

There is a sombre, mysterious beauty about Nyasaland with its vividly green plains, its hills solidly studded with blue gum trees that grow perfectly straight. The Mlanji Mountain contributes to Nyasaland as much romantic atmosphere and folklore as the regal Kilimanjaro contributes to Tanganyika.

My first contacts with the Africans left me most favourably impressed. They live contented lives in spite of their spiritual and material poverty. Nyasalanders are exceptionally good workers, industrious, cheerful, quick to learn skills. Those who have benefited by some schooling find employment in the government offices of the region; others work in the mines of the copperbelt or in Rhodesian mineral oil industries; the greater number are agriculturists. Fields are carefully tilled and tended inch by inch, the chief crops being the three t's — tung, tobacco, and tea. During the rainy season (from December to March inclusively) abundant crops of maize, rice, beans, peanuts are also raised and the surplus is stored in *nhokwe* (silos) for use during the dry season. The waters of Lake Nyasa teem with various kinds of fishes the whole year long, providing the people who live on its shores with an agreeable addition to their daily fare. During the rainy season the heat is oppressive.

Housekeeping is not a complicated affair for African women. There

are no floors to wax, no windows to wash, no clothes to iron. The floor of their mud walled huts are covered with grass which is renewed as need arises. Beds consist of short branches and twigs, bark cloth, and mats. Mothers, their babies securely tied to their backs, go about their simple tasks, fetching water with dried and hollowed gourds as buckets, pounding corn, cooking the *sima*. Little girls and boys, as soon as they are old enough, help their mothers gather firewood to cook the meals and keep the hut warm and free from insects at night. The tempo of life is far from being hectic.

At present, I am in charge of a class of girls at our secondary school. Like many another in Africa, my classroom has been built with trees

placed upright in holes dug close to one another and tied together with bark. Over these flimsy walls "African cement" — clay mixed with water — has been spread, the plastering and smoothing done by hand in a very clever manner. The walls left to dry for a few days have then been roofed with thatch. This schoolroom may not be modern but it has the advantage of coolness even when the weather outside is 90 or even 100 F. From its large windows, my gaze travels over the landscape glorified by extremely luminous sunshine.

The furniture is as primitive as the building itself which does not prevent my pupils from being very proud of this little realm where they

A "visekese" orchestra performs at Karonga.



are introduced into the secrets of learning. Among them, many walk up to seven or eight miles a day to attend school. Their only meal is the *sima* they eat before leaving home in the morning. In order to have wherewith to pay the boarding school fees for at least a year or two, some of the more industrious work during the holidays.

These girls are passionately fond of dancing and singing. To the tantalizing tune of the *ng'oma* (drum) and the *cisekese* (castagnettes) they improvise dances and ditties on all occasions. They can dance for hours on end without ever seeming to grow tired.

My progress in the study of Citumbuka has not been spectacular. On the one hand I give my classes in English and on the other my pupils, hailing from all over the province, speak many different dialects such as Citumbuka, Kishwahili, Cinkhonde, Cihenga, Cylambya. Each tries to teach me a few words of her particular tongue; but as I do not want my vocabulary to turn into a linguistic hodgepodge I keep strictly to my Citumbuka textbooks. Outside of the classroom, I have not much time left for study, for I am often called upon to accompany the Sister-Nurse on her visits of the jungle villages where she is called. In this wise my first year on the missions has passed almost before I have had time to realize it.

You have no doubt heard through the press, radio, or television of the political riots in Nyasaland and of the critical situation of missionaries. We are keeping on with our apostolate, in spite of disturbances, convinced that divine Provi-

dence will not abandon us.

Labourers are too few to cope with the gigantic tasks ahead. We pray the Lord of the harvest to send to this field of Africa numerous apostles who will work at the expansion of His kingdom. Many Canadians, I am sure, would bear a greater interest to the apostolate if they knew the urgency of evangelizing this country rich in promise.





Favours Obtained

through the intercession of
Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit

Grateful thanks for a cure obtained thanks to the intercession of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit.

Mrs. R., Ferme Neuve

For years we had prayed in vain to obtain a special favour. After a novena made in honour of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit our request was granted.

Mr. and Mrs. M., Lac Bouchette

I was cured of bronchitis through the intercession of your Foundress, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit.

Mrs. L., Saint Anaclet

My son was completely cured after invoking Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit. I promised to have this favour published.

Mrs. D., Valleyfield.

* * *

PRAYER

for the Beatification of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit

Almighty and eternal God Who hast deigned to make use of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit for the expansion of Thy kingdom and that of Thy Immaculate Mother here below, we trustingly beseech Thee to glorify Thy faithful servant by granting us for her glorification, if such be Thy Will, this (such and such a grace, a cure...) and may this favour incite us to follow the examples and imitate the virtues of her whose memory we revere.

Hail Mary... O Mary, conceived without sin...

Persons who obtain favours after prayers offered for the glorification of the servant of God are requested to inform the

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



In the evening, they correct their pupils' homework.
Left to right : Sisters Saint Serge, Marie Edwidge, Saint Alberte.

Progress and Projects

Sister MARIE EDWIDGE, M.I.C.

(Marie Paule Gaudreau, Rimouski.)

In spite of the muddy trails of the rainy season none of the pupils of Saint Bernadette's School missed class even once. The parents are at long last allowing their young daughters to attend school instead of sending them into the fields to hoe and weed. Sister Superior's¹ classes are so full at present that there is only one desk for every three pupils.

The children in Standard III are studying very hard, for they will soon have to undergo government examinations. They have asked us for copybooks to work at home in the evenings, notwithstanding the crowded conditions of their family huts. They certainly deserve success

¹ Jeanne-d'Arc Corriveau, Saint-Sébastien d'Iberville.

in their examinations! Standard III has an enrollment of twenty-three pupils, all wide awake, studious girls who appreciate the good fortune that is theirs.

Out of several hundreds of pupils, thirty only are Catholics or catechumens but they form a fervent group. The older children have been enrolled in the Legion of Mary, an ideal mode of apostolate for our Africans, functioning in several missions of our ecclesiastical province. With the approbation of our devoted pastor, I have organized the Eucharistic Crusade movement among our younger children. Kaseye boasts of a dynamic group of twelve Crusaders. At the weekly meeting of this Crusade unit, means are discussed to correct faults and to live a truly Christian life not only at school but in the pagan atmosphere of the village. Let us hope these children will prove a powerful leaven in the surrounding mass of paganism.

The non-Christian pupils and those belonging to Protestant sects envy the Catholic pupils their spiritual advantages. A young girl baptized in the Free Church of Scotland begged me to give her a medal of the Blessed Virgin to hang around her neck. She wants to become a Catholic but her father will not listen to her reasons and absolutely refuses to give his consent. Another girl whose father is a pillar of the Free Church is unwilling to admit that Jesus Christ is not the Founder of the Free Church of Scotland. Many love God and Our Lady with their whole hearts, but they are as yet too young to assert their right to choose their religious creed. In general, though, the young people are freer now than

they were a few years ago to become members of such and such a church as they desire.

One Sunday during my catechism lesson, I explained the ceremonies of the Mass in detail. To make sure how much the children had understood of my explanations, I afterwards asked, "Why does the priest pour water into the chalice?" Imagine my surprise when a little girl piped, "To have more wine!" I began my lesson over again, clearly explaining how the water represents our own little sacrifices united to the great sacrifice of Jesus. This time, they understood better their share in Holy Mass and were thrilled to realize that they could participate in such an august ceremony.

Even our non-Christian pupils cherish and honour Our Blessed Mother. Once I taught them in Citumbuka the prayer, "O Mary, think through my intellect, speak through my mouth, act through my whole being." How deeply touched I was when I learned that of their own accord the boarders recited it daily after evening prayers! I feel sure Our Lady can never forget this simple homage and will one day lead these girls to her divine Son. Nyasaland will perhaps soon know its hour of mass conversions or of persecution... But, that is God's secret.

A short time ago an African inspector visited our school. Before the assembled teachers he declared, "The Sisters treat their African pupils as if they were their own children." We could wish for no greater words of praise. In his report, he stressed the good behaviour of our girls and their neatness. On the whole, he went away satisfied with Saint

Bernadette's School. We sincerely hope his approbation will have some weight in obtaining for us a permit to organize the Junior Course. Should he fail to do so our students would be unable to pursue their studies, for none of them can afford to pay five pounds a year, the required fee in all Boarding Schools. At Saint Bernadette's they are allowed to fetch their food from their home villages each week and to have it cooked here free of charge. We ask for a slight sum of money, just enough to cover the buying of books.

Sister Saint Alberte and I like to form ambitious projects. If a professor could be found to take charge of the graduating class of boys at the mission school, she would

then be free to conduct the Junior Course. To assure the progress and development of our establishment, we Sisters are ready to take each two groups of children. As for the latter, such is their eagerness to learn that they would cheerfully agree to sleep with mats as bedding on the floors of their classrooms.

The people of Kaseye are sympathetic and appreciate what we do for their daughters. Among them, many have even promised to plead our cause before the members of the District Council when Africans discuss local problems. For our part, we are full of trust in God who better than us knows the urgency of having a regular Catholic Boarding School for young girls in Kaseye.



JAPAN

FIFTH

COLUMNISTS IN

(as revealed

by parents

of our pupils)

Prayer against nightmare

" Before we enrolled her at the Catholic Mission School, our little Sumiko used to cry every night, troubled as she was by frightful nightmares. But, since you Sisters have taught her to pray before slipping between her *futon* (padded blanket) she sleeps in peace until morning. My husband and I have been deeply impressed, all the more





OUR MIDST

Sister MONICA OF THE BLESSED SACREMENT¹, M.L.C.

so that on nights when Sumiko forgets her prayer she is again visited by nightmares.

Some years ago, when Sumiko's daddy and I lived in Tokyo, we studied the Catholic doctrine. While we greatly admired the sublime teachings of Christ, we failed to discover any practical application for them in our ordinary everyday living. Now we are overjoyed to find that the fresh simple faith of our young

daughter is causing to sprout the divine seed cast years ago in our old materialistic hearts..."

Little "king" Masao

"Our dear Masao had been enrolled for two years at a Catholic kindergarten, when we decided to place him in a public school to follow the primary course of studies. This decision was, in a certain sense, forced upon us by the anti-religious

¹ Monique Cloutier, Ottawa.

prejudices of certain members of our family. We had counted without Masao. On the third day after being admitted to the public school, he rushed home in a tempestuous mood. The whole family was upset. Grandfather and Grandmother anxiously hovered over our dear little lad, drying his tears, petting him, coaxing him to tell what was the matter. Swallowing his sobs, Masao at length

deigned to explain the cause of his displeasure. 'I hate that old school, I do! I'm not going back anymore. We can't say any prayers or sing hymns; we're not allowed to visit Jesus; nobody knows anything about *Maria Sama* (Our Lady), not even the teacher! I want to go to a school like the one I went to last year, a school where everybody loves Jesus.'

The family council assembled to discuss the matter. Masao won the day. Who could have the heart to refuse anything to him, the beloved little king of our household?

That is why I am asking you to accept him as a pupil in your mission school. I admit that for my part I am overjoyed at this turn of events. I hope that our youthful king will draw us all after him to the Jesus his little heart loves so well."



It was

Yuko's birthday.

“Rain, if you please!”

“Last week, as it was my little daughter Yuko’s birthday, I gave her as present a pretty red umbrella. Of course she was delighted. But, what is the use of an umbrella unless it rains? Yuko’s prayers that evening were longer than usual.

‘Dear little Jesus,’ she prayed, ‘as today was my birthday, Mamma gave me the nicest red umbrella you can imagine. I’m just dying to use it, of course. You understand that, don’t You, dear Jesus? I’m sure Maria Sama must have given you presents on your birthday too. You’ll make it rain for me, tomorrow, won’t you? Goodnight, dear, dear Jesus.’

Sister, it is impossible to tell you how my husband and I felt as we listened to our darling praying with such loving trustfulness. This was real prayer, not a succession of lifeless formulas learned by rote as we Buddhists use. How could such a prayer coming straight from the heart fail to hit its target? To us both it was the first time we had ever experienced anything like this.

Indeed, so deeply moved were we that we immediately made up our minds to study a religion that can teach people to pray thus. Please, Sister, may we enroll as catechumens? *Onegai itashimasu* (I beg of you)...”

Mrs. X did not say whether it rained on the morrow and I did not inquire. The question was after all irrelevant. Had not a shower of heavenly favours rained down on this family because of a little child’s naive prayer?

Little “king”

Masao.





KORIYAMA, JAPAN

With Our Music Pupils in Japan

Sister MARIE LEONISE
and Sister FRANCES OF CARMEL,
M.I.C.

(Rachel Gerin, Coaticook
and Madeleine Coursol, Montreal.)

At present, 140 pupils are enrolled at our Koriyama "conservatory". The music department is the most pleasant spot in the house at least in our opinion and in that of our musicians in the making. Eight classes are given over to the teaching of piano lessons. On the walls of these classes hang coloured charts outlining the programme for the school year and original presence cards for each pupil.

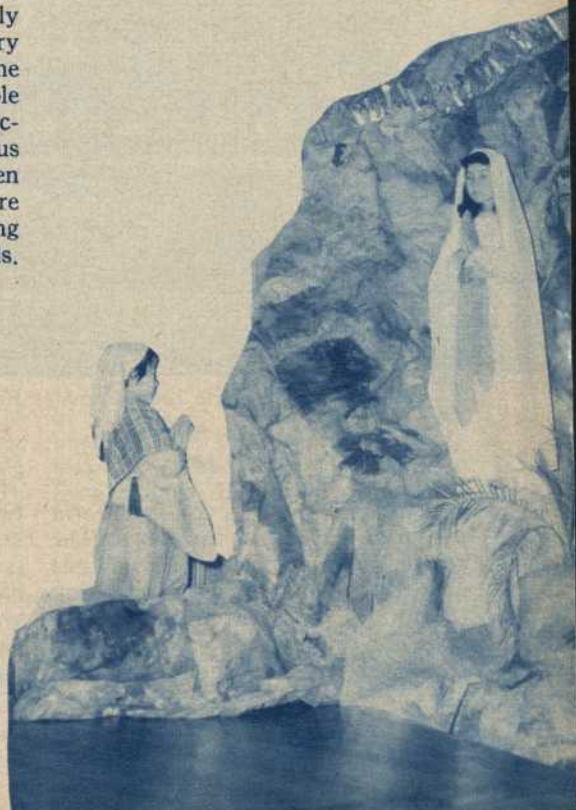
The presence cards of the kindergarten pupils are remarkably contrived to keep the little ones on their toes. During the first trimester the

punctual are gratified with cards representing a frisky red squirrel while the latecomers have to be content with a pictured black hen; during the second trimester a tiny red mouse urges forward the more ardent and a listless black doll holds out a limp hand to the tardy. For the Japanese who early develop a keen sense of honour, a humiliation such as this is hard to swallow.

What about the apostolate? Discreet but effective means are used to instill the Christian sense of values in the hearts of these non-Christian children. Each week a new chart suggests some sacrifices which may be offered to the Child Jesus or to Our Blessed Mother, for instance; keeping silence in the halls, leaving the classroom in perfect order, washing and drying hands thoroughly before practice... After musical theory lessons a brief explanation on some point of doctrine is given in simple terms that all can understand; occasionally, a short film on religious subjects is shown. These children who, with the exception of two, are all non-Christians pray and sing hymns with the fervour of angels.

They take part in Marian days or other manifestations of the kind organized by the Catholic Mission Centre. In front of a statue of the Holy Child a mite box is placed in which the pupils may drop their *sen* in favour of children less fortunate than themselves. Last year, enough money was thus secured to buy blankets, food, and sweets for several needy little ones.

At a piano concert in which took part a hundred students from the various schools in the city, our youthful musicians performed *Echos de Massabielle* by F. X. Thomas, a





Sister Marie Leonise guides Hanako's nimble fingers.

sketch which presents the *Ave Maria* of Lourdes in eight variations. The greater number of our piano pupils played the role of pilgrims making their way to a grotto erected on the stage for the occasion, where smiled an eleven-year-old Madonna, and a

tiny Bernadette of eight summers knelt in silent admiration. The first group of pilgrims was composed of little girls dressed in white and blue, symbolizing innocence and fervour; next marched the boys proudly wearing their wolf-cub uniforms, represent-

ing loyalty and courage. Their youthful leader, the only Catholic among them, promised in their name to the Queen of Heaven that they would exchange the weapon hanging from their belt for her own spiritual weapon — the rosary. One last group of girls brought up the rear carrying in their hands blue and white lanterns. While the audience was still under the spell of this lovely scene, a choir of children dressed in yellow and red stepped in front of the stage. At the close of their performance, one of the singers recited a prayer to Our Lady, then deposited at her feet a bouquet of roses.

Before the curtain fell, the audience was invited to join with the choristers in singing the well-known Lourdes *Ave Maria*. Many a heart in the crowd of non-Christians was deeply stirred by this pageant in honour of Our Lady of Lourdes.

During the performance something occurred among the non-Christian girls backstage which must have brought a smile of amusement to Our Lady's lips. Shigeko, an eight-year-old Miss, worried over the success of the musical number she had to play by heart, set off in search of a pair of rosary beads. Her best friend Shizue readily consented to lend her the pair she herself had just borrowed from Keiko. Five, then ten minutes went by and still Shigeko

continued to let the beads journey through her fingers. Poor Keiko began to wonder if she would get her treasured rosary back before her turn came to play; she knew she needed it if she was to be successful. Fortunately, Shigeko returned it in the nick of time.

Quietly sitting by himself in a corner, Tomoyoshi, the only little Catholic among the performers, looked calm and unruffled. To our inquiry, "Are you not worried about your piece, Tomoyoshi?"

"Not at all, thank you," the boy promptly replied. "You see, I always carry my rosary in my pocket. I am not a bit afraid, for I am sure Our Lady will help me."

This ten-year-old, a born leader, had no doubt told his companions where they should look for the key to success.

Some time ago, Endo Sensei, one of our lay Japanese teachers, had to leave Koriyama for the capital. Entrusted to our care upon the death of her parents, she earnestly studied the Catholic doctrine, was baptized, and became a fervent Catholic. Now that she is of age, her relatives, desirous of seeing her marry, have obtained a position for her at the Prefecture Radio Station. Will she be obliged to accept a pagan husband? Please help us pray that she may be spared this trial, and be faithful until the end.



A Pair of Grandfathers for Heaven

Sister MARIE XAVIER¹, M.L.C.

In September, as there was a lull at the dispensary, I grasped the opportunity of a little free time to visit the families of our kindergarten pupils. Along the way, my companion and I made many a new acquaintance. Among them was Liou Kim Pac, the paralytic, who always wore a heavy fur coat even when the weather was warmest. Every day as we went by his open door we stopped to pass the time of the day. In spite of the fact that he could not move from his pallet, he was a cheerful old man who took a keen interest in things and people.

One day, when I ventured to broach the subject of religion, he frowned, shrugged his shoulders, stabbed the air with his index finger. In Formosan sign language this means, "What's the use? I'm going to die soon." I did not insist then for fear of irritating him further, but before leaving, I offered him a miraculous medal. To my surprise, he accepted

it with alacrity and had it attached to his shirt.

The number of patients meantime increased in such a manner that I could not continue the home visitations. Several months elapsed before I met Liou Kim Pac again. In March, one of my companions making a few rounds in town, stopped to inquire after the old paralytic. She found him in high spirits as usual and, moreover, eager to begin instruction in the Catholic doctrine. Our Lady had been at work. Before many weeks, seventy-six-year-old Liou was ready to be baptized.

Some time later we learned that Liou Kim Pac was the ex-keeper of the town pagoda. His wife who had taken over his functions when he became incapacitated began to look askance at our frequent visits. So frigid did her reception grow that our gaze involuntarily strayed to the warm fur overcoat. This garment, so rare in Formosa, had us puzzled.



Mr. Lim, junior, insisted on taking a photograph for remembrance.

Where did it come from and why did our old friend cling to it so even on sultry days? One of the neighbours offered an explanation. "The old man received this fur coat as a present from one of his daughters, a Catholic like yourselves, who now lives in Taipei. He finds it so beautiful that he cannot bear to have it out of sight." I subsequently recognized the garment as a gift from Catholic Welfare.

Within six months Liou Kim Pac left for the eternal homeland. His

mortal remains were shrouded in his precious fur coat from which he had refused to be parted even in death!

* * *

Mr. Lim, the other grandfather, lived at Tchung Li, a large commercial town situated at some distance from Shih Kuang Tse. Patients from this centre often call at my dispensary; it was through them that I learned about the venerable octogenarian. One day, his son, a well-to-do photographer, sent a message asking whether we could

come to Tchong Li as the old man was sick and much too weak to travel. Happy to have the occasion of visiting this entirely Chinese town where no missionary had as yet gone, I set out accompanied by Anna, our catechist. At the station we found awaiting us, a pedicab sent by Mr. Lim. The members of the family gave us a courteous welcome, exclaiming over and over again, "How kind you are, Doctor, to have come so far to visit our father." After the customary cup of tea had been served, Grandfather was carried in on his son's back. Age and prolonged sickness had reduced him to a skeleton-like appearance, but there was about him an undefinable air of benevolent dignity. No sooner had I finished ministering to his needs than I found myself surrounded by groups of visitors, friends and acquaintances of the Lim family. Several asked for medication; others seemed merely intent on catching a glimpse of the "foreign doctor".

Calling Anna aside, I suggested that she try to put Grandfather on the way to heaven while I attended

to the patients who by now were crowding the room. The poor girl for once seemed to have lost her aplomb. "Too many people around," she muttered. While I gave injections and distributed pills, I prayed that a way would be found to reach this soul of good will. Suddenly it came to my mind to have the patient put to bed. Anna helped to make him comfortable and offered to remain at his bedside, for the others were anxious to watch the "doctor" at work. When, after a brief explanation of the essential truths of the Faith, she asked him, "Do you want to be baptized?" his answer was a vigorous "Ngai oie!" It was my privilege to pour the blessed waters of regeneration, "Michael, I baptize thee..."

Before we left Tchong Li, Mr. Lim, junior, insisted on taking our photograph; he wanted a memorial of this remarkable visit, he explained half apologetically. But of the most important event of our passage in the Lim family, the invisible sign of glory etched on the soul of my second grandfather, no photographer's lens could catch the wondrous beauty.



THE IMPULSE OF CHARITY

On the impulse of charity we have motive power enough for the greatest undertakings. And for the humblest undertakings no less. Nothing — least of all the thought of possible embarrassment or the thought of possible hardship — should keep us from what we conceive to be a project designed by God. When we think of the letters we might have written, of the calls we might have paid, of the invitations we might have accepted (and perhaps still more, sent), of the sympathetic things we might have said, of the offers we might have held out to people, when we think in short of the opportunities we have wasted and why we have wasted them, we blush with a shame which is far more disquieting than the shame which kept us from doing these things.

Dom Hubert Van Zeller

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.
NOVITIATE, Pont Viau, Montreal 40.
OUTREMONT, 314 St. Catherine Road,
Montreal 8.
CHINESE HOSPITAL, 112 Lagauchetiere St., West,
Montreal 1.
NOMININGUE, Labelle County, P.Q.
RIMOUSKI, 85 St. Germain Street, P.Q.
JOLIETTE P.Q., 750 St. Louis Street.
QUEBEC, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.
VANCOUVER, Oriental Hospital, 236 Campbell St.
VANCOUVER, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward Street.
TROIS RIVIERES, P.Q., 1325 de la Terriere Street.
GRANBY, P.Q., 35 Dufferin Street.
GRANBY, P. Q., 279 Main Street.
CHICOUTIMI, P.Q., 766 Cenacle Street.
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, P.Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.
PERTH, N.B., P.B. 259.
OTTAWA, Ont., 443 Gilmour Street.
EDMUNDSTON, N.B., 18 Saint John Street.

UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, Mass., 207 Pleasant Street.

CHINA

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

FORMOSA

KUANHSI, Catholic Church, Hsinchu Hsien,
Taiwan.

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

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

SUAO, Catholic Mission, P.O. Box 2,
Suao Yilanhsien, Taiwan, Free China.

JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 96 Toramari, 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.

PERU

PUCALLPA.

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

KATETE MISSION, Champira P.O.

Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.

MZAMBAZI MISSION, Kauffkule 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.

On the road to Runipi, Nyasaland.

