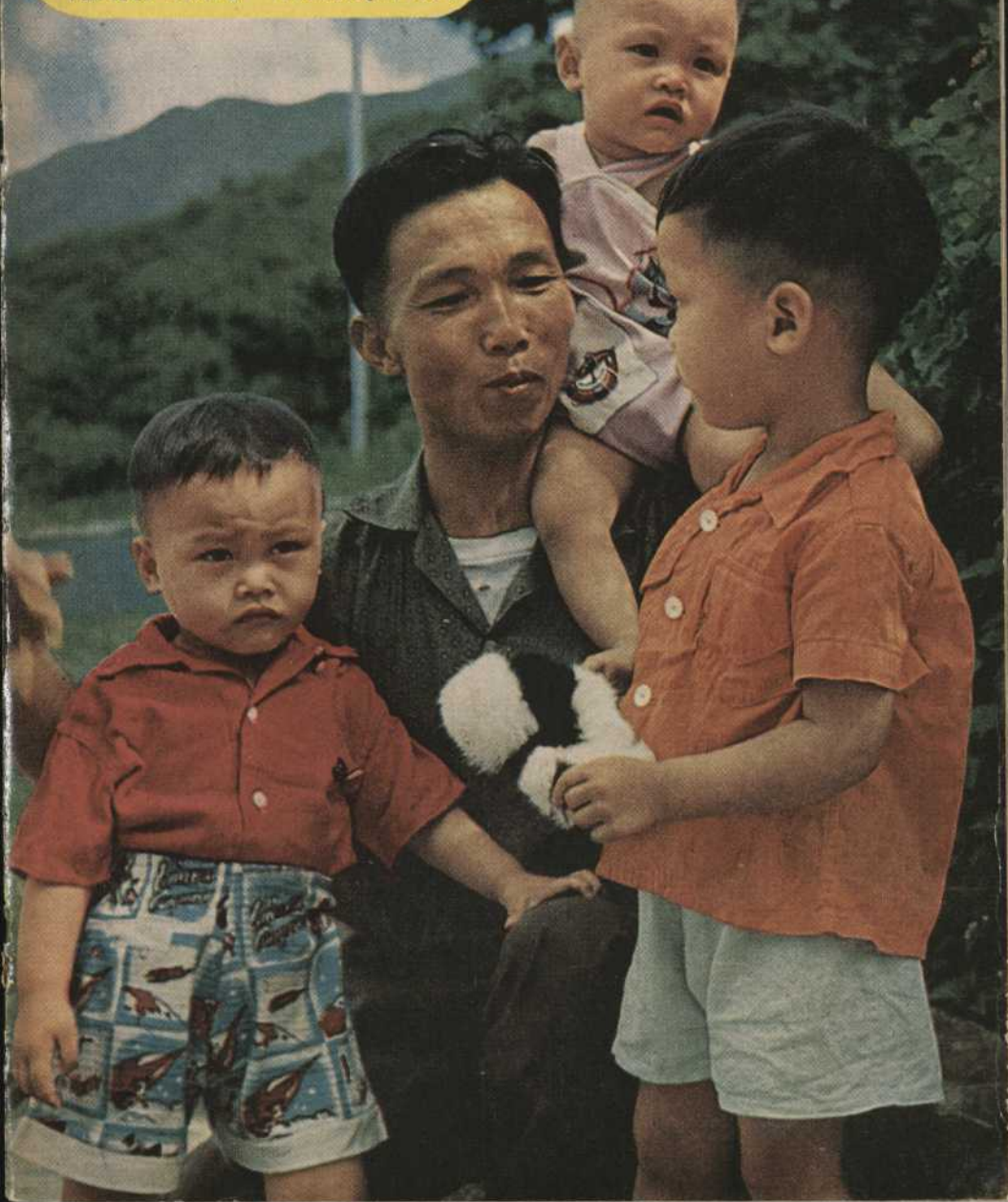


THE PRECURSOR

Vol. XXV - No. 2

March-April 1962.



The Precursor

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

Imprimatur : † Mgr Paul Touchette, P.A.V.G., December 31, 1959.

Nihil obstat : M. l'abbé A. Cossette, p.m.é., August 24, 1961.

Vol. XXV - 39th year

Montreal, March-April 1962

No. 2

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

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*Shatin, rural district bordering on
Communist China.*



FLOATING POPULATION OF HONG KONG

Throughout the Orient, many people make their homes in junks afloat along the waterfront, on rivers or on canals. The majority are fisher folk, who make their living from their daily catch.

Conversions among this floating population are very rare. Deprived of normal contacts with the out-

side world, these people remain deeply attached to their peculiar customs and to the ancient superstitious practices inherited from their forebears. Fortunately, there are exceptions to the rule. Thus, in the region of the Shanghai Canal there was a good percentage of Catholics. On the whole, it is difficult for

Aberdeen's floating population.





families who are always on the go from one harbour to another to follow regular religious instruction classes.

In Hong Kong, every cove has its inhabitants who speak a dialect different from that spoken on the mainland. All are more or less suspicious of "landlubbers". The greater number gather in bays close to the spot where foreigners first landed in this area and which is still known under the name of Aberdeen.





There it was that missionaries set to work even before a city had risen on the island, although the first conversions took place on the mainland. When the Canossian Daughters of Charity came from Italy to lend the missionaries a helping hand, they settled down at Aberdeen. Farmers and others benefited from the Sisters' good services, but the floating population held aloof. The charitable Sisters then went

out to them in sampans, offering to care for their sick, more especially their children many among whom suffered from painful skin diseases. Notwithstanding these friendly advances, the fisher folk stubbornly refused to make friends except for a few cases.

Over the years, the success obtained in these exceptional cases bore fruit. It began to be whispered from one junk to another that the foreigners did dispense good medicine. Although the floating population grew more sympathetic, no conversions were made. Each boat kept its gods enthroned in miniature shrines where incense was burned and offerings of food were daily presented. Ancestral rites honouring the spirits of the dead continued to be scrupulously observed.

Eventually, the inhabitants of a few junks were won over to the Catholic Faith. Idols were replaced by the Crucifix. The converts wishing to have a tangible token of their new persuasion asked leave to hoist the pontifical flag on the masts of their sampans.

Another step forward was made when a regional seminary was built in Aberdeen. The Irish Jesuits who conducted the seminary soon struck up acquaintance with the floating population in the bay. Chinese seminarians were sent to work among the fisher folk to bring them relief

and to instruct those who wished to embrace the Faith. The custom of the annual blessing of junks and sampans was introduced.

After the war when refugees poured into the district, the situation grew tense. Communist scout motor boats made fishing a dangerous adventure for any who ventured outside territorial waters. Relief services were multiplied and the Catholic Women's



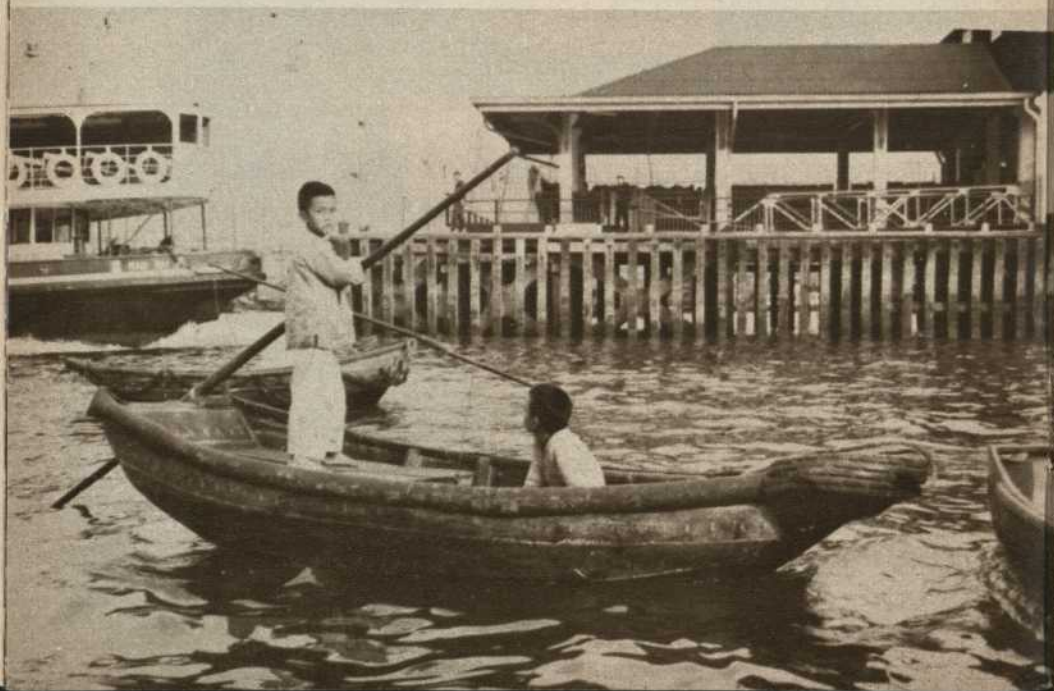
League joined in the apostolate exercised by priests, Sisters, and seminarians.

The international organization, Catholic Women's League, whose members belong to various nationalities undertook numerous works in favour of the destitute. In agreement with doctors and nurses they distribute medical supplies. A motor boat placed at their disposal, now enables them to reach remote districts. At Aberdeen, the Catholic Women have done wonders for the welfare of the fisher folk.

News of their work having reached England, members of the Catholic Women's League in the United Kingdom decided to send them wherewith to build a floating clinic. This craft called "The Madonna" was completed early in 1961 and blessed by Reverend F. Cronin, S.J., spiritual director of the League in Hong Kong. Painted blue and white — Our Lady's colours — it carries far and wide spiritual and corporal succour to the needy.

Adapted from *Fides*

Aberdeen harbour.
Left, part of the floating restaurant.



CONTACTS

by Sister SAINT BASIL,¹ M.I.C.

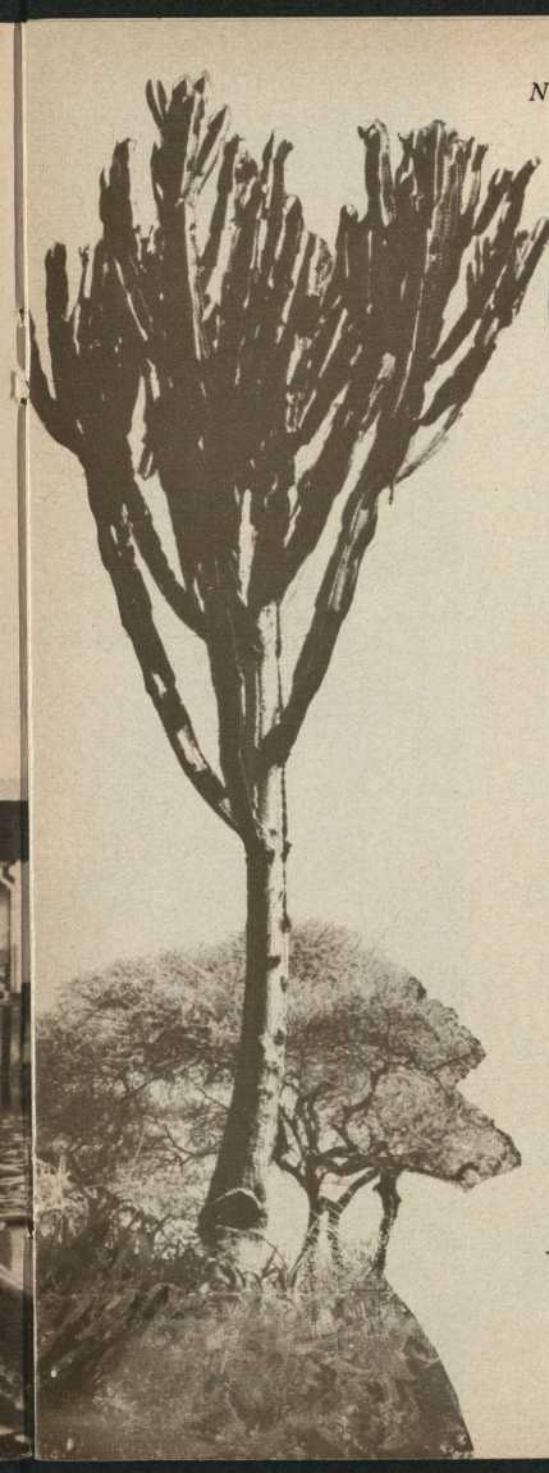
The departmental jeep-ambulance rolled to a stop at the hospital entrance. Sister Superior² hastened outside to receive the patient or patients, but to her surprise only the chauffeur sat at the wheel. With a cheerful grin, he declared that he had orders to place the conveyance at the disposal of the Nyimba unit for a whole month.

What a godsend! In our wards at that time there were a patient with appendicitis to be transferred for surgery at the Fort Jameson hospital and a young mother with twins who was too weak to walk back to her distant village with her double burden. Word was sent to Reverend Father Gagnon, W.F., who agreed to accompany both patients to their destination. Sister Rachel Marie and I decided to go along as this would be a fine opportunity to visit the villages along the way.

Our first stop was for Kalambukwa, a large village with a combined school and chapel, and neat rows of thatch-roofed huts reminding one

¹ Jeanne Piché, Quebec.

² Sister Saint Valentine (Gladys McLean, Cabano).



of huge beehives. Father Gagnon introduced us to the pupils who had apparently never seen strange creatures like us before. When we smiled at them and said a few words in their dialect, they gradually thawed and surrounded us with friendly curiosity.

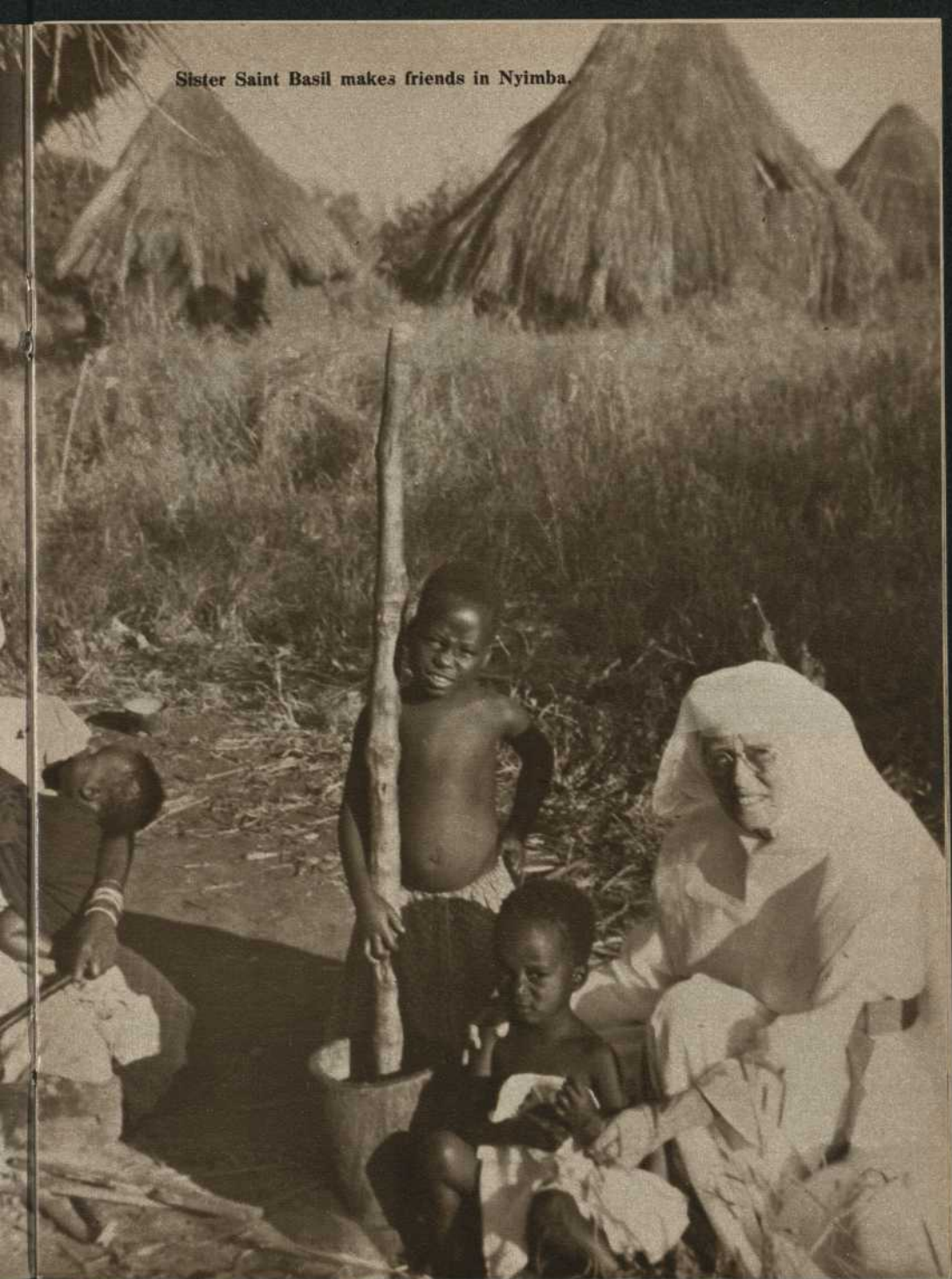
Then we took to the road again. Twenty minutes later we stopped at Ciwovea where Father proudly showed us around a newly organized mission outpost. Its mudwalled chapel had been built and whitewashed thanks to the help of the Christians; a lean-to provided quarters for the missionary who comes here regularly from the central mission. The village, at this hour, was almost deserted as all the grown-ups were at work in their vegetable gardens some distance away. An old Christian woman did us the honours of the place and pressed a basket of eggs on us when we were about to leave.

The road from Ciwovea was a mere track wriggling through the fields and leading to the banks of a shallow river. Father and the chauffeur alighted to gauge the depth of the water; they returned with the assurance that the jeep could attempt the crossing. We Sisters did not feel so confident, but we put up a brave front.

Notwithstanding our fears, it did not take long to reach the other bank. After another quarter of an hour of driving over bumpy roads, we reached Cimkokwe, the village of the young mother with the twins. At our arrival a funeral service for a little child was in full swing and



Sister Saint Basil makes friends in Nyimba.





lamentations filled the air. According to local customs, the corpse lay on a mat in the open, face covered. Women crouched nearby humming a mournful dirge. The mother, not to be disturbed in her grief at her baby's loss, was sobbing loudly, alone in her hut. As I had met this bereaved woman before at the Nyimba hospital, I made bold to override this once the custom in order to offer her my sympathy.

Meantime, the grandmother of the twins' mamma came to invite us to

have our dinner at her house. Everything inside the African style hut was very neat; a dish of *nsima* (thick corn mush), another of boiled eggs, and a bowl of water to wash the hands were placed on a straw mat beside which we squatted. The *nsima* is eaten with the fingers. As we were not yet used to this, we gingerly took a pinch which perversely fell apart before it reached our mouth. Fortunately, Father Gagnon and the chauffeur joined us and we benefited by a good lesson on the art of eating the national dish. "You

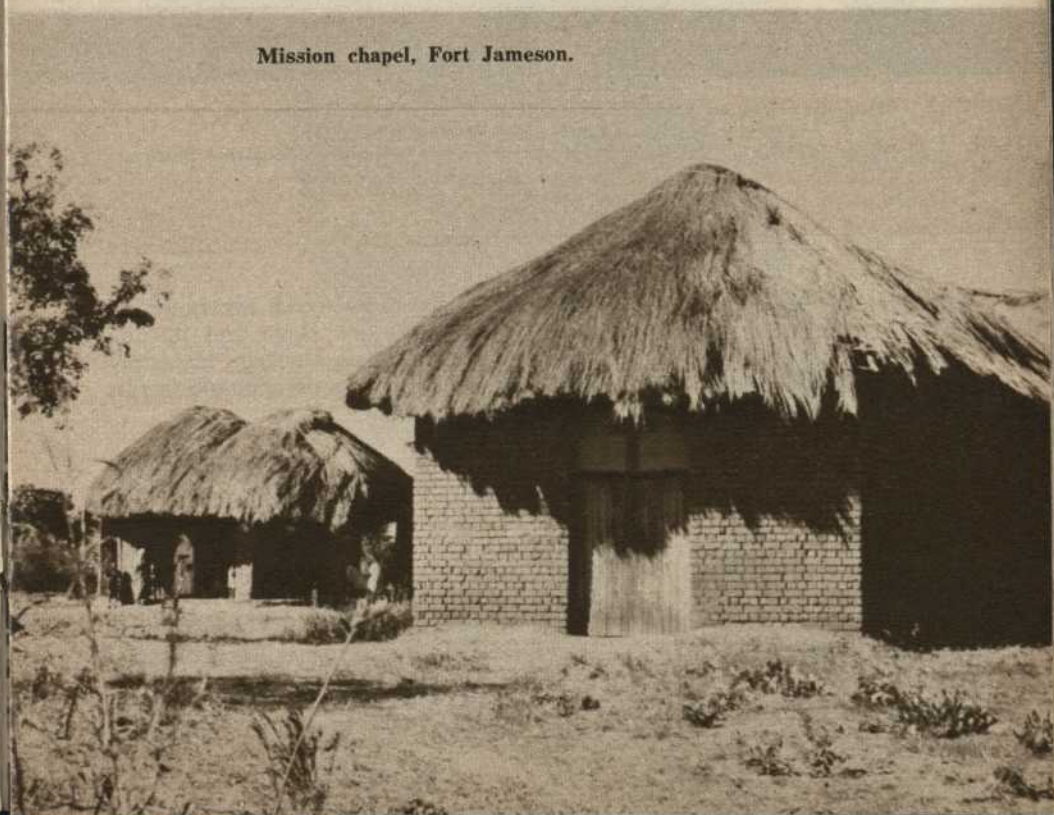
are too dainty about it," Father laughingly remarked. "Take a good lump, roll it about in the palm of your hand to shape it into a ball which you will then dip in the egg mixture." We complied and ate a satisfying meal.

Dinner over, we continued our trip. The next place we stopped at was Sikona, an entirely Catholic village whose chief came out to greet us bringing an offering of eggs and mangoes. In a great open space in the centre of the village the women were busy brewing *mowa*, millet beer.

Judging from their frolicsome gaiety, they had doubtless taken many a sip of the delicious beverage to make sure the taste was just right... Proud of the fact that we showed interest in their task, they gave us detailed explanations on the proceedings, then pointed to a hut packed with large earthenware jugs filled to the brim with first-class *mowa*.

Beyond Sikoma, there was no road to speak of. Two villagers rode with us a short way to point out the right direction, *kuno* (here), *uko* (there)... After a few miles we found

Mission chapel, Fort Jameson.





Missionary trip on the Luangwa River. Reverend C. Vosters, W. F., superior of Nyimba Mission, Sister Rachel Marie and Sister Martha of the Sacred Heart (Henriette Sylvestre, Montreal Nord).

ourselves on the edge of a steep cliff below which stretched a narrow ravine with another steep cliff climbing opposite. Father and the chauffeur got out to inspect the situation and discuss the possibility of hurdling these obstacles. They soon returned, the chauffeur blithely assuring us that there really was nothing to it; he could easily drive down and up. We preferred to walk. In my imagination, I could already see the jeep turning a somersault. With Father Gagnon guiding him, however, the

chauffeur made good his boast of going down one slope and up the other without any mishap. He surely deserved to be congratulated on his expert driving.

On the other side of the cliff was a large village never before visited by the missionary. A warm welcome awaited us there and in a trice we were surrounded by the friendly villagers. While Father sat apart with the men, we made acquaintance with the women. Sister Rachel Marie¹

endeared herself to the grandmothers, while the young mothers crowded around me to show off their babies. The crowd was such that an overly

eager mamma who could not approach near enough to hand me her young hopeful, threw him over the heads of the milling women. Fortu-



nately, I noticed in time the little angel flying through the air and caught him "on the wing". When the excitement of our arrival had somewhat died down, we told the women about our Nyimba hospital inviting them to bring their sick to us.

Aroni was the last place visited. The villagers here being in the majority Protestants received us rather coolly. We urged them also to come to Nyimba with their sick as-

suring them they would be welcomed with open arms and hearts.

In the late afternoon, we returned home well satisfied with our trip. We have now a better idea of the difficulties confronting missionaries in this area of Northern Rhodesia. Our *parish* extends over an area of 70 miles by 60, comprising about 200 scattered villages which can be reached only by all but impassable roads. The apostolic task is immense and the labourers are, alas, too few.

The ambulance, Nyimba Hospital.





KANYANGA, NORTHERN RHODESIA

THE FEDERATION IN A HISTORICAL PERSPECTIVE

by Sister SAINT RODRIGUE,¹ M.I.C.

From North to South, with its rapid evolution and its rabid revolutions, Africa is drawing the attention of the world. Rhodesia and Nyasaland have also emerged from the shadow and joining the race for independence are loudly pressing their claims, spurred on by two chief factors: first, the Federation organized in 1950 has become a point of dissension with England and a wedge for the insertion of antiforeign nationalism; secondly, the political situ-

ation in Northern Rhodesia has grown tense because of the proximity on its north-eastern border of the strife-torn ex-Belgian Congo. Like ill winds that bring little good, ideas, sentiments, passions are constantly blowing to and fro.

It is not my intention in this essay to defend any particular political system. All Catholics know the opinion of the Church regarding the legitimate demands for independence on the part of colonial countries.

¹ Françoise Pageau, Quebec.

Pope Pius XII's encyclical *Fidei Donum* clarifies its stand on this matter. I will merely consider present-day events in the light of historical and geographical data relative to the development of the territories included in what is known as British Central Africa.

The most curious fact for us born in an era of ultrarapid communications is that the topography, the inhabitants, and the rich natural resources of this part of the African continent should have been still unexplored and unknown by the middle of the 19th century. The coast regions of the Indian and Atlantic Ocean had indeed been visited as early as 1434 when the Portuguese succeeded in planting trading posts along the western coast up to the Congo. Later, in 1497, Vasco de Gama having sailed around the Cape of Good Hope, other posts were established on the eastern coast at Sofala, Mozambique, Mombasa, and Malindi. The interior of the continent,

however, remained untouched.

This immense plateau covered with well-nigh impenetrable forests presented a formidable barrier of rivers either too shallow or swollen by such huge falls that navigation along their course into the hinterland bristled with difficulties of all kinds. Moreover, wild beasts foraged in the tall grasses, crocodiles and hippopotamuses infested the waterways. The inhabitants were said to have no great fondness for the whites. Adventurous explorers who did penetrate into this unknown region soon succumbed to pernicious fevers.

According to historical records founded on anthropological researches, the Pygmies of the Congo and the Bushmen, are the oldest of African peoples who lived in Central Africa. While the fringes of the great continent were being slowly transformed by commerce, the Bushmen lived on in Rhodesia and Nyasaland the same primitive pattern of life as their forebears. Although expert

The graceful antelope, quarry of



hunters they had little knowledge of the art of building huts or of growing crops being content with game, wild fruits, and vegetable roots. There are indications that these people whose skin is yellow rather than black originally came from Asia.

Sometime in the 16th century, Bantu peoples living on the shores of Lake Victoria, in Sudan, and elsewhere began to migrate progressively towards the south. These Bantus, most anthropologists assume, were a mixture of two basic African stocks — the Hamite and the Negro. Faced by the invasion of their warlike hordes, the Bushmen retreated further into the interior. At present, they inhabit the desert of Kalahari on the south eastern coast while the 486,722 square miles of the Federation are occupied by 167 Bantu tribes, each with its own particular dialect stemming from one or the other of the chief Bantu tongues — cibamba, ciloni, cinyanja, cilunda, etc.

European Penetration

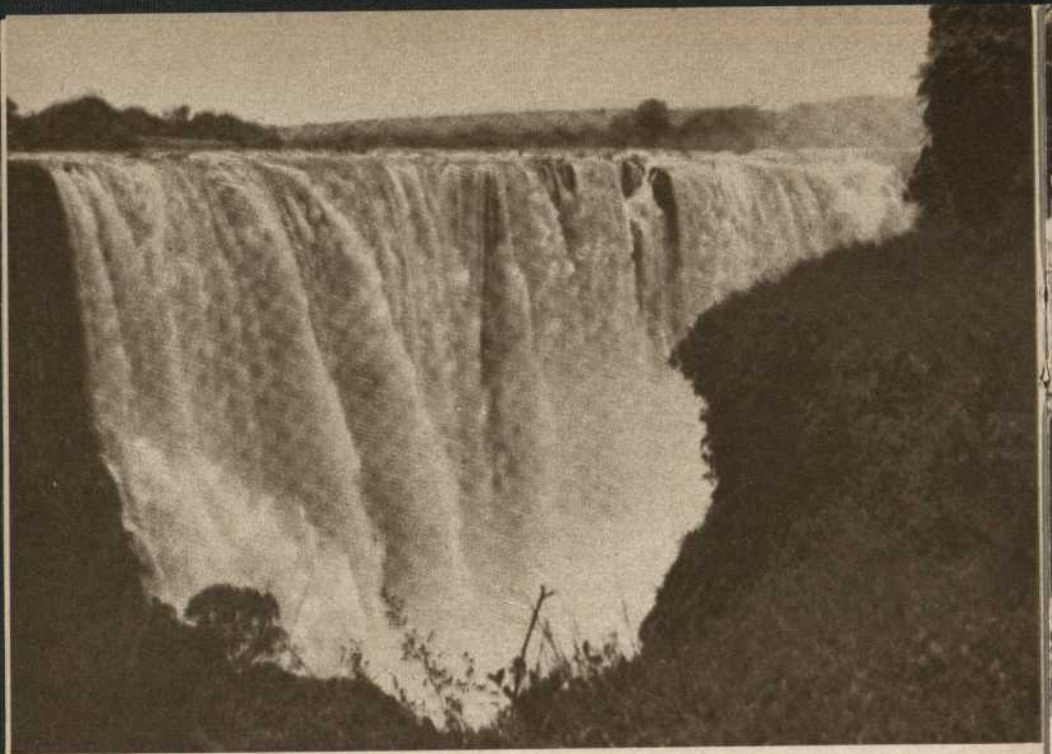
In 1795, Portugal assigned Dr. Lacerda as governor of the Zambezi with the mission of crossing the continent in order to annex new territories and to link the Portuguese cities of the eastern coast with those of the western coast. The explorer apparently met with success in his expeditions, but three years later died before reaching his final goal. He had gone only as far as the land governed by the Kazembe chief, south of Lake Mweru, in Northern Rhodesia.

Then came David Livingstone, the great explorer whose writings and conferences aroused world-wide interest and opened this region to Christian civilization.

A Scotchman born in Blantyre near Glasgow in 1813, Livingstone came to South Africa in 1840, as an envoy of the London Missionary Society. Racial conflicts were even

the king of the Rhodesian bush.





Famous Victoria Falls, Southern Rhodesia.

then raging. In 1806, the English had wrested the Cape Colony from the Dutch and, the following year, had proclaimed a law forbidding the slave trade. Dutch colonists who employed African slaves to till their farms resented the abolition of slavery. After years of wrangling over this matter and many others, the majority of Boers (early Dutch South African settlers) migrated towards the north in search of a domain where they could live without being interfered with.

Disagreement between Africans, Boers, and the British endured, how-

ever, as the latter pursued their conquests. Missionary work suffered in consequence. Was this the reason that induced David Livingstone to push further into the unknown? Perhaps. This dedicated man was certainly of the stuff of which explorers are made. In 1849, he travelled in direction of the north discovering on the way Lake Ngami in Bechuanaland, and reconnoitering as far as Barotseland. The following year, he reached the Zambezi River which marks the boundaries between the Rhodesias, and sailed down its waters to the Indian Ocean.

Everywhere he went Livingstone established friendly contact with tribal chiefs. He was the first white man to gaze on the majestic Victoria Falls which he named in honour of the British Queen (1855). In 1856, he arrived at Quelimane on the eastern coast of Africa having walked across the continent.

That same year, he returned to England where he urged the Universities, Cambridge more particularly, to establish missions in Central Africa in order to succour the populations victims of slavery and of tribal feuds. Unfortunately, Arab slave traders had been quick to benefit by the new routes. After having decimated the Bantus of the coast, they now prepared to raid the interior, thanks to the complicity of certain tribes

who thereby saw a way to wreak vengeance on hostile neighbours. It was common knowledge that Great Britain opposed the odious slave trade, having liberated all the slaves within the empire by a law promulgated in 1833.

When Livingstone discovered Lake Nyasa in 1859, he was less impressed by the beauty of this immense sheet of water than by the horrible slave market thriving on its shores. Once again, he sent an appeal to the Universities. Several years later the Free Church of Scotland responded by founding the mission Livingstonia in perpetual memory of the fearless apostle. David Livingstone died at Chitambo, Northern Rhodesia, almost at the exact spot where Doctor Lacerda had earlier expired.

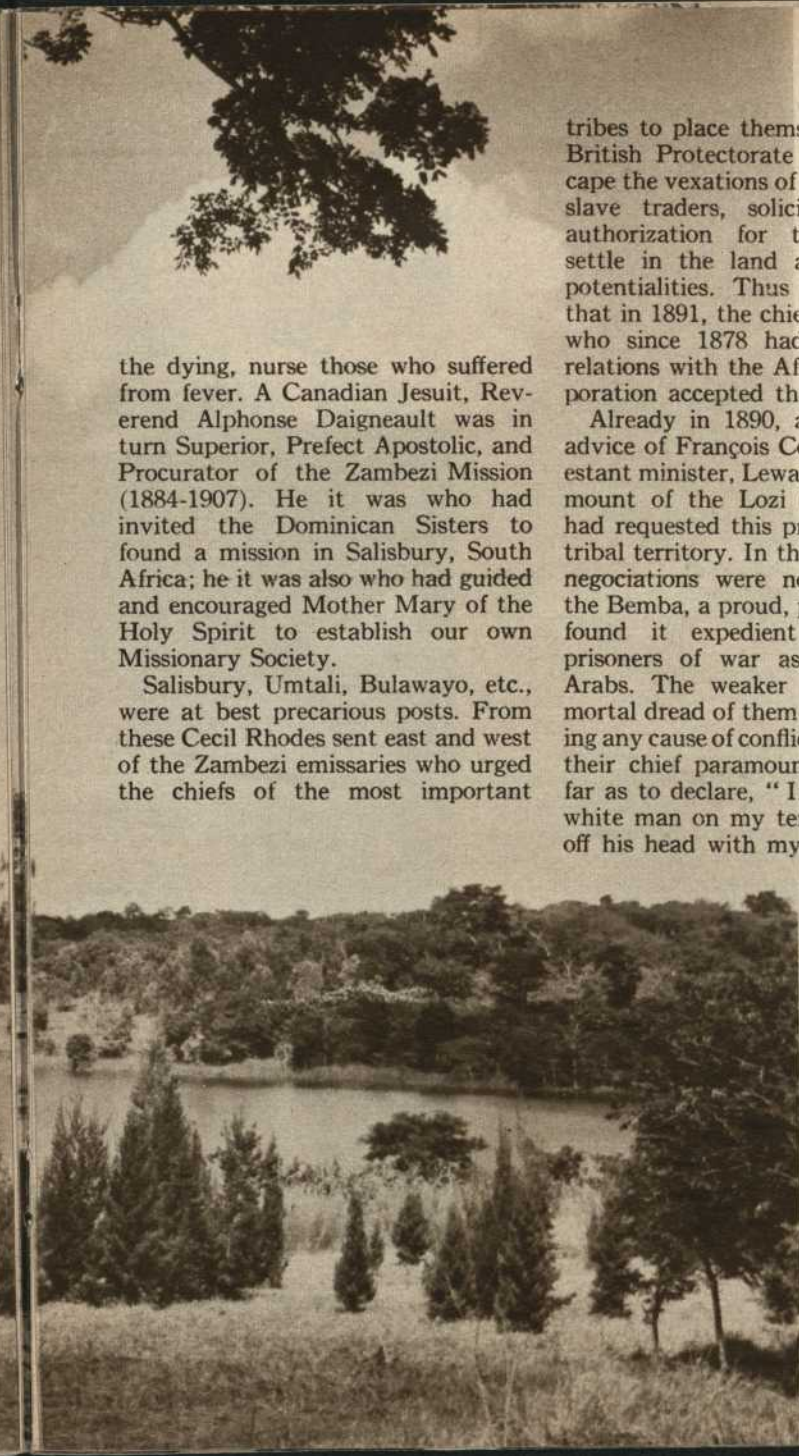
The Man Who Named Rhodesia

Towards this same time, fortune smiled on certain prospectors in search of diamond mines in Southern Africa. Chief among these was Cecil Rhodes, an Englishman who had come to Natal as a lad of seventeen to help his brother who owned a cotton plantation. Like many another venturesome spirit, Rhodes was dissatisfied with the quiet of the farmlands and cast in his lot with mine prospectors. He succeeded beyond his wildest dreams — his name remains forever linked with the Kimberley diamond mines. Of a generous, patriotic nature, Cecil Rhodes decided to make use of his recently acquired wealth to annex definitely to the British Crown the vast regions of Central Africa discovered by David

Livingstone. To this effect, in 1889, he founded the British South Africa Company with rights and obligations similar to those of the Company of the Hundred Associates in Canada.

That same year a hardy band of pioneers hewing its way through the jungle penetrated into Southern Rhodesia. Although Rhodes had obtained from Bantu chiefs a permit to pass through their territories the latter at times reversed their orders and skirmishes took place. Serious insurrections occurred between 1896-1897. The Sisters who staffed the Catholic Mission founded by the Jesuits who had followed in the footsteps of the colonists, were then on hand to care for the wounded, assist





the dying, nurse those who suffered from fever. A Canadian Jesuit, Reverend Alphonse Daigneault was in turn Superior, Prefect Apostolic, and Procurator of the Zambezi Mission (1884-1907). He it was who had invited the Dominican Sisters to found a mission in Salisbury, South Africa; he it was also who had guided and encouraged Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit to establish our own Missionary Society.

Salisbury, Umtali, Bulawayo, etc., were at best precarious posts. From these Cecil Rhodes sent east and west of the Zambezi emissaries who urged the chiefs of the most important

tribes to place themselves under the British Protectorate in order to escape the vexations of Arabs and other slave traders, soliciting in return authorization for the English to settle in the land and develop its potentialities. Thus it came about that in 1891, the chiefs of Nyasaland who since 1878 had kept in close relations with the African Lake Corporation accepted the Protectorate.

Already in 1890, acting upon the advice of François Couillard, a Protestant minister, Lewanika, chief paramount of the Lozi of Barotseland, had requested this protection for his tribal territory. In the east, however, negotiations were not so easy, for the Bemba, a proud, powerful people, found it expedient to sell their prisoners of war as slaves to the Arabs. The weaker tribes stood in mortal dread of them carefully avoiding any cause of conflict. Chitimukulu, their chief paramount, had gone so far as to declare, "If ever I catch a white man on my territory I'll chop off his head with my own hand".

Near Lundazi,
this lovely lake
lies girdled with
eucalyptus
and MSAFI.

Meantime, the White Fathers from the north were gradually advancing south into Central Africa. One day, in 1896, a French priest, Reverend Father Van Oost, W.F., arrived at Chitimukulu's village with the firm intention of preaching the Gospel to the inhabitants. When told that an insolent intruder had dared defy his orders, Chitimukulu strode out to meet him. The doughty old warrior who knew a brave man when he saw one, felt his anger melt before this missionary who smiled at him and spoke pacifying words. Before long, a mission post was founded with his assent. He eventually accepted the advantages of the British Protectorate and entered into a treaty with the British South Africa Company.

In the Fort Jameson region, the Angoni remained hostile to European colonization. An insurrection which was easily put down (1897) awakened them to the power of the handful of white colonists. The Zulu warriors feared by all finally bound themselves by a compact to the B.S.A.C.

Towards 1900, nearly all of Nyasaland and the Rhodesias were under the British Protectorate. The benefits of civilization were everywhere evident. From the missionary point of view, the country being open to all Christian denominations, mission schools and dispensaries rose in all districts; from the humanitarian point of view the slave trade received its death blow and tribal dissensions became more rare. Roads were built, rivers were rendered navigable, bridges went up, administrative centres called *boma* were organized.

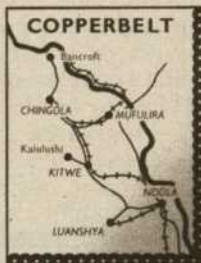
Before his death in 1902, Cecil Rhodes together with Doctor Jameson





RHODESIA AND NYASALAND

BELGIAN CONGO



ANGOLA



KEY



SCALE

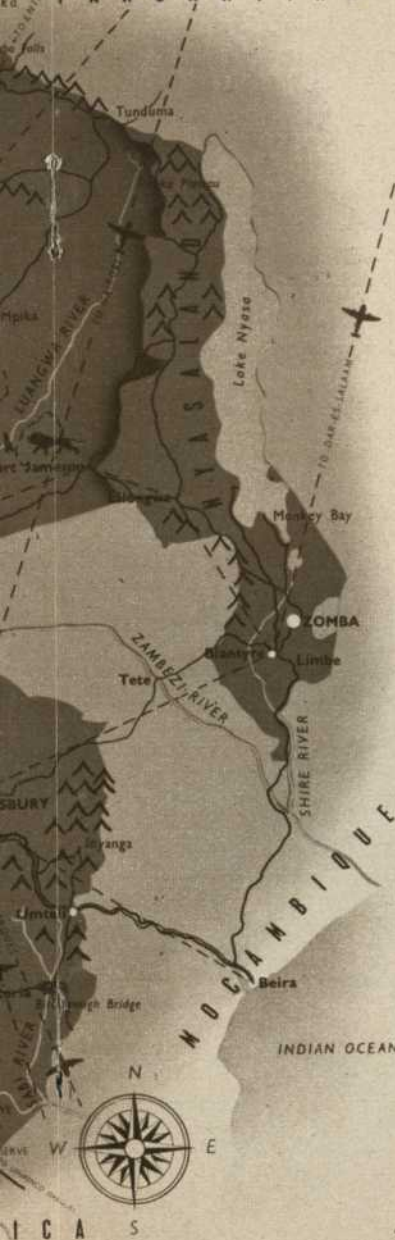


UNION OF SOUTH AFRICA



ALAND

TANGANYIKA



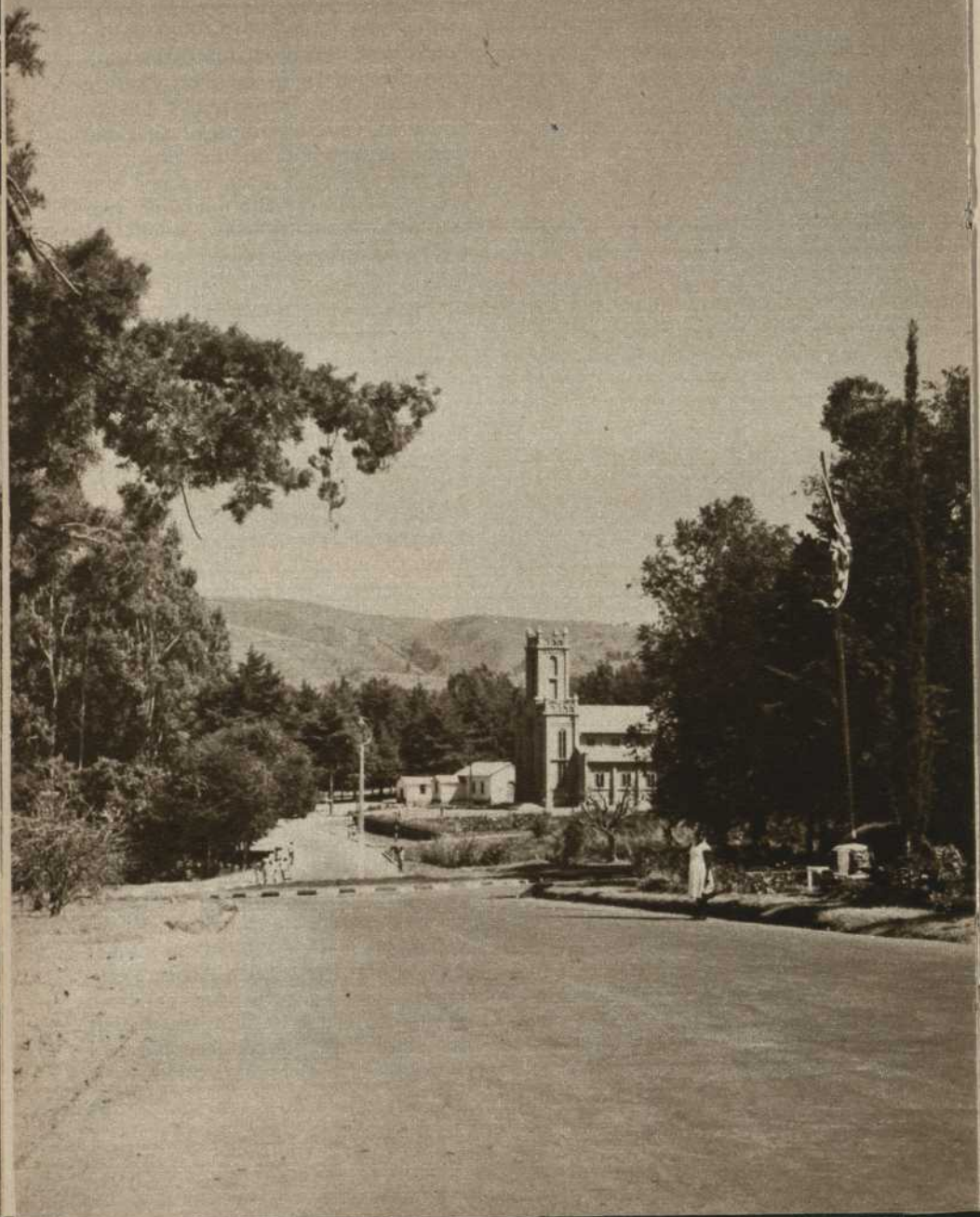
and Alfred Beit had launched a gigantic enterprise — the building of a railway linking the new establishments with cities of the North, the South, and the coast. The new railroad reached Beira in 1899; Victoria Falls in 1904. Meanwhile, Doctor Davey discovered mines of zinc and lead at Broken Hill in the vicinity of Lusaka. The first train reached this spot in 1906, and the following year the Rhodesian railway caught up with that of the Congo.

This railway constructed across the heart of a tropical jungle inhabited by wild beasts, infested with mosquitoes and bugs cost the lives of hundreds of European labourers. But, it brought prosperity to Central Africa. All along this line of communication rose shops, farms, plantations.

The British South Africa Company administered the Northern Rhodesia territory until 1923, when was formed a government in many points similar to the one now existing: British Protectorate with Executive and Legislative council. That same year Southern Rhodesia obtained a responsible government. In Nyasaland, a Legislative and Executive Council were set up in 1907.

At that time the province of Katanga, which of late has caused so much ink to flow, came very near becoming part of Rhodesia. One of Cecil Rhodes' agents, Alfred Sharpe, having crossed the Luakula River, had urged upon the chief the assistance of a British South Africa Company. His proposal was rejected. Shortly afterwards he learned that the said Chief had accepted the proposals of a Belgium explorer.

On the national highway
linking Tanganyika with Nyasaland,
stands the stately Mbeya cathedral.



Came the Federation

On September 4, 1953, federal agreement was officially concluded between the three states although, from the outset, the federal link proved weak. Africans of Northern Rhodesia and still more so those of Nyasaland feared that the politicians of Salisbury, seat of the federal government and capital of Southern Rhodesia, would copy the example of South African leaders. In its economic and social evolution, Salisbury could not but come under the influence of its neighbour, the Union of South Africa, with its policy of apartheid and of racial segregation aiming to keep the Africans in a state of inferiority. Under the direction of the leaders of the Independence Party the Africans of British Central Africa soon claimed the suppression of the Federation and complete independence. It would be absurd to consider their fears as entirely groundless. Thousands of Nyasalanders and of Rhodesians gone to work in the mines of Johannesburg have experienced at first hand the harsh and humiliating treatment meted out to them and their brother Africans. Moreover, the representatives of the Church have themselves had to reprove certain measures or projects of the Salisbury Parliament.

What is certain, is that Soviet propaganda has adroitly made use of local dissensions to inoculate the Marxist revolutionary and anti-Christian virus into African nationalism. Accordingly, the Church which spreads truth and charity, and civil authority which maintains order are

enemies to be destroyed. In Africa as well as in all countries where the Reds establish their "paradise" of slavery and violence, their initial tactics consist in setting up one people against another, in inculcating xenophobia. Even the missionaries are accused of being imperialists, exploiters of the people. The slogans familiar to Red China are being used



here also. One need only have read certain articles in the Malawi News edited by the Malawi Party to understand that Moscow has well coached its partisans.

Thanks be to God who draws good from evil, our people are beginning to sense that their true liberties are being imperiled. Of course, nobody can affirm that in certain particular cases, human nature being what it is, no acts of in-

justice or of brutality have marred the work of civilization wrought in British Central Africa during the last fifty years. But it is nothing short of diabolical to envisage history solely under the aspect of errors committed refusing to admit the positive aspect wherein one can discover countless concrete examples of benevolence, mutual aide, devotedness.

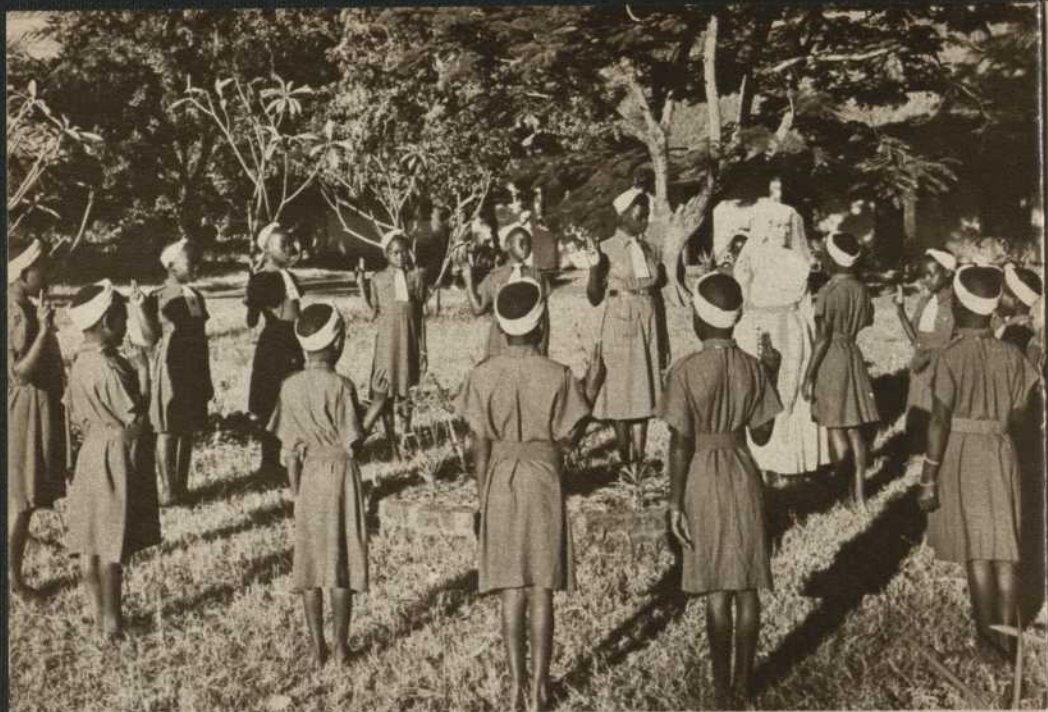
Recent amendments brought to the





federal constitution aim at giving satisfaction to the legitimate claims of each ethnic group within each territory. The number of Africans appointed as members of federal or territorial governments has increased. Economic progress has been furthered in British Central Africa thanks to the pooling of resources. Salisbury boasts today of the best tobacco market in the world; in Southern Rhodesia, gold, asbestos, and chromium mines are being worked to capacity, textile industries are flourishing; in Northern Rhodesia, the cities of the Copper Belt pulse with industrial life; crops of maize, tobacco, and rice produce more and better food; the fisheries of Nyasaland have been expanded. Salisbury and Bulawayo (Southern Rhodesia), and Blantyre (Nyasaland) have grown into important cities equipped with international airports and served by local airlines.

In 1958, the total population of the Federation was estimated at 7,890,000 inhabitants comprising 7,560,000 Bantus. Statistics for Southern Rhodesia prove that since the arrival of Europeans the autochthonous population has been multiplied by six. From a total of 500,000 they have risen to 3,000,000. Numerous hospitals and dispensaries have contributed in lengthening the life span and in decreasing the number of deaths more particularly with regard to infants. The 300,000 white inhabitants claim to be as African as the 8 million Bantus. For the greater part of sturdy pioneer stock, they cherish Africa as their motherland. Did not the same thing happen for our own forebears who grew so



Coaching African Guides, Sister Saint Rodrigue.

deeply attached to the land they had tilled and defended at the cost of blood and sacrifices that from Frenchmen that they were they became Canadians?

What will be the fate of Central British Africa? Will premature emancipation be launched by a Communism breathing hate and violence, or will a wise progressive evolution be prepared under the leadership of a moderate and ardent patriot such as Julius Nyerere in Tanganyika, for instance?

You who have patiently read this essay to the end, do not for a moment think you have nothing to do about the solving of the political problem in Nyasaland and Rhodesia. Perhaps someone near and dear to you is a missionary in those parts and you are anxious about his or her safety... There really is no reason for worry.

You can help missionaries and your African brothers! Keep closely united to them, through the consoling dogma of the communion of saints,

and join them in a spiritual offensive triumph of the Gospel over Marxist
of prayer, sacrifice, generosity for the ideologies.

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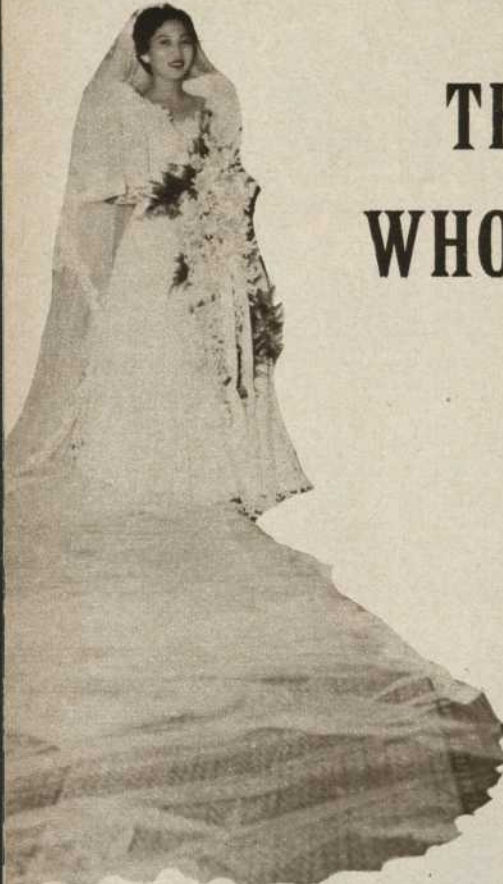
Nyasaland in Brief published by the Federal Government of Salisbury.

Fact monthly newspaper issued in Salisbury.



THE BRIDE WHO SAID "NO"!

by Sister SAINT FLAVIE, ¹ M.I.C.



of Santa Ana, a neighbouring parish, accompanied by a young woman decked in flashy bridal attire complete with filmy veil and high-heeled shoes. Before either of them had time to explain the object of their early visit, the telephone rang. Reverend Alcide Lefebvre, P.M.E., pastor, was calling to say that the curate had just sent us a bride who refused to get married. The parents were furious with her for refusing the husband they had provided. Would I keep the girl at the convent until he could make arrangements? I certainly could and would.

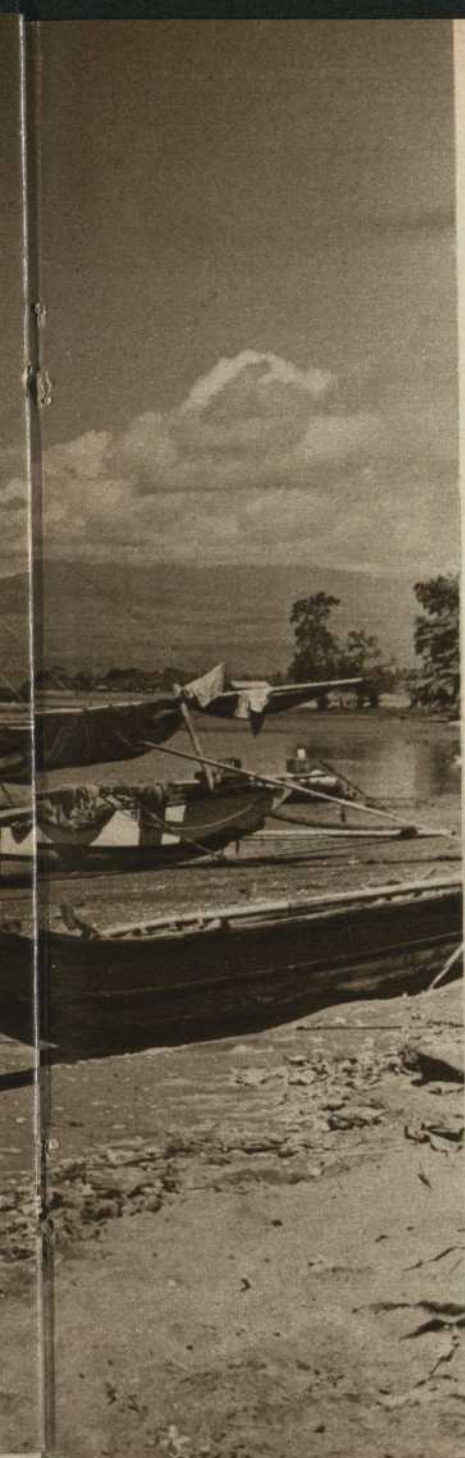
One fine morning we were in the chapel absorbed in meditation when the clanging of the doorbell suddenly shattered the religious silence. With a murmured apology to Our Lord, I hastened downstairs to investigate. As I opened the door, in sidled an oddly assorted pair — the sacristan

When I returned to the parlour, the sacristan merely nodded in a knowing fashion and vanished from the scene, leaving me alone with the girl who had said "No," in the nick of time. I drew her away to the remotest part of the house and helped her discard her finery for simpler dress as the pastor had advised. She disdainfully flung her fine shoes in a corner of the room exclaiming, "They're not mine!" In the same



Davao harbour, Philippine Islands.





manner she put away wristwatch, ring, string of coloured beads, and even hairpins, repeating the same words, "They're not mine!"

With evident satisfaction, she washed off her make-up and while braiding her hair into two plain tresses which she wound around her head, she gave me a detailed account of her adventures. Her parents who were very poor had made up their mind to give her in marriage to a wealthy man, many years her senior and of shady reputation. As she flatly refused to accept him, a series of domestic vexations ensued. After a while, seeing that her parents were adamant on the subject, she ran away, armed with a gun and a huge *bolo* — knife with which the mountain folk cut their way through the forest — to a neighbouring village.

Several months went by uneventfully; then hoping for the best, Natividad stole back to her home village. She found, alas, that her troubles had only just begun. Under the threats and the constant pressure brought to bear upon her, the poor girl became so upset that she toyed with the idea of taking her own life. Fortunately, she met a friend who urged her to consult a Catholic priest who would surely help her solve her problem. Thus it came about that she was introduced to Reverend Denis Cossette, P.M.E., curate at the parish of Santa Ana who encouraged her and bade her pray for light. "If you trust in God," he added, "you will see that He will arrange matters."

Natividad returned home serene and confident. She let her parents proceed with the wedding preparations, and a month later on the morn-

ing of the fateful day, she allowed herself to be dressed in bridal attire and led to church as a victim to the altar of sacrifice.

At first, Father Cossette who was to officiate at the wedding failed to recognize her under her make-up, but he immediately noticed that something was amiss. She looked at him so pleadingly and so sadly that he said to the parents who stood nearby, "I must have a word with your daughter".

Her suspicions aroused, the mother kept watching the girl like a hawk, but the priest walked away at a distance from the group and managed to place himself in such a way that she was hidden. He inquired point-blank, "Do you want to get married?" In no uncertain terms she replied, "No".

"Turn quietly, follow the corridor in back of you, and hide yourself in the *convento*."

To the sacristan who came in from the church just then, the priest whispered, "Take the car and drive that girl to the Convent of the Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception. I'll explain later".

Meantime, he kept up an imaginary conversation to give the fugitive the time to make good her escape. A parishioner who entering the sacristy at this moment looked in surprise at the gesticulating priest and inquired, "Is anything wrong? Can I help you?"

"You certainly can. Stand in front of me and let's pretend we are discussing something. I'm trying to help a person in trouble reach safety."

This went on for about twenty minutes. Finally, the mother's pa-

tience gave out and she came forward to put a stop to the conversation. When she saw that she had been tricked, her anger knew no bounds. She strode nearer the priest, fists doubled up as if for a fight, "Where's Natividad?" she rasped.

"She's gone."

"Where to?"

"She is safe."

Choking with mortified pride the woman turned to the members of the wedding party, "You can go home," she stated. "My husband and I will wait here until we get our daughter back." The crestfallen bridegroom declared that he too would wait. The trio stayed in the sacristy until noon, when they were informed that if they persisted they would be sued for the grave offence of having forced their daughter to marry against her will. Judging that discretion is the better part of valour, they sullenly left the premises not without uttering threats of revenge.

During four days, parents and rejected suitor laid siege to the *convento*, claiming their prey. On the fourth day, they attempted to bargain her away for the sum of 1,500 pesos. Annoyed by their persistence and unable to attend to his work, the priest consulted a lawyer who summoned the plaintiffs and the girl to his office.

When they met, the enraged mother vented her fury upon the hapless girl, while the father shuffled from one foot to the other, looking embarrassed. Evidently, this was not the first domestic tempest he had been through. The lawyer carefully explained that they both risked imprisonment unless they desisted. He finally persuaded them to sign



STELLA MARIS School (front);
Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall, Davao, (rear).

a written paper testifying that they left their daughter free to marry or not. When they came out of the office, the mother hissed, "You brazen hussy! I don't want to see your face again".

While her parents went back to their village, Natividad returned to our Child Jesus Home where she continued to care for the children, a task she greatly enjoyed. She rarely left the grounds, for the rejected suitor had threatened to kill her wherever he chanced to meet her. Although she appreciated the security offered her at our place, the poor

child naturally missed her younger brothers and sisters, and her mountain home. Last December, we suggested that in the company of a Sister she visit her family. She left on December 26, with Sister Marie Albert and a Filipino aide, all three laden with Christmas gifts.

The children were overjoyed when they saw their beloved big sister, but Papa and Mamma were at first noncommittal. Gradually, however, as they witnessed the joy of the youngsters over their gifts, they began to thaw, then smiled surreptitiously at each other and at Nati-

vidad. Confident that a truce had been called, Sister Marie Albert tactfully pretexted her desire to visit the village in order to leave the family free to enjoy the reunion in perfect intimacy. The father and mother, deeply touched by their daughter's affectionate attentions, renewed their promise never to force her to marry.

As we prepared to return to our home in the valley, Mamma cried, "Wait a moment!" Rushing into the hen-house she returned with a trussed-up fowl which she gave us saying, "I have no eggs but take the hen along, please". Sister at first demurred, knowing how poor her hosts were. The woman insisted. "It's not much... but I want to give it to you because you have been so kind to our Natividad." Sister and her companions left after inviting Papa and Mamma to visit them at the *convento* whenever they

came to town.

They did call at Child Jesus Home a week later to warn Natividad to be very careful on her comings and goings for the would-be-bridegroom had arrived in Davao and was watching for an occasion to kill her.

Several months have elapsed and no harm has been done. We Sisters are now on the friendliest of terms with this poor family. Natividad often comes to my office to tell me that her parents have no more food. Each time this happens we provide what we can, not only in food, but in medicine and clothing as well.

The young girl has studied the doctrine and made her First Holy Communion. In her new-found fervour she has vowed to revenge herself in a Christian way by bringing her parents back to the Church of their Baptism. She has been successful, for in October the couple had their union regularized.

¹ Madeleine Alarie, Trecesson, Abitibi.

MISSIONARY INTENTION

MARCH : That in all mission lands the teaching of the Gospel may lead the faithful to deeper holiness through the reception of the sacraments and the exercise of virtue.

APRIL : That liberty of education be safeguarded or acknowledged in mission lands.

KORIYAMA,

MIYOKO

by Sister SAINT ANGELA OF MERICI,¹ M.I.C.

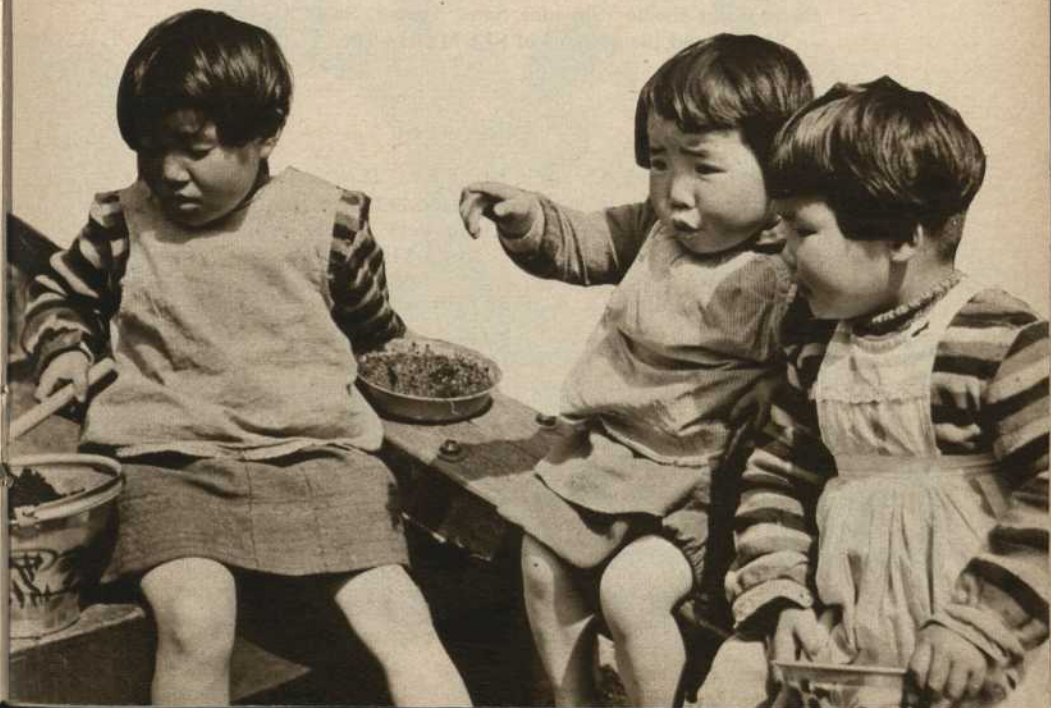
She came to Maria En, Mary's Garden, when it was first opened in 1950, a timid sickly child of nine.

In the depths of her dark eyes too large for her thin little face, one could read the wistfulness of a young life already shadowed with pain and sorrow. An attack of rheumatic fever when she was seven or eight had

left her with an impaired heart and a general debility that had hindered her from attending regular classes at the village primary school.

Destitute relatives brought her to us as it was impossible for them to provide the medical care she stood in need of. Although Miyoko was apt to shed her shyness and to fly

¹ Marie Jeanne L'Heureux, Loretteville.





Sister Saint Elodie (Simonne Saint Amand, Saint Aimé,) and the orphans of SEI MARIA EN.

into tantrums when crossed, she proved on the whole a docile, lovable child who from the first enjoyed the warm family atmosphere of Maria En where Sisters and lay teachers vied with one another to make her happy and contented.

Notwithstanding the tender care lavished upon her, however, she remained weak and listless. Eventually, the doctor attached to the Home declared her to be suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs, and had her hospitalized at the Sukagawa Sanatorium, a short distance from

Koriyama. It was there that she was baptized pending a surgical operation which very nearly proved fatal.

Anna Maria as she was now called, finally pulled through to the surprise of all concerned. Every time we visited her at the San she begged us to take her home to Maria En. She missed her teachers and her companions so. But, a specialist for heart diseases called in for a consultation suggested that she undergo another surgical operation at his Sendai clinic. He felt sure that he could thereby bring her relief and perhaps even

restore her health completely. Otherwise, her days were numbered. Consulted, Anna Maria declared herself ready for anything that might better her condition. "I'm sure Our Lady will assist me," she declared, clinging to her beloved Rosary.

At the Sendai clinic, it happened that the girl shared a room with a wealthy lady who, taking a great fancy to her, made plans to adopt her legally as soon as she would leave the hospital. God had willed otherwise since this patient died a

few weeks later. In time, Anna Maria underwent a very delicate heart operation which proved successful.

A month later, she returned to Koriyama where she spent a year of convalescence at Maria En. Then, as she had reached the age limit determined by the Federal Government for her stay at the orphanage, we found some congenial employment for her in a neighbouring town. Alas! Before a year had elapsed she again became so grievously ill that she had to be hospitalized. The priest who

Sister Angela of Merici and the seniors at the orphanage.



was called to administer Extreme Unction brought us the sad news and told us how eager Anna Maria was to have our visit.

We immediately contacted the civil authorities for a permit to have her transferred to the Home for her convalescence, and the sympathetic officials issued a pass good for one year. A few weeks later, the girl joyfully returned to her beloved "family" of the orphanage. Thanks to careful nursing she was soon on her feet again. Her only regret was that she could not hope to spend her whole life at Maria En.

At the expiration of her permit, her relatives were summoned to the office of the authorities in charge of orphanage to discuss her future. They agreed that the best solution for the orphaned girl would be to have her stay with an older married sister who lived in the country. Anna Maria agreed to this arrangement, trusting in Our Blessed Mother to smooth out the difficulties she foresaw of having to live in a non-Christian milieu.

Although burdened with the care

of five little ones, her sister was very kind to her and did her best to improve her frail health.

Before long, however, Anna Maria suffered a relapse. Hearing of this, Sisters Agnes of Assisi¹ and Saint Elodie went to visit her. They found her in such a critical condition that they did all in their power to have her hospitalized. All to no avail. No ambulance would take the risk of driving over the narrow mountain roads in this remote district. Besides, the patient would probably have been unequal to the long drive. The Sisters left her to the care of the kindly local doctor.

Two days later, we learned that she was dead. Her last words to her sister had been: "Goodbye and thank you. I'll be waiting for you in Heaven. Please ask the Sisters to see that I'm buried in the Catholic cemetery of Koriyama."

The orphans often visit her grave and deck it with flowers. They like to recall Miyoko's deep devotion to Our Lady whose trusting child she remained to the end.

¹ Lucienne Renaud, Montreal.



NICOLAIER MICROBE WRITES TO STREPTOCOCCUS



by Sister FRANCES OF ROME,¹ M.I.C.

My dear Strep,

I have heard that you are making many satisfying experiments all over the world. Congratulations! For my part, I have lately come through an adventure that has knocked me on the head. I want to tell you about it as I think it may benefit our clan to be forewarned. There are forces at work which it would be foolish to ignore.

As you are aware, the members of my family are more capricious than yours. It is customary for us to live in the soil at a depth of fifteen or twenty centimetres. We are said to be anaerobic which means that we abhor free oxygen. When human beings with open wounds pry into the ground on our doorstep, we enter their system secreting a specific toxin which causes

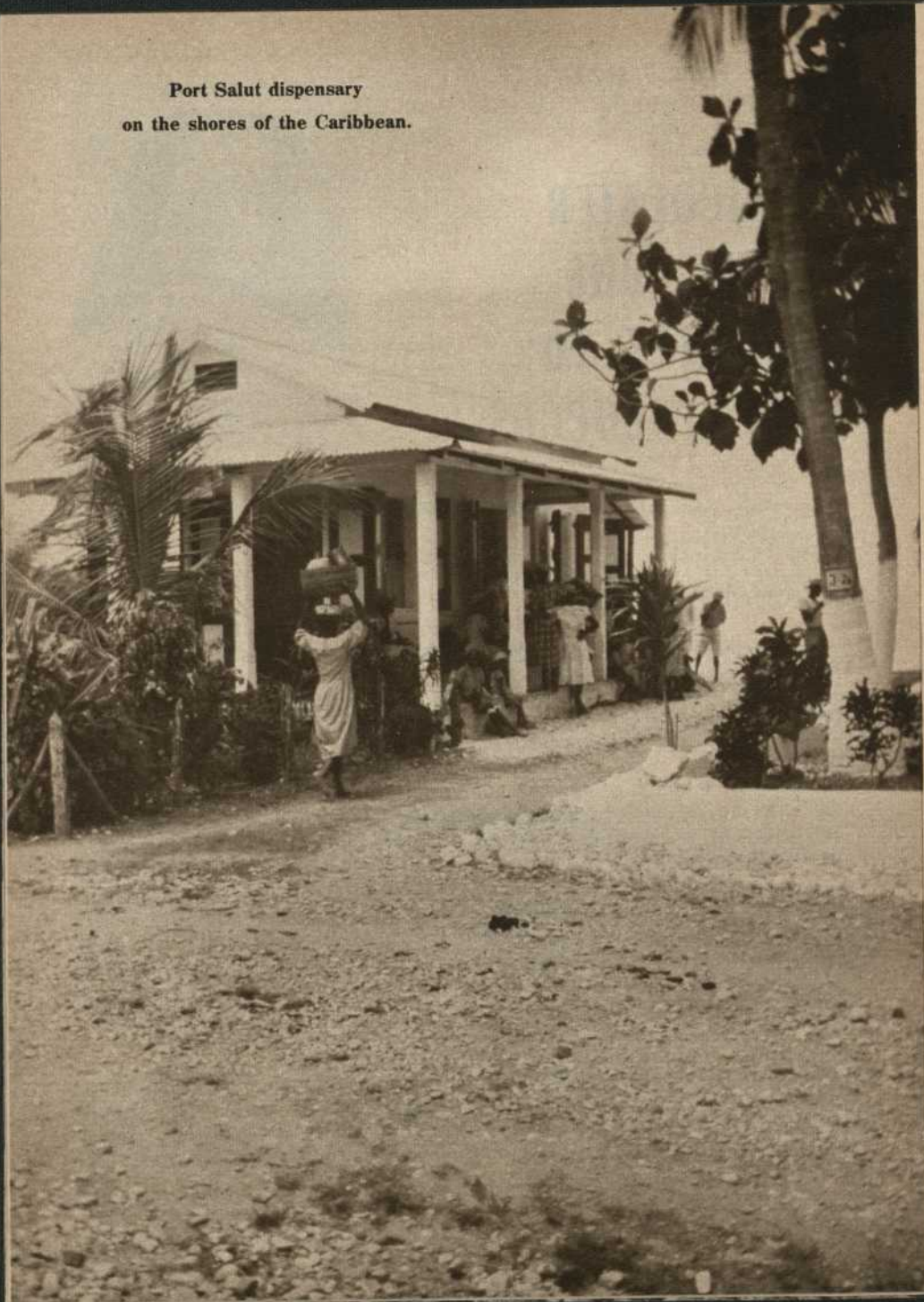
the disease known as tetanus.

Chief symptoms of tetanus are tonic spasms of striated muscles, the muscles of the lower jaw being usually the first affected. Kindly excuse all these details, but to understand what has happened you must try to put yourself in the place of a Nicolaier microbe. Why am I so called? In honour of the learned physician Nicolaier who discovered me in 1885. Men make me sick with their discoveries! I was already at work hundreds of years before they had any inkling of my existence.

Some time ago, I inoculated a Haitian girl of eleven, the pupil of a Missionary Sister of the Immaculate Conception by the name of

¹ Françoise Derome, Montreal.

Port Salut dispensary
on the shores of the Caribbean.



Sister Saint Alberic.¹ The child had cut her left hand providing me with a convenient entrance. Soon she felt a stiffness in her jaws and in her neck, then her right leg grew limp. The little ninny made things easy for me as she did not tell anyone of her discomfort. She was limping along the road to the village the following day, when a nosy young fellow noticed her strange bearing. After cross-questioning her, he decided, in his wisdom, that she would immediately be taken to the dispensary. At first, the parents refused to be alarmed. "It's only a case of mumps!" they scoffed. But, the headstrong meddler finally persuaded them to let him ride with the patient to the Port Salut dispensary. They arrived at 5 p. m.

After a thorough examination in the absence of the Doctor, the Sister Nurse declared war on your poor Nicolaier. Antitetanus serum, injections, Penicillin, Demerol, Largactil, and Phenergan were administered. The child grew as stiff as a poker. She was put to bed at the dispensary and the Nurse watched beside her all night.

I kept on fighting during the next day with some advantage. Convulsions set in and the face grew twisted with pain.

On the second day, the district doctor who had been on leave of absence arrived at the dispensary to look the patient over. I grinned triumphantly when, shaking his head, he told the Sisters, "No matter what you do now, you can't save her. She's doomed." Apparently, he did

not know the Sisters and I made the sad mistake of under-estimating them. My dear Strep, you should have witnessed the offensive that was then launched. A classroom was set apart as a private ward. The patient received injection upon injection. A zone of silence was established and visits were strictly forbidden.

During the night, the child slept a few hours in spite of the fact that she had been roused for several intravenous injections. The pastor was called in to anoint her in the late hours. Already he had brought her a spiritual remedy they call Holy Communion. Realizing what I was up against, I fought with all my might, you may be sure, multiplying crises and increasing the pain. I grew as mad as hops and struck out viciously at my victim. My reputation as a virulent microbe was at stake, you see. She writhed under the attack and gradually suffocation set in. The night would decide the battle. I almost scored a victory... But, I'll keep you in suspense as to the outcome, for I must first tell you how during those hours of desperate struggle I was forced to reflect on the proverb as true in our microbe world as it is in the world of man, "Unity is strength"

Never had I witnessed such collaboration. The church bells were muted. The Delco which provides the church, the school, and the convent with electricity ceased to function as the noise and vibrations of the motor upset the patient. The schoolyard was declared a hos-

¹ Genevieve Paquin, Saint Ubald.

pital zone. Everybody about the place kept every kind of noise down to a minimum. It was enough to give me the shivers.

You are doubtless on tenterhooks, asking yourself whether I won in the end. No. I must admit that those Sisters and their friends beat me hollow. The night during which I had hoped to come out victor, saw my humiliating defeat, a defeat that did not come easy. My victim escaped my clutches, I really do not know how... In less than a week, she was up, trying to make her weakened limbs obey the dictates of her will. As I write this, she is back at school as healthy as ever.

Of course you understand my bewilderment... Two factors have contributed to my failure. The first was subjective. I confess that I played the conceited ass during the incubation period. I was too sure of myself. Only a week beforehand had I not had reason of a young man only four days after my first engagement with him? I believed my-

self invincible. The second factor was objective, mysterious even. All those I had to contend with continually referred to PRAYER, whatever that is. Parents, friends, acquaintances all spoke this strange word, and seemed sure of its power. I heard the Sisters repeating the name of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit. Have you ever heard that name before?

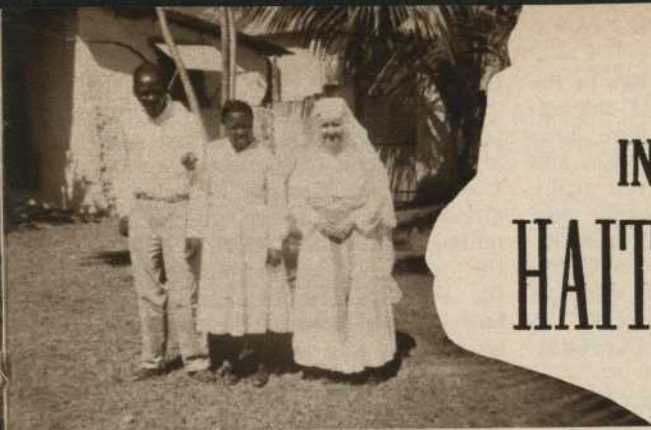
Do you think PRAYER can be some new powerful antibiotic fatal to my toxin? Perhaps it is a Sputnik 1961 model bent on the destruction of our clan...

If you possess the key to this enigma, please let me know. At present I am on a holiday spree. Further activities will be suspended until I get your answer.

Your friends the Koch and the Eberth bacilli send greetings. I remain as ever.

Yours truly,

Nicolaier Bacillus



IN HAITIAN HILLS

by Sister MARIE SIMONE,¹ M.I.C.

Papa and Mamma Francilia live in a tiny village deep in the verdant hills that surround Limbe. Although they lead a hand-to-mouth existence they are happy and contented.

When I met Mamma for the first time at the Limbe market place where she comes three or four times a week to sell vegetables, I was struck by her air of refinement. Clad in clean but faded blue cotton, she carried herself like a queen.

One fine day, when out for a round of home visitations in the hills, I knocked at the door of the Francilia's hut. Mamma received us with open arms. During the course of the conversation, I learned that although a Catholic, she had long neglected the practice of her religious duties. Her union had not been blessed by the Church and her five children had not been baptized. Why? For the, to her, important reason that she had never had enough money to do things in style! I tried to make her understand the

inanity of her reasoning when such serious interests were at stake only to have her reply, "I am doing all I can to earn enough money to regularize my situation. I will do so as soon as possible".

Weeks lengthened into months, months stretched into years and still the Francilia family remained outside the Fold. Then, one day, sorrow darkened their lives. While playing in the fields, Jacquot, the youngest child, suffered a serious accident. For forty-eight hours the two-year-old boy tossed in the throes of a violent fever before Mrs. Francilia called us Sisters to her aid. Accompanied by a Sister Nurse, I hurried to the hills. We found Mamma heartbroken over this accident. As there was nothing we could do on the spot we urged her to have the patient transferred to our hospital.

The following morning when the mother carried Jacquot into the consulting room he was unconscious

¹ Cécile Labrie, Sainte Croix de Dunham.

and very near death. Thanks to the fervent prayers made and the expert care lavished upon him, however, he finally pulled through, and became his normal merry self again. How happy Mamma Francilia was! She went about telling everyone she met, "The mothers saved my darling Jacquot... Now I want to get married before the priest in order to be able to pray Our Lady as they do".

When Jacquot was discharged from the hospital, the whole family came down from their village to express their gratitude. I ventured to suggest that this would be a fitting occasion for Papa and Mamma to have their union blessed by the priest. "Mother, we haven't a cent laid aside yet," Mamma countered. "Everything I earn at the market goes to feed the children and my husband doesn't earn much... Later on..."

Sister Superior¹, being told about this problem, declared, "Their poverty is no reason for putting off having their marriage blessed. If they are willing to do so, tell them I'll arrange the financial side of the affair."

The joy manifested by the worthy couple when I told them the good news proved that they were sincere. The first thing to do was to contact the pastor of Limbe. This I took upon myself to do, for my friends were more or less embarrassed to explain their tardiness.

The pastor declared, "Well and good, but see to it that these people first learn their prayers and the catechism." I promised to see to their religious instruction within the least

possible delay.

As the First Communion preparatory class was about to open at the parish catechetical centre, I encouraged Mamma Francilia to attend. She did so in spite of torrential downpours which rendered the roads all but impassable. In the evenings she repeated to her husband the lessons learned during the day. It was so much the harder that neither of them knew how to read or write. On Sundays, the couple came to the convent where I supplemented their instruction with detailed explanations. At last, they were ready for the dreaded examinations which they passed successfully.

Their situation rectified, both were confirmed and received Holy Communion on Low Sunday. Afterwards, a modest reception in their honour was held at the convent. Both were overjoyed and promised to bring up their children to be faithful Catholics.

Months have since elapsed. My good friends, true to their word, fervently fulfill all their religious obligations.

The oldest child, Anna, now attends our kindergarten thanks to the generosity of a benefactress who is none other than Very Reverend Mother General. Her home being too far for her to walk to and from school daily, the little girl boards with a family near the convent.

Our grateful thanks go to all the Canadian benefactors who collaborate in leading home the good people who have strayed from the Church of their Baptism solely through ignorance.

The Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception

CANADA

MOTHERHOUSE, 2900 St. Catherine Road
Cote des Neiges, Montreal 26.
NOVIATTE, Pont Viau, Montreal 40.
OUTREMONT, 314 St. Catherine Road,
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CHINESE HOSPITAL, 112 Lagauchetiere St., West,
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NOMINIQUE, Labelle County, P.Q.
RIMOUSKI, 85 St. Germain Street, P.Q.
JOLIETTE P.Q., 750 St. Louis Street.
QUEBEC, 1073 St. Cyrille Street West.
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VANCOUVER, Mount St. Joseph's Hospital,
3080 Prince Edward Street.
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GRANBY, P.Q., 35 Dufferin Street.
GRANBY, 50 Saint Joseph Street.
CHICOUTIMI, P.Q., 766 Cenacle Street.
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EDMUNDSTON, N.B., 18 Saint John Street.

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OUR LADY OF HOPE HOUSE,
Clear Water Bay Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

FORMOSA

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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.

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Fukushima Ken.
WAKAMATSU, 480, sakae machi, Aizu Wakamatsu
TOKYO, 108-4 cho me Fukazawa cho, Setagaya ku

ITALY

ROME, via Giacinto Carini, 8.

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AMBOHIBARY, Madagascar.

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Calle Oruro No 300, Casilla 1667.
IRUPANA.

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Academy, Gen. Luna St., Intramuros.
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MANILA, Little Baguio, San Juan, Rizal.
LAS PINAS, Rizal.
MATI, Davao Province.
DAVAO City, Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall.
PADADA, Davao Province.
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LES COTEAUX, Haiti.
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PORT SALUT, Haiti.
CAMP PERRIN, Haiti.
MIREBALAIS, Haiti.
LIMBE, Haiti.
CAP HAITIEN, Haiti.
CHANTAL, Haiti.
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PORT AU PRINCE, cité No 2, Haiti.
DESCHAPPELLES, Albert Schweitzer Hospital
Post Box No. 4, Saint Marc, Haiti.
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KANYANGA MISSION, Lundazi P.O.
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