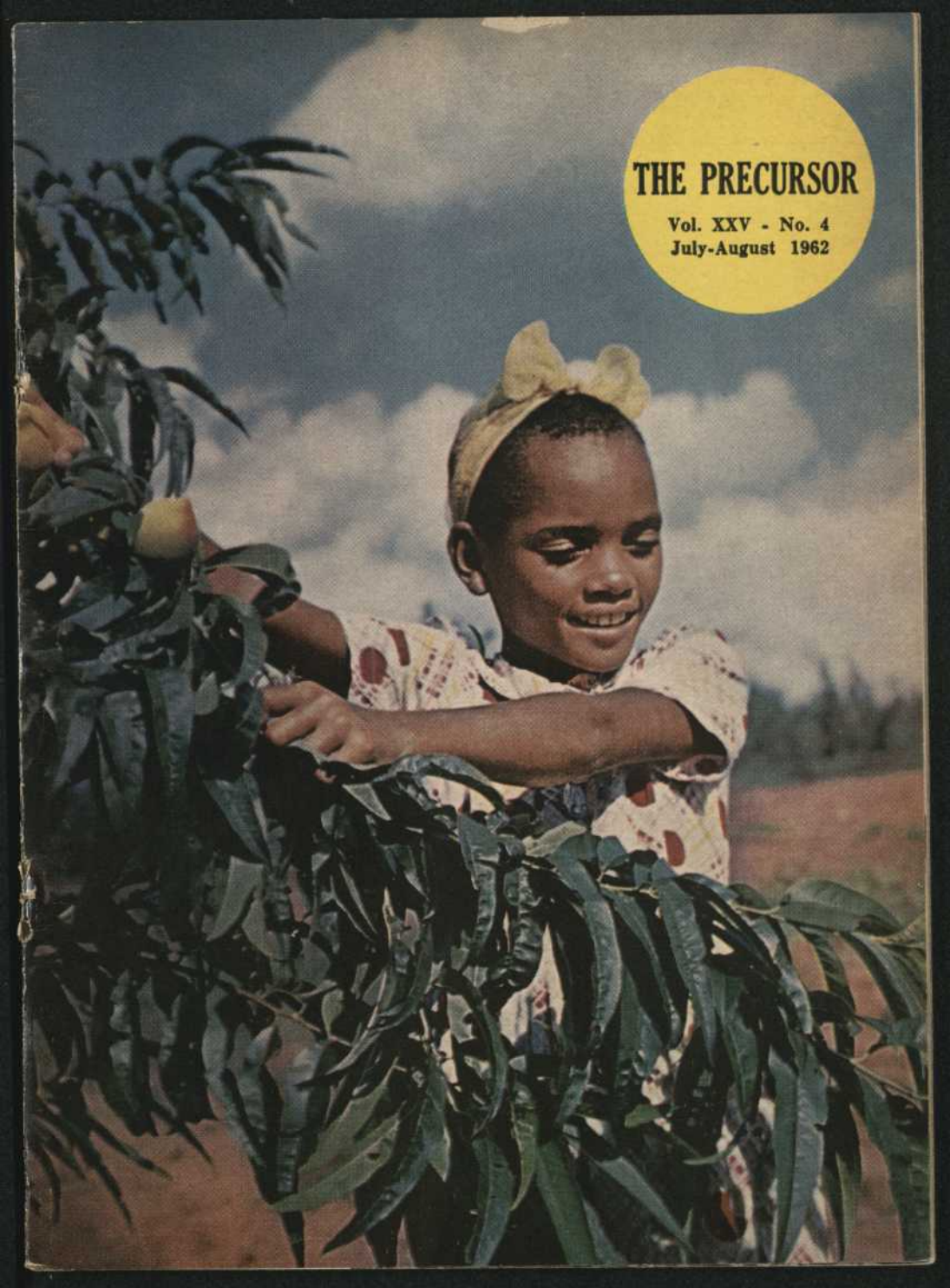




THE PRECURSOR

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THE PRECURSOR

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IN THIS ISSUE

Pope John XXIII, <i>Alfredo Ferruzzo</i>	159
District of Karonga	169
Pafupi-fupi	188
Adaptation and Method	193
Dugout Procession on the Lake	198
Optimistic View of Catholic Church in Japan	202

Mango time in Nyasaland

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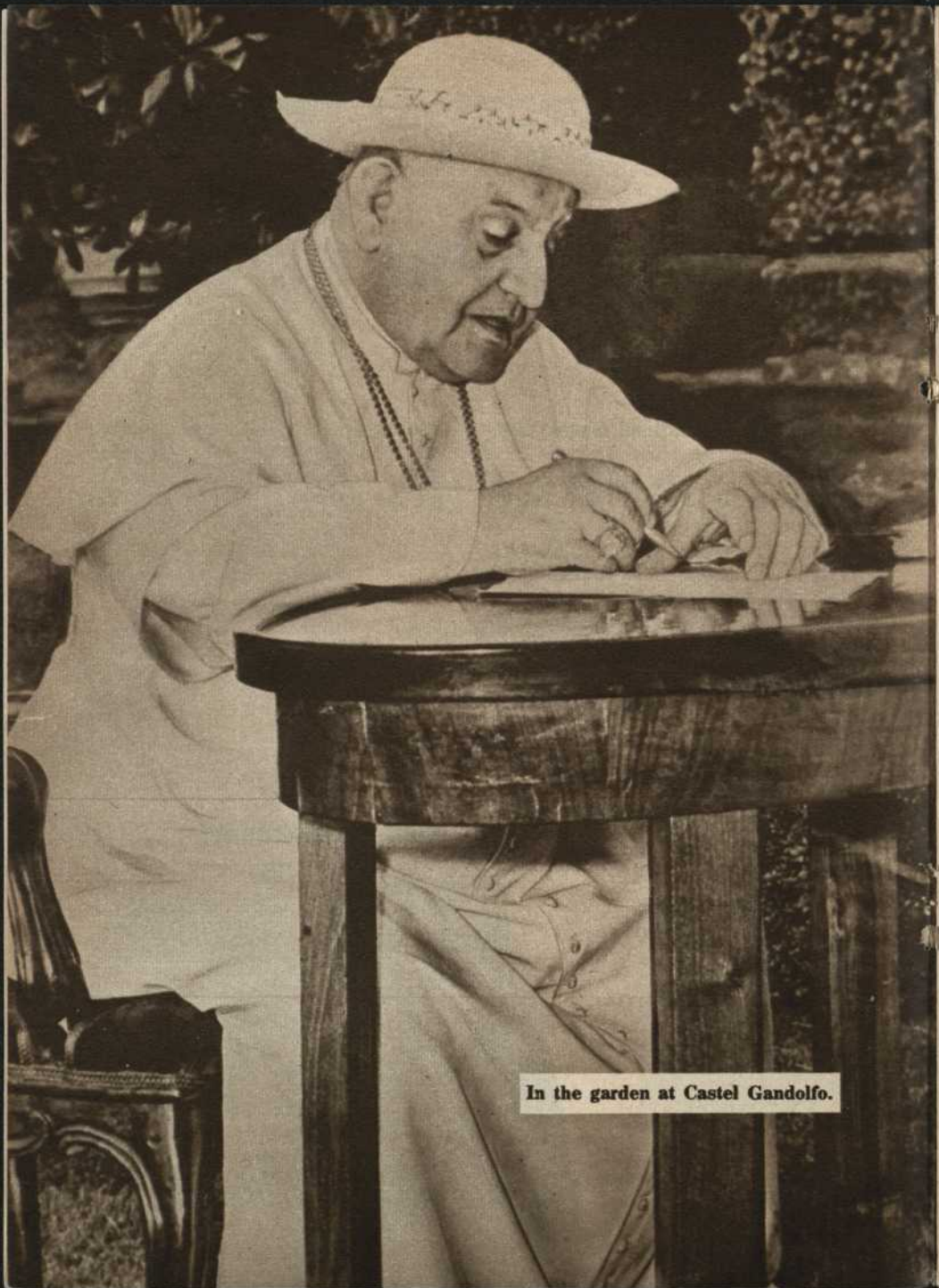
*Pen portrait of the Pope sketched at Castel Gandolfo in August 1961
by the journalist Alfredo Ferruzzo correspondent of the daily Oggi.*

Pope John XXIII

One day, as Cardinal Angelo Roncalli was taking leave of Pope Pius XII, he smilingly said to him, "Holy Father you will leave a *heavy heredity* to your successor if he wants to follow you as an orator." The Patriarch of Venice little thought then that the *heavy heredity* would ever concern him. All his life and until his election to the See of Peter, he personally wanted but one thing, he deliberately took but one decision

— to be a priest. With regard to the rest, to each phase of his ministry and to each charge entrusted to his care, he remained fully at the dis-





In the garden at Castel Gandolfo.

posal of Divine Providence, of his superiors, of circumstances.

John XXIII is in all reality the man who never refused an assignment, who always held his luggage ready to move: first from Sotto il Monte, his village of Bergamo, then subsequently from Rome, Sofia, Istanbul, Paris, Venice. Vowed to obedience, he never imagined that he would reach the high point of his submission at 77 by accepting the burden of the Sovereign Pontificate. When on October 12 after the demise of Pope Pius XII, he left Venice for Rome, his travelling bag contained the barest necessities for a brief stay in Rome, including the red cope which Cardinals wear for the third

prostration before the newly elected Pope. He left in his office desk all his personal papers and his will which he usually carried with him on more or less prolonged trips.

Faithful to himself, he accepted the manifestation of God's Will in his regard when in the solemn intimacy of the Sistine the cardinals cast their votes in his favour. A distinguished prelate having made an allusion to the great age of the newly elected Pope, it is related that the latter replied, "I am of course aware of this fact. That is why I have taken the name of John in memory of my predecessor John XXII who became pope at 78 and died at 90!"

Erroneous forecasts

Precisely because of his advanced years, certain unqualified observers wrote that John XXIII would be a *transitory pope*, a pope who would merely handle ordinary administration. The three years elapsed since the election have proved beyond doubt that never was an assertion less founded. Besides extraordinary events which already constitute important chapters of the history of the Church (the announcement and the preparation of the ecumenical council, the Roman synod, work on the code of canonical law, new composition of the Sacred College the number of whose members now exceeds that fixed by Pope Sixtus V),

the immense repercussion on the whole world of the encyclical *Mater et Magistra* would suffice to give the lie to the prophecy of a *transitory pope*. Catholics and non-Catholics, state officials, sociologists, editors of the world press, syndicalists of various persuasions and orientations, have been unanimous in defining the encyclical as the most important document of the present century, a kind of *Magna Charta* for the social and political pacification of peoples. Even among Arab nations, *Mater et Magistra* has been deemed "one of the safe points from which the free world may draw inspiration". From New York, the American Minister of

Labour forwarded to the Holy See a message of gratitude nobly reflecting the sentiments, wishes, and hopes of the United States. *Mater et Magistra* is indeed a historical document emanating from one of the greatest, but at the same time most unassuming of men.

Every Pontiff as soon as he occupies the See of Peter is great. His person

is often identified, merged as it were with the dignity conferred upon him; thus he is called the "Holy Father", "His Holiness", the "representative of God upon earth". But, in Pope John XXIII one is confronted with a personage whose characteristic virtues are simplicity, clear-mindedness, kindness, extreme regard for others.

Contented poverty

Already, when Patriarch of Venice, he avoided posing as a reformer or as one who gives lessons. Once, after an allocution delivered in the presence of his clergy, he confided to a friend, "If you only knew how red-faced I get when I have to preach before my priests!" On the evening of his election, when he emerged on the *loggia* of Saint Peter's to impart his blessing, a woman in the crowd exclaimed, "He's not handsome but, my, he does look like a good father!"

When he came to Venice in 1953, he declared to the Venitians assembled to welcome him: "Like any other human being I was born in a certain family and in a certain place, I was reared in a humble household, in the midst of a blessed and contented poverty. From my family I received the gifts of a sound physique, a dose of common sense which allows for quick and clear thinking, a disposition to love men which holds me faithful to the law of the Gospel, respectful of my own rights and of those of others. Such a poverty as that in which I was born and in

which I grew up protects the flowering of the noblest virtues, prepares to the highest ascensions in life." These words depict Pope John whose election was not preceded by vision, or prophecies, and whose pontificate, despite the exceptional events which have marked it, flows along the same peaceful course of humility and simplicity as at Bergamo, Paris, or Venice.

The role of a pope is not an easy one, but Pope John seems to the manner born as his collaborators, the bishops more especially, have experienced. In conformity with canonical law, bishops all over the world must go to Rome every four years for their visit *ad limina*. Naturally, these prelates do not always have pleasant facts to relate; deficiencies and trials rather than consolations abound in the discharge of their functions. In John XXIII, they find a brother. "Tell me first of all what worries you most," he urges. "I am here to give you a helping hand." Each problem is examined in a spirit of comprehension, optimism, and

After paying a call at Capranica College,
Pope John XXIII walks towards
the church of Saint Ignatius.



hope. Whenever the Pope has to correct certain deviations or to make suggestions, he never fails to add, "I also have to contend with the same difficulties; with a little good will, however, things do come out right in the end." This is not meant to say that John XXIII is an easy-going man. He may smile, even jest at times, but he knows perfectly what he wants. (Quoted in Giuseppe de Luca's presentation of a profile of Cardinal Casare Baronio written by Angelo Roncalli, then a priest, and lately reedited.)

In him, all is frankness and searching after truth especially in the exercise of the Sovereign Pontificate. He takes decisions and teaches today with the same interior accessibility with which he formerly obeyed. There is nothing rigid in the program of his days, nothing inflexible, nothing pre-established. Punctual he is, of the punctuality of kings, in his audiences with state leaders as well as with anonymous pilgrims. For the rest, he works according to current engagements or to his own physical endurance, without keeping an eye on the clock. If time allows he goes for a walk in the gardens; if he is too busy, he foregoes this recreation. When there are urgent problems to be solved, he rises at three a. m. making up at odd moments for the sleep lost. This is possible to him owing to his exceptional physique which his will rules and curbs with extreme ease.

He is easily satisfied, capable of relaxing when and where he may want to do so. A catnap in his arm-

chair suffices to get him braced up, for he then sleeps as soundly as if he were in his bed. He takes such periods of rest in a small room between pontifical ceremonies in the interior of Saint Peter's and exterior manifestations which may comprise a long discourse and which are a real feat of strength for a man of eighty years clad in liturgical garments weighing about ten kilos.

He thus relaxes much like a gardener who, when tired of hoeing, sits in the shade for a short while only to take up his labours with new zest.

For years the menu of the Holy Father has never varied: at breakfast, coffee, bread, and fruit, the usual European collation; at lunch, rice, meat or fish with vegetables, a glass of wine; at supper, a thick soup, cheese, and fruit. With such a discreet guest, the Sisters in charge of the kitchen have no worries.

It has been said that John XXIII enjoys eating in company of friends who come from Bergamo or Venice to visit him. He did dine occasionally with a few guests during the first months of his pontificate; at present, however, he eats alone in his private apartments. Banquets never had any attractions for him even when as a diplomat in Sofia, Istanbul, Paris, he was often obliged out of courtesy to participate. On this subject, he wrote from Paris, where he was then Papal Nuncio, to a lady of Bergamo who had invited him to preside at her daughter's wedding ceremony: "I will be happy to comply with



The pope of children and of humble folk.

your wishes to have me bless your daughter's wedding. But, according to a resolution I have always kept in similar occurrences, I will not attend the wedding banquet. I will arrive in Bergamo, on Ascension Day in the evening and will accept to take a modest supper with the family and a few guests of the young couple; then, I will retire to the seminary for the night, remain free all day Friday, and be on hand for the wedding

ceremony Saturday morning, returning to the seminary for breakfast. Such an arrangement suits me well and will leave you and your family free to rejoice together without having to entertain a cumbersome guest." This letter written in a simple, affable style gives a revealing insight in Pope John's character. It is his desire and his line of conduct never to bore, never to cause people inconvenience, but to treat others,

ecclesiastics or seculars, Christians or non Christians, great or humble, with the utmost consideration. Protestants and orthodox Christians have not been slow in discovering that his

is an essentially ecumenical spirit. "In him survives the primitive unity of the Church." (Words of a Protestant minister who visited the Pope to receive his blessing.)

Sensational publicity annoys and saddens the Pope

The visit of the Anglican Archbishop of Canterbury, Dr. Fisher, proved an important event in the modern progress towards unity; moreover, in all parts of the world new

leavens are at work which were not to be thought of a few years hence. Old prejudices crumble; polemics give rise to the exchange of constructive ideas; the papacy is acknowledged



even by non-Catholics as the summit, the high point, the centre of Christendom. So great is the Holy Father's respect for the convictions of others, that he would no more do violence to the convictions of a dissident to bring him into the Church, than he would triumph if tomorrow the collective return of our separated brethren should take place.

He deplores the undue publicity to which converts are at times subjected, and noisy reports about events of a purely spiritual character. Some time ago the Pope heard that a non-Catholic member of the diplomatic corps was dying. He visited him on his deathbed intent only on accomplish-

ing an act of brotherly love.

Pope John XXIII has been called the *Pope of the world*, an expression used by his secretary, Msgr. Capovilla, in a recent book, and joined to two other titles: the *Pope of the Our Father* and the *Pope of the works of mercy*. He is above all a Christian, a priest, a bishop, and because he is all this, John XXIII forgets that he is Pope. One day, when visited by Cardinal Feltin, Archbishop of Paris, the Pope with all the affability of a courteous host towards a distinguished guest, showed him through his private rooms, thus giving another instance of his graciousness towards visitors, bishops more particularly.

The brother of all

While at Castel Gandolfo, I had the happiness of meeting John XXIII and of exchanging a few words with him. I met him unexpectedly as he returned from the audience hall to his apartments. He smilingly inquired where I came from, what was my father's name, precisions on my family... I blurted out that I knew only my father's name and that of my grandfather, adding, "Holy Father, I have no ancestors, or at least I don't know where to find them." The Pope was quick to reply, "My son, I also belong to humble folk." Someone having told him that I was a journalist, the Pope went on to say, "The profession of a journalist is beset with temptations; news are invented and embellished; the sensational is much sought after;

hypotheses without foundations are made. For instance, I was surprised to learn this very morning, that on the eve of the ecumenical council, a new consistory would be held and that the number of cardinals would be raised to one hundred!"

The Pope spoke in that shrewd, humorous way familiar to him; he seemed to absolve sins even before they had been confessed. His beautiful, limpid eyes inspired confidence. "I know," he added, "that you have become the father of a second little daughter. This evening, I will recite for her intention the third decade of the joyful mysteries, decade which I usually dedicate to those just born or to those who enter the bosom of the Church. As for the other decades

I offer them for my numerous children the world over who suffer and wage courageous battles for the Faith."

This short talk reflects the portrait of John XXIII and recalls the words

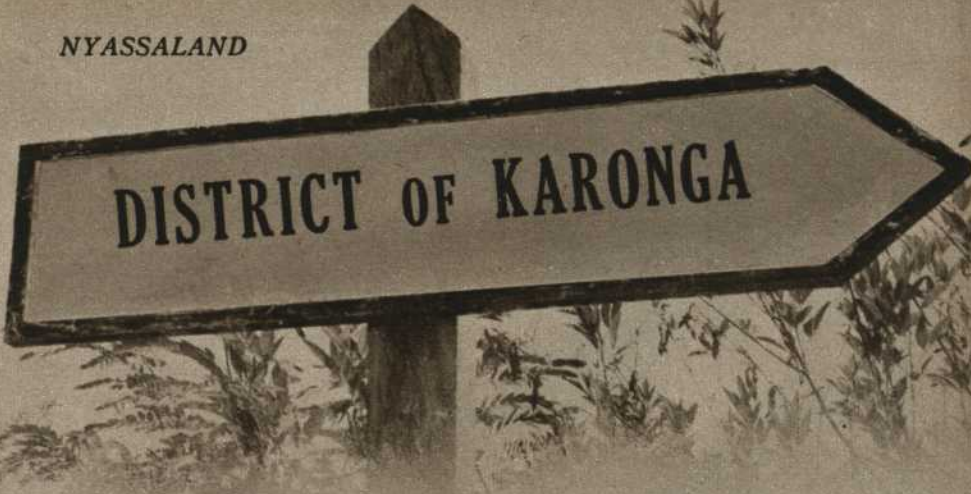
he spoke on the day of his crowning at Saint Peter's, — *Ego sum, Joseph, frater vester*. I am Joseph, your brother, hands outstretched to all, the living Christ who continues the work of the Redemption.

(Translated from Italian)

MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

JULY: That the religious arts and literature may be promoted worthily and fruitfully in the missions.

AUGUST: That the Church in missionary lands, according to the character and demands of the different races, may be able to fulfil effectively her office of Teacher.



DISTRICT OF KARONGA

by Sister MARIE CHRISTINE¹, M.I.C.

Geographical and physical Karonga

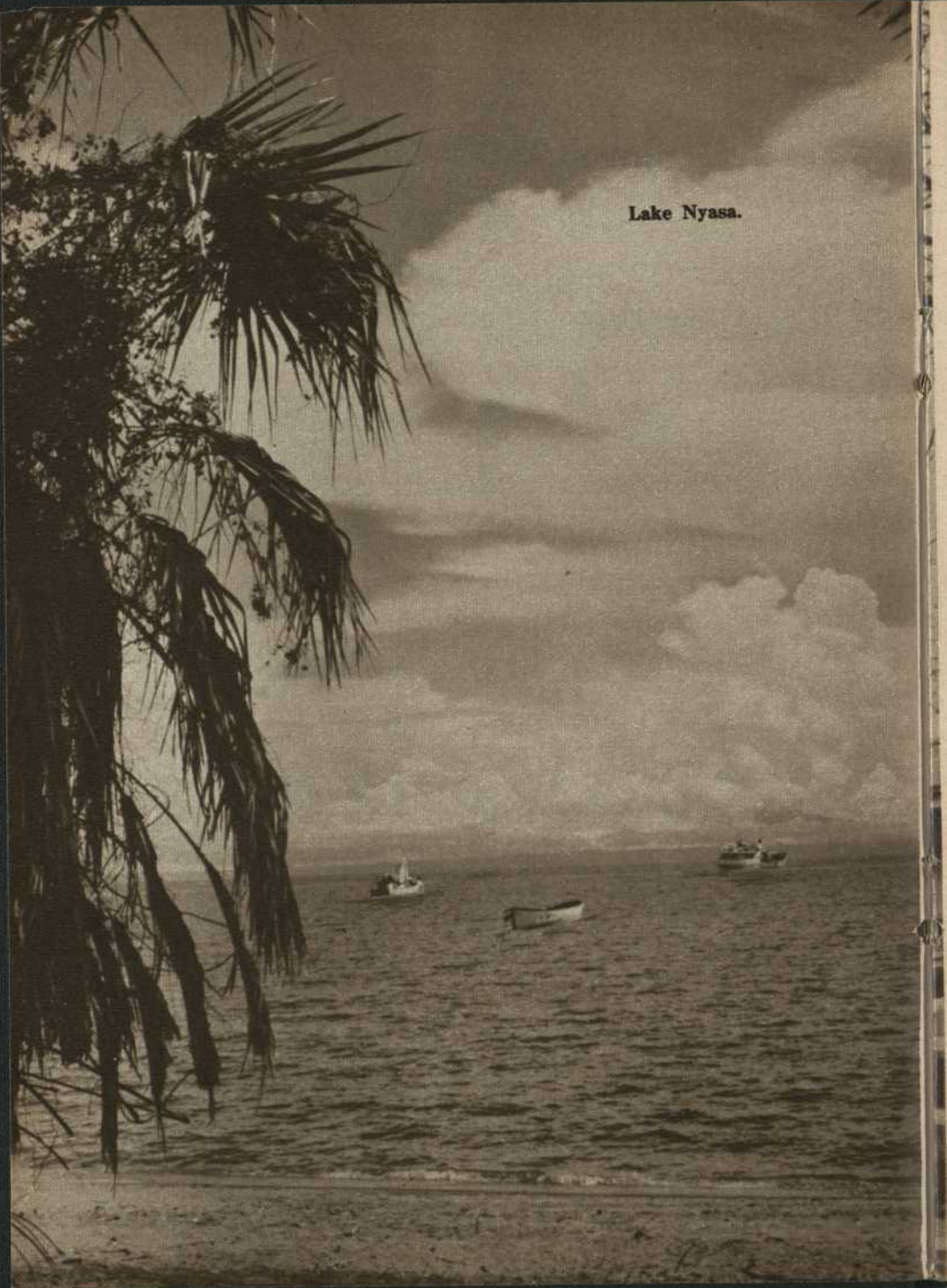
The Protectorate of Nyasaland, part of British Central Africa, approximately situated between the 9th and the 17th degree of latitude S. and the 32nd and 36th degree of meridian E. consists in a narrow band of land 520 miles long clinging to the shores of beautiful Lake Nyasa. When, on September 16, 1859, David Livingstone discovered this broad expanse of water he inquired of a Yao tribesman who accompanied him what was the name of the lake; upon being told that it was called Nyasa, broad water, he named the adjacent country Nyasaland, Land of the Lake.

A district of the northern province, Karonga lies beside the "broad

water", about ten degrees south of the equator. The plain bordering the lake being lower than water level has a tropical climate unrelieved by altitude. Here the cold season — June and July — is not felt as it is on the plateaus of the Nyika and Vipya, in Livingstonia, for instance, 3,000 feet above sea level, where during the night hours the thermometer falls 40 degrees F. During the hot season — from November to April — the weather is damp and sultry, the thermometer standing at times at 120 F. in the shade. Nature at this season displays unparalleled activity; ants and termites multiply by the million; insects of all kinds, sizes, and colours flit everywhere; it

¹ Therese Blais, Sherbrooke.

Lake Nyasa.



seems that every grain of dust is equipped with wings and stings.

In the district of Karonga over an area of 3,000 square miles, agriculture is the chief industry. Rice crops in the Lake region have been greatly improved during the last decade thanks to the efforts of the Kilapula Co-operative Union established at Kaporo. Companies like the Misuku Producer Societies administer thriving coffee plantations in the hilly regions of Kaseye and of the Tanganyika where a great number of Africans are at work. Other crops grown in the

fertile soil are cotton, bananas, cassava, sweet potatoes, maize, and peanuts. In my opinion, Karonga peanuts fried in oil and salt-seasoned are far more delicious than all the Jumbo Salted Peanuts in the world, and its peanut butter ground by hand, African fashion, between two stones, surpasses in unctuous flavour all the peanut butter sold in America!

In the plain grows the eccentric baobab with its trunk shaped like a giant carrot, its tiny foliage, its huge mysterious flower, its strange shaggy fruit resembling a cocoanut.

History's judgment

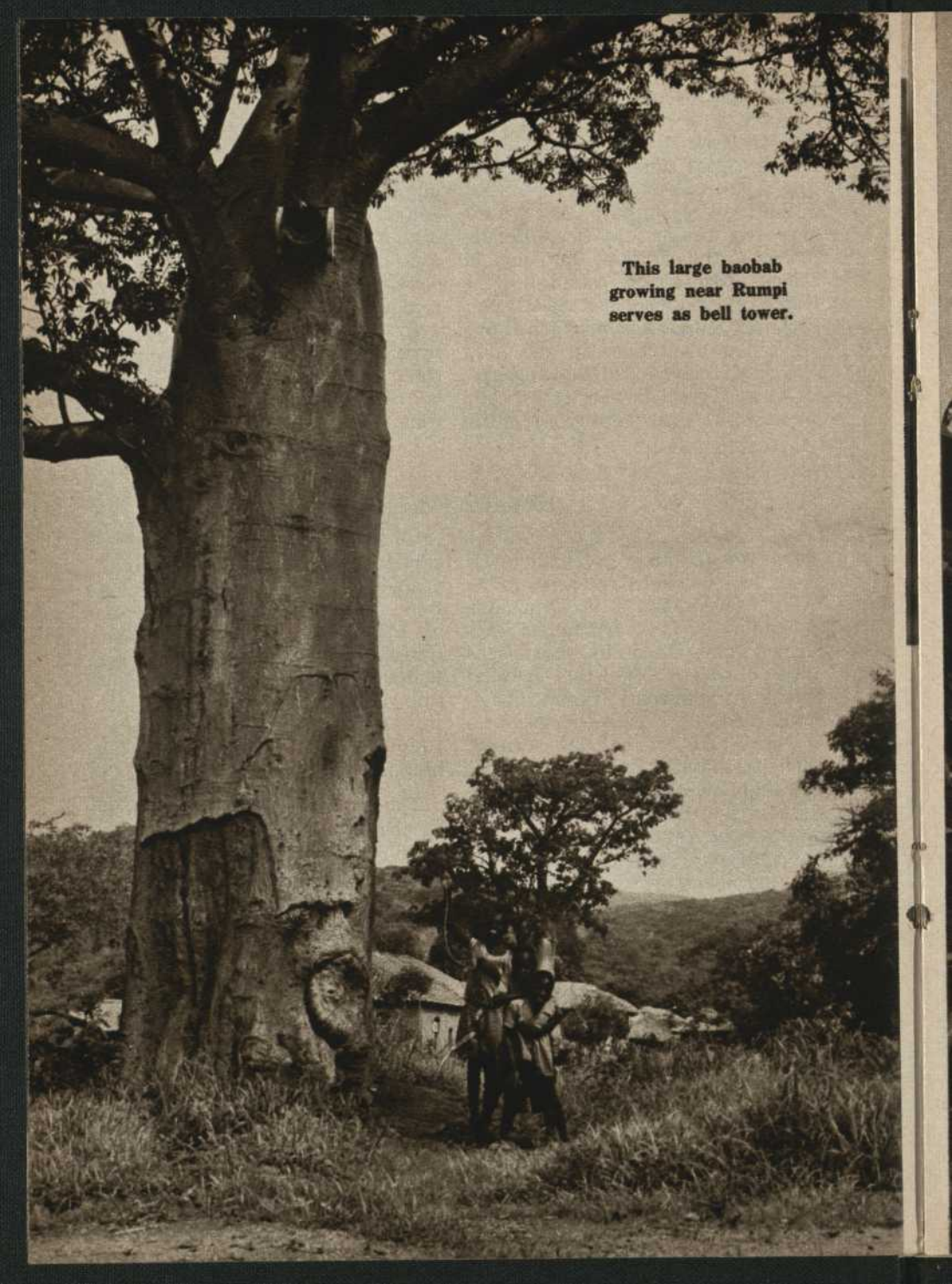
Due to the lack of communications, to its dreaded swamps, to its tropical fevers, and to its formidable mountain barrier, Nyasaland remained unexplored by Europeans until discovered by the intrepid Protestant missionary, David Livingstone, and the courageous members of the expedition he had formed, "The Livingstone Zambezi Mission". Although Livingstone did not follow the shores of the Lake in an upward direction, he lost no time in launching an energetic campaign against the Portuguese and the Arab slave dealers whose dhows, loaded with human freight, ploughed the surface of Lake Nyasa. On the waterside at Karonga, stood a thriving slave market where, on a brick pier, the victims were parked like animals awaiting transportation into Zanzibar via Tanganyika.

The history of Nyasaland has recorded the battles waged by the English allied to the Mwamba a-

gainst slave dealers between the years 1886 and 1889. Relative peace came to the district after the defeat of Mlozi the fiercest Arab slave trader of the day who finally consented to sign the compact of friendship presented him by Mr. H. Johnston, British Consul at Mozambique. Unfortunately, Mzoli did not long keep his word. He was hung in 1895.

The former slave pier at Karonga has long been submerged, the damming of the lake having caused the level of the water to rise. A great number of its bricks have been brought up by African divers and used in building up the walls of the Catholic Mission.

Nyasaland became a British Protectorate in 1891; four years later, the Karonga area was organized into a district. Its name derives from the Bantu chief who at the time continued to govern according to African laws the villages of this territory.



**This large baobab
growing near Rumpi
serves as bell tower.**

Sister Saint Alexina (Antoinette LeBel, Trois Pistoles)
proudly looks on the banana plantation at Mzambazi.



The People of Karonga

The greater number of the 30,000 inhabitants living in the district of Karonga belong to the Wankonde tribe, branch of the great Bantu family. Other peoples represented are the Walambya, the Watumbuka, the Wasukwa, small groups of half-breeds, a number of Indian merchants, and a few Englishmen employed in the administration.

The Wankonde who live beside the Lake are a tall, well-built race with regular, delicate features, and skin of a satiny brown. They are exceptionally good workers, indus-

trious, cheerful, quick to learn technical skills. Their dialect is the Shikonde which differs from the languages of the other tribes in the area — Cilambya, Citumbuka, Eisukwa. Tribal customs are also different more particularly as regards weddings and funerals.

In general, the Wankonde are polygamous. *Lobola*, bride-price is paid to the intended father-in-law in cattle and in cash — in Karonga it amounts to ten cows and about forty pounds (\$120.00). Paying *lobola* does not signify that a man literally



African village.



"buys" himself a wife. Formerly, to prove his capacities and good will, the suitor was required before the marriage took place to work for a time for his father-in-law. He had to win his bride much in the same way as Jacob did by his labours win Lia and Rachel. The *lobola* has replaced this old tradition. "Single blessedness" is unknown in Karonga where the rule is that all must marry.

Daughters are usually married off first, for the *lobola* helps the parents solve problems of finance and cattle for the sons' establishment. When a

younger sister is given in marriage ahead of an older sister, she must offer her a gift in nature or in kind to compensate.

Out of respect, the daughter-in-law never speaks to her father-in-law without first covering her face with whatever lies at hand. The Wankonde show great respect to the aged. They greet one another by holding out their hands and kneeling on one knee.

The tasks allotted to women are the same as those among the Tumbuka. There are slight variations in the cooking of the *sima*, corn mush, and

Pounding maize for dinner.



**First step in the brewing
of millet beer - the grain is ground
between two stones.**



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in the preparation of the *dende*, seasoning. Such variations which seem irrelevant to a foreigner are con-

sidered very important to the Tumbuka or to the Lambya.

Habitations

Village houses in Karonga are neat rectangular structures with doors and openings used as windows. Although made of bamboo slats plastered with mud, they are snug and proof against rainy weather. The exterior is tastefully decorated with geometrical figures, reptiles, or other ancient tribal symbols; inside walls are papered with gaudy advertisements of Lifebuoy or of Sunlight soap, of O. K. cigarettes, of aspirin, of Coca-Cola, etc. The comfortable brick homes of teachers, police officials, accountants, and bureau employers are decorated instead with educational posters. In Christian dwellings, rosaries, medals or holy

pictures may be found in the place of honour.

The floor in poorer houses is of packed earth. Mats are used as seats during daytime and as beds at night; against the walls stand earthenware jugs and baskets of woven palm fronds. The more well-to-do may boast of a table and of a few chairs, European style. At either end of the common room open two small bedrooms, one for the parents, the other for the little ones. Where do the older children sleep? The girls pass the night in the village common dormitory, the boys in another. In the back of the house, is the completely detached kitchen.

The boma

The *boma*, administrative centre, is the heart of the district. In Karonga, it consists of the commissioner's office and that of his assistant, the customs house, the post office, the prison, the African hospital conducted by an English doctor, the quarters of the European and of the African Government employees. Flamboyant throw dazzling splashes of colour and beauty on the grounds. The one commercial street is lined by an establishment of the Kandodo English Company, and by several shops run by Mohammedan Indian merchants. Almost anything can be bought here if one has the money: varieties of cloth from India, beads, jewelry, flour, baking powder, soap,

kerosene lamps, etc. On the verandahs, African women sit at their sewing machines making dresses on order for those who have just bought calico or other material at the stores. Within the *boma* there is also a kind of slaughterhouse where the cows who are through their career as *lobola* are turned into steak. The airport is situated between the *boma* and the commercial street; weeds encumber the unpaved landing strip in spite of the passage four times a week of a small Beaver plane belonging to the Central African Airways. This plane of Canadian make, accommodating five passengers, links Mbeya, Tanganyika, to Blantyre, metropolis of Nyasaland.

A penny for your thoughts,
lovely little Miss Africa!



Singing Guide songs in Nyasaland.
Sister Saint Alberte (Gabrielle Saucier, Montreal).





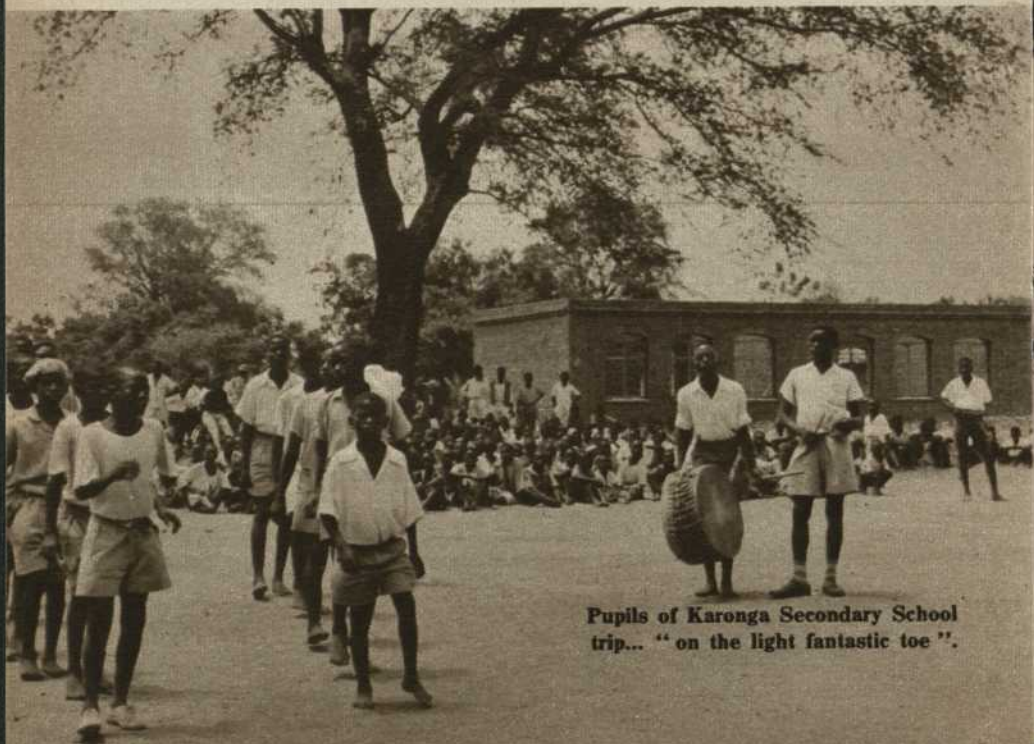
The Catholic Mission

Missionaries of the Free Church of Scotland have been zealously at work in the Karonga district since the first days of 1900. The Catholic Mission was established by the White Fathers of Africa as late as sixteen years ago; it lies at a distance from the *boma*, about one mile from the airport and one and a half mile from the Lake on whose shores is situated the Protestant Mission. Notwithstanding its relative youth, the Catholic Mission has founded several bush outposts; converts now number 965, and catechumens, 590.

Intense activity reigns in the large Catholic Mission compound. The

elementary school for boys and that for girls have an enrollment of over 1000 pupils; 50 students attend the co-educational secondary school; 40 women are on the roster of the Domestic Science School. During the year 1961, 40,478 patients were treated at the dispensary and 409 births recorded at the Maternity Centre. The Rosarian Sisters, an African Community, have a convent in Karonga. They work with the Canadian Missionary Sisters at the schools, the dispensary, and the catechumenate. Excellent collaborators, they are the hope and pride of the African Church.

The Catholic Mission has, more-



Pupils of Karonga Secondary School trip... "on the light fantastic toe".



The BOMA, Karonga:
front, administration office, rear, post office.

over, organized two centres of social activities for men and women in order to promote cultural, social and moral formation. At these centres, Africans gather to discuss their problems, to read, to enjoy themselves in pleasant and wholesome surroundings. Thanks to the Ottawa organization, A.I.M., and to Canadian and American benefactors, the libraries of these centres are well stocked with books and reviews.

How poor is God's house — the church — in Karonga! Walls and floor are mud-plastered; furniture of the simplest is limited to an altar, a few chairs, and some kneelers. The foundations of a new temple have been laid, but the work of construction had had to be suspended because of lack of funds.

In 1950, only a baker's dozen of Catholics attended Mass. At present

¹ (Statistics published in the *Link*, bulletin of the diocese of Mzuzu, March-April 1961.)

there are 600. Unfortunately, their religious convictions are not as firmly anchored as could be desired. All too easily do they revert to polygamy and to unacceptable tribal customs. In order to remedy this situation, the Legion of Mary has been organized among adults, the Scout and Xaveri movements among the young; while they contribute in strengthening and

in developing the religious principles of their members, these associations lend effective assistance to the missionaries.

The beginnings of the Karonga Mission were laborious. It took many years of patient efforts on the part of the Fathers to lighten the atmosphere heavy with prejudices against

Sisters Marie Christine and Cecile of Milan (Cecile Demers, Rapide de l'Orignal) call on Helena Nya, Muhongo, a Domestic Science student.





**"Learning English is fun," say Grade 8 pupils
taught by Sister Marie Delia (Marthe Terrien, Ottawa).**

whites and Catholics. Today, despite subversive and anti-Christian ideas fermenting in the district as well as throughout Nyasaland, the Church is progressing. However, in this territory alone, there are still 31,000 persons whom the Gospel message

has as yet failed to reach. I leave you upon this reflexion hoping that it may call forth an answer...

Here as elsewhere, there is a woe-ful dearth of missionaries. This was the first thing that struck me when I arrived in my Promised Land.

P A F U P

by Sister SAINT EPIPHANE¹, M.I.C.

Regular visits to the patients in the government hospital are part of our social welfare activities in Fort Jameson. Thus, it is our privilege to assist the dying whether Christians or non-Christians for their ultimate meeting with their Creator. In connection with this work of mercy we often take it upon ourselves to convey in our antiquated jeep the Catholic deceased to the cathedral so that their mortal remains may not be deprived of the funeral rites of Holy Mother Church. We are not, however, in the habit of taking the dead to their last resting place in the more or less distant villages, but this rule suffers exception as the following event will tell.

One Sunday morning, we were on our way to hear Mass at the Cathedral, when we came across a group of Africans, two men and a woman, who announced that as a relative of theirs, one of our converts, had just died at the hospital, they expected us to drive the corpse to Mudzimoyo. We vainly urged the trio to find some other conveyance in the city, but the widow insisted that we do the driving. Her husband, who had been a village chief, certainly de-

served some consideration on our part. "He had faith in you, Catholics. He even got baptized. You must see to his burial," she sententiously declared.

"We have to hear Mass first, for this is Sunday," Sister Superior² explained. "That will take over an hour. How about looking around the city during that time for a car to take you home? If you can't find any, let us know. We'll see what can be done then." And with this promise the three were content, leaving us free to hurry to church.

Early that same afternoon as we had not had any further news from the trio, Sister Superior and I set out on our bicycles for a round of visits at the hospital. We had reached the neighbourhood of the Bishop's House, when we were suddenly brought up short by the wails of a woman who stood near the entrance. "Azimai (Sister) please help me. Potini, my man, whom you instructed and baptized at the hospital, has died and nobody will help me take him back to our village." Her voice rose higher and higher as she related the cause of her woe.

¹ Gemma Ouellet, Saint Epiphane.

² Sister Madeleine Marie (Madeleine Loranger, Westmount, Montreal.)

I - F U P I



Sure that this mourner was none other than the woman we had met that morning, Sister Superior comforted her, "Don't cry. We'll help you out. Follow us to the convent."

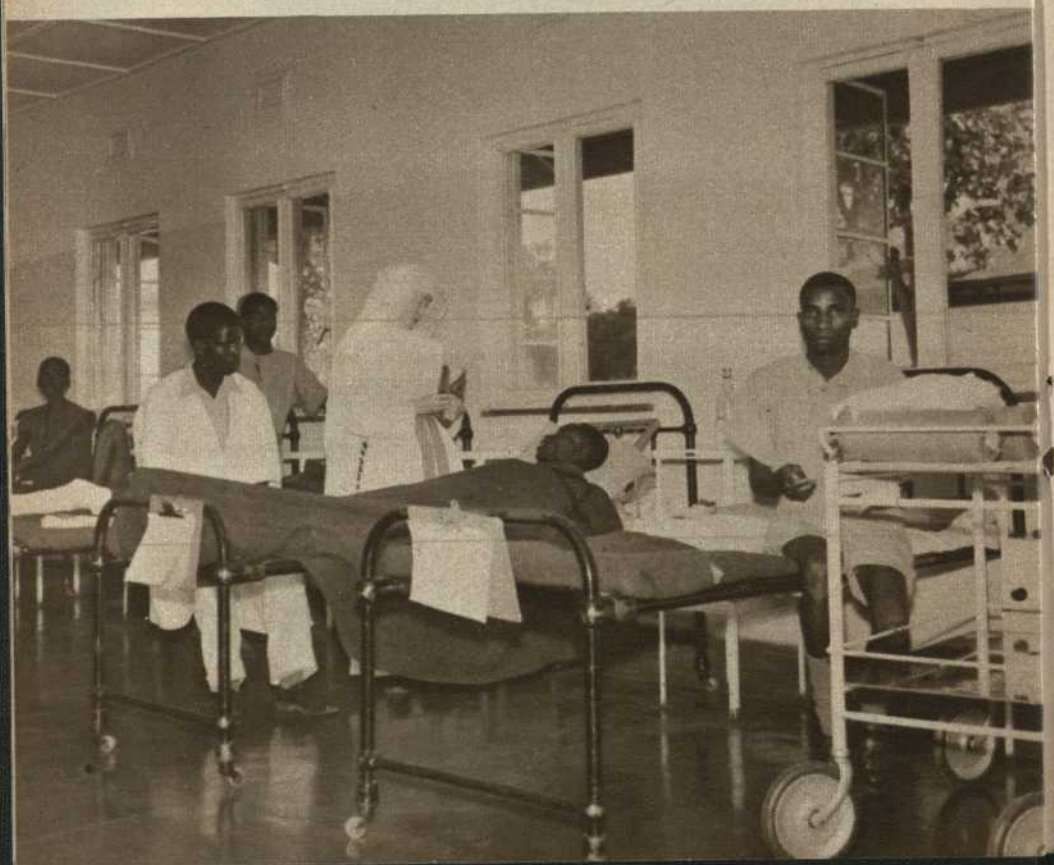
We turned our bicycles homeward riding slowly to give the woman time to keep up, then we got out the jeep which for once started without much coaxing and off we went to cull Potini. Some hospital attend-

ants carried out the corpse wrapped in a sleeping mat. Slowly and tearfully, the widow placed her baskets, cooking pots, blankets, and what-nots beside the remains of her dear husband. It was half-past four when we finally left for the village.

We wondered anxiously if our jeep could be depended upon to make the return trip before night-fall... There is no twilight to speak

Visiting patients at the African Hospital, Fort Jameson.

Sister Saint Alexandrine (Evelyn O'Neill, Quebec).



of in Central Africa. But, then, Mudzimoyo was barely fifteen miles away, and if we were lucky we could still make it.

While Sister Superior sat at the wheel, I said part of the rosary for the repose of the dead man's soul, then attempted to console the bereaved one who kept up a litany of lamentations or rather a kind of dialogue with the deceased. "My man, why did you leave me all alone? Who will feed and clothe me now that you are gone? Potini, O Potini, remember how we used to pray together at the Dutch Reformed Church... Where are those people today? The Catholics alone have been true friends. They were on hand to help us out in our trouble. Potini, O Poooooooootini!"

In a little more than an hour Mudzimoyo was in view. Sister Superior stopped the jeep at the village entrance.

"Here we are," I said as I began unloading effects.

"But, this is not my village, *Azimai*."

"Not your village? Didn't you tell us this morning you lived in Mudzimoyo?"

"How could I have told you such a thing, since I didn't even see you this morning?"

Gradually as the woman explained her situation, it dawned upon us that there must have been two widows whose husbands, both our catechumens, had died the same day. Impatient to be on her way, Mrs. Potini urged, "Do drive on, *Azimai*. My village is just around the corner." Sister Superior with several years of missionary experience in Africa behind her, looked somewhat dubious.

However, she started the jeep saying to me, "We can't let the poor woman down. Let's take her home." To the tune of the widow's lamentations we drove ten miles until we came to where the road branched off in two directions. The bush lay all around us. "Do you know exactly where is your village?" we inquired.

"Oh, just ahead, over there," the widow stopped wailing long enough to point a bony finger in a vague direction. A few moments later, we emerged in front of a cluster of miserable huts. This must be the place. But, Mrs. Potini declared, "No, no, this is not my village. These folks knew my husband well. They'll tell you what way to go..."

A young man blandly informed us, "Potini's village is a little way from here, on the right. It's a place called Mtalalika." He agreed to ride with us part of the way. It was growing darker every minute now, and we prayed frantically to our Guardian Angels to see us safely to destination.

"Aren't we there yet?" I questioned every other minute, only to have the youth reply, "Oh, almost... *ndi... pafupi - fupi!*" The road narrowed down as it passed over a cornfield. With a smile and a sweep of the hand, the guide announced, "We are getting nearer and nearer."

Just ahead, we glimpsed the lights of a small village and espied a group of people standing by the road, arguing in loud tones. Suddenly, a man ambled towards us swinging a small storm lantern. Instead of stopping to speak to us, however, he went past the jeep and crouched behind it at a hailing distance. A few minutes went by, then intrigued, I alighted and called out the African

salutation. He came forward diffidently. "Azimai, you're on the wrong way. Just drive a little way by the school building *ndi pafupi*."

"*Pepani* (I regret)," Sister Superior declared, "But, it's much too late tonight for us to drive any further along unknown bush routes. We'll leave the corpse here, while you let the people of Potini's village know we have brought the remains of their chief for burial." Meantime, groups of villagers crowded around the jeep, curious to know what the Azimai were doing here at this hour. As none of them appeared willing to touch the corpse, we slid the mat out and laid what was left of Potini in the field while his bereaved wife took up again her lament.

The time to kneel beside the dead for a final *Requiescat in pace* and we set off in the dark for the forty-mile drive homeward. Our youthful guide accompanied us as far as his village. "I admire your Church," he said as he alighted. "I know now where true charity is to be found."

I looked around for some small gift to offer in return for his obligingness and found only a few tomatoes dropped from Mrs. Potini's baskets. He accepted them with a shy grin and a glad *Zikomo*.

We covered the remaining miles safely under the aegis of our Guardian Angels. How relieved we were when the lights of the city twinkled a welcome! The Mission was close, just ahead *pafupi - fupi*, and there was no mistake about it this time.

WHO IS MY NEIGHBOUR?

St. Augustine says of his conversion by St. Ambrose, "I came to love him not at first as a teacher of the truth... but for his kindness towards me." The friendship of a good man or woman says better than words, "See, I have confidence in you," even when the other may have lost confidence in himself. The apostolate is not by formula, a matter of reasoning and definitions. When our Lord was asked, "Who is my neighbour?" He did not try to explain, but told a simple story of a good Samaritan, a common man who loved his brother.

Reverend James Keller, M.M.



Sister Saint Alice
(Joanne Bastien, Montreal.)

*Integrating religion courses
in a non-Christian milieu.*

ADAPTATION AND METHOD

Taiwanese differ from Chinese

Already, seven years have elapsed since we inaugurated our apostolate in Kuanhsi, an entirely non-Christian region of Formosa.

The Sisters appointed to this new mission had nearly all spent numerous years on the mainland before being expelled by the Communists. They set to work with a will, happy to co-operate with fellow missionaries in stemming the tide of Communism which threatens the Beautiful Isle.

Soon, they were faced with a delicate problem of adaptation. Formosans, they discovered, are as different from Chinese as Americans are from Europeans. Indeed, the only link that seems to bind them to the motherland is

Shih Kuang Tze church,
Hsinchu diocese.



the Amoy or Hakka dialect inherited from forebears, dialect to which they have tenaciously clung through the years despite numberless vicissitudes. Time, separation, the Japanese occupation of the island, have strongly marked them, creating an entirely different mentality.

Necessity of learning Hakka

Mandarin, sole language taught in Formosan schools, is generally understood by all who have had some degree of education. We saw, however, that it was necessary for us to learn Hakka if we hoped to gain the confidence of Formosans always a little suspicious of foreigners and resentful of the invasion of their brothers from the Great Land, continental China, which had thwarted their hopes of political liberty.

Method of approach

From the first, we combined assiduous study of the local dialect with the teaching of kindergarten classes, thereby establishing ready contacts with several Formosan families. Meantime, we discussed the best methods to be used in drawing to Christ the hundreds of studious boys and girls who daily pass in front of the Convent on their way to and from public schools.

Providence pointed the way. A group of schoolgirls called on the Sisters one day, no doubt out of mere curiosity. Everything about us was so mysterious! They were amazed and delighted to find that such strange creatures could speak both Mandarin and Hakka. The news spread like wildfire. A few days later, our first callers returned bringing with them about fifty companions. We offered to teach the girls English, music, typewriting, shorthand, courses on ethics, on religion, etc. Thus we eventually came to organize regular doctrine courses for elementary school pupils from the first to the sixth grade inclusively.

Doctrine classes

At first, the pupils attending these doctrine classes were more or less punctual, exposed as they were to the hostility of certain teachers who went so far as to severely reprimand any child manifesting interest in Catholicism.

Oddly enough, the doctrine classes thrived on opposition. By the end of the second semester, we had more than fifty regular students, seventeen of whom belonged to the graduating classes of elementary schools. Although none of them were as yet ready to be baptized, all knew at least the elements of Christian doctrine. Better still, they had acquired a Christian mentality

which would help them lead stainless lives in a pagan milieu. What of their future? We hope and pray that once they have become adults, and are free of their non-Christian parents' influence, they will turn to the Saviour they have been taught to know and to love.

At the end of the school year we gave a party for the graduates. The young girls told us how much they had appreciated the lessons received. "Now, we know that life is indeed worth living!" they exclaimed. After lunch, Sister Superior¹ gave each graduate a little souvenir, inviting all to return to the Convent as often as circumstances allowed.

First fruits

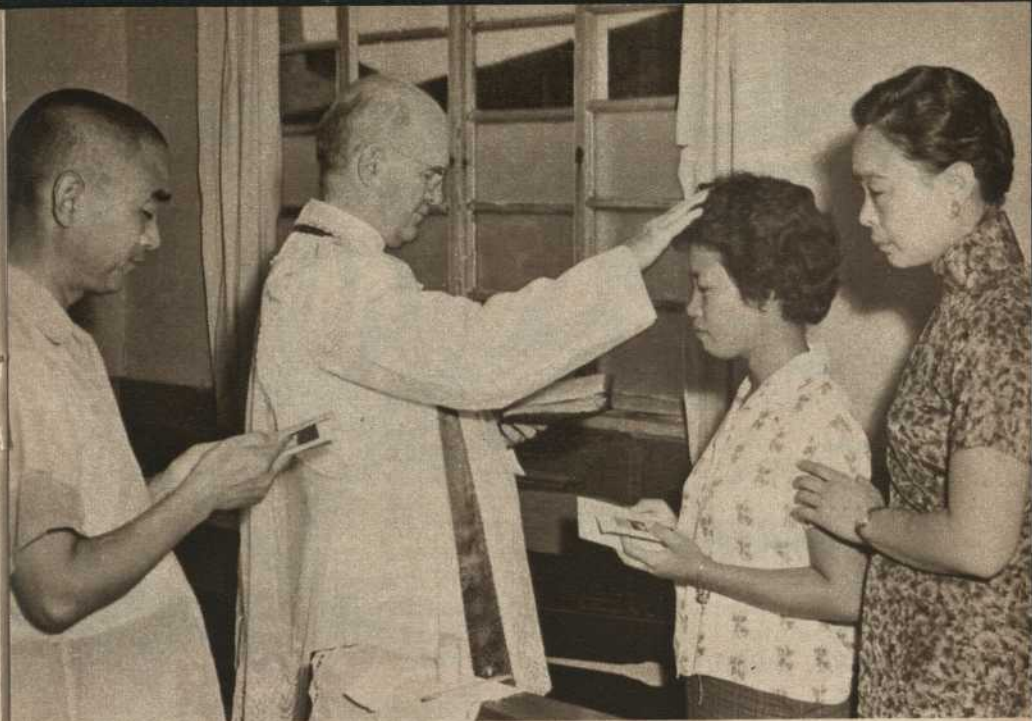
The doctrine classes began to bear fruit when on August 15 last, Miss Wei, a young girl of nineteen, was baptized.

She had at first received religious instruction from some Protestant missionaries residing in her home town. Her parents having decided to move to Kuanhsi for business reasons, she was parted from her Protestant friends whom she sorely missed. A classmate introduced her to us, and she asked to be given lessons in English and in typewriting. Shortly afterwards, she left Kuanhsi to pursue her studies in Taipei. While residing in this latter city, she was deeply moved by the conversion of her most intimate friend. Her secondary studies over, she returned to Kuanhsi determined to take up the study of the Catholic religion in earnest. It took her many long months to win the consent of her parents, hostile to everything Catholic. Eventually, they relented, and Miss Wei was received into the Church, taking as patron saint the illustrious virgin martyr Catherine of Alexandria.

Other young Formosan ladies among whom two teachers, Misses Wen and Teng, who for years had attended our doctrine classes, have at last obtained their family's assent to their being baptized in the Catholic Church. Persons engaged in educational work cannot fail to wield a beneficial influence over a great number of people. Results obtained are but the first fruits of a harvest we have every reason to believe will be plentiful.

Apostolate of good turns

Young students now flock to the Convent, eager to discuss their problems with the Sisters and to follow their guidance. During the last holidays, a group of graduating pupils of secondary school asked to prepare their entrance examinations to the university at our place, sure that they would find here



Reverend L. Valois, S. J., baptizes T'ang Wei Hoa.

the quiet and solitude they so sorely lacked elsewhere. Having successfully passed the examinations, they came to us again to confide their joy and to thank us for providing a pleasant spot where they could study undisturbed. We have since decided to leave this hall permanently at the disposal of students who come here directly from school to do their homework. These meetings offer numerous opportunities to cast the good seed in youthful hearts.

And so, with the opening of the school year, a new series of doctrine courses have been launched. Our fondest hope is to reach all the idealistic youth of Kuanhsi, leading them to Him who alone is the Way and the Truth and the Life.

May we rely on you, dear friends of the homeland, to help us in this grandest of all works?

Sister Marie Josephine ¹, M.I.C.

¹ Eliane Gravel, Saint Prosper of Champlain.



PUCALLPA, PEROU

DUGOUT PROCESSION ON THE LAKE

Dear friends,

Many times during the past months I have wished I could write you about our beloved Pucallpa, but time flies faster on the missions than elsewhere and I have had to put off until today.

In my last letters, I related my travels by plane over snow-crowned Andean peaks, and by jeep over muddy, tortuous roads. Today, I want to tell you about a dugout procession on a moonlit lake. But, I had better begin by the beginning.

Perhaps you have heard that Pucallpa like Montreal has benefited by a Great Mission preached in October last by eight Fathers who travelled all the way from Lima for this purpose? A characteristic of the Mission in these parts was that each day started and closed with a procession.

In the "wee small hours", a stentorian voice woke up the barrio with the notes of a hymn:

Come, faithful Christians rise!
Dawn crimsons yonder skies,
The church doors open wide,
Mary waits for you inside.

Lights glimmered here and there, and the good folk emerged from their homes rubbing sleepy eyes to join the cortege headed by a priest. This procession was called *El Rosario de la Aurora* because the Rosary was recited all the way. It eventually wound up into church where the priest celebrated Mass and gave a religious instruction.

But, this morning procession is not the one I want to describe. Our pastor had announced that men only would be allowed to take part in the evening dugout procession on the lake. That was all right with us Sisters, for we had not the slightest objection to watching it from the shore. Unfortunately, the pastor had reckoned without the headstrong women of Pucallpa and of Paca Cocha who managed to have the order of the procession changed at the last minute so that all parishioners might participate without discrimination of sexes.

Hearing of this, I said to the Sisters, "Such a manifestation will drag on for hours. You are all tired, and besides you all have tomorrow's classes to prepare. Don't you think it would be better to stay at home tonight?" All were willing to forego the spectacular procession on the lake. But, I had hardly finished speaking, when a knock resounded at the convent door. A young girl popped in and announced importantly "Madrecita, Father says the procession is about to start. Would you like to come?" We thanked the visitor, explaining that as we had to finish correcting examination papers we would not this once attend. Three quarters of an hour elapsed quietly, then two girls ran in all out of breath, "Madrecita, Father says the procession is about to start and he invites you all to take part." We Sisters looked at one another and smiled ruefully. "God evidently wants us in this procession," I said, "Let's hurry."

After a walk of about five minutes, we stumbled upon a long file of people each holding a lighted candle and marching in direction of the lake. A Franciscan Father handed us candles and torches, and signed us to follow while he sang accompanying himself on an accordeon slung from his neck:

Jesus, my soul Thy precious blood has cost,
Suffer me not forever to be lost.
Pardon me, Jesus, Thy mercy I implore.

As we drew nearer and nearer the lake I glanced about nervously, remembering having been warned that serpents lurked about in the reeds by the waterside. Thank God, none put in an appearance. They were doubtless held at bay by Mary, bright Star of the Sea. Several dugouts were launched. I was silently congratulating myself on there being not enough place to accommodate everybody when Father called out, "Madrecita, Madrecita, over here. We've kept places for you all."

"Thank you, Father," I hastened to reply. "But if you don't mind I'd rather stay ashore."

Father insisted, "Come on, Madrecita, this boat has been kept especially for you." Without giving us time to formulate a second refusal, he had the craft propelled directly in front of where we stood, and helped us step into it. This was the first time I had ever laid eyes on a real dugout and, to be frank, I was frightened to death... So many passengers piled in after us that the two cross benches did not suffice to seat them; to my horror, we were invited to perch on the sides so as to maintain balance: Sister Francis of Providence¹ and I on one side, and Sisters Frances Therese² and Clare of Providence³ on the other. Seven or eight persons continued to board without counting the two young men who propelled the boat.

I tried in vain to explain that since two of my companions could not swim, we Sisters had better give our places to those who remained ashore. Nobody listened. Desperately, I blurted out the truth — we were afraid to sail in such flimsy craft; to this admission one of the girls blandly countered, "Well, Madrecita, offer it up as a sacrifice for the Mission." There was no getting out of it we would have to put up a bold front. But every time someone budged, my heart slid down to my rubber boots. To bolster my courage, I forced myself to look around at the passengers in the other boats. All looked as cool and as unconcerned as if strolling along a smooth country road. Some even stood up to get a better view of the approaching raft bearing Our Lady's statue. This raft was framed by four dugouts which pulled it along to the tune of accordions and of hymns. As the procession advanced over the waters, I noticed to my dismay that our habits and veils were getting soaked. No wonder. We were all but sitting in the water!

In spite of myself, my imagination ran riot while I tried to figure out what would happen if one or the other fell overboard. I even whispered instructions to my companion whom I saw apparently terror-stricken at our precarious position. "If we capsize, I'll catch you under the chin. Don't fight me off, and don't clutch, do you hear?" No answer. The poor thing was too much engrossed with keeping her balance to hear a word.

¹ Gisèle Guinois, de Châteauguay Bassin.

² Jacqueline Breault, Val Racine.

³ Claire Desrochers, Saint Charles of Mandeville.

Such distractions while I was supposed to be praying and singing Our Blessed Mother's praises! I hope she forgave me. At any rate I offered them up as part of the sacrifices made for the success of the Great Mission. She certainly knew that we were not on a luxury cruise. At a given moment, our canoe passed very close to the raft where Bishop Prevost knelt. I looked at him as much as if to say, "See what perils your missionaries are daring for the Great Mission!" But His Excellency apparently neither saw the peril nor understood my visual message; he manifested no admiration, not even sympathy for our daring feat.

It was with undisguised relief that I saw the canoes returning at last to the starting point. You may be sure I was not the last one ashore. None of the sailing stunts I had enjoyed in my youth at Radisson Club could match this sensational moonlight adventure on the lake.

When will you come to join us in a dugout procession, dear readers and friends? No better method exists to meditate profoundly on one's last ends.

I never forget you in my prayers. Do remember me in yours.

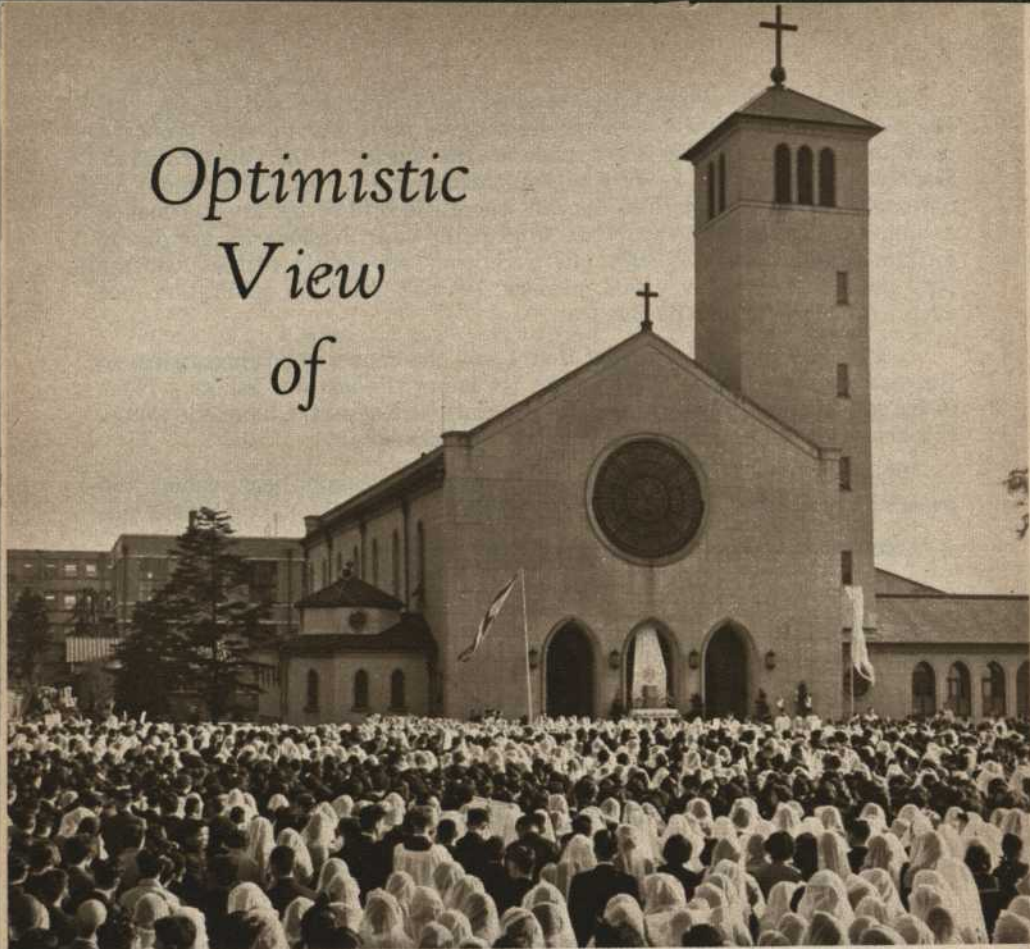
Sister Saint Nemese, M.I.C. ¹

¹ Claire Garceau, Trois Rivières, P.Q.

*O Lord, teach me to be generous !
Teach me to serve You as I should :
To give and not to count the cost;
To fight and not to heed the wounds;
To toil and not to ask for rest;
To labour and not to seek reward
Save that of knowing that I do Your Will !*

St. Ignatius Loyola

Optimistic View of



Catholic Church in Japan

TOKYO, October 2, 1961 (AIF) A recent survey on Japanese thought and character published by the National Institute of Statistics reveals that this nation of 94 million inhabitants is resolutely turning to-

wards a mode of life inspired by Christian ideals.

The committee of investigation conducted by competent sociologists aided by students of the best universities interviewed 3,633 persons rep-

representing 229 communities throughout Japan. Results of this investigation have been recently printed in a book of 543 pages entitled *A Study of Japanese National Character*. From the religious point of view, conclusions drawn by investigators are as follows: (1) Japan is gradually discarding traditional values centered upon family and nation, and is getting more deeply interested in the individual; (2) in all age groups above 50, a minority of believers is to be found; a good number are moreover convinced that religion is a factor of salvation for society.

This investigation does away with a deeply ingrained prejudice, i. e. that the Japanese are an irreligious people incapable of conversion. Although the investigators have not

especially examined the influences stemming from traditional values and from Christianity, the profound and subconscious penetration of Christian concepts in the nation is impressive. One might even be tempted to say that Japanese thought already harmonizes with Christian ideals.

Questioned on the choice they would make between what appears to be right and what is done according to custom, 41% preferred the decision of their conscience. Among the 82% who declare themselves to be happy, it seems that the majority are more powerfully drawn by the ideal of "shunning evil and living a good and honest life" than by that of "working hard in order to get rich".

Until recently, the Japanese were

Reverend Fathers Garnica and Valdes, Mexican missionaries of Our Lady of Guadalupe in charge of Wakamatsu Mission, visit at the kindergarten.



in the habit of saying that they did not have any personal religion, but a "familial religion" meaning that their family belonged to one or other of the numerous Buddhist sects. The recent investigation shows that only 65% now adhere to a "familial religion" while 35% profess a personal religion. The ever increasing number of believers is due to the multiplication of new religions in Japan. These sects which tend to fill the existing spiritual vacuum, are said to have as many as 20 million faithful. Among believers, Christians (Catholics and Protestants) rate an average of 3% although statistics number only 6 Christians for 1000 persons. The discrepancy between Church statistics, and the statistics of official investigators arises from the fact

that a number of Japanese, although adepts of no particular Church, consider themselves as Christians.

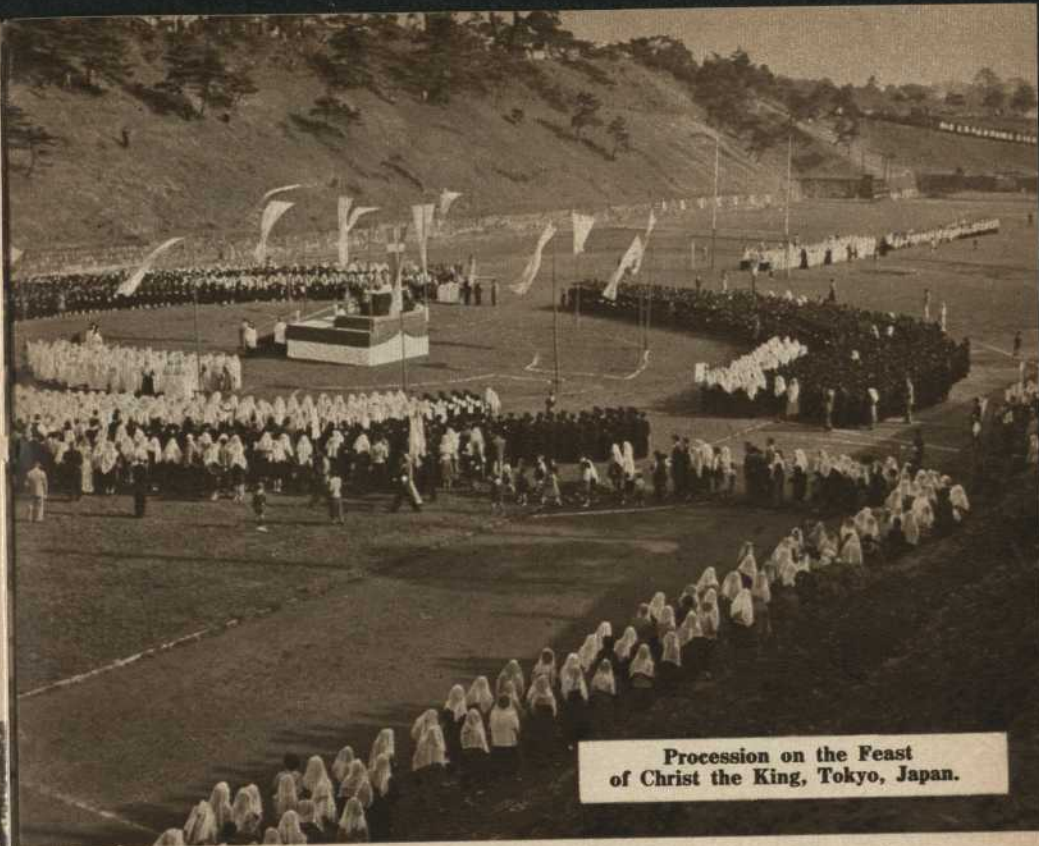
Of 655 persons who say they have no personal religion, 72% nonetheless attach real importance to religion in life, and are inclined to think that, in general, the Japanese nation as such does not take religion seriously enough.

Why so many suicides in Japan? Because 59% do not believe in life beyond the grave; yet only 20% approve suicide.

With regards to the role of science and religion in society, 63% admit that in order "to save humanity,



Father Del Campana, S. J.,
visiting home
of Japanese farmer.



**Procession on the Feast
of Christ the King, Tokyo, Japan.**

science and religion must go hand in hand”.

On other issues, Japan accepts definite situations. Thus, in middle schools, coeducation is approved by 69%, opposed by a mere 19%. That technocracy may endanger human values is denied by 52%. Syndicates are supported by 69% of the population, while 5% admit that existing laws in their country favour the rich rather than the poor. Answers to racial problems manifest neither ex-

cessive pride nor exaggerated nationalism, but rather the desire to become members of the worldwide community.

Owing to its traditional love of national harmony and balance, Japan may one day come into the Catholic Church. The investigation mentioned above gives reason to hope that this day is not as far off as the annual 10,000 converts might lead us to believe.

Adapted from Fides

Favours obtained

through the intercession of
Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit



Sincere gratitude for recovery in health and success in a problem.

Mrs. Messier, Montreal.

—————

Grateful thanks for a favour obtained through the intercession of Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit.

Mrs. S. Lavallière, Saint Pierre les Becquets.

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).

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, 50 Saint Joseph Street.
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SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, P.Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.
OTTAWA, 30 Goulburn Street.
PERTH, N.B., P.B. 259.
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 HOPE HOUSE,
Clear Water Bay Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

FORMOSA

KUANHSI, Catholic Church, Hsinchu Hsien,
Taiwan.
SHIH KUANG TSE, Catholic Church,
Hsinchu Hsien, Taiwan.
TAIPEI, 363, An Tung Chieh, Taiwan, Free China.
SUAO, Catholic Mission, P.O. Box 2,
Suao Yilanhsien, Taiwan, Free China.

JAPAN

KORIYAMA, 96 Toramaru, Koriyama Shi,
Fukushima Ken.
WAKAMATSU, 480, sakae machi, Aizu Wakamatsu
TOKYO, 108-4 cho me Fukazawa cho, Setagaya ku

ITALY

ROME, via Giacinto Carini, 8.

MADAGASCAR

MORONDAVA, Madagascar.
AMBOHIBARY, Madagascar.

PERU

PUÇALLPA.

BOLIVIA

COCHABAMBA, Academia Comercial,
Calle Oruro No 300, Casilla 1667.
IRUPANA.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, Immaculate Conception Anglo Chinese
Academy, Gen. Luna St., Intramuros.
MANILA, 2212 S. del Rosario St., Tondo.
MANILA, Little Baguio, San Juan, Rizal.
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, Orphanage, cité No. 2, Haiti.
PORT AU PRINCE, Novitiate, Cité No. 2, Haiti.
CROIX DES BOUQUETS, Haiti.
DESCHAPELLES, Albert Schweitzer Hospital
Post Box No. 4, Saint Marc, Haiti.
LA BOULE, Haiti.
COLON, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

KATETE MISSION, Champira P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZAMBAZI MISSION, Eutini P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
RUMPI MISSION, Rumpi P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
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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.
Box 9 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.

NORTHERN RHODESIA

Sister Joseph-de-l'Espérance
(Yvette Hervieux, Lanoraie.)

