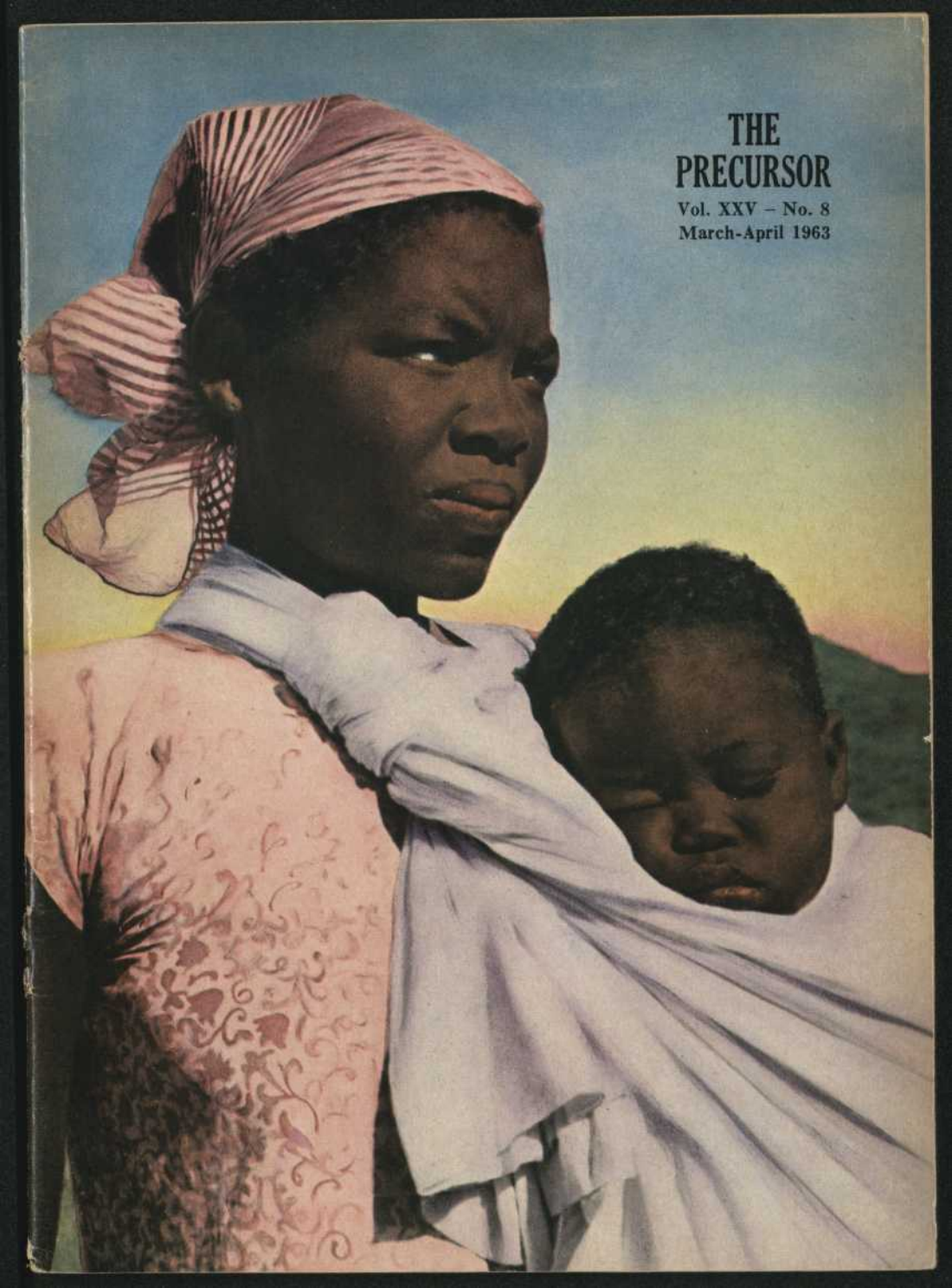


A color photograph of a Black woman carrying a sleeping child on her back. The woman is wearing a pink and white striped headscarf and a pink patterned top. The child is wearing a white shirt. The background is a soft, hazy landscape with a blue sky and a yellowish horizon.

THE PRECURSOR

Vol. XXV - No. 8
March-April 1963

THE PRECURSOR

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*"There is indeed nothing nobler
than the religious and missionary vocation."
Pope John XXIII¹.*

Characteristics of the Missionary Vocation

Modern technology and ultra-rapid means of communication have robbed the missionary vocation of much of its heroic and mysterious appeal. It has become tame, simple, almost agreeable. Missionaries no longer leave for a lifetime, but after a determined period of service abroad return on more or less regular furloughs; they are no longer completely cut off from relations with their friends and relatives. Nearly everywhere, although in various degrees, they find the western way of life which facilitates the problem of adaptation. Finally, tasks to be accomplished are often similar to those performed in the homeland by priests, brothers, and religious — social activities, education, care of the sick.



FUTURE MISSIONARIES RECEIVE PEDAGOGICAL TRAINING
AT THE MOTHERHOUSE NORMAL SCHOOL.

So much so that many affirm there is no difference between the religious vocation as such and the religious missionary vocation. Nowadays, it has become one and the same vocation. And yet such an assertion holds good only if one is satisfied with a rough estimate of

mission limits, institutions, and activities in great urban centres. If one looks beyond formulas and techniques, the differential characteristics of the missionary vocation appear as clearly marked today as they were in the past. It is a calling which involves specific exigencies.

What is the missionary vocation ?

The missionary vocation is a call to leave one's family and homeland to enter a non-Christian milieu for the purpose of transplanting the

Church therein or to penetrate a Christian country deficient in religious manpower so as to assure the spiritual vitality of its population.

According to Reverend Jean Danielou, S.J. "What must arouse the missionary vocation in us is, first of all, not the need of souls to be saved, but love of God which leads us to want Him to be known and loved. The authentic missionary call has its origin in the pain we feel because Christ is not known or loved." In order, therefore, to answer this special call, missionaries must not rest content with caring for souls already belonging to the Fold, but their zeal must extend to those wandering in exterior darkness who are perhaps in still greater need of their ministrations.

Whatever may be his dignity or his specific tasks, the missionary must constantly be on the lookout to find the best available means of contact and of penetration adapting them to the mentality of the lands to be evangelized. It belongs to him to make advances, to meet people halfway if not three quarters of the way! He has no right to shut himself up in a sort of watchtower, waiting for those he wishes to evangelize to come to him of their own accord. Never will he attract anyone to Christ unless he makes himself attractive by a generous unaffected affability.

SISTER MARY
OF THE
ANGELS
(ALICE PEPIN,
WARWICK)
WHO
PLIES
MANY A TRADE
IN OUR
AFRICAN
MISSIONS.





THE BROTHER, PRECIOUS AUXILIARY
TO THE MISSIONARIES, LUNYANGWA.

Exigencies of the missionary apostolate

The missionary vocation requires sound health. "It demands of us a certain contempt and disregard for conveniences, and the assurance that God's message must be delivered in spite of rain or heat."³

Although living conditions in mission territories have improved over the years, missionaries are still called upon to adapt themselves to new and trying climates, to a foreign mentality, to customs vastly different from their own. If they wish to identify themselves with the people, they must adopt the local way of life which will often entail renunciation and deprivation especially for Canadians and Americans who have known a high standard of living. There is no denying that the

missions promise a hard, laborious life requiring unflinching courage and boundless generosity.

As regards adaptation, to be sincere and genuine it ought not to consist in a sort of dissimulation or in merely external behaviour. "He who desires to carry on Christ's work must undergo a far-reaching dispossession; he must renounce all the riches of his own culture, of his own civilization to live in a milieu whose customs may often be strange and hard for him to accept."⁴

Venerable Mother Mary of the Incarnation, saintly leader of the pioneer band of Ursuline missionaries in the New World, translated adaptation "as an external testimony of gratuitous love", as neat a definition as can be found.

Virtues to be practised

In the Acts of the Apostles, we find a pen picture of the true missionary traced by the hand of Saint Paul "You yourselves can testify how I have lived among you since the first day when I set foot in Asia, serving the Lord in all humility, not without tears over the trials which beset me... and how I have never failed you..." Acts 20: 18-19. The missionary also is expected never to fail his people. His to abound in charity, grow in understanding of their problems, feel their hardships, sympathize with their miseries, champion their causes, overlook their opportunities, believe in them in spite of defections and lapses. Far from wishing to impose upon them his

own way of seeing, his own artistic style, he takes them as they are, allowing for diverse kinds of mental structures, convinced that it is normal for Christianity to become incarnate in these structures. If, at times, he finds it needful to say harsh truths, he says them without harshness. Exposed to failures, disappointments, rebuffs, heartbreaks, conflicts, he does not throw the blame on the mentality of the people, their inaptitude, their defects. Instead he examines himself to see whether he has not been unduly censorious, scornful perhaps... Reviewing his conduct and his methods, he endeavours to become, in order to draw all souls to His love, as close an imitator as he can of Jesus, the divine Missionary.



GOOD HOPE
SCHOOL
KOWLOON.
(SISTER THERESE
MARTIN,
THERÈSE
BEAUDETTE,
BEAUVALLON,
ALBERTA).

Indispensable formation

On the professional level, missionaries must be prepared for their specific tasks with the same perfection as those who perform these tasks in the homeland. They must possess identical knowledge and identical qualifications; besides, on the spiritual level, they need, as His Holiness Pope Benedict XV has affirmed, a serious doctrinal and ascetical formation.

Such general training is, nonetheless, insufficient. All missionaries ought also to benefit by a specialized formation in missiology which may be defined as "the theology and methodology of the establishment of the visible Church... the science by which the Church extends itself into mission countries... Although God's plan for win-



ning the world is essentially supernatural, God uses human instruments for its execution. The missiologist is God's tactician for the Church. Drawing guidance and conviction from the master plan of God, he aims at an excellence of motivation and at an effectiveness of methods that will ensure victory for the Church." ⁵ Dogmatics, spirituality, adaptation, pontifical documents, ecumenism, history of missions and of religions, are so many branches of missiology which contribute in quickening the missionary's sense of the Church and of its mission, which broaden his outlook and develop aptitudes at discovering teething stones, points of *rapprochement*. For all missionaries, improved study and application of missiological principles are a necessary and absolutely irreplaceable mode of action.

SUMMER COURSES
AT MANILA
GREGORIAN
INSTITUTE.
CENTRE OF GROUP:
SR. SAINT AMÉDÉE
(ÉMILIE VÉZINA,
QUÉBEC),
AND SR. MARIE PIA
(HUGUETTE TURCOTTE,
MONT JOLI).



Laborious but satisfying vocation

BROWNIES
OF NKATA BAY
AND THEIR DIRECTRESS
SISTER MARIE LAURENTIA
(YVETTE BÉLANGER,
OTTAWA),
GREET MISS WATSON,
PROVINCIAL
COMMISSARY.

On the occasion of retreats or of departures for the distant mission fields, Mother Mary of the Holy Spirit often reminded her daughters of the difficulties of the apostolate: "In missionary life, there are two great dangers to be encountered — praise and humiliations. At times, you will be made much of, lauded to the skies; at other times you will be censured, ridiculed, insulted. Remember that men's praises like their threats are but empty noise. God

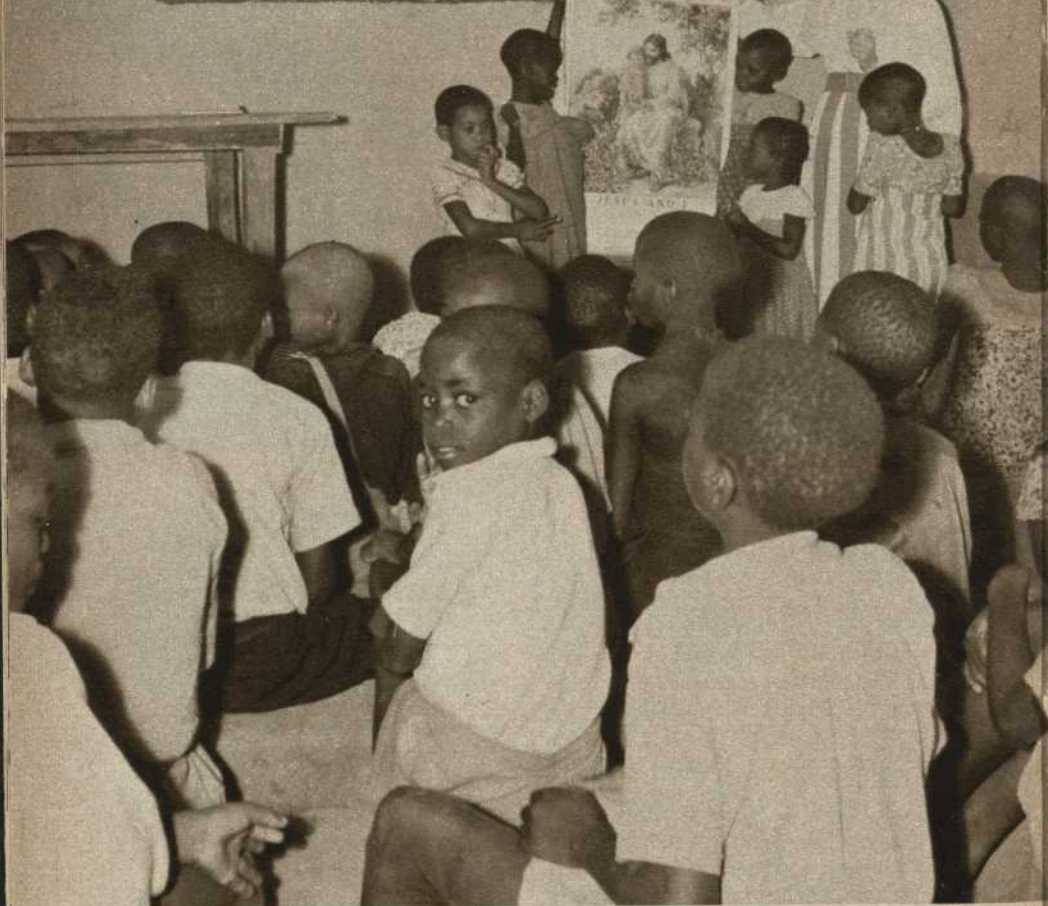
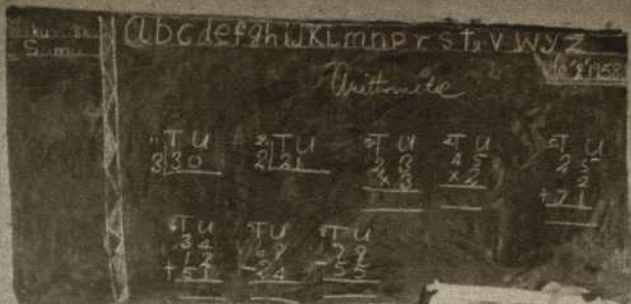




alone matters... Pray, therefore, to obtain an immense treasure of humility, and I will have no anxiety when I see you leave for the missions." Recently, a missionary Father from Tanganika, addressing an audience in Montreal, remarked in the same vein, "Working in Africa at present requires a great deal of humility".

Missionaries, of course, are not all imprisoned, persecuted, expelled. Nevertheless, in mission countries everywhere, rising nationalism often exploited by subversive propaganda renders their task extremely difficult. They find themselves suspected be-

ALWAYS READY
TO OBLIGE
AFRICANS,
SISTER SAINT ALEXANDRINE
(EVELYN O'NEIL,
QUEBEC).
OF FORT JAMESON,
DRIVES A SICK BABY
AND ITS MOTHER
TO THE HOSPITAL.



TEACHING CATECHISM IS THE CHIEF TASK OF THE MISSIONARY SISTER.
SISTER MARIE GEMMA (GERMAINE MORIN, ROBERVAL)
AND HER CLASS OF SUNDAY SCHOOL PUPILS AT MZAMBAZI.

cause of their nationality which assimilates them to other foreigners whom these recently emancipated nations wish to expel. They are taxed with temporal ambitions in the various activities they undertake; their words are wrongly interpreted.

The discredited missionary must continue to work in all humility, courage, and serenity, remembering the divine Saviour's words that the disciple is not above his master. If he is expelled from the land of

his adoption to which he had given whole-hearted allegiance, he must accept this humiliation in a staunch spirit of faith holding himself ready to begin anew elsewhere.

The missionary vocation is a laborious vocation indeed, but there is no greater vocation on earth, for its ideals are of the very highest order — to give souls to God, to lead souls to God. The joy of which it is the wellspring can lighten all trials and all labours.

Sister Alfred Marie, M.I.C.

SOURCES

¹ Allocution to Italian Catholic Action group, Sept. 29, 1960.

² Reverend Jean Danielou, *The Salvation of Nations*, p. 111.

³ Most Reverend James E. Walsh, M. M., p. 25, *Mission Digest*, October 1951, p. 25

⁴ Reverend Jean Danielou, *The Salvation of Nations*, p. 59.

⁵ Reverend Henry J. Klocker, S. D. 7., "Missiology, Just a Hard Word?", *The Shield*, Sept. 1959, p. 19

MISSIONARY INTENTIONS

MARCH

That Catholic Vietnamese may lead their compatriots to Christ through the example of their life and their apostolic zeal.

APRIL

That African workers deprived of tribal support may find themselves upheld by the social doctrine and the institutions of the Church.

Japanese Poetry

by Sister Mary of the Redemption, M.I.C.¹

In the Land of Cherry Blossoms from olden times the people, regardless of social rank, have been lovers and writers of poetry. Even now when materialism seems to be gaining the upper hand, more anthologies of poems are published in Japan than in other countries.

Poetry has always enjoyed the patronage of the imperial court where for twelve centuries a sort of Ministry of Poetry has been maintained. Every year the nation is invited to partake in a poetry contest sponsored by His Imperial Majesty. Poems presented are first read before an assembly of the Ministry of Poetry; five among the best being selected to be read in the presence of the imperial family. Newspapers all over the country then hasten to publish them along with those written by the Emperor and the Empress.

Numerous localities also have *uta-kai*, song clubs, which see to the organization of local poetical tournaments. One may even buy in certain shops especially prepared paper called *tanzaku* for the writing of poems.

The poetry of Japan similar in this to the poetry of China has nothing of the western idealistic flights of fancy. It cannot boast of great poets such as Homer, Dante, Hugo, Shakespeare. To quote a modern admirer of the

夕月を
詠
み
な
れ
ど

春雨や

物語り

み

傘

満

Japanese muse, "While the Japanese poet chooses to transform a bit of ivory into an exquisite masterpiece of carving, his western brother utilizes great blocks of stone to build a noble pile. The patient art of *netsuke*, ivory carving, cannot be compared to that of the builder of cathedrals."

As delicate and as elusive as thistle down, Japanese poetry is characterized by extreme brevity and simplicity.

Unfettered by rhyme or the weighing of syllables, the only thing that distinguishes it from prose is the alternation of phrases of five and seven syllables each with a seven syllable phrase to close the stanza. Poems constructed on this principle may run into fifty or a hundred lines; but the longest known poem of this sort does not exceed one hundred and fifty lines.

Tanka, poems of not more than five lines each following the pattern 5, 7, 5, 7, 7 — thirty-one syllables in all — form the great bulk of Japanese poetry. Miniature odes such as these were already being

² Karl Petřt, *La Poésie japonaise*, p. 41.

written before the seventh century of the Christian era. The following is due to the pen or rather to the brush of an anonymous poet who lived one thousand years ago:

The moon on an autumn night
Makes visible
The very number of wild geese
That fly past wings intercrossed
In the white clouds.

The first three lines of a *tanka* are called *kami no ku* (upper hemistich), the last two lines *shimo no ku* (lower hemistich). Out of this metre some time in the sixteenth century the *haiku* developed as a still shorter poem of but seventeen syllables.

Picking a violet,
The slender
Heart of Spring.

夢つめば

ちいさな春の

心かふ。

Many of these miniature odes are mere exclamations, outlining a picture, suggesting an idea. Their very brevity renders them at times obscure, but their subtle beauty grows upon one. While the poetry of western countries introduces us into the Palace Beautiful displaying its every nook and cranny, the poetry of Japan slips the key into our hands and considers its work done. *Haiku* is "a hand beckoning, a door half-opened..."

The three greatest names in the history of the *haiku* are Basho, Buson, and Issa. Passionately fond of nature, Basho (1644-1694) drew from it lessons which he excelled in teaching to his numerous disciples. He set the prosaic life of humble creatures in unforgettable brush pictures. Few men in the age in which he lived possessed such wide culture as did this gentle lover of nature and mankind. The following *haiku* tells his admiration for newly fallen snow:

The first snow
The leaves of the daffodils
Are just bending.

Buson (1716-1783) was a painter poet with an eye for the colourful and the picturesque who wrote *haiku* that are like exquisite cameos. In a few playful strokes he sketches a spring picture of familiar country life in Japan:

Spring rain:
An umbrella and a strawcoat
Go chatting together.





Issa (1763-1827) was the poet of destiny. Of sturdy peasant stock, he considered life more important than art as may be gathered from the following passage of a prose work of his:

Instead of the artistic pleasure of flowery gardens bend yourself to the cultivation of the rice field at the back of your house. Take a hoe in your hand and use it; be exceedingly careful of the lives of your parents and of what you received from your ancestors. Be happy in your work rather than in the cherry blossoms of Yoshino or the moon or Sarashina... The green ears of the barley are more moving than the peonies.³

In the following *haiku* we find how, for his solemn manner, he was not lacking in the art of looking at life in a light, humorous way:

The child sobs,
"Give it to me,
The bright full moon!"

That the spiritual problem haunted these elegant masters of the *haiku* is evidenced by many wistful lines written in this vein such as the one by Issa on the loss of a dear one:

A world of grief and pain:
Flowers bloom
Even then.

or this other in the purest Basho style,

Birds of passage
For me also my old home
Is but a lodging for the night.

Is not this poem an echo of the great Saint Teresa's, "What is life if not a night to be spent in a bad inn?"

³ R. H. Blyth, *Haiku*, Vol. 1, p. 344.





Longevity in Japan

Japan whose rhythm of economic expansion is the most rapid in the world and whose standard of living is also rapidly rising has discovered that the longevity of its population is constantly increasing.

This fact is of great importance in a land where traditions of deference towards the aged are very complex. For instance, it is customary to invite old people to be the first to cross new bridges. Groups such as the *Keikorai*, association of respect for the aged, exist in nearly every town or city throughout the country.

In times past, septuagenarians were the chief guests at the inauguration ceremonies of bridges, but nowadays an ever increasing number of octogenarians and even nonagenarians steal the march on them. Centenarians are no longer a rarity in Japan. According to demographic statistics, the number of sixty-five year old persons has increased 13% during the quinquennial period ending in 1960, reaching a grand total of 5,390,000.

Various investigations are afoot to discover the cause or causes of longevity. They have already ascertained that it is favoured by the dry, temperate climate of regions situated on the coast of the Pacific. Furthermore, these investigations have proved that the greater number of aged persons are found in remote farming or fishing villages where life is free from the hectic rush of modern cities, and that a diet of fresh vegetables and fish is more conducive to length of years than a diet rich in meat and calories.

Aged villagers attribute their longevity to a harmonious family life where divorce is practically unknown, and on this score science cannot give them the lie.

A Japanese professor enthusiastically affirms that anyone can absorb 100,000,000 kilo calories during his lifetime, adding that whoever would absorb 2,500 kilo calories daily would certainly reach the ripe age of 150 years.

A former Primer Minister used to declare that it is not at all an impossible feat to live 100 years after 25 years the normal age when ma-

turity is attained. Alas and alack! He may not be interviewed on this pet theory of his since he died in 1922, aged 84.

(Japanese Bulletin)

PRAYER FOR THE CHURCH IN LATIN AMERICA

Divine Saviour of souls, who poured a wealth of blessings on the Christians of the New World, raising up apostles, pontiffs, confessors, virgins, and martyrs to implant, spread, and defend the true Faith here, deign to look with goodness and mercy on Your Church in Latin America in the midst of the dangers which threaten it today. Nourish and sustain ever more vocations to the priesthood, to the apostolate, and to the life of perfection. Immaculate Virgin, maternally and ceaselessly watching over them, you whom all the Americas acclaim as Mother of Christians and Queen of the World, ensure that we may, by our prayers, our sacrifices, and our life itself, help our brothers in Latin America to remain always worthy of their Catholic traditions, always faithful to their great Christian mission in the world.

Amen.

CONVERSIONS IN HONG KONG, 12,000 ANNUALLY

About 180,000 Chinese belong to the Catholic Church in the diocese of Hong Kong. Ten years ago there were only 43,000. The vast majority of the Catholics are in the territories of the colony.

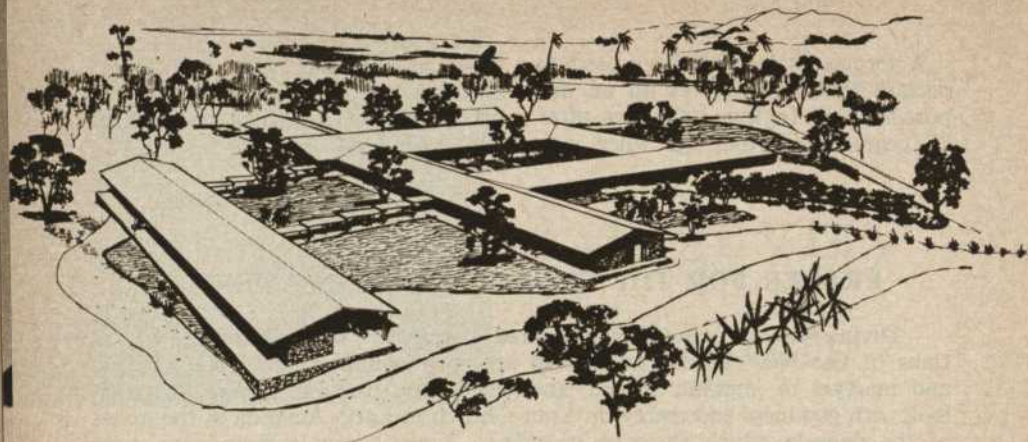
"Most of the increase in our numbers is due to conversions, rather than immigration of Catholics," the Most Rev. Lawrence Bianchi, P.I.M.E., Bishop of Hong Kong, told the N.C.W.C. News Service. "The converts have come from every walk in life."

Bishop Bianchi, 63, of the Pontifical Foreign Mission Institute, was a prisoner in the Communist-controlled section of his diocese for fifteen months. Most of the Catholic growth here has taken place since his return from captivity in 1952.

The principal influence in the conversions here, after God's grace, is the prestige of the Church among the Chinese, the Bishop said. This prestige is in large measure a byproduct of Catholic education.

There are now more than 100,000 pupils in Catholic primary and secondary schools in the Hong Kong diocese. Nearly two-thirds of these pupils are non-Christians, whose parents have chosen Catholic schools by preference. Ten years ago the number of pupils in Catholic schools here was 20,710.

The Monstrance



From a sanatorium to the Missions...

KEEP ON HOPING

Dear sanatorium friends,

Did you know that you had a staunch friend living in Haiti, a friend who sympathizes with you all and who affectionately wishes to present you with reasons for looking forward to a speedy cure and to the picking up of your activities?

You are perhaps tempted to resent the misfortune that has been yours in having contracted T. B. The dread disease has snatched you from your loved ones, handicapped you in your plans for the future. You wonder if there is any hope of your recovering sound health. To help you keep in high spirits, allow me to tell you something of my own personal history.

Ten years ago, I was a student in radiology at a hospital in British Columbia, preparing my final examinations and awaiting my assignment for service in the mission field, when, unexpectedly, I was laid low with tuberculosis of the lungs. You alone, dear friends, can know, from having experienced it, the shock I felt upon learning the doctor's diagnosis.

I had been in bed for several months when I received my diploma. Much good it would do me now to have obtained it, I ruefully reflected, since I would have to rest for years before being able to work again... and would I *ever* really get cured? My cherished dreams of missionary

apostolate had all but vanished. From now on I would always be branded "Fragile" and nobody would venture sending me to far-off countries to do mission work.

But, during my long hours of rest, I had time to reconsider the situation, and I decided to meet the challenge of illness courageously. All that was in my power to do to recover I would do — the rest I would leave to God. Worry would not help, self-pity still less, so I resolutely cancelled them from my schedule. I firmly kept on hoping in an eventual recovery. Little did I then know that five years were to elapse before I was declared cured and five other years before my departure for the missions.

Dear friends, never say die, and some day, in the not too distant future, you also will win the

fight against disease. Thank God whose fatherly Providence has provided you with the expert care, the good food, the undisturbed quietude conducive to a complete recovery. Be faithful in following your doctor's orders.

Like you I have had, to help me in my struggle against T. B., Strepto, Passodine and Rimifrom, drugs which prepared the way for surgery of the lobe where the enemy had taken his last stand. Today, I am well and in full active service at Albert Schweitzer Hospital, Deschapelles, Haiti, which goes to show how important it is to keep on hoping and trusting in God.

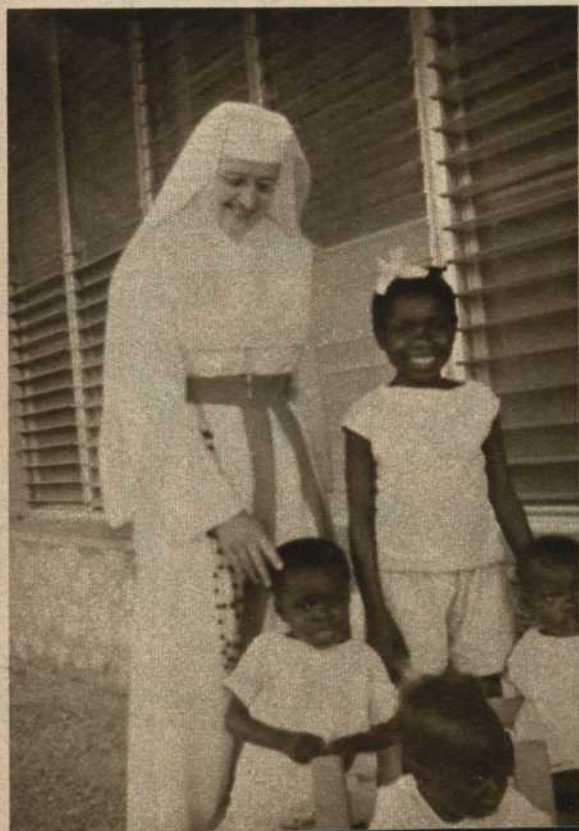


In the tedium of months and even of years spent at the san remember sometimes that there are T. B. patients far more unfortunate than you, and your cross will seem lighter. Do them the good turn of praying for them, of offering your sacrifices, the monotony of your life that God may grant them some relief.

Here, in Deschappelles, T. B. reigns unchecked in a milieu where living conditions favour its growth. Malnutrition proves a favourite breeding ground in numberless

cases of all ages whom antibiotics, alas, will never reach.

Every day, a number of patients are treated at the Albert Schweitzer Clinic. It wrings my heart to see them file past, regular skeletons for the most part. How could they in such a pitiable condition have walked miles under a scorching sun to reach the clinic? Unfortunately, few of these patients can be hospitalized because of lack of space and of pecuniary means to combat the disease. Fifteen beds are allotted them:



SISTER THERESE
OF PROVIDENCE
IS HAPPY
TO CARE FOR THESE
YOUNG PATIENTS
AT
ALBERT SCHWEITZER
HOSPITAL.

eight for adults and seven for children. In order to succour as many little ones as possible, two are often made to occupy the same bed. The majority are too far advanced to recover and seem sent to us only to be made ready for heaven's eternal wedding feast. All patients who cannot be hospitalized are given appropriate treatment together with medicine which they will take at home; but as there is usually not enough food to go around and as this scanty fare is far from nourishing, they have little chance of improving neither can they have any opportunity to rest in their one-room mud-and-wattle huts whose only opening is the door. How fortunate you are to live in the airy sunny rooms of your well-equipped sanatoria! Our poor patients would think they had been ushered into Paradise if they could glimpse such wonderful places. Compared to them, are you not spoilt children of Providence?

These unfortunates clad in tatters, feverish, emaciated are not bitter. Never have I heard them complain. They accept their lot with pathetic resignation saying, "Bon Die' vle' ! It's God's Will," and look at me with a smile that tugs at my heartstrings.

In our American or Canadian laboratories it takes from six to seven weeks before the *K baccillus* manifests its presence. Here, one can almost discern it with the

naked eye in a drop of saliva! At the Clinic, as precaution against contamination, patients suffering from tuberculosis of the lungs are required to wear a mask as long as they are hospitalized.

Our Haitian tubercular friends also suffer a great deal morally, because as soon as their relatives learn that they are stricken with this disease, they refuse to have anything further to do with them. This, although they themselves are very often in advanced stages of consumption!

I am very happy to be here among the suffering members of Christ. Although in most cases I am powerless to bring about their recovery, I have at least the consolation of preparing them for the supreme passage.

In closing, dear friends, I entreat you to thank God with me for my wonderful missionary vocation.

I wish you all a prompt and complete recovery. Be brave and cheerful patients and your dreams for the future will come true. May Our Lady of Haiti bless you everyone.

A happy missionary friend of yours,

Sister Therese of
Providence, M.I.C.

(Thérèse Smith, Southbridge, Mass.)



Maple sugar time



at Pont-Viau

MUSIC IN HAITI

by Sister Catherine of Siena, M.I.C.¹

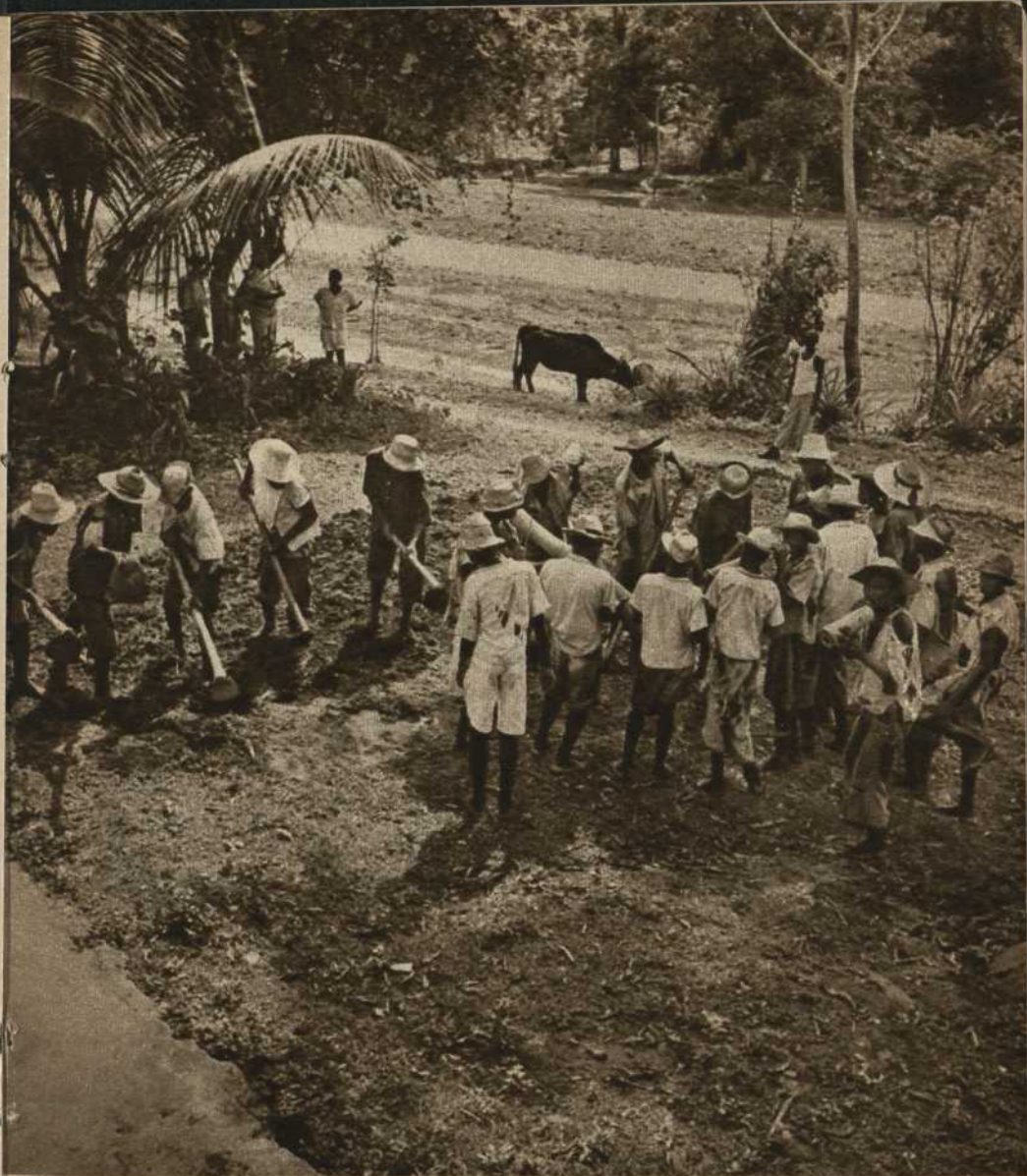
According to Dr. Price Mars, well known sociologist of Haiti, "Haitians are a people who sing and suffer, suffer and laugh, dance and endure". Their need of movement, of song, of rhythm, and of music appears in every circumstance of their life. They sing at their work, the throbbing of the drum punctuating their efforts, lightening them, rendering them agreeable. Indeed, labour thus loses its austere sense of duty being transformed into a sort of relaxation, of rhythmical exercise. At the *coumbite*, a social gathering having as

purpose to help friends or relatives build a house, plant or harvest crops, it is a pleasure to watch the teams at work. The beating of the drum gives the signal to start, the drummer going ahead of the workers accompanied by a singer chanting in rhythm. Both move down the field as the workers take up the chant. Hoes or sickles rise and fall in perfect rhythm, and in a very short time a large piece of ground has been tilled or a harvest has been cut or a house has been built.

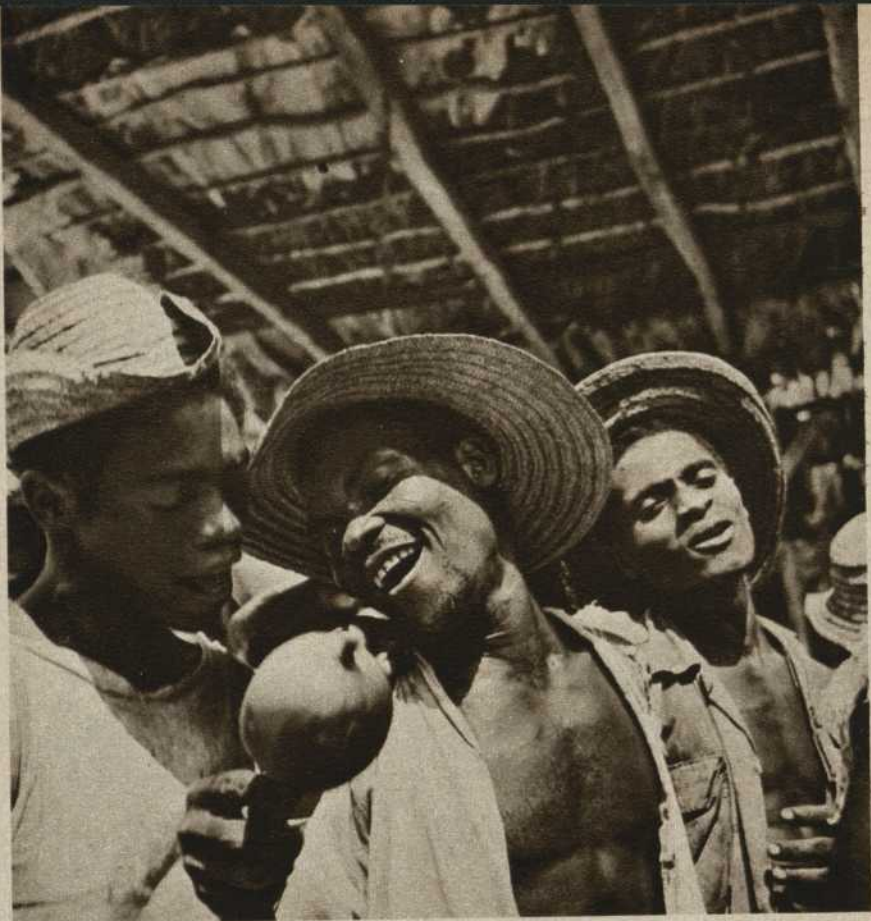
Haitian like Gregorian chant

Haitians are extremely fond of singing and of dancing, this being their favourite means of expressing their sentiments, more particularly their religious sentiment. During church offices, they all sing in unison, from the youngest to the oldest. Their facility in rendering and in assimilating Gregorian chant is noth-

ing short of remarkable. When I first arrived, I was amazed to hear the faithful singing by heart, without a catch, nearly all the various plain chant Masses, as well as the vespers. Not satisfied with singing these melodies in church, they hum them in public conveyances or as they stride along to market.



WORKING
TO THE TUNE
OF THE
VACCINE.



Hochet, A PRIMITIVE INSTRUMENT MADE OF
AN EMPTY CALABASH FILLED WITH DRIED SEEDS.

This bent for sacred music springs from the primitive cult of voodoo observed by ancestors and still maintained in great part by the mountain folk. Voodoo is a set of beliefs which claim to deal with the occult forces of the universe, a mixture of pagan rites and ceremonies intermingled with Christian practices. Dancing

being its chief element, it has often been called a dancing religion. Community celebrations take place at night in courtyards where initiates gather to dance and to participate in the singing of songs, half European half African. The frenzied beating of drums handled by experts helps create a climate of mystery and of

fear of the spirits who supposedly control good or bad fortune, life or death.

Special voodoo mourning ceremonies mark the wakes of adepts. Introduced by pathetic *way way*, the traditional lamentations emphasize the good qualities of the de-

ceased, the most striking events in their lives, their kind deeds, their lovable traits... Religious poems are recited, followed by folk tales, puzzles, ditties. No real dancing is allowed at wakes although rhythmic steps may be executed all around the room.

Folk dancing

Far from being limited to voodoo ceremonies, dancing in Haiti stresses every joyous occasion. It has truthfully been said that it forms as it were the web of social life. Some of these dances originated in Spain: the *polika*, polka, the *baila*, the *martinique*, the *contredanse* or Haitian

quadrille; others came from Africa: the *rada* and the *banda*; the *méringue*, a favourite among all classes of society, seems to have been inspired by Spanish dances such as the carnival *méringue*, voodoo *méringus*, classical *méringue* or national Haitian dance.

Musical instruments

Among Haitians, love of music is apparent from early childhood. Little ones enjoy playing the *vaccine* a kind of flute fashioned out of bamboo, in imitation of their elders. A twelve-year-old apprentice *vaccine* player may be admitted as member of a *coumbite* orchestra. Thus he gradually accumulates a repertoire of folk tales, songs, poems, riddles. Haitian folklore is rich in charades, fables, proverbs where French influence is found allied to Creole wisdom.

The king of instruments is the drum which comes in all forms and sizes. It is usually hollowed out of a tree trunk and measures about thirty-

six inches in length, each end being covered with taut goatskin. This drum is played with the hands.

Accordeons or *viellons*, small triangles, *hochets*, primitive instruments fashioned out of emptied calabashes filled with dried seeds, are used as accompaniment to popular songs.

These simple instruments reflect the soul of the peasant, unalterably attached to ancient traditions; his musical sense finds satisfaction in local sources which lack neither originality nor beauty. Cultured Haitians, though not insensible to this heritage of the past, generally prefer the refined appeal of western classical artists — Bach, Beethoven, Mozart.



THE DRUM IS KING
OF MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS IN HAITI.

Turning song and music Godward

One of the chief characteristics of the Haitian soul is the intensity of the religious sentiment, a kind of religiosity informing the whole life pattern and leaving but little to the merely profane. It is, therefore, of utmost importance to orientate this marvelous natural disposition towards Christian liturgy to the detriment of voodoo, a survival of animism among certain inhabitants of the

hills and a deviation of the religious spirit.

In closing, I make my own and address to Haiti these words spoken of Africa, "Haiti, you are a land of song; your soul is a taut string vibrating under the lightest touch". It belongs to us missionaries to appreciate this musical gift and turn it to the glory of God.



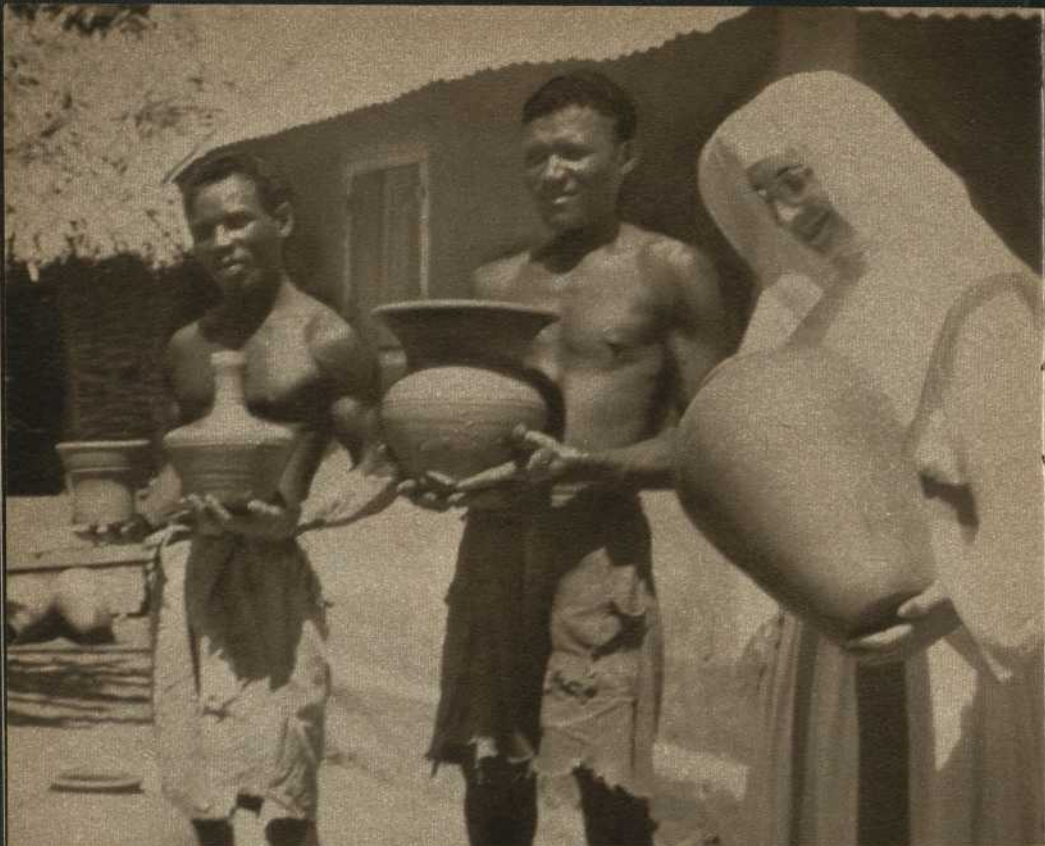
THE ONLY WAY TO HAPPINESS

"He that loses his life for my sake shall find it." Modern psychology, with all its learning, is coming now to realize that Christ said all there was to say on the problem of human happiness. By making others happy we find happiness ourselves. It is an unchangeable law of human psychology that the only way to true happiness is by self-sacrifice, self-forgetfulness; thinking of others rather than ourselves.



A few moments' reflexion on, "How did the Faith come to me?" will bring the realization that some missionary, centuries ago, was not satisfied to let his charity stay at home. Charity — our word for the Love of God — cannot be confined to our own back yard. It is of the very nature of God's love to spread itself to all the world.

Mission Time



Meet Mr. Jolicœur, an artist in ceramics.

INTERVIEW *in* **Cap Haitien**

by Sister Saint Blandine, M.I.C.

(Blandine Massé, Saint Sylvere.)

We, the Canadian Sisters teaching at the Cap's Normal School, had a standing invitation to visit Mr. Jolicœur's pottery plant situated at Belli, a short distance from the city.

Early, one fine September morning, we set out in the mission jeep. On either side of the road we saw merry groups of barefooted housewives striding along to market and

bearing atop their heads loads out of all proportion to their visible strength.

The road at first smooth and wide grew capricious, full of bumps and holes. At last our car came to a halt in front of a cluster of cottages framed in feathery fronds of banana plants and hedged in by wild purslane. Sunny-faced children came tumbling out of thatch-roofed houses and stared curiously at the strange visitors. Before we had time to alight, Mr. Jolicoeur was on hand to bid us welcome to Belli and to do the honours of his old-fashioned habitation.

"Dear Mothers, we are overjoyed to have you in our midst today."

"Thank you, Mr. Jolicoeur. We have been wanting to come for a long, long time."

"Let us start right away to make the rounds while the sun is not too high."

We followed our host along a narrow path skirting the cottages. From their doorsteps, the women greeted us pleasantly. "We are happy to see you, dear Mothers," they said as they curtsied in the courtly manner so natural to Haitian people.

"Mr. Jolicoeur, where do you find the clay used to fashion your wares?"

"Just a few steps from here. See that hollow on your right... You will notice that there is a layer of grey clay between two layers of black. That is the material with which we work."

"Do you have to process it before it can be used?"

"Of course. The grey layer must be separated from the black, carefully spread, then moistened. We find the little brook over there very handy for this purpose. After the clay has been evenly sprinkled, it is covered with banana leaves to protect it against the sun's burning rays. Three days later, it is ready to be manipulated."

"How do you have it taken inside?"

"The men carry it in baskets balanced on their heads. Other workers divide it into lumps of various sizes according to the objects to be made. It is then ripe for modeling. Would you like me to give you a demonstration?"

"If it is not too much trouble, Mr. Jolicoeur." The master ceramist sat down in front of a rotating wheel fixed to an iron pipe curved at the base. A lump of clay about six inches by ten in volume was placed on the disk. While an apprentice set the wheel in motion, the ceramist's



SISTER SAINT BLANDINE ADMIRES
MRS. JOSEPH'S CRAFTMANSHIP.

deft fingers molded a thing of beauty. With his right hand he formed a cavity, while with his left he shaped the exterior.

"Mr. Jolicoeur, are articles baked as soon as they have been shaped?"

"No, they must be left to dry during eight days before being polished and baked."

"What tools are used for this operation?"

"We use a kind of soft firm stone

picked up on the seashore. Perhaps you would like to watch at work Mrs. Joseph who is our artist in this line."

Mrs. Joseph paused in her task to flash us a smile before she explained the process. Under her light touch the dull surface gleamed.

"How long does it take to polish a vase?"

"About half an hour. The polishing over, the vases must again be left to dry. Then only they are ready to be baked in the oven at an even temperature."

"For how many days are they left in the oven?"

"For two days."

"Mr. Jolicoeur, may we ask what is the secret of your art?"

"It is a gift, a knack inherited from our forebears. Only three of us here possess the secret. The industry goes back to the Indians, first inhabitants of Haiti, who were masters in the art as may be inferred from the collections exhibited in our national museums. African labourers brought to the island by Spanish or French masters soon became experts. The colonists encouraged them, giving

large orders of kitchen ware, vases, jugs, and more especially bricks used in the building of aqueducts and mansions. Lately, the industry has been greatly developed in Port au Prince where modern methods and tools have been adopted. In our remote little habitation we are content with the ancient equipment, and if I do say so myself, we manage to turn out a fair amount of useful and beautiful articles."

"How many employees work here?"

"Oh, about sixty or so."

"Thank you, Mr. Jolicoeur, for your kindness and courtesy in answering our numerous questions. We had no idea how much work goes into even the making of a plain cup. Congratulations!"

As we emerged into the sunshine we found the whole village assembled to say goodbye. To the delight of the young and the not so young we distributed sweets, and thanked the people over and over for their hearty welcome.

What a pity that we had to refuse to staff a school among these good folk who have none! Who will come to help us garner the abundant Haitian harvest?

DON'T BE A



by Sister Saint Adélard, M.I.C.¹

Time and again in the course of our missionary life, we find verified the words of the divine Harvester, "One man sows, another reaps". On the other hand, it is at times given us to taste the consolation of seeing the good seed so laboriously cast into the furrow come to fruition before our wondering gaze.

While missioned in Roche a Bateau in 1948, I became acquainted with a student called Joseph who paid for his studies by doing odd jobs around the house.

One afternoon after the children had gone home, Joseph entered my classroom to paint a few benches. In between vigorous slaps of the brush he told me about his family, his studies, his plans for the future, his activities as member of the Eucharistic Crusade. Before leaving in a burst of confidence he showed me his Crusade "treasury" — prayers, Communions, sacrifices. It was nothing to boast of.

"Joseph, I'm sure you can do better than that," I remarked as I

returned the dog-eared notebook. "You have no right to be a zero!"

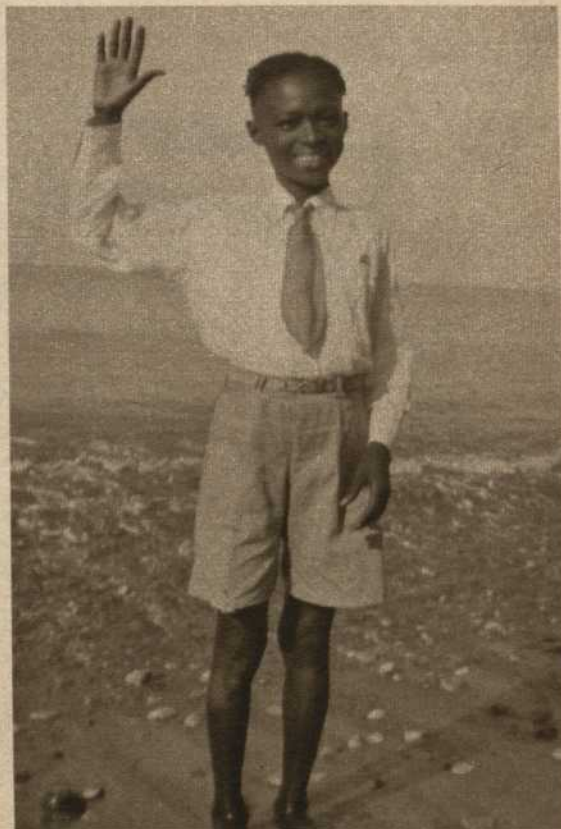
"Pray for me, Mother," he humbly replied, "I really do want to become somebody you can be proud of."

I left Roche a Bateau that summer and heard no more about Joseph for several years.

In 1958, having been reassigned to this mission I was pleasantly surprised to have Joseph call as soon as he heard of my return. He was now a tall young man, poised, well-mannered. "Mother," he asked, "Do you remember that day when

you told me I had no right to be a zero? These words changed my whole life. Whenever I was tempted to slip back into easy ways, I'd say to myself, 'I have no right to be a zero'. And so I made daily progress until now I am the president of the Crusade in my hometown. My dearest ambition is to teach my compatriots the Christian principles instilled in me at your school."

My heart overflowed with gratitude. Watered by the Holy Spirit, the tiny seed planted in Joseph's soul had produced one hundred percent.

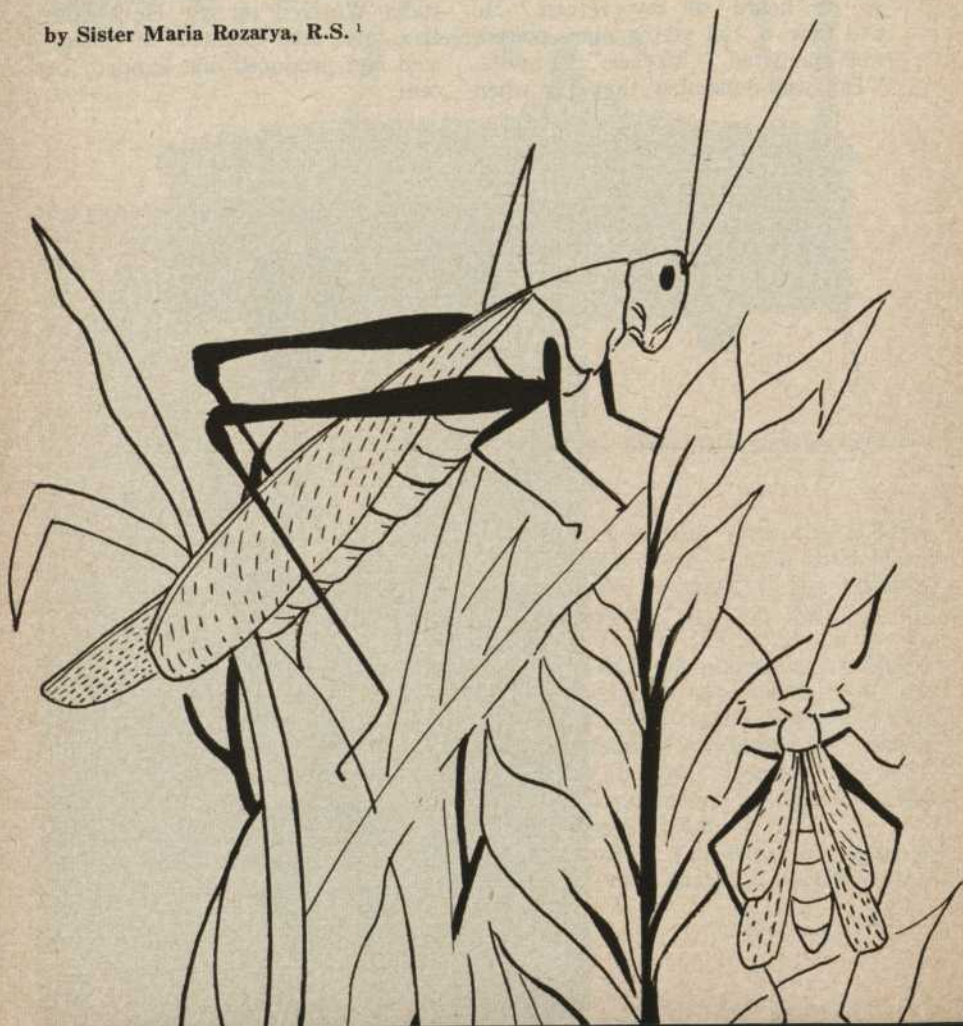


RUMPI, NYASALAND

THE WORLD OF GRASSHOPPERS

Such as known to
the Tumbuka.

by Sister Maria Rozarya, R.S. ¹



These insects which you call grasshoppers are known to us, Tumbuka, under the generic term of *zombe*. We classify them in two categories, edible and non edible.

EDIBLE GRASSHOPPERS

The *Cimara Mtamba*

The most remarkable among these insects are the *cimara mtamba*, literally, those who empty garrets. Of a brownish colour and medium size these voracious insects travel in thick clouds from east to west, razing everything on their way. They are perhaps cousins to the grasshoppers mentioned in the Bible as one of the plagues of Egypt... If a swarm of *cimara mtamba* alights on your garden, say goodbye to your harvest unless you have at hand several *vihengo*, flat baskets with which to entrap them.

As a slight compensation for your ruined vegetables, you may catch the insects and roast them. They provide delicious seasoning for the *sima*, corn mush. You may even preserve them in jars for later use; all you have to do is to empty their insides, and put them out to dry in the sun.

The *Phanana*

More agreeable than the *cimara mtamba*, the *phanana* never raid gardens, but live on herbs and greenery. We hunt them because we are fond of eating them fried or roasted with our *sima*.

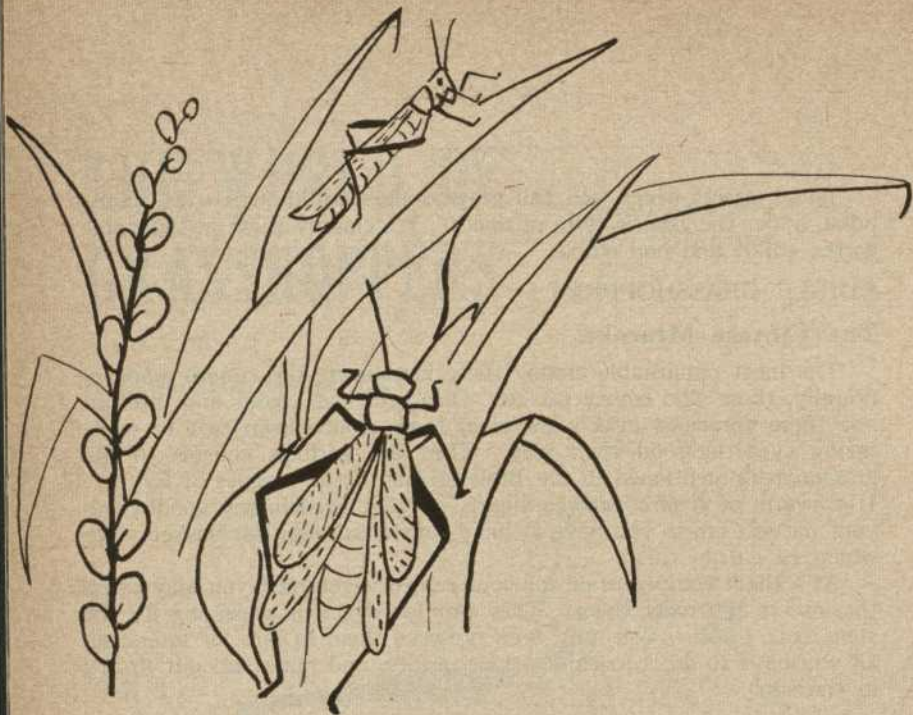
The *phanana* have inspired a *cilapi*, sort of rhythmical fable of our folklore which is often recited around household fires, in the quiet of the evening:

"Once upon a time, a man caught a serpent which he imprisoned in an earthen pot. Calling his son, he said to him, 'My child, you must not touch this pot, for what it contains is mine.' The boy promised. One day, however, his curiosity getting the better of his resolution, he opened the pot and found a graceful serpent which straightway uncoiled itself and danced prettily for him.

"He clapped his hands with delight, caressed the reptile, then carefully slipped it back into place. The man soon found out, to his annoyance, that his son had disobeyed, but he said nothing. Again and again, the serpent was taken out and made to dance by the child. But, one fine day, it glided away to the river and plunged before he could catch it.

"When the father discovered what had happened, he called his

¹ Member of the African Congregation of Rosarian Sisters.



son, 'Go out and find the serpent, and remember I want *my* serpent and no other.' The boy went down to the river where he plunged and replunged until he found the identical reptile, late in the evening. Returning home exhausted, he handed his father his pet, and went to bed nursing his grievance, and vowing to take revenge.

"Some time later, having caught a *phanana*, he placed it in the calabash used as a family drinking cup. The father returning from tilling the corn patch, felt parched. 'My son,' said he, 'bring me a drink.' But, the boy coolly replied, 'I can't. I'm too tired. Get yourself some water.' As the man took up the calabash, the *phanana* flew out. Instead of catching it, he made it jump and jump, meantime remarking, 'How did this *phanana* get into the calabash?' The boy slyly watching him, cried out, '*Dada*, Daddy, that's my *phanana*. Why did you let it go? Go and catch it and remember, it must be *my phanana*, and no other.' Out ran the man calling '*Phanana*, my son's *phanana*, stop jumping, and come back to my house.' But, the *phanana* gaily kept on jumping and flying out of reach, while *dada* kept on running after it. He ran on and on and on until he fell down exhausted, and died...

"Moral: revenge is evil, for it may cause death. Eschew it!"

The Ntepute

These grasshoppers are elegant pale green insects measuring from two to three inches long. If you open up their wings, you find in their shimmering texture an exquisite array of colours where blue and red tints dominate. The *ntepule* are neither voracious nor unpleasant, being content with the leaves of trees or shrubs as their food. Theirs is a short life — six or seven months at the longest. Nobody knows where they lay their eggs.

The Noni

The *noni* belong to the *ntepule* family and sport the same pale green dress, but they are smaller in size, measuring only about one inch long. They differ also in that their legs and antennae are longer than those of other grasshoppers. Children eat them with relish.



SR. MARIA ROZARYA
MEMBER
OF
AFRICAN
CONGREGATION
OF ROSARIAN
SISTERS.

The Bota-wota, the Kannunka, and the Jamsuku

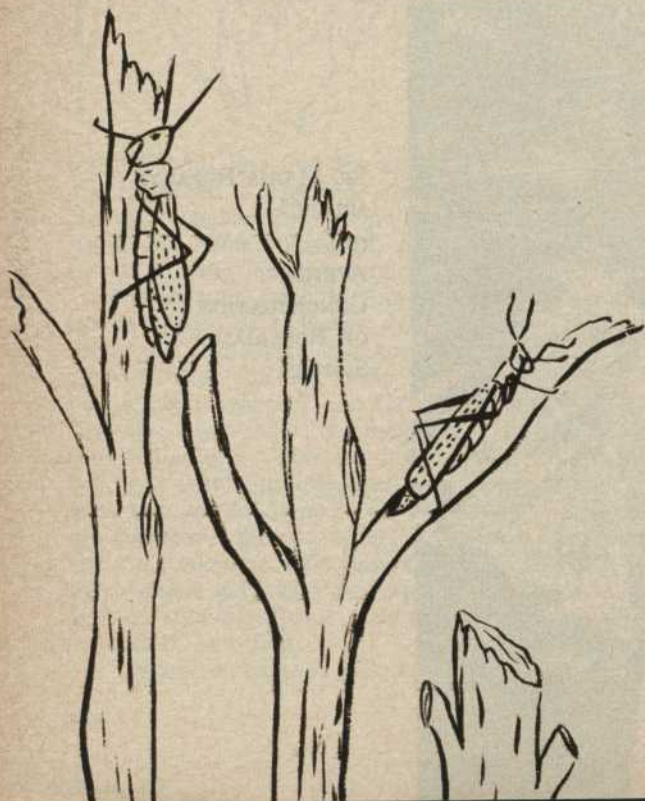
Although they bear different names, these hoppers all spring from the same stock, being better known under the name of *kannunka*, a word derived from *kununka*, to smell bad.

Kannunka emit a pungent, disagreeable odour which clings to your hands if you touch them. They are an unpleasant, greedy lot devouring cassava leaves way down to the roots. Although classified under the category of edible grasshoppers, *kannunka* because of their bad smell are in no great demand. Only the *azogo*, grandmothers, eat them; they do so on the sly lest they should be laughed at.

NON-EDIBLE GRASSHOPPERS

The Jaghayagha

Their name comes from the sound they make as, morning and evening between five and eight o'clock, they are heard making monotonous sounds which resemble the word *jaghayagha* endlessly repeated. Our people use them as timepieces, and also as calendars, for they appear when trees and bushes are burgeoning, that is at the close of the dry season, in October and November.

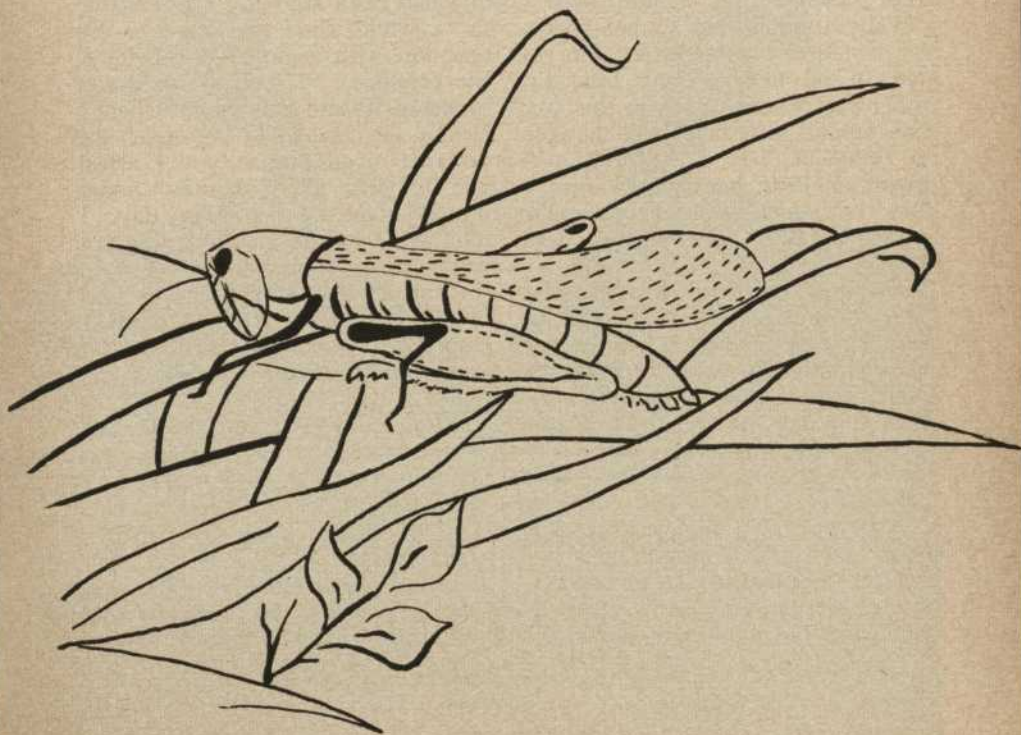


The male has wings, jumps about, and sings its monotonous *jag-hayagha*; the female is wingless and songless, its task being to lay eggs in great quantities in the soil. These eggs are sweet-smelling.

The Kacibuntu and the Gomba Mtiko

The *kacibuntu* are minute grasshoppers of a shiny brown. The *gomba mtiko*, grey in colour, lay their eggs in dead wood where they make their home.

I could keep on describing the myriad insects of Nyasaland. Living close to nature, we know many of its wonderful secrets which you learn only in books. On the other hand, you know better the Creator of these wonders. Missionaries whom we love, tell us that in America you have every facility to learn about Him. How fortunate you are to benefit by a thoroughly Christian education! In our country, children are often left to themselves, without any schooling whatever. Like little grasshoppers they jump about, play, and gambol in the fields without ever hearing about the God who is their Creator and Father.



RESPECT FOR TRUTH

by Sister Saint Charles of Milan, M.I.C.¹

Shortly after her escape from Communist territory, about one year ago, Grandmother Tam called at our dispensary in Hong Kong. Like many another refugee she appeared to suffer chiefly from malnutrition.

While I ministered to her needs, she confided, "Oh Sister, I'm so glad to be free at long last. I'd rather beg on the streets in this city than remain in Red China." I made no comment, but I was not surprised to hear her admit this. I knew that hundreds of others thought likewise even if they did not dare say so.

Grandmother Tam became one of my regular patients, for a careful medical examination revealed that she was suffering from beriberi, an ailment brought on by lack of vitamins. One day she asked me to give her a warm blanket, explaining, "Sister, every night I shiver with cold. I think I must have malaria or something... My temperature then seems to rise and my head aches terribly." I promised to give her a blanket as soon as possible.

This woman who possessed ster-

ing qualities of character and an open mind, soon felt drawn to our holy Faith. Before many days had passed she enrolled at the catechumenate.

She had been studying the doctrine for a while when she came to me one day with a problem. "Sister," she confided, "I have a confession to make. Please call your helpers." Before the assembled personnel she declared in all simplicity, "I asked you to give me a blanket under false pretences, the other day. I told you I had fever which was not true. I'm cold, that's all. I saw in the catechism that the law of God forbids lying and I want to make reparation." Before we could recover from our surprise, Grandma had gone.

Needless to say she was allotted a warm blanket as soon as the parcels from our friends overseas reached us.

God who delights in revealing Himself to the simple and upright heart, granted Mrs. Tam the grace of being incorporated into the true Church last Christmas. She wishes for nothing more this side of Heaven.



Giants of the Apostolate

(Conclusion)

OUR LADY'S MISSIONARIES

At Alexandria, Ontario, on August 15, 1949, took place an event of prime importance in the history of the Catholic Church in Canada — the foundation of an English-speaking Congregation devoted to the missionary apostolate. This foundation which answered a long standing need received the warmest approval from His Eminence the Cardinal Archbishop of Toronto, and the other Archbishops and Bishops of Ontario, and roused the interest of Catholics throughout English-speaking Canada.

Wishing to have a share in the noble work of these Sisters, and urged by the Apostolic Delegate to take the project in hand, the Catholic Women's League pledged the payment of an annual subsidy for a period of five years in order to set the new congregation on its feet financially.

One cannot but admire the missionary spirit of these women who took inspiration from the words of Pope Pius XI, "As long as there remains a spark of life in me, I shall feel even unto anguish the responsibility of the foreign missions".

According to the wishes of its venerable founder, Right Reverend Msgr. D. R. Macdonald, D. P., this congregation was made "thoroughly competent to carry on mission work in foreign lands... as school teachers, graduate nurses, and also medical doctors" as required of a modern, well developed missionary congregation.

Vocations have come to it from almost every province of Canada assuring its steady growth. At present it has a membership of fifty-two Sisters.

Our Lady's Missionaries have opened a mission in Japan where they specialize in hospital work for T. B. patients.

Canada may well be proud of this young congregation whose members valiantly carry on the apostolate of its missionary pioneers. May it give its daughters in increasing numbers so that Our Lady's Missionaries may soon be enabled to carry the glad tidings of the Gospel especially to those countries where the dearth of missionaries is more keenly felt.

THE ANTIGONISH WAY

"The big picture"

Another remarkable organization manifesting the staunch missionary spirit of our English-speaking people is the movement known as the "Antigonish Way", movement which deserves wider recognition in our own land. As its programme and philosophy have been expounded in a previous issue of the *The Precursor* (see May-June 1962) its missionary aspects only will be touched upon here.

Although not directly concerned with the foreign mission apostolate, its philosophy is eminently apostolic since it aims at translating into practice the theory of papal encyclicals on the social doctrine of the Church. Pioneers of the movement had as ultimate end to provide for all human beings a full and abundant life, that life of which Christ spoke when He said: "I have come that all may have life and have it abundantly."

The late Dr. M. M. Coady, first Director of the Saint Francis Xavier University Extension Department, was a giant of a man physically, and a giant of the apostolate of masses. His programme for adult education and economic co-operation, applied first to his immediate surroundings in the Maritimes, he envisioned as spilling over the boundaries of Canada and reaching out to all the peoples of the world, convinced as he was that the economic avenue was "the approach to a reconstruction of the citadel of human life". To those who termed the movement as materialistic he countered, "We need

to bring God back into human affairs. We have in a great measure excluded Him from the major activities in which man spends most of his waking hours. Business, education, politics, and social activities occupy most of his time. If moral reform is to be effected in society it must be precisely in these major social activities. It cannot be brought about by just being religious on Sunday. This can be a great hypocrisy; it can be a whitewash and a badge of respectability...

"We shall have to get back to the injunction of St. Paul: 'All whatsoever you do in word or in work, all things do ye in the name of the Lord Jesus Christ, giving thanks to God and the Father by Him.'"

That support of the Church was not lacking may be inferred from the following excerpt from an address given at Sydney, N. S., in 1946, by His Excellency Most Reverend Ildebrando Antoniutti, Apostolic Delegate to Canada: "We are exalting this movement because it corresponds to the teachings of the Church... strengthens the ties of human brotherhood... For these reasons we are not only encouraging the leaders of this splendid movement to continue in their meritorious work with courage but we appeal to all men of good will to lend their collaboration and support to the movement in order to ensure a better society."

"Show us your works and we will believe," challenged freethinkers among the Paris University students of Ozanam's day. The challenge was accepted, arguments in defending the Faith were dropped, and instead, the Society of Saint Vincent de Paul

founded to give practical help to the poor.

Dr. Coady and his associates also have met the challenge of the free-thinkers of our day by sponsoring a "Christian institution designed to free people from the obstacles to the Christian cultural and spiritual growth erected by economic insecurity... The Christian life is an integrated whole. It includes all departments of life and all life's activities... The Christian life is lived not only on one's knees, but also at one's work; not only in church, but in the market places; not only in private, but also in public."¹

After a tour of several regions of Africa, Reverend Paul Crane, S.J., gave the following testimony of the movement's potentialities as applied to mission lands, "For the first time, many people will see their Church effectively helping them to help themselves, extending her influence right into their every day lives. This is precisely what they

need to see at this juncture in Africa. This is what a credit union movement will help them to do."²

According to a conservative estimate, the Antigonish Way has enriched the lives of five million people in fifty-four countries over a period of thirty years.

During the past year the Institute has awarded diplomas or certificates in Social Leadership to 86 students from over 30 different countries.

The "big picture" envisioned by Doctor Coady has become a reality. The movement he and his associates inaugurated now reaches to the uttermost ends of the earth, maintaining the supremacy of the spiritual without neglecting the material needs of man. "Ideas have hands and feet," Dr. J. J. Tompkins was fond of saying. The ideas of the Institute he helped to launch have reached out to the peoples of many lands like so many hands and feet working miracles of improvement in countless impoverished lives.

CONCLUSION

Lives of great men all remind us
We can make our lives sublime
And departing leave behind us
Footprints on the sands of time.

Longfellow

The "giants" of the apostolate whose noble lives have been here sketched have done better than leave "footprints on the sands of time". They have laid the rockhewn founda-

tions of a "citadel of human life" for peoples of the earth dying for lack of spirit, leadership, and hope. Ours to follow where they lead.

SOURCES:

- ¹ Statistics given by Rev. John E. Gault, SFM., Public Relations Dept., Scarboro Foreign Mission Society.
- ² Rev. M. M. Coady, *The Antigonish Way*, p. 80.
- ³ Address delivered to Social Leadership Seminar, St. Francis Xavier University, by Most Rev. J. R. MacDonald, D.D.
- ⁴ Rev. Paul Crane, S.J., *The Catholic Herald*, London, July 1, 1960.

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.
CHICOUTIMI, P.Q., 766 Ceucule Street.
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, P.Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P.Q., 430 Champlain Street.
OTTAWA, 39 Goulburn Street.
PERTH, N.B., P.B. 259.
EDMUNDSTON, N.B., 85 Victoria 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

PUCALLPA.

GUATEMALA

TOTONICAPAN, Guatemala, A.C.

BOLIVIA

SANTA CRUZ, Cardinal Cushing Business
College, Calle Lemoine, Casilla 70.

BOLIVIA

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

IRUPANA.

SANTA CRUZ, Calle Velasco No. 617, Casilla 70.

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, Paddal, 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.

HINCHE, Haiti.

COLON, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

KATETE MISSION, Champira P.O.

Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.

MZAMBAZI MISSION, Eutini P.O.

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