



THE PRECURSOR

July-August 1963

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THE PRECURSOR

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MESSAGE

to

ALL MEN

The following is the English translation, issued by the Council Press Office, of the message addressed to all men by Vatican Council II.

"We wish to convey to all men and to all nations the message of salvation, love and peace which Jesus Christ, Son of the loving God, brought to the world and entrusted to the Church.

"It is in fact for this reason that we, the successors of the apostles, all united in prayer with Mary, the Mother of Jesus, forming one single Apostolic Body, whose head is the successor of Peter, are gathered here on the invitation of His Holiness Pope John XXIII.

"In the course of our meetings, under the guidance of the Holy Spirit, we intend to seek the most efficacious ways of renewing ourselves and of becoming the con-

stantly more faithful witnesses of the Gospel of Christ.

"We will strive to propose to the men of our times the truth of God, integral and pure, in order that they may understand it and accept it freely.

"Conscious of our responsibility as pastors, we ardently wish to correspond to the demands of all those who seek God "*si forte attrecteum ant inveniant quamvis non longe sit ab unoquoque nostrum*" (and perhaps grope after Him and find Him, though He is not far from any one of us. Acts, 17, 27).

Faithful, therefore, to the mandate of Christ who offered himself a

holocaust *ut exhiberet ipse sibi Ecclesiam non habentem maculam aut rugam...*, *sed ut sit sancta et immaculata* ('in order that He might present to Himself the Church... not having spot or wrinkle...', but she should be holy and without blemish, Eph. 5:27), we will devote ourselves with all our energies, with all our thoughts, towards, renewing ourselves and the faithful entrusted to us, that the image of Jesus Christ which shines in our hearts 'to reflect the splendour of God' (II Cor. 4:6) may appear to all people.

"We believe that the Father loved the world so much that He gave his Son to save it; and that He freed us from the slavery of sin through this same Son 'reconciling all things in Him and through Him, reestablishing peace through the blood of His cross' (Col. 1:20) that we might be called and truly be His sons.

"Moreover, we receive the Holy Spirit from the Father that, living the life of God, we may love God and our brothers, with whom we are united in Christ. We, therefore, who are the followers of Christ, are not estranged from earthly concerns and toils. Indeed, the faith, hope and charity of Christ urges us to serve our brothers in conformity with the example of the Divine Master who 'did not come to be served but to serve' (Matt. 20:28). Neither was the Church born, therefore, to dominate but to serve. 'He gave his life for us and we must give our life for our brothers' (1 Jn. 3:16).

"While we hope that the Faith may shine more clearly and brightly from the work of the Council, we expect, therefore, a spiritual renewal which may also yield a happy impetus in favour of human welfare, that is, the findings of science, the progress of the arts and of technology, and a greater diffusion of culture.

"We, united here from every nation under heaven, carry in our hearts the anxieties of all peoples entrusted to us, the anxieties of body and soul, sorrows and desires, and hopes. We turn our mind constantly towards all the anxieties afflicting men today. Our concern, therefore, is directed especially to the more humble, the poorer, the weaker, and, in keeping with the example of Christ, we feel compassion for the throngs who suffer hunger, misery and ignorance. We are constantly attentive to those who, deprived of the necessary assistance, have not yet reached a standard of living worthy of man. For this reason, in the performance of our earthly mission, we take into great account all that which pertains to the dignity of man and all that which contributes towards the real brotherhood of nations. *Caritas Christi urget nos*. ('The love of Christ impels us' 2, Cor. 5:14). In fact, *qui viderit fratrem suum necessitatem habere et clauserit viscera sua ab eo, quomodo caritas Dei manet in eo?* ('He... who sees his brother in need and closes his heart to him, how does the love of God abide in him?' I Jn. 3:17).

"The following are the two prob-



lems of greater importance proposed to us:

"In his broadcast message of September 11, 1962, His Holiness Pope John XXIII stressed two points especially. First of all, he recommended everything that favours peace among peoples. There is no man who does not detest war and who does not ardently desire peace. But this is the greatest wish of the Church

who is the Mother of all. Through the voice of the Roman Pontiffs, she has never ceased to proclaim not only her love for peace, but also her resolve for peace, always ready to give herself wholeheartedly and effectively to every sincere proposal. She tends, moreover, with all her strength to unite all peoples, and to create among them a mutual esteem of sentiments and of works. Is not

this our conciliar assembly — admirable for its diversity of races, nations, and tongues — is it not a testimony of a community bound by fraternal love which it bears as a visible sign? We proclaim that all men are brothers irrespective of the race or nation to which they belong.

“Secondly, the Supreme Pontiff urges all to social justice. The doctrine outlined in the encyclical letter *Mater et Magistra* clearly shows how the Church is today absolutely necessary to the world, to denounce injustices and shameful inequalities, to restore the true order of goods and things so that, according to the principles of the Gospel, the life of man may become more human.

“We have neither the riches nor the powers of the earth, but we place our faith in the strength of the Holy Spirit, promised by Jesus Christ to His Church. Therefore we

humbly and ardently invite all to collaborate with us to establish in the world a more ordered way of living and greater brotherhood. We invite all not only our brothers of whom we are the pastors, but all our brothers who believe in Christ and all men of good will whom ‘God wishes to have saved and led towards the knowledge of truth’ (I Tim. 11:4). It is, in fact, the divine will that the kingdom of God, through the means of charity, shine even now, in a certain sense, upon earth, almost in anticipation of the eternal kingdom.

“It is our ardent desire that the light of the great hope in Jesus Christ, our only Saviour, may shine in this world which is still so far from the desired peace, because of the threats engendered by scientific progress itself — marvellous progress — but not always intent upon the supreme law of morality.”

We cannot love Christ and be indifferent to souls for whom He died.

Bishop James A. Walsh

Where there is no zeal, there is no love.

St. Augustine



THE CASE OF FATHER CONRARDY

by Paul Collins

On April 15, 1951, a bearded bishop, having endured three days and nights of agonizing torture and public humiliation, walked with the dignity of another Christ into the cross-shaped Chinese Communist prison of Canton. The gates slammed shut. Thus began the great work of Francis Xavier Ford, martyr for the soul of China.

On April 15, 1889, a bearded priest, having listened for three days and nights to the velvet sadness of the Hawaiian death chant, knelt in prayer by the bedside of Father Damien of Molokai. Just as dawn flashed over the towering Kalawao *pali*, the soul of Joseph Damien De Veuster arose like a lark to God;



His Excellency

Bishop F. X. Ford, M.M.,

missionary to China

where he died

a martyr

of the Communists.

at that moment began the crowning work of Louis Lambert Conrardy, precursor in China and spiritual father of Francis Xavier Ford.

The profound, almost mystical influence woven into the American Catholic mission movement by this strange, difficult, and sometimes embarrassing priest comprises a fascinating chapter in Catholic Americana. His superiors often wondered what to do with him; nowadays it is possible to wonder what they would have done without him.

Louis Lambert Conrardy was born into a family of French-speaking Walloons at Liege, Belgium, on July 12, 1841. Although he made his ecclesiastical studies under the Jesuits, it did not take long for the prudent

Fathers of the vanguard of the Church to realize that this virtuous but headstrong youth was not cut out for the sweet yoke of Ignatian obedience. Therefore, it was for the diocesan jurisdiction of Liege that he was ordained on June 15, 1866.

Serving near the ruins of the once glorious 7th century Benedictine Abbey of Stavelot, the new priest nursed his zeal for the mission fields. When an epidemic struck the district in 1869, he plunged into nursing the poor, divesting himself of everything he owned and some things which he did not own, such as his bed.

Becoming pastor, he substituted French for Latin in the chanting of Vespers, advising his bishop that the people got bored listening to a lan-

guage which they did not understand. The bishop held another view and with considerable relief learned of Father Conrardy's aspirations to join the Paris Foreign Mission Society.

The candidacy of the impetuous priest of Stavelot prompted caution on the part of the society's superiors. But with his ardent pleas, Father Conrardy made such a nuisance of himself that the priests relented and the year 1871, saw him arriving in France's Indian colony of Pondicherry as an associate, but not as a member, of the Paris Foreign Mission Society.

A few years earlier, the Fathers of the society had established a leprosarium in Pondicherry. Hampered by chronic shortages of men and money, not to mention official

indifference and pagan fatalism, the priests could make only a small dent in the care of the teeming thousands of lepers. But to Father Conrardy, the fields were white. With no thought of consequent chaos, he brought in droves of lepers, completely disrupting the work of the mission. Alas, as in Stavelot, beds and blankets began to disappear. The day came when he crept into the mission clad only in a ragged *dhoti*, having given his clothes to wandering lepers. The exposure to which he had subjected himself brought him low with fever and pneumonia. This was clearly too much. As soon as he was able to travel, he was sent home to Belgium where, it was hoped, he would gain in health if not in prudence.

Making poi,
Hawaii.



Thus he landed back in the lap of the exasperated Bishop of Liege who had not altered in the least his opinion of priests who chant Vespers in French.

From America, where Belgian Jesuits had been given the care of some Indian missions of the Oregon country, friends from seminary days wrote to invite Father Conrardy to come share in the harvest. With the blessing of his bishop, who offered a silent prayer for the purity of the rubrics in Oregon, the young zealot sailed for America and St. Ann's Mission in Eastern Oregon.

Of all missions in the 19th-century American West, it would be difficult to imagine one less promising than St. Ann's. Over it hung a miasma of suspicion, hatred and stark tragedy. This mission had been founded in 1847, by the Jesuit Father John Baptiste Brouillet at the invitation of the Cayuse Chief Taawitoy. The Cayuses had become disenchanted with Protestant missionaries who had made the imprudent and, as it turned out, fatal mistake of trying to make Indians into white men. Late in the evening of November 29, 1847, Father Brouillet stumbled into the horrible carnage of "The Whitman Massacre." Fourteen Protestant missionaries, including Dr. and Mrs. Marcus Whitman, had been murdered by the Cayuses while 53 others, mostly women and children, had been taken captive.

With the massacre creating an international sensation, certain artful liars contrived to manufacture

"proof" of Catholic responsibility for the tragedy, a development gleefully pounced upon by Know Nothings in high places. While Father Brouillet's defense of the Catholic Church in Oregon became a classic in his own time, clouds still hung over St. Ann's at Father Conrardy's arrival.

Although a quarter-century had elapsed since the massacre had provoked a bloody two-year war, during which the mission was burned by the Indians, courage of a high order was required for an unarmed white man to frequent those parts. Fearlessly, the priest turned to and within 24 hours after his arrival children were being baptized and instruction classes had begun.

The territory of St. Ann's comprised three vast countries, Morrow, Wheeler and Gilliam. As frontier towns sprang up, Father Conrardy was there with Mass. At Heppner, Vinson, Condon, Marysville, in log cabins, courthouses, and sometimes on the tail-gate of a wagon under God's blue sky, the stubby little priest with the dancing black eyes re-enacted the Eucharistic drama. To hold Mass candles he employed huge baked potatoes. After Mass, while mothers held squalling infant candidates for Baptism, Father Conrardy calmly enjoyed his breakfast of cold potato candlesticks. The observant Indians, nothing being lost on them, came to refer to low Mass as two-potato Mass, while the more splendid liturgy of high Mass was called six-potato Mass.

Father becomes the Condemned Man

Indians were fascinated by the quaint white man who went about with no gun or knife. While they accepted this as evidence that he had no fear of being scalped, the Cayuses were sure that the priest was not immune to the white man's terror of being hanged. One day Chief Wateshtimeneen deployed his warriors so as to surround Father Conrardy on the trail, ordering that the priest be hanged immediately.

Wateshtimeneen did not perceive the nature of the man with whom he was dealing. Overjoyed at the prospect of holy martyrdom in *partibus infidelium*, the priest came out of his rapture long enough to hand his watch to the chief, saying "You are giving me a ticket to Heaven so here is a present in return." The stunned Wateshtimeneen took the watch, after some reflection telling the priest that the old ones of the tribe must be consulted. The elders advised caution in dealing with this exotic being who had no fear of death. From then on Father Conrardy was known to the Indians as Condemned Man. Wateshtimeneen remained the firm right arm of the successive Fathers until his pious death in 1918.

Learning that Indians respected a man with a beard, Father Conrardy grew one. Passing among the sick, working cures for which there was no apparent natural explanation, the tireless priest went about the task of shoring up Catholic life in Oregon.

In 1877, the *Annals Catholiques* printed a private letter written by Father Damien to his brother, Father Pamphile, in which the young Apostle of the Lepers grieved at finding himself without priestly assistance. Unaware that the publication of the letter displeased Father Damien as much as it did Bishop Hermann Koeckemann of Honolulu, Father Conrardy began a correspondence with this fellow Belgian who was to have the most profound effect on his life.

The Oregon apostolate continued apace. On November 20, 1882, 600 Indians from all over Eastern Oregon set up their tepees among the cottonwoods around St. Ann's for Father Conrardy's two-week "hell-fire and brimstone" mission conducted by Archbishop Seghers and Jesuit Fathers Cataldo and Morvillo. Sixty new Catholics came into the Church as a result.

At Pendleton, Father Conrardy pre-empted the parlors of the Milarkeys, Murphys, O'Daniels, Grogans and Reiths for the celebration of Mass. In 1884, he built the first church in Pendleton, after which followed churches in Vinson, Heppner, Condon and Marysville.

The priest had built a boarding school at St. Ann's. In order to secure the services of Sisters of Mercy, he undertook a hair-raising journey across the plains to Philadelphia, then to Washington to seek a Federal superintendent for the new institution. There he met President Grover Cleveland. The two men hit it off at once. By special invitation of the President of the United States, Louis

Lambert Conrardy became an American citizen.

However, certain persons had discovered "separation of Church and State." By this they meant that the Catholic Church, but not their own, was the one which they had a mind to separate. Finding no legislative device by which they could deprive Catholic mission schools of Government monies without losing Federal subsidies given their own schools, a sacrifice which they did not choose to make, they successfully sought to control administrative appointments within the U. S. Indian Affairs Bureau.

Some fair-minded Protestants braved their wrath. Among them was Missouri's distinguished Senator Vest. "I saw but one ray of light on the subject of Indian education," declared Vest from the floor of the U. S. Senate. "I am a Protestant — born one, educated one, expect-to-die one, but I say now that the system adopted by the Catholics is the only practical system for the education of the Indian, and the only one that has resulted in anything at all."

The picture would brighten for a decade before the golden age of the missions in the Pacific Northwest yielded to a legacy of ignorance and irresponsibility. However, since it was clear to some that the presence of Sisters of Mercy at St. Ann's, not the hopeless plight of wretched Indians, would stain the honor of the Republic, the nuns withdrew because of intolerable opposition from the Indian agent.

Archbishop Gross, who had succeeded Archbishop Seghers, placed

St. Ann's in the care of the Jesuits. Father Conrardy wrote, "If I stay here I will have to join the Jesuits." While the priest was held in very high esteem by those Fathers, there is no evidence that this prospect excited the Jesuits any more than it did Father Conrardy.

It happened that Archbishop Gross had often acted as purchaser and almoner for Father Damien in procurement of lumber, salmon and other Oregon products. Indeed, Father Damien always referred to the prelate as "the agent of the lepers." With the archbishop's best wishes, Father Conrardy wrote to Father Damien, now a leper himself: "Do you want me, my dear fellow countryman? I can still work at least 20 years."

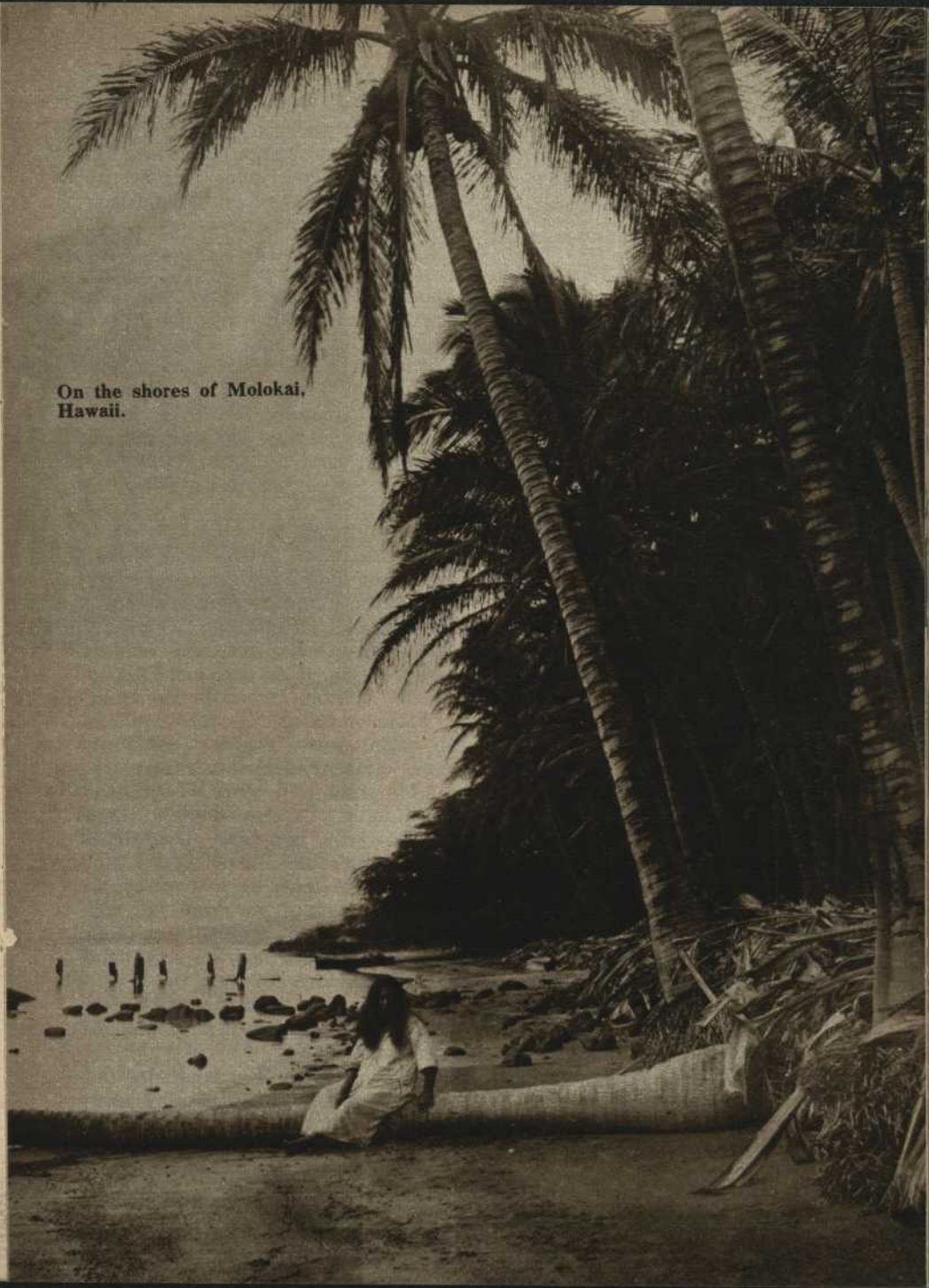
Damien's reply to Conrardy's query was to the point. "In God's name," he wrote, "come." The archbishop's recommendation of Father Conrardy was equally plain: "I have tramped all over Oregon with Father Conrardy and he is a noble, heroic man."

"You will see," promised Conrardy, "how a man from Liege can work!" In the saga of Molokai, that which followed has become known as "the Conrardy affair."

The Start of the Conrardy Affair

As Vicar Apostolic of Hawaii, Bishop Hermann was forced to take a broad view of the Church's interests. He feared that some persons, having failed to effect Damien's removal from Molokai, would now turn for reasons of political advantage or sectarian bitterness into self-appointed champions of the new

On the shores of Molokai,
Hawaii.



priest from Oregon, in the hope of creating a division in the public mind between the priests of Molokai and the historic clergy of the Hawaiian mission, all of whom were members of the order of the Sacred Hearts Fathers.

Consequently, Bishop Hermann insisted that Father Conrardy enter a novitiate in Europe, there to emerge as a religious of the Sacred Hearts. The priest agreed to enter the Congregation but only by making his novitiate at Molokai. On the latter point he was adamant.

The bishop and his council were keenly aware of the precarious position of the Church in Hawaii. The acting provincial reported his fears of a revolution which would "put the enemies of the mission in power. I think blood will be shed." "We have to be ready," the bishop advised Damien, "for anything."

As forces of revolution built up, letters anent Father Conrardy circulated about the world between Rome, the Paris Sacred Hearts Generalate, Honolulu and Molokai. The bishop alternately weakened and stood firm, Father Damien interceded, Father Conrardy waited.

On June 30, 1887, revolution erupted. Bishop Hermann reported that the mission had "nothing to hope for from the opposition who lose no love on the Catholic Church... Through error or malice," he wrote, "this opposition is trying to identify us with politics, with which we had nothing to do."

On July 17, King Kalakaua infuriated the revolutionists by going to the Cathedral of Our Lady of Peace, there to pray for the safety of the

realm. The bishop predicted that the revolution could not "favor the Catholic mission because the new men in government are ardent Puritans. For the moment, not feeling well established enough yet, they are benevolent toward us."

Bishop Hermann advised Father Damien that under the circumstances the proposed novitiate of Father Conrardy at Molokai, a government institution, would be most exceptional.

"The circumstances I am in," replied Damien, "are exceptional. Why can he not come to my aid through ways that also are a little exceptional?"

Hawaii's political situation remained tense, the tournament of letters involving Father Conrardy raged on. Just as things were most delicate indeed, the Oregon priest, relying on an implied permission written by the bishop at the urging of Premier W. M. Gibson, landed in Honolulu.

From documents made available in recent years, Father Vital Jourdan, eminent Molokai expert, recounts Bishop Hermann's objections to Conrardy: "He doesn't think Conrardy is bad, but he's light-headed and holds liberal views about himself. He takes great care of his body. By himself he drank a whole bottle of wine at a meal — without water. In three days he saw more people in Honolulu than the bishop saw in a year." Then, "to get rid of him," the bishop sent him to Molokai. Like the Cayuse chief before him, Bishop Hermann did not perceive the nature of Father Conrardy who soon wrote that he "already felt at home" at Kalawao.



The leper colony

Leper colony of Kalawa, Molokai,
founded
by Father Damien.

Hoping to avoid a positive prohibition against Father Conrardy, Bishop Hermann referred the matter to the General Chapter of the Congregation, pointing out that "he has so gained the affection and admiration of the lepers by his winning ways that the majority of them would reproach me if I sent him away unwillingly. "Besides," added the bishop gently, "he is really doing good."

Father Conrardy wrote: "At table I sit next to Father Damien. At first, the sight of his wounds took away my appetite. Now I am used to it all."

In December of 1888, the delegate of the General Chapter arrived at

Kalawao, writing *finis* to "the Conrardy affair" in a report which said: "I have seen Father Conrardy at work. He is active, zealous. He wants to do good, and really, what else could one look for at Molokai, that leper prison? He lives poorly. He has a jovial character, which is certainly necessary. He is impetuous but he knows how to listen to advice. He has been very pleasant to me, like a confrère, and even listened to me and respected me as though I were his superior. He is 47 and I am 40. That is why I think he will be able to render great service at Molokai."

Bishop Hermann wrote: "Conrardy has taken on all the priestly



His Excellency
Bishop R. Lane, M.M.,
ardent apostle of China,
disciple
of Father Conrardy.

services at the settlement for several weeks, while Father Damien has become helpless on account of the progress of his disease." Then, with grudging admiration, the bishop added: "He is doing all that has to be done to contract leprosy."

Father Conrardy later reported to those investigating the cause of Father Damien: "Often he would bring me an orange or some candy. Forgetting that he himself, covered with sores, was a leper from head to foot, he would say: 'Take it; no lepers have touched it.'"

Shortly after midnight on Palm Sunday, 1889, Brother James Sinnott, Father Damien's nurse, summoned Father Conrardy, who already had anointed the leper priest. With Brother Joseph Dutton carrying a lantern before the Blessed Sacrament, Father Conrardy made his way through the weeping throng

of lepers to administer the last Communion to the Apostle of Molokai. After Damien's death, Conrardy remained with the lepers of Molokai for six years until the continuation of Father Damien's work was forever assured.

His work in China begins

But Father Conrardy's work was far from complete. He learned that earlier in the century Hawaiian kings had shipped sandalwood to Canton in exchange for Chinese silks. Along with the silks arrived Chinese peasants in bond to Congregationalist missionaries whose sugar cane plantations they tilled. And with the peasants came *mai Pake*, Chinese sickness, a strain of tuberculoid leprosy of deadly virulence.

Tales told by Chinese lepers of Molokai had haunted Father Conrardy, reviving memories of the lep-

ers of Pondicherry. Now, the Brothers of the Sacred Hearts had taken over at Kalawao and he was free to go.

Arriving at Canton in 1895, he found lepers living in cemeteries by day, foraging for food at night. As he made his plea before Peking's Dragon Throne for permission to establish a leprosarium, Father Conrardy addressed the dull young Emperor. However, both the priest and the monarch knew that the decision would be made by the woman invisible behind the superb gold lacquered screen, the magnificently cruel Tzu Hsi, Dowager Empress of China and the most powerful human being in Asia.

Father Conrardy never saw the Empress, nor had he expected to see her. But on the morning of the third day after the imperial audience, as he was preparing to leave the city in despair, an exquisite hand-drawn scroll was delivered to him. Translating the stylized couplets, a wizened Chinese Christian explained their message: China had no need of Catholic priests, but as for foreign doctors who were, incidentally, Catholic priests, no objection would be raised to their coming. There was no seal, no signature; none was needed. Only one hand in China could have drawn those flawless lines, only one power in China could have granted the permission which they conveyed.

Thus it was in 1900, as the Boxer Rebellion caused the deaths of thousands of Chinese Christians and the historic siege of the foreign colony in Peking's Catholic Cathedral shocked the world, that Louis Lambert Conrardy, M.D., was leaving the

University of Portland Medical School for graduate studies in tropical diseases at the University of Liege.

Now 60 years of age and in poor health, the doctor-priest began a tour of begging for the Chinese lepers. At Rome, he was received by Pope St. Pius X; in another city arrested and jailed as a swindler. In the palaces of princes, at the doors of peasant cottages, he begged.

Returning to America, Father Conrardy approached Archbishop Farley of New York, requesting permission to preach in the churches of the New York archdiocese. From that prelate, as well as from the Ordinaries of Brooklyn, Newark, Baltimore, Philadelphia and Washington, he received "answers which were not without reserve." The reticence he understood. Financial burdens of parochial schools, so nobly borne by American Catholics, most of them poor immigrants, made the hierarchy reluctant to permit further appeals. *The Catholic Church Extension Society* was still in the toddling stage and the first distinctly American foreign mission society, Maryknoll, was yet a nebulous dream. But the time was fast approaching when the co-founder of Maryknoll would write: "We look for the Catholics of the United States to become the greatest mission force in the world, and therein lies the salvation of the Church in the United States."

In time the bishops relented. Up and down America, in parish schools, colleges and seminaries, Father Conrardy told the story of the Chinese lepers. In Canada, especially in Montreal, he was received with sympathy, and little by little his

fund grew, usually by the mites of children and the humble.

It was during these tours that the immeasurable spiritual influence of this saintly priest was planted in the hearts of the young. The final figure will never be known but it is authoritatively stated that more than one hundred future priests were inspired by Father Conrardy, and as many Sisters.

In New York's Cathedral School young Frank Ford sat spellbound by the charity exemplified in Father Conrardy. Today the bodies of the Oregon missionary and Maryknoll's martyred Bishop await the resurrection in obscure graves a few miles apart near Canton. In St. Mary's School, Lawrence, Massachusetts, little Raymond Lane firmly resolved to emulate Father Conrardy. Gladly giving credit to the brave missionary as the father of his vocation, St. Mary's former pupil has become Bishop Lane, former Superior General of Maryknoll. At Maryland's Mount St. Mary College, Father Conrardy profoundly moved a brilliant young writer, James Edward Walsh, later a Maryknoll bishop and presently imprisoned in Red China, a living witness to the faith nurtured by Father Conrardy.

In the winter of 1908, the doctor-priest sailed from San Francisco following a last farewell to Oregon and his beloved Cayuses of St. Ann's. Stopping over for provisions at Honolulu, the ship sailed through Molokai Channel with Father Conrardy standing silently at the rail, his eyes fixed on the Damien monument installed by King Kalakaua by request of Britain's King Edward VII.

Although he recalled the dictum of a German journalist, "Voyagers of all nations, salute when you pass the cliffs of Molokai," the priest did not know that within the year the Great White Fleet of the U. S. Navy, by express command of President Theodore Roosevelt, would parade down this same channel in single-file battle review formation, flags flying, all hands at attention, paying a grateful America's solemn tribute to the "valiant Soldier of Christ" sleeping in Kalawao Cemetery.

Father Conrardy arrived at Canton May 10, 1908. While eight years had passed since the seizure of the Taku forts had resulted in Tzu Hsi's edict of instant death for all foreigners, China was still a powder keg, lawlessness the order of the day.

With characteristic unconcern for his safety, the "secondary foreign devil," as Chinese official edicts called missionaries, began to collect lepers on the island of Shek Lung, opposite Canton, where he had erected barracks on 20 newly-purchased acres. Dr. Conrardy and a man and woman, both lepers, constituted the entire nursing and domestic staff of Ile St. Joseph, for men, and Ile St. Marie, for women.

Soon there were 500 patients, many of them escapees from the Chinese soldiers' favorite sport of shooting and burning lepers. The priest-doctor learned Canton's dialect by trial and error, teaching his patients the principal prayers, some Proverbs and the maxims of the New Testament.

Having spent half his burse for

Last
photograph
of
His
Excellency
Bishop
James Walsh,
taken
before
his
arrestation
and
imprisonment
in Shanghai
(March 1960).



land and buildings, the priest invested the balance, the interest providing the sole support of the leprosarium. Certain soup bones gave eight days' service but no leper was turned away.

His own clothes and those of his patients he begged from door to door in Canton. "Like a saint from another age," one witness described him. Among the foreign colony he was widely held to be mentally deranged. On one occasion, a European woman acidly observing that his coat and trousers did not match, the priest remarked that the same could be said about pride and a good heart.

His health became worse, aggravated by the climate, overwork and

a fall which broke his shoulder. The notorious pirates of the Chinese Straits alternated with marauding gangs of soldiers with forays into the settlement where they beat the priest unmercifully. It appeared that Father Conrardy would die and the leprosarium with him.

But new winds were blowing over China. The reign of the infant Emperor Hsuan T'ung was drawing to a close. Tzu Hsi was no longer alive. Marxist officers of the newly established Kuomintang burned alive hundreds of lepers on the Nanking parade grounds while the Catholic bishops thundered fruitless protests but the disorders of the revolution brought a modicum of autonomy to Canton.

Government aid to lepers

Then, the incredible happened. The pitiful priest's sufferings had touched the pagan hearts of Chinese officialdom; the leaven of four centuries of Catholic presence among the Cantonese had centered the provincial government's attention on the priest-doctor of Shek Lung. For the first time in the thousands of years of recorded Chinese history, government aid was to be given to lepers.

A contract was signed between Bishop Jean-Marie M  rel of Canton, and Chan Kwing Wa, the latter acting for the province, providing a government subsidy of three cents per day per patient and a guard as protection against pirates. Father Conrardy recalled his invested funds, spending all for flood dikes and new buildings.

Three years previously, the priest had discussed with a Dominican priest, Father Dothonay, his hope of establishing a seminary within the leprosarium. Father Damien had conceived a similar plan and Father Conrardy hoped to put it into action at Shek Lung, "the daughter of Molokai." Fortunately, the Dominican was able to talk him out of the scheme but the conference was to bear fruit for Canton and Chinese lepers.

Father Dothonay went to Boston where he called on Father James Anthony Walsh. As a result of this meeting, Father Walsh several years later chose Canton as the first mission of his infant foundation, Maryknoll, whose famous Father "Big

Joe" Sweeney would establish Ngai-moon's Gate of Heaven leprosarium, taking Father Conrardy and Shek Lung as his models. But it was a fellow Belgian, Father Gustave Deswazieres, later a bishop, who first volunteered for Shek Lung. He was soon joined by a Chinese priest, Father Andre Chau.

On October 3, 1912, Bishop Merel wrote to Archbishop Paul Bruchesi of Montreal, pleading for Sisters. Forty Sisters of the new Missionary Sisters of the Immaculate Conception listened as the Archbishop asked for volunteers to rise; when the prelate had finished, forty Sisters arose. Only four could be spared but forty would go in time. It was of these religious that the French novelist Edouard Duplessy wrote: "If one of them should tremble on arriving before her Sovereign Judge, her Guardian Angel will only need say, 'Lord, she is one of The Forty.'"

Sisters St. Paul¹, St. Francis², St. Raphael³ and Marie Bernadette⁴ had a little trouble with the Chinese Revolution but Father Conrardy joyously received them at Shek Lung on October 14, 1913. The Sisters soon had things humming and prepared to receive their first Chinese postulant, a saintly religious called Sister Marie Damien.

With the news having come that the Paris Foreign Mission Society would take over after his death, Father Conrardy announced that his work was coming to a close. While it is generally held that he did not contract leprosy, there is good reason to believe that he did

¹ Blanche Clement, Montreal.

² Clara Hebert, Montreal.

³ Malvina Biron, Coteau Landing.

⁴ Alma Leger, Green Valley, Ont.

Sister Saint Raphael,
(Malvina Biron,
Coteau Landing)
who tenderly
nursed and catechized
hundreds of lepers
during her
thirty-six years
of apostolate.



acquire the disease but was able to conceal the fact, thus avoiding unwanted adulation. Taken to St. Paul's Hospital, Hong Kong, he died on August 2, 1914, a Chinese dictionary in one hand, a crucifix in the other. By his own request, he was buried at Shek Lung, rolled in a mat between two lepers.

Among those who still remember Father Conrardy are Mrs. Ellen Reith, aged 104, a convert whom he baptized in 1875 in Ione, Oregon; Mrs. Louise Longhair, aged 90, who received her first Holy Communion from Father Conrardy at St. Ann's, where she still lives; Sister St.

Raphael, one of The Forty and sole survivor of the four pioneer Sisters of Shék Lung.

Although the Shek Lung religious have all been expelled by the present Chinese Communist regime, reports reaching Hong Kong indicate that Shek Lung leprosarium still functions.

On one occasion Bishop Hermann of Honolulu, finding himself annoyed by the Damien-Conrardy alliance, remarked: "How long will it last? Long enough to fill the world with the glory of the Belgians."

It would seem that the Bishop was a prophet of some ability.



BROWN LADY OF THE LAKE

by Sister Marie Armand ¹, M.I.C.

On the shores of Lake Titicaca, at an altitude of 12,500 feet above sea level, rises the shrine of Copacabana dedicated to our Blessed Mother. Its history goes back four centuries.

Under the reign of the Incas, a magnificent temple to the sun was built on this same spot where Mary is now honoured by her people of Bolivia and of surrounding Latin American countries.

Shortly after the Spanish conquest, Francisco Tito Yupanqui, an Indian convert closely related to the Incas, was vouchsafed in a dream a vision

of Our Lady. Wishing to share something of his happiness with his compatriots, he set to work to carve in wood the beautiful figure he had glimpsed.

So crude were his first attempts that he became the butt of ridicule. Yupanqui refused to be discouraged. Sculpture was an art; he would learn as others had learnt.

With this end in view, the young noble travelled to Potosi then a highly developed cultural centre. There he found a friend in the person of Diego de Ortiz, a renowned Spanish artist, who showed him great kind-

Ayamara fiesta in honour
of Huarina's patron saint.



ness and accepted him as a student. Although Yupanqui put all his heart in the work, he knew scant success. His good will being evidently greater than his talent as sculptor, Ortiz eventually dismissed him from his studio.

The would-be artist's heart was sore as he left Potosi after this humiliating setback, but still he refused to give up. He made his way to La Paz where he prepared by prayer and fasting to carve another statue of his heavenly Queen. Thanks to the deft retouches of Vargas, a celebrated Spanish painter, and thanks more especially to Our Lady's blessing, the statue of the brown Madonna was finally ready to be presented to the veneration of the faithful.

The young man first showed his treasure to a friendly Franciscan friar who carried the statue to his cell. Our Lady, who had other plans, touched it with rays of celestial glory so that its light illumined the monastery. Filled with joy, Yupanqui then made up his mind to remove it to his native town.

On February 2, 1583, it was finally enshrined in the sanctuary of Copacabana. The tender pitying look on the brown face won the hearts of the Indians and soon, the inspired sculptor had the happiness of seeing two hostile Indian tribes becoming reconciled at her feet and accepting her as their Mamita (patroness).

Now that his ambition had been realized, Francesco Yupanqui felt called to spend the rest of his life singing the praises of his Queen. He became an oblate at a monastery of Augustinian friars.

Hailed as Queen of Bolivia, Our Lady of Copacabana was offered a rich brocade mantle and a diadem sparkling with gems and set on a silver pedestal shaped like a lily. At present her statue is flanked by flags of the Holy See and of nearly all countries of Latin America from which come regular pilgrimages to the shrine. Pilgrims yearly add to Our Lady's treasury of rich vestments and costly jewels. Two or three times a year, the guardians of the shrine see that her ornaments are changed. The gems are stored in a strong box with three keys, one being kept by the Archbishop of La Paz, one by the city prefect, and the last by the Franciscans in charge of the sanctuary since 1894.

The solemn and canonical crowning of Our Lady of Copacabana took place on August 2, 1925, in the presence of the ecclesiastical hierarchy and of the President of the Bolivian Republic.

The ladies of Arequipa, Peru, donated the magnificent gold crown used in this ceremony.

Every year on August 5, throngs of pilgrims come to Copacabana from all regions of Bolivia and of southern Peru. The procession is a very colourful affair with its groups of gaily appressed dancers and its cars covered with bands of blue and yellow cloth, moving along the roads like huge monsters.

The Brown Lady of the Lake is deeply loved by the people of Bolivia. As pledges of her motherly solicitude, she has showered innumerable favours upon Copacabana, which is considered as the *blessed rock* upon which rests the traditional Catholic faith of Bolivians.



COCHABAMBA

Bolivia has two kinds of valleys: the *valle*, a strip of land which lies between the folds and foothills of the Andes on the eastern slopes of the Cordillera at an altitude of 2,500 metres; the *yungas*, deep sun-lit valleys reaching down to the plains of the Amazon.

The *valle* comprises the region of Sorata, Cochabamba, Sucre, Tarija; the *yungas* lies close to La Paz which resembles a sub-tropical garden providing resorts for the people whose health suffers from the thin air of the summits.

Life in the valleys is closely linked with that of rivers and streams.

BOLIVIAN VALLEYS

Sister Frances of Chantal, M.I.C.

(Pierrette Quévillon, Montreal)



Produce
of Cochabamba's
fertile valley.

Leaping down as they do from snow-capped Andean heights, these waterways plough deep into the land, their force of erosion working havoc in cultivated areas. Under such conditions, agriculture requires constantly renewed damming and life for the farmer is a ceaseless contending with the watery element.

The valley people

Bolivian valleys are inhabited by Ayamara and Quechua Indians, descendants of a pre-Columbian civilization. These Indians have many

traits in common. The Quechua language is more musical and pleasant than the Ayamara. Both of these peoples possess an extraordinary capacity for endurance. While the inhabitants of the highlands who live in bleak desertlike surroundings are listless, sullen, unsociable, the inhabitants of the valleys are gay, peaceful, hardworking, rich in artistic endowments. Of a lighter complexion than the people of the Altiplano, they wear neater garments of more colourful textures.

Their houses are surrounded by awnings under which they spend

most of the day. Contrary to the highlanders, obliged to travel much in order to sell their produce in distant cities, the valley folk seldom stir far from home. They sell their vegetables and cereals at local markets and rarely leave their native place.

Besides these two ethnic groups, may be found the Callahyayas in

Wife and daughter
of Indian worker
at Millumi mine.

Photo: Nations Unies.



the north, the Vollumos in the central valleys of Cochabamba, and the Chapacos in Tarija.

Gradation of climate in the valleys allows for a great variety in agricultural products.

In temperate regions, cereals are grown, particularly wheat and maize, the Bolivian staff of life. Cacao and quinine are the chief exports. Plantations of coffee shrubs produce high grade coffee which can stand comparison with moka. From maize is made the people's favourite fermented liquor, the *chicha*.

Industries

Coca, a plant deemed nothing short of miraculous by the Spanish conquerors because of its anesthetic and stimulative properties, is found in the department of La Paz and of Cochabamba. Cut three times a year, coca leaves are forwarded to centres whence they are shipped to Argentina and the United States. The drug cocaine is extracted from them. Much coca is also consumed locally by miners and farmers who chew it to forget the cold and hardships of life on the altiplano.

The lower valleys produce various species of fruit all absorbed by local consumption.

Although carried on according to ancient methods, viticulture is nonetheless the most important fruit industry because of the high grade of Bolivian vintage. Other fruits used

in the making of liquor are figs, peaches, pears, black heart cherries.

Through lack of industrialization, however, the largest amount of the valleys' vegetable riches brings the country scant increase of prosperity. The fact that suitable routes are practically nonexistent adds to the hardships of an extremely poor population.

All Bolivian economy today rests on mines. Gold is found in northern valleys; tin, silver, and copper in those of Cochabamba and Chuquisaca; gold, silver, and copper are also mined in the south. At present, Cochabamba makes its mark in the exploitation of petroleum deposits.

City life

Although progress is slow due to the shortage of roads, life in urban centres is somewhat easier for the valley people. The topographic aspect of these regions is regular, the landscape beautiful, the land fertile. The chief cities are:

Sucre the former capital which introduces us into the Chaco, rich in petroleum deposits. The city is remarkable for its renowned Major University of Saint Francis Xavier, royal and pontifical, established by Jesuits in 1624. *Sucre* retains the High Court of Justice and the National Library.

Tarija is an agricultural centre situated close to the boundaries of Higher Peru.

Quechua farmer.



Cochabamba with its excellent climate, its mild winters and tropical summers, is an oasis set between low, remote mountains. Modern means of communications link it to all important centres throughout Bo-

livia. Intense activity reigns in its streets, its gay plazas, its orchards, and more particularly in its picturesque markets. Here is the traditional realm of the *chicha*.

Quechua

mamma.



FESTIVALS



TOKYO, JAPAN

by a Japanese Novice

Obon

Second in importance to the New Years festival is *Obon* observed by Buddhists during three days, beginning July 13. The custom came to our country from India through China.

The word *Obon* is a contraction of *urabon* which in turn is a corruption of the Sanskrit term *urabana* meaning to salvage souls from distress. According to tradition, Mokuren, favourite disciple of Buddha, saw his deceased mother enduring great pain in the inferno of starvation. Taking pity on his disciple, the Master ordered all his followers to

Come here and cool yourselves,
Wavering, wavering
Spirits of the dead.

Shiki (16th century)

pray for the repose of her soul on July 15.

During the season of *Obon*, members of Buddhist families clean their ancestral cemeteries, offer prayers before the tombstones, deck them with flowers, and burn incense on miniature stone altars. Customs in observing *Obon* vary from district to district. Here, in Tokyo, the head of each Buddhist family burns pieces of dried hemp reeds in a clay basin in front of his house on the evening of July 13, as a welcome to the spirits of the dead arriving at the old homestead for the family reunion. When



Mellow autumnal sunshine
gilds temple roof.

the flame dies down, the spirit guests are supposed to have entered the house. In front of the alcove, a small platform covered with a white cloth has been prepared. Right in front, stand the tablets on which the posthumous names of the dead are



inscribed; each tablet is on this occasion believed to contain the soul for which it stands. In the rear, are laid the favourite dishes of the spirit-guests, traditionally, "a hundred kinds of food and five kinds of fruit". Through these offerings

to Buddha, the souls of ancestors are supposedly saved from misery in the world beyond. Eager to benefit by such merciful relief, forebears of seven generations back return to their earthly homes during the days of *Obon*. Buddhist monks are called in to offer prayers for their solace.

On the evening of July 15, a dish of rice dumplings is placed on the platform so that the dead may have food to take with them on their way back. The head of the family once again burns hemp reeds at the entrance of his house, this time to light up the way for departing spirit relatives.

In rural districts, the *Obon* festival is much more colourful and realistic. Unsophisticated country folk affectionately "talk" to the spirits of the dead, the *oshoro sama* (pure spirits) as they are called. When shadows fall over the countryside, bobbing lights enliven the landscape as people hurry to and fro, lanterns in hand. Family group joyfully calls out to family group, "Are the *oshoro sama* with you?" A little girl pulls at her brother's hand, "Don't go so fast, Jiro. Grandpa and grandma (long since dead) can't keep up with us." At the house entrance, the father of the family greets the ghostly guests, "We are happy to meet you again. Welcome home!" The mother introduces them into the living room and lights candles in their honour.

The highlight of the festival especially in rural areas is the dance of *Obon*, a simple folk dance accompanied by snatches of song and drum music.

Higan

Another festival of Buddhistic origin and still very popular, is that of *higan*, autumn equinox, observed on September 20. *Higan* means yonder shore as opposed to *shigan* hither shore.

It is not very clear why a religious notion should be attached to the equinoctial season. According to ancient Buddhistic lore, the land of the Buddha of Measureless Light or paradise is situated in the west. On equinoctial day, the sun sets exactly

due west. Such seems to be the reason why the hope of attaining the yonder shore is especially emphasized on *higan*. However this may be, people enjoy this festival and celebrate it by performing numerous kindly deeds towards the living and the dead. The ancestral tablets are taken out of the alcove and ritual food offerings placed before them as on *Obon* Festival. "May the *shoro sama* reach *higan*, the yonder shore, safely," such is the invocation fervently repeated on this day by devout Buddhists.

Tokyo Street



The history of human dress is the history of man.

Erik Peterson¹

Kimono

by Sister Mary of the Redemption², M.I.C.

An old saying goes that "the *obi* symbolizes Japan's beauty". Alas! Both *obi*, sash, and *kimono* are fast losing favour with the modern generation enamoured of zippers, slacks, and pull-overs. In a delightful brochure on Japanese kimono published in 1948, Keichi Takagawa wrote, "nine out of ten Japanese men wear foreign clothes while fifty percent among Japanese women dress in western style." This proportion far from diminishing has gone on increasing with the years.

Although a thing of beauty, the *kimono* is indeed a paradox as far as efficiency and convenience are concerned. With widely slit sleeves and gaping neck band it affords little protection against the rigours of the winter season. The *tamoto*, hanging part of the sleeve, serves to no other purpose than being a receptacle for light objects and a drawback when engaged in household work. So close fitting is the



¹ Rythmes du Monde, Nov. 1946, no 4.

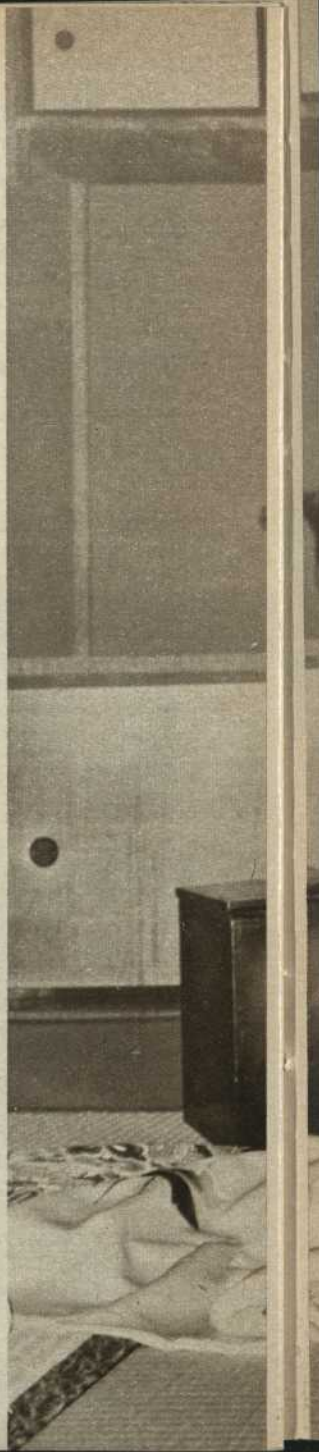
² Basilisse Maillet, Saint Louis, N. B.

The kimono
is practically a uniform,
unchanged for over
two hundred years.

suso, lower part of the skirt, that the wearer must step daintily, else it opens thus impeding grace of movement. But its charm and its beauty more than make up for its inefficiency. There is about it a certain air of reserve, of dignity which reflects the history of a people whose keen sense of the transitoriness of things has ever excelled in utilizing the fragile, the inadequate. *Kimono* sleeves may restrict activity, but what incomparable instruments they are for expressing feeling! Joined in a swift gesture across the breast, they tell of joy; held up to the eyes or shading them, they indicate shyness or tears; flapping against another, they denote annoyance.

Unlike western clothes, which differ in cut and style, the *kimono* is practically a uniform, unchanged for over two hundred years. It blends perfectly with the Japanese landscape gardens, the subtle straw colour of walls and floors, the mellowness of hand-made paper on sliding doors. While men wear only *kimono* of such sober colours as black, brown, or grey, women use four different types in which the features of the four seasons are reflected. June ushers in the change of the lined kimono for the unlined. Colour schemes give the impression of coolness, patterns suggest motion; for instance, wild carnations in floating bamboo baskets, silvery trout darting through rippling waters, plovers rising into the sky. During the hot days of July and August, plain unlined *kimono* gives place to those made of gossamer and to the *yukata* fashioned of cotton material with bold indigo patterns. In September, autumnal feeling is expressed with darker colours and schemes of bush clover, gentians, feathery pampas grass swaying in the breeze, crickets chirping in the grass.

Hues and patterns vary with the age of the wearers. In childhood, the colours are bright with large flowers such as peonies spilled all over the material; with the







Colour schemes
and patterns
vary with the age
of wearers.

early twenties, colours grow more discreet with smaller flowers like the morning glory weaving in and out; towards twenty-five, patterns become smaller still; at thirty, only light greys, blues, or browns are admissible, hues which darken with the years and upon which only tiny geometrical designs appear.

As both dress and hat are closely associated in western women's dress, so are the *kimono* and *obi* even more closely combined. If the *kimono* bears floral patterns or other designs, the *obi* is plain; if, on the contrary, the *kimono* is made of plain material, the *obi* is in rich brocade. Such is the rule to ensure perfect harmony.

Of all materials used in the making of *kimono*, silk is the most appreciated. A great variety of weaves exists from the plain, sturdy *habutae* of the south, to the elaborate *chirimen* of the north. In the weaving of this latter silk go 920 hand movements every 15 inches of a width of 12 inches. Thus 12 yards of this precious cloth involve 26,480 hand movements!

The spirit of each age is often reflected in both the pattern and colour of the *kimono*, for instance, the gaiety and decadence of the Heian period (714-1185); the austerity and elegant simplicity of the Momoyama (1570-1600).



The bridal
kimono.

Through the media of dyeing, embroidery, weaving, painting, printing, craftsmen may cleverly express not only the age and sex of the wearer, but also seasonal characteristics, and even human motions. *Kimono* created by artists of renown such as Korin (1658-1716), working with dyes and weaves are masterpieces in much the same way as are celebrated paintings.

May the Japanese in their quest for beauty find at last that Beauty ever ancient, ever new which alone can bring mortal man satisfaction.



Men wear kimono
of sober colours.



R. P. W. Morrisson, O.P.

GOD'S VISIT IN NON- CHRISTIAN LANDS

"The presence of a missionary in a non-Christian country is like the visit of God," declared Reverend Brother John (Kudo), Japanese Dominican, on the occasion of the departure of a Canadian missionary for Japan.

Brother John went on to relate: "A young Japanese student athirst for knowledge one day discovered the Bible. It engrossed his attention, but the word of God appeared so mysterious, so difficult to comprehend that he looked for someone who could explain its meaning.

"He first inquired of his teacher,

a Protestant lady who gave him doctrine lessons after regular class hours, but her answers did not bring him any satisfaction. Meantime, he felt more and more keenly the need of God in his life. Having heard about Catholic teaching through some criticism formulated on this subject, he made up his mind to ferret out the truth.

"Thus it happened that divine Providence led him to a Canadian Dominican missionary who taught him Catholic doctrine. Before eight months had elapsed, he was baptized at the age of 18, on Christmas

Eve 1955. Over and above the grace of baptism God bestowed upon him that of a vocation to religious life in the Dominican Order.

"After he had entered the Church, his non-Christian mother undertook to learn Catholic doctrine with the intention of finding flaws she could present as objections. But, thanks to the mercy of God, her soul was soon flooded with the light of truth to which she gladly surrendered. She was baptized in 1960, and was shortly followed into the Shepherd's Fold by her dear husband.

"To whom did this family owe such good fortune? To God's visitation of Japan through His missionaries. Truly, Japanese hearts are touched when the missionaries reveal to them the mystery of the Incarnation. In the eyes of pagans, the Lord is a distant God who reigns in heavenly heights whence He casts an indifferent glance on our planet. But, when they learn that God has taken upon Himself our human nature, has lived here below in dire want and hardships to rescue us from the misery of sin, they are stirred to their heart depths. They

know that he who brings them this wonderful news has left his homeland and his dear ones to live among strangers as a witness to the Word of God being in this the follower of God who, instead of remaining aloof in the glory of His eternal mansions, came down to earth to redeem mankind.

"Just as God has deigned to adapt Himself to human conditions, the missionary adapts himself to the civilization of his adopted land, endeavouring to become Japanese with the Japanese in order to guide them heavenward. This visit of God to non-Christians in the person of his missionaries is so to say a new Incarnation.

"I am telling you this today because I want you to share in the joy of a Japanese priest at present in Canada who witnesses a departure of missionaries for his native country.

"When I left Japan, I saw my own mother weep. Therefore, I can understand the sorrow of Canadian parents giving up their beloved sons, but I am sure they will find consolation in the thought that their dear ones will cause God to be present among non-Christians."

He who gives his all, be it only a mite, heaps up the measure.

Rev. Mateo Crawley-Boevey, SS. CC.



Malagasy Family Festival

by

Sister Saint Eloi¹, M.I.C.

Formerly it used to be called the Festival of the Queen's Bath. That was in the days when the island was a monarchy and a queen ruled the realm somewhat in the way a mother rules over her household. Every year on July 14, Her Majesty sallied forth accompanied by her maids of honour, to take a dip in the waters of Lake Anosy, families throughout the Island staging rejoicings on this occasion.

Royalty has vanished from Madagascar, but the festival remains as a family celebration much like our Canadian Christmas or New Year.

Several days ahead, merchants, butchers, hawkers, flower vendors do flourishing business in every city and town of some importance. Fire-crackers split the air in rice paddies, along sidewalks, and hedges.

On July 14, family reunions are the order of the day. Married children return to the old homestead where reside parents and grandparents. Visits are also paid to older brothers and sisters, benefactors, teachers. Civil officials and religious hierarchy are not forgotten; it would be an unforgivable breach of etiquette to omit on this day the duty of

¹ Cécile Desjardins, Saint Eloi.

expressing appreciative gratitude for their service.

Children, whom distance has prevented from being present at the family banquet, are sent a portion so that they will not feel left out.

Before the reunion breaks up, the parents give their offspring the benefit of a *kabary* (lengthy discourse held in the open air) replete with wise admonitions and salty advice. Is it not of paramount importance that ancient lore, *fady* (taboos), and traditions be kept in mind?

In spite of modern progress, taboos still hold their own among the Malagasy. They tremble lest their violation even though involuntary should call down maledictions such as illness, crop failure, high winds, etc. Accordingly, it is indispensable to keep in the good graces of ancestors in order to live in peace and security, the dead making up with the living the fundamental cell of Malagasy society. They are, therefore, faithfully remembered on the principal days of the years.



Lovable
Malagasy
youth.

Morondava
market.



As the Family Festival is a public holiday the Christians, the men more especially, flock to church for morning prayings and to hear Mass. Notwithstanding these auspicious beginnings, the day may and generally does end in drunkenness, the Malagasy being apparently incapable of drinking with moderation.

This family celebration expresses inborn sentiments of brotherhood and the sense of collectivity which characterizes the sons of the Great Isle. Relatives like to call on one

another so as to strengthen the bonds of friendship. Malagasy proverbs stress this sentiment: "All those who walk the earth need to feel the hand of a friend." "What a sorry sight is a tree standing alone by the roadside!"

Malagasy hearts yearn after sympathy and solidarity. "The bird isolated on a desert isle, restlessly flits to and fro; the child without a friend listlessly stumbles in the dust." "A single helper to cook one's food; a single affection to warm the heart."

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TAIPEI, FORMOSE

THE UNKNOWN POOR

by Sister Saint Emerentienne ¹, M.I.C.

Formosa's natural charms and astounding modern developments are being daily vaunted on the radio and through TV channels. A few decades ago the island was a sort of Sleeping Beauty isolated in mountain fastnesses. Of its population then composed of conquering Japanese and of conquered Formosans little was known to the world at large.

In 1946, however, other conquerors — Chinese from the continent — appeared on the scene, roused the Sleeping Beauty from its agelong sleep, and set up a government respectful of individual liberties, opened to western influences. Today, this influence makes itself felt in customs, apparel, intellectual culture, commerce, industry.

But our poor remain the great unknown whom nobody ever sees on TV screens. For my part, I am privileged to meet them daily on my rounds of Taipei hovels to minister to their direst needs. Fortunately, we

¹ Marie Berthe Fleurent, Saint Germain de Grantham

have good friends in America who hold out a helping hand, provide medical supplies, clothing, and sorely needed cash. God bless them every one!

Our poor belong for the most part to a generation of illiterate people grown so inured to abject poverty that they cannot imagine any other life pattern. Too often they are exploited by employers who care more for dollars than for human beings, consequently they pay these men with families to support ridiculous salaries varying from \$7.00 to \$15.00 a month. Hundreds die from malnutrition not to say from starvation on Taipei streets.

Sister Saint Emerentienne
bids

Mrs. Pan
godspeed.





Saint Louis Clinic

The living quarters of the poor cannot even compare with what we call barns. Sheets of rusted tin, cardboard, sacking go into the building of shacks which cling precariously, to mountain slopes or huddle close to railroad tracks. Fowls, dogs, and cats, dispute precious breathing space with numerous puny, unkempt children. What a sad spectacle they offer! It was with a view of bringing some alleviation to their distress that our Saint Louis Clinic was

opened at the Catholic Mission Centre a few years ago.

This morning, Mrs. Pan popped into my office, all out of breath from wheeling her young children to the clinic in a barrow attached to her bicycle. The rainy season being in full swing, the little ones had caught cold in the damp cheerless cabin they call home. Dropping into a chair and wiping her face with a dirty towel, Mrs. Pan exclaimed, "How lucky we are to be able to

get free medicine and care at the Catholic Mission. My husband objects to paying a doctor for our little girls because he says they are of no account, anyway... The four have a bad cough. I brought the boy along too because he seems to be coming down with a bad fever. You'll do your best to save him. Eh, Sister? His father dotes upon him so!"

With God's grace and thanks to generous gifts received from America, I intend to save the five darlings. Mamma's eyes opened wide in delighted amazement as I pressed into her hands a small bag of flour and a flask of cooking oil. She was too moved to do anything else but murmur a hearty Thank You.

Alas! The Pan family might be multiplied by the hundreds. How could we missionaries hope to relieve all those who suffer the pangs of hunger and poverty in this city? We do what we can with the means at our disposal, but our efforts seem like a drop of water in an ocean of neediness. To material penury must be added the spiritual anguish of souls still straying in the darkness of unbelief and the scarcity of missionaries to lead them in ways of truth and light.

When in the midst of the poor, I find myself wishing not for the Midas touch that turned all to gold, but for a healing and soothing touch that could comfort them all. I have no difficulty imagining the misery existing in under-developed

countries, I see so much of it all around me. Can you believe in the tragedy of going hungry every day of one's life? If not, come and see for yourselves. Come and live among the poor and you will understand better why our Lord loved them so. But, doubtless, you are not free to do so. Then, how about reflecting on the words of Father de Foucauld, "They (the rich) are the healthy members of our Lord and the poor are His ailing, wounded members; while honouring both with the same love we must dress the wounds of the ailing, before perfuming those of the healthy."

¹ Stated by Father Voillaume, in *Lettres aux Fraternités*, I, II, p. 29.



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 Lagachetiere St., West,
Montreal 1.
NOMINIQUE, Labelle County, P.Q.
RIMOUSKI, 85 St. Germain Street, P.Q.
JOLIETTE P.Q., 750 St. Louis Street.
QUEBEC, 1073. St. Cyrille Street West.
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 Ceucle Street.
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., 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.
LIMA, 185 Pedro d'Onofrio, Esquina Pastoza,
Azcona (Brena.)

GUATEMALA

TOTONICAPAN, Guatemala, A.C.
BOLIVIA
SANTA CRUZ, Cardinal Cushing Business
College, Calle Lemoine, Casilla 70.

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

CHILI

ANCUD, Colegio Inmaculada Concepcion
Calle Errazuriz.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, Immaculate Conception Anglo Chinese
Academy, Gen. Luna St., Intramuros.
MANILA, 2212 S. del Rosario St., Tondo.
SAN JUAN, Little Baguio, Rizal.
LAS PINAS, Rizal.
MATI, Davao Province.
DAVAO City, Our Lady of Good Counsel Hall.
PADADA, Davao Province.
BAGUIO City, 11, Padal.

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.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
RUMPI MISSION, Rumpi P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KARONGA MISSION, Karonga P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
KASEYE MISSION, Fort Hill P.O.
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
MZUZU, Convent School, Mzuzu P.O., Box 24,
Nyasaland, B.C. Africa.
NKATA BAY MISSION, Nkata Bay P.O.
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.
CIKUNGU, CATHOLIC MISSION,
Kazimuki P.O., Northern Rhodesia, B.C. Africa.

