

**THE
PRECURSOR**

May-June

1964

May there rise from every corner of the world, in accord with Our voice, a choir of unending prayers to accomplish visibly the mystery of the will of God which desires to bring men back to their only leader, Christ, and to bring near to Him those who are still far... And may ardent charity flourish everywhere in real expressions, charity which renders all the faithful able to understand the dimensions of Christ's love... May the Angels of Heaven collect the universal choir of prayers, the pondered intentions, the active efforts for the widening of the Kingdom of Christ and may they present them to God.

Pope Paul VI

Our Cover:

Flowers of Japan.

Time observance day in Japan.

The boy forgot the pendulum:

girl laughs at boy — a rare thing in Japan.

THE PRECURSOR

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Pope PAUL VI IN JERUSALEM

The Pope kisses rock
at chapel of primacy.

Speaking into the wind as he alighted from the papal plane, Paul VI in response to the welcome tendered him by youthful King Hussein at Jordan's capital of Amman said, "Our visit is a spiritual one, a humble pilgrimage."

A humble pilgrim indeed he appeared as he visited and prayed at the places of the Holy Land where Christ was born and accomplished His divine mission, from Bethlehem to Golgotha.

At the Holy Sepulchre, on the spot where the Saviour was buried in a tomb "hewn out of a rock", the Holy Father celebrated Mass and offered fervent prayers for worldwide Christian unity.

On Friday evening, the Pope met Eastern Orthodox Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras I. He returned the visit on the following day. To many onlookers this event may have appeared little more than a simple exchange of the kiss of peace, a historic moment in the history of Christendom. But the symbolism of this gesture escaped neither His Beatitude nor the Pope himself.

Referring to this visit, Paul VI later said, "What can and must now begin to develop is fraternal charity."

At the airport, farewell speeches stressed the ecumenical purpose of the humble pilgrim's visit. In a final address, His Holiness begged God's protection upon the inhabitants of this sacred land, "May He wipe away your tears and grant you peace, prosperity and true happiness."

Kiss of peace exchanged by Paul VI and Patriarch Athenagoras

This meeting may be the sign and prelude of things to come for the glory of God and the enlightenment of the faithful.

At the close of their meeting in Jerusalem, the Holy Father Paul VI and the Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras, in agreement with his Holy Synod, have agreed on the great importance of this event and have thanked almighty God, the Son, and the Holy Spirit who have guided them to the Holy Land where our common Redeemer, Christ Our Lord, lived, taught, died, rose, and ascended into heaven whence He sent the Holy Spirit to the nascent Church. This meeting cannot but be considered as a fraternal gesture inspired by the charity of Christ who left His disciples His supreme commandment to love one another, to forgive one another mutual grievances seventy times seven, and to be united among themselves.

The two pilgrims, eyes fixed upon Christ, the exemplar and the maker with the Father of unity and peace, pray God that this meeting may be the

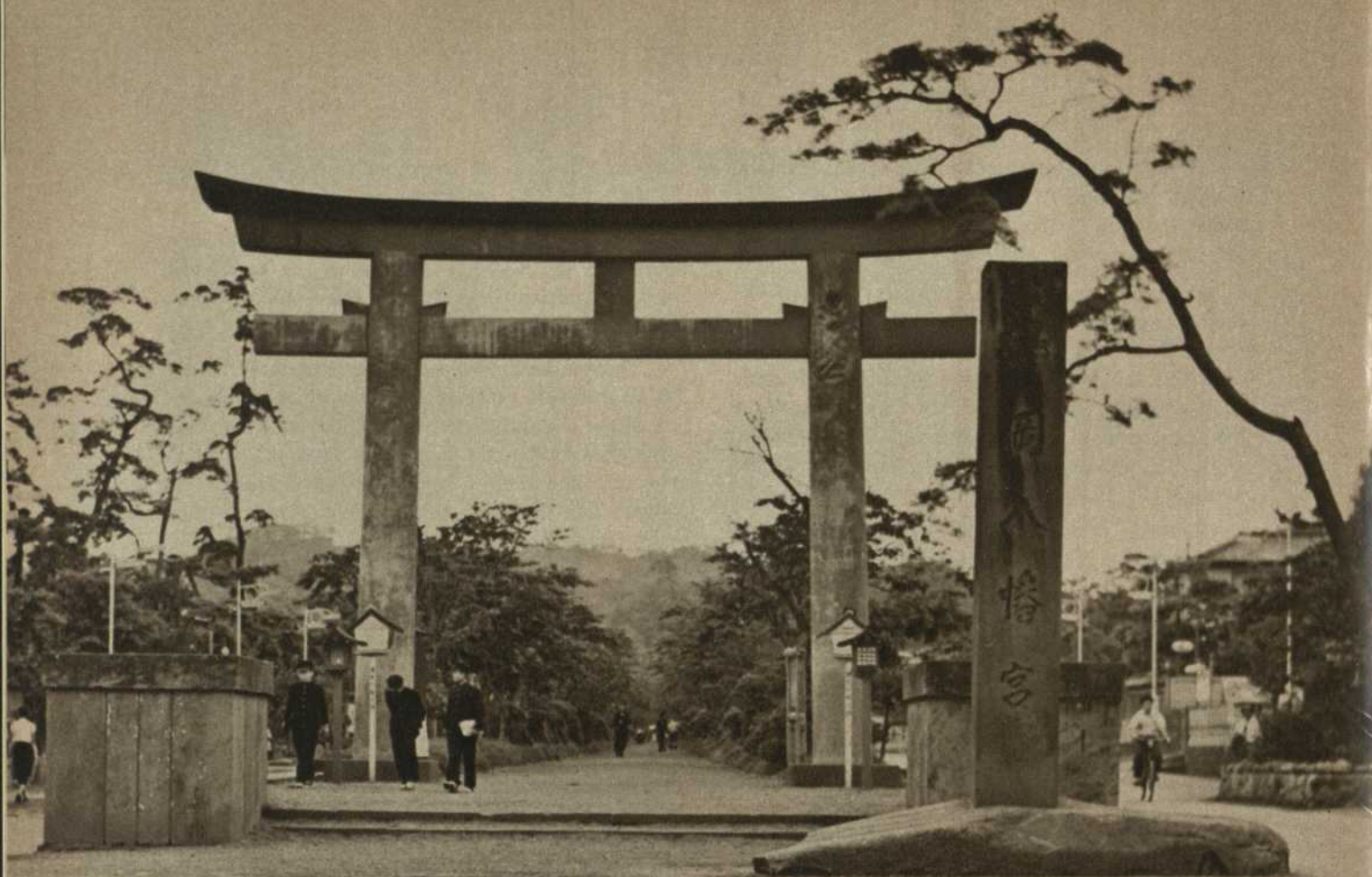
sign and prelude of things to come for the glory of God and the enlightenment of the faithful.

After so many centuries of silence, they have united in the desire to accomplish the Lord's will and to proclaim the eternal truth of His word entrusted to His Church.

These common sentiments have been announced to all members of their respective hierarchies and to all the faithful that they also may share in them and offer God renewed prayers that the truth of the one and only Church of Christ and of His gospel, light and salvation of the world, may shine more brightly in the eyes of all Christians.

Text of the communiqué published by Pope Paul VI and Ecumenical Patriarch Athenagoras I at the close of their meeting in Jerusalem.





MISSIONARY PROBLEM in JAPAN

By REV. L. ELDERS, S.V.D.

That the Catholic Church has so far made very little progress in Japan is a fact as evident as it is sorrowful. Why, then, should so few feel concerned or upset about it? The conversion of the world is at the very heart of our religion. It is part of the missions of the Divine Persons, part of the mystery of predestination and grace, of good and evil. This mystery which for us missionaries veils the presence of God should often be the subject of prayerful meditation bringing us into closer contact with the Divine

This problem may be considered under the following aspects:

(a) The Church has not been using the right methods in converting the Japanese.

(b) A people is converted when its day has come. This day means a period during which God bestows special grace upon such a people. This period of grace would not have come for Japan.

(c) If a people as such is to be converted it needs attain a special level of spiritual life; it needs

a preparation. The Japanese people would not yet have emerged from its time of trial and preparation.

Let us take up each of these points together:

1 - As to the first it has some appearance of truth. The Popes themselves speak of a renewal of the Church. The vernacular will be used in Holy Mass so that people may understand it better. These and other changes suggest that the Church has to improve and to adapt its methods. Thus, it has been said that she should lay off her western garments and put on African or Asian apparel.

However convincing this may sound, it is a gross oversimplification and a wrong interpretation. If this form of change would bring about the conversion of an Asian people, the Church would have been mistaken for four hundred years and more while using the wrong method and failing to convert Far Eastern peoples. Now, this is hardly reconcilable with the divine assistance promised to the Church. Although we may allow for certain mistakes and failures, Jesus' promise to stay with His Church certainly excludes any substantial infidelity to His message.



Hope of the Japanese Church.

Sister Marie Casimir
visits her teacher after
twenty years.





Moreover, we notice that elsewhere in Asia and in Africa wonderful results have been attained, e.g., the conversion of a great part of the population of Flores, of Timor, of Uganda, of Urundi. If the Latin aspect of our Church had been such an obstacle in Japan, it is hard to see why it was not so in the Belgian Congo.

2 - As long as we do not see God, many aspects of the mystery of grace remain obscure. Thus it could be that there is a time of grace for a people in its totality and that this time of grace has not yet come for Japan. Yet, Holy Scripture does not mention such periods and Christ simply told His apostles to go out and to preach the gospel to all



All the kindergarten tots
join in prayer.

peoples, irrespective of periods of conversion. Therefore, this answer does not appear to help us very much.

3 - In the Bible, we read about the preparation of the Jewish people for the coming of Christ, Our Saviour came only after long ages of waiting, in the fullness of time.

If we take this preparation of the Jewish people to have typical value in respect to the conversion of other peoples to Christianity, we must assume that a process of maturing ought to take place. The moral law, the conceptions about God and the human mind, about good and evil, about man's dignity and duties, must become similar to those the Jewish people held when the Saviour was born.

A missionary calls on
farmer folk.





It would, therefore, follow that Christianity cannot just be implanted in any civilization, but that a certain process of maturing and change must take place. Thus, apart from the grace of God, a definite, historical preparation of the cultural environment in which Christianity is to live is required before the Church can be established.

This conclusion is not so astonishing as it may seem at first sight. In past ages, missionaries have endeavoured to improve the conditions under which they had to work. They have erected

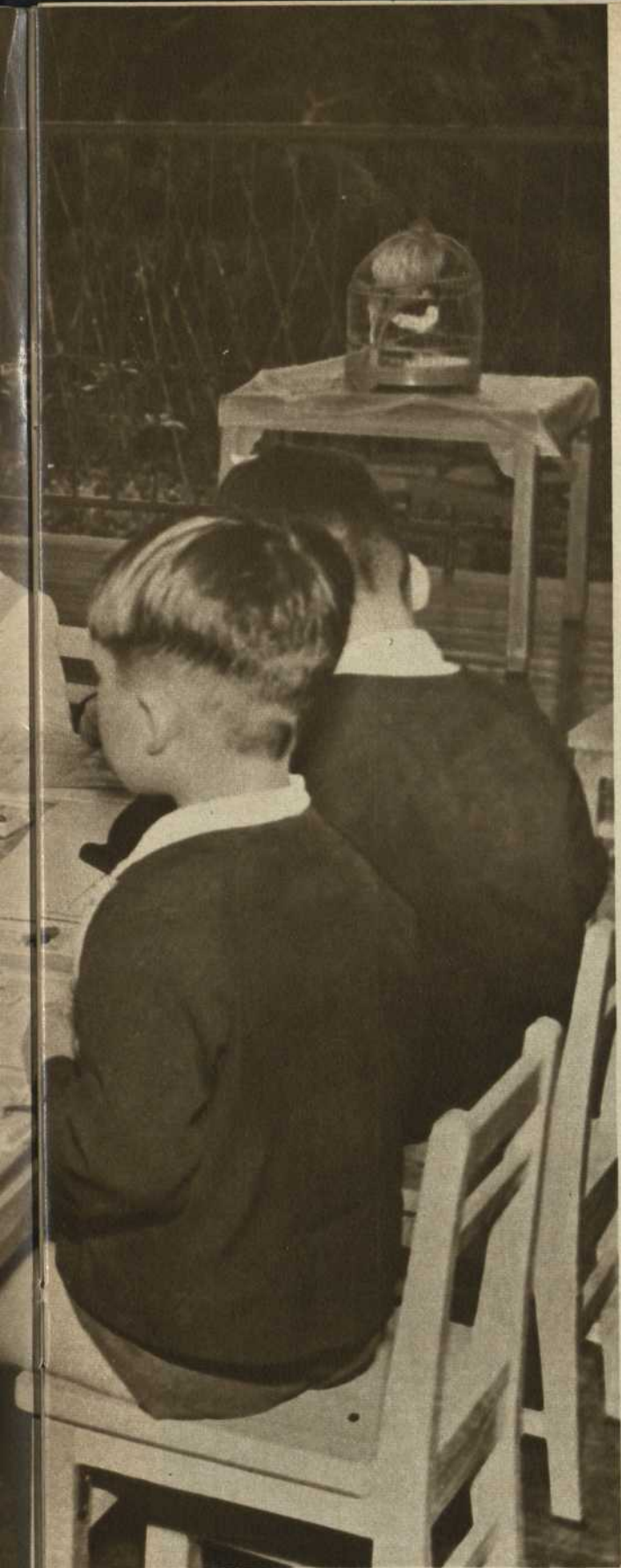
schools and hospitals; have tried to better social conditions in such a manner that a normal Christian life could flourish. This holds true in the first place for primitive cultures. If we turn to advanced cultures like those in the Far East, however, we may wonder whether the inner spiritual attitude of these cultures agrees with Christianity.

Let me explain what is involved in this question. Christianity and Christian culture have a special outlook on the world and on man, outlook which presupposes belief in a Creator and God



Two old cronies exchange bows.





distinct from this world; man's responsibility and dignity; the concept of sin and of man's duties towards his fellow men; a society in which private property, monogamy, etc., are recognized, and family ties are not too binding.

In spite of all their beauty it could be that within certain cultures, such as the Japanese for example, exist basic attitudes at variance with the Christian spirit. In such cases, people would be slow to feel any attraction towards Christianity. The Church and its creed would for them remain a remote, alien world.

If such were the drift of the matter what can we expect for the future? In the first place, we must keep in mind that a culture is not a dead body but a living organism. Even a Buddhist-inspired culture like the Japanese, can change and will eventually change.

Sister Marie Xaverio is in charge of our Tokyo kindergarten.

At present, Afro-Asian peoples are being deeply influenced by western civilization. The educational system, for instance, is about the same in most countries which means that in a few generations people will think and act along the same lines in various parts of the world.

This is very important since it will involve a preparation of the world for Christianity. Thus, we may face the future with great confidence.

In the second place, the mission work which is now being done, even if not very successful, contributes in bringing about a change in the spiritual climate. The presence of the missionaries,

their life and their words act upon the mentality of the Far East.

Those who, despite apparent failure, accept to perform their obscure and often thankless apostolic task, are breaking the ground for future harvests. In the words of Father Charles de Foucauld, "Centuries may elapse between the first furrows traced in the field and the final harvest; nonetheless, the sooner we start and the harder we work, the more abundantly will the missions be blessed by Him who has promised to give to those who ask and to open to those who knock."

Japan is eager to adopt new
ways and discard ancient
customs, but Grandma
smokes serenely on.



Onse-à-Vaud



HAITI

FLORA'S AFTERMATH

FLORA

Already, Flora is a thing of the past. Those who have merely glimpsed its ravages on TV have forgotten all about it, since they have not suffered from its aftermath. But, in Haiti, more particularly in the south-western districts, it will not soon be forgotten.

His Excellency Bishop Louis Collignon, O.M.I., had hardly had time to build up his parishes after the rampaging of Hazel when Flora razed a hundred



Aftermath of cyclone:

(1) Interior of parish church at Fond des Blancs;

(2) All that is left of church at Petit Trou de Nippes.



Flooded highway.



outpost chapels, rectories, schools, and dispensaries. Aquin, Miragoane, Petit-Goave, Fond-des-Nègres, and several other villages have been wiped off the map. In Aquin, only the four walls of the church have been left standing; the new benches made of hard wood are a pile of debris. Nothing remained to the pastor, not even his breviary.

Everywhere we turn, towns and cities seem to have undergone severe bombardments. In Belle Riviere, an entire section disappeared. Rushing into the lower part of Anse-à-Veaux, the sea carried off everything in its wake. The Prefect inspecting some land higher up in the hills suddenly saw his



Who will set this truck running again?

own *caille* and its inhabitants hurled to destruction as the waves lashed ashore, far below.

How fervently the aged guests of Charity If You Please prayed for protection on their home! Nicholas had planned proceedings in case of inundation, but, thanks be to God, our old people were not forced to evacuate. For three days and three nights, a deluge of rain roared over the hills and thundered down on housetops like a barrage, but Charity If You Please stood firm.

Many are the homeless families around here. It wrings our hearts to see these helpless folk

staring at the ruins of their *cailles*, trying to salvage a board here, another there. Meanwhile, they huddle in groups, discussing the future, wondering where they will find food and shelter.

Back home, in Canada, people sometimes complain of the lack of good lodgings. What would they say if all the houses of a town or city toppled under their eyes? The problems resulting from such a catastrophe would be difficult to solve. Let them try, then, to imagine the distress of our stricken Haitians.

Despite their heavy losses, however, the faith of our people remains undaunted. I am always

deeply stirred when I hear their typically Haitian exclamation, no matter what happens, "*Bon Dieu bon*, the good God is so good!"

Presiding a Requiem Mass for the victims of Flora, Bishop Collignon voiced the sentiments of all, "Like the holy man Job, I can truly say that the Lord has given and has taken away... May His Holy Name be praised."

O you who live in comfortable homes, please remember Haiti's homeless and famished families who, six months after Flora's rampage, still endure so many and such drastic privations.

SISTER SAINT FRANCOIS DE PAULE¹ M.I.C.

THE FLOOD

Limbe, situated in the north, was spared the ravages of the cyclone, but suffered the after effects of floods.

On November 15, we had to dismiss groups of students, teachers from the outside being unable to reach the school because of the violence of wind and rain.

Late that same evening Sister Saint John Bosco² thought it best to have the hand organ removed upstairs. No sooner had this been attended to than the water started rising. When we had finally carried up every movable object, the ground floor was already two feet under water. From the community room on the upper floor, we watched the swirling waters below bearing down kitchen utensils, chairs, beds, mats, etc. After boarding up doors and windows, our neighbour, Mr. Henri, climbed to the attic of his house with his children. Above the angry noises of waves and wind rose, sweet and clear, the voices of his little ones beseeching *Maman Marie* to watch over them, please, and not to let them perish.

Meantime, at our Saint John Clinic situated a short distance from the town, Sister Henriette of the Holy Spirit³ and four Haitian nurses were battling against the encroaching flood. Suddenly, part of the wall surrounding the property gave way and the waters poured out into the neighbouring fields. The nurses continued to keep anxious watch over the twenty babies asleep in the nursery. Outside, in the darkness, rose frenzied calls for help while houses crashed and were swept along the tide.

Never had the night seemed so long. Rosary beads journeyed through our fingers as we prayed to our merciful Mother above to look down in pity on her people in distress. The parish church

which had been thrown open to hundreds of refugees appeared like a beacon of light in the general upheaval. Our left-hand neighbour's house was already flooded above the second storey. In the school yard, the gates had been broken down and the waters rose inch by inch. Towards 11:00 p.m. the Delco gave out, plunging the town in utter darkness and adding to the fright of the population. At last, towards 1:00 a.m. the wind abated and the waters started receding.

Only on the following morning was it possible to gauge the extent of the damage done. In the boys' school, water had reached up to the upper storey and the outside walls were a heap of rubble. Our verandahs and the classrooms on the ground floor were knee-deep with mud.

Down by the riverside, men were busy shoveling a common grave wherein to bury the victims of

He salvaged his precious drum.



¹ Marie Therese Laperriere, Quebec.

² Angela Desilets, Montreal.

³ Henriette Lapierre, Sainte Marie, Beauce.

the flood. Reverend Father Le Pévédic blessed each corpse as it was lowered into its last resting place. Relatives and friends stood in a little knot, wailing and wringing their hands. As we drew near to offer condolences, we suddenly recognized the blue dress of Prima, the laundress at our Clinic. She had perished in the flood with her little grandson. Imbedded in the mud not far away, was found the body of a man with his two little boys clasped in his arms.

We spent the day trying to clean out the school-rooms. Men shoveled the mud out of the windows, then we played the hose over walls and floors.

During the last days of the week, a team of devoted women helped the pastor clean out the church which had been used as a refugee centre.

On Sunday morning, we had to pick our way to church along the muddy streets. Everywhere we turned, we saw tumble-down cailles, broken

tables and chairs, clothes put out to dry in the sun... The weather again became threatening in the early evening hours, but the wind and rain were less violent.

Cleaning bees at our school lasted a whole week as we went from one class to another trying to restore at least a semblance of order. School books had to be wiped free of mud and spread out to dry. Using them, our students will have a daily reminder of the great flood.

The rain stopped definitely on November 21, thanks to Our Lady of the Presentation whom we had fervently invoked. Slowly, life took up its normal course.

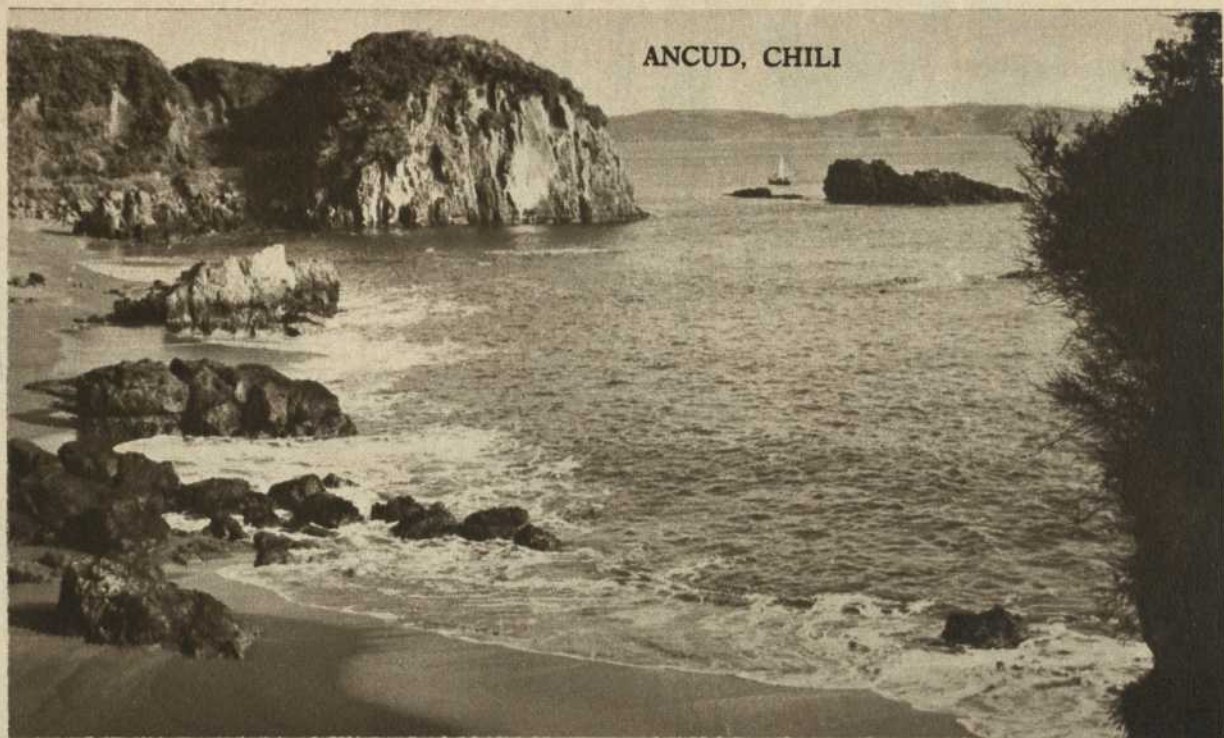
Hawkers are again walking the streets offering fruits and vegetables. Our hearts sing a vibrant MAGNIFICAT for the protection granted us and our patients of Saint John Clinic.

By SISTER MARIE THEODORE, M.I.C.



Quiet
before the storm
in Cap Haitien.

¹ Lucienne Gadoury, Sainte Elisabeth, Joliette.



ANCUD, CHILI

CHILOE

I remember when I was yet a school girl hearing Chiloé described as a "strange remote island" off the Chilean coast. Little did I then think I would one day be assigned to it as a missionary!

Remote, this fairly large island certainly is, being situated only a few hundred miles from Antarctica; strange, it also is to a certain degree, being of volcanic formation and, therefore, subject to frequent seismic disturbances. But, it is a beautiful land where unfold unrivalled panoramas of the changing sea girdling its shores.

Its fertile soil produces in abundance all kinds of flowers, fruits,

cereals, and vegetables. Potatoes are an agricultural specialty of Chiloé. Sir Francis Drake appreciated the tubers as such an important item of food that he introduced seed plants into Europe during the latter part of the 16th century.

Seasons here occur at different times than they do in the homeland. Although we arrived on the island during summer, we found that the temperature at noon was 65°F in the sun. Such warm summer weather was exceptional, we were told by the inhabitants! What would winter be like, we reflected, in the ramshackle building, minus heating, that was to be our convent...

Situated in the north, Ancud, a city of 8,000 inhabitants, is the island capital. The people are very *simpatico*.

As everywhere else in Chile, schooling compulsory until 14, is highly prized. Indeed, this little city is known as "the student city", possessing as it does a seminary, a lyceum, a normal school, and several colleges.

His Excellency Right Reverend A. Duran, bishop of the diocese, has entrusted us with the direction of a school for girls.

All the subjects are taught in Spanish, the language in general



The beach at Ancud.



Sisters Margaret of the Child Jesus, Saint Sabine (Laurette Goulet, Saint Sabine), Bernard Marie (Juliette Desnoyers, Saint Henri of Mascouche), and Saint Alexis (Dolores Tremblay, Kenogami), pioneers in Ancud.

use; lessons in English are on the weekly programme; doctrine courses are given in all classes. On Sundays, the churches are packed with devout worshippers. The pity is, there are only 26 priests to minister to the needs of the 90,000 Catholics on the island.

Inured to the damp cold of their unheated houses, free of modern amusements which as yet have failed to reach them, the citizens of Chiloé are patient, hardy, courageous, adaptable, and eminently religious. Much good might be accomplished among them if there



Ancud is rightly called the student city.



Cathedral at Ancud.

were more priests and religious to break the Bread of Life to the children and impart to them all the benefits of a thoroughly Christian education.

Will you join with me in praying the Master of the harvest to send more labourers into His Ancud fields?

SISTER MARGARET OF THE CHILD JESUS, M.I.C

(Fleur-Ange L'Heureux, Montreal.)

UP HILL AND DOWN DALE



By SISTER LEO JOSEPH, M.I.C.

(Simone Sabourin, Saint Isidore of Prescott, Ont.)

Early in January, I was called to the Superior's office... "An S.O.S. from our Irupana mission," she explained as she took up a letter from her desk. "It seems that they have a sick Sister on their hands who needs at least one month of com-

plete rest. Would you be willing to go out to help them in this emergency?" Would I? Of course I jumped at the double opportunity of doing a good turn and of catching a glimpse of the *altiplano* region I had been wanting to visit ever since my arrival here.

The time to pack a small valise and I was on my way. Although the flight Cochabamba-La Paz lasted a mere forty minutes, the second leg of the journey turned out to be longer than I expected. Between La Paz and Irupana the only vehicles to be had are trucks and jeeps. After three days of waiting, I left by jeep with Sisters Irene of Jesus¹ and Marie Juliette² who were returning to their remote mission post.

On the way to Cumbre

Like grim sentinels standing guard on either side of the road, rose huge boulders of sombre hue. A little farther on, fantastic rocky formations loomed, sculptured by nature in her vagrant moods. Up we climbed to Cumbre's highest point where the cold is so intense that the snow hardly ever melts, and where travellers are at times obliged to shovel their way through. On these heights stands a huge statue of the Sacred Heart.

Soon, however, we threaded our way down into more pleasant climes.

The Yungas

The word *yunga* means a narrow fertile valley. Hemmed in by majestic mountain peaks, the *yungas* are covered with luxuriant tropical vegetation. Banana and coffee plants are everywhere. The valleys are kept fresh and productive thanks to the numerous falls which leap down the moun-

tainsides. One of these falls bears the poetic name of the Virgin's Veil because of the lacy misty froth it casts about the rocks.

Almost anything will grow in this productive region. The coffee plantations of the *yungas* are widely known and appreciated for the high grade coffee they produce; but the chief crop is the coca, a shrub about six feet in height with leaves much like those of wintergreen shrubs.

Cultivation of the coca

The plants get their start in nurseries where they remain for a whole year before being transplanted into inclined plots of land divided into narrow terraces called *tacanas*. Seedlings are set in straight furrows symmetrically separated in such a way as to capture the most generous amount of sunshine.

Coca plantations yield from four or five harvests a year during forty or fifty years depending on the fertility of the soil. Only the leaves are used. Harvesters pick them when green and fully developed, carefully breaking off the stems. They are afterwards spread out to dry in the sun, then packed in banana leaves for the market.

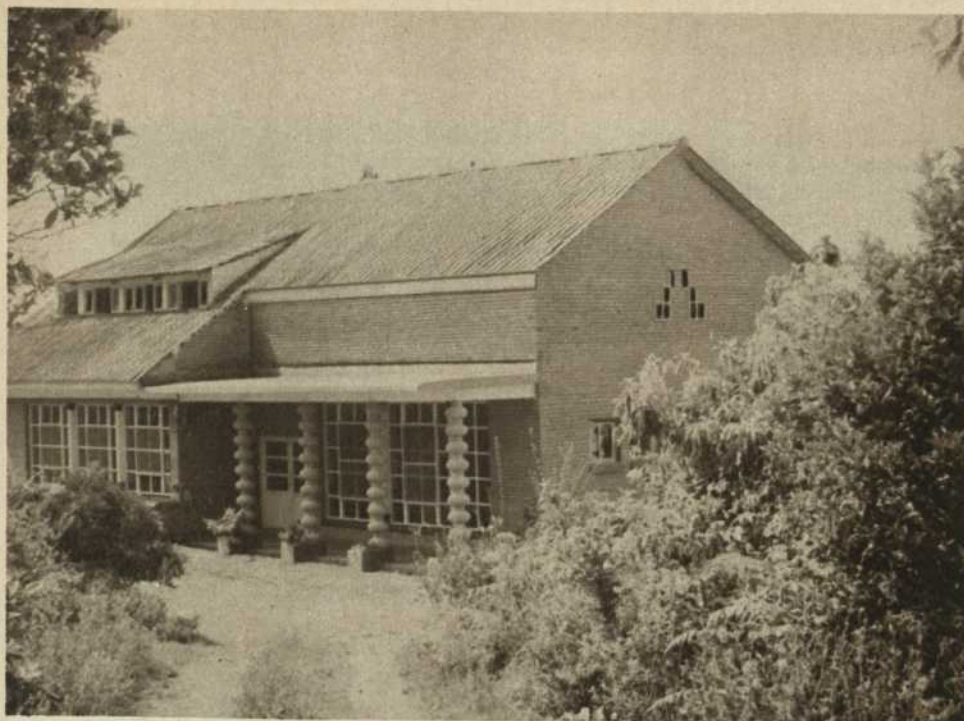
One sixth of this crop is exported to be used for extraction of the drug cocaine, the rest being kept for home consumption. Indians chew the stimulating coca leaves almost continually to keep out the cold and to brace themselves for work.

¹ Irene Trudelle, Saint Narcisse of Champlain.

² Juliette Ouellet, Squatteck.



Common
mode
of travelling
in the
YUNGAS.



Irupana
hospital
entrance.

A place called Irupana

With a population of 4,000, Irupana is a *yunga* village ideally situated at an altitude of 6,000 feet. The climate is temperate. In season, the atmosphere is laden with the heady perfume of hundreds of orange trees in blooms.

For over three years now, our Sisters have been in charge of Our Lady of Protection Hospital perched high on an isolated hill. Whenever they can snatch a few hours from their nursing duties, the Sisters teach the doctrine in neighbouring public schools attended by about seven hundred pupils. Moreover, they often go on sick calls, for the people of the neighbourhood, wary of modern medicine, neglect to take their sick to the hospital.

I enjoyed every minute of my six-week stay in Irupana. When the time came to leave by truck for La Paz, the rainy season was in full swing.

The driver had to stop every now and then to clear the road ahead of debris brought down by the torrential rains. A few miles from the village, we had to drive around two fallen trees and rocks three or four feet in diameter. I inwardly thanked God that these stones had not waited for our passage to roll down from the mountain slopes... Several times, we had to cross rushing streams. What a relief it was when La Paz was reached at last! The trip which usually takes six hours had taken all of thirteen.

The ALTIPLANO

Sister Marie Monica was waiting to accompany me back to Cochabamba. We had intended flying but had reckoned without the great concourse of people who take to the air during the period of the carnival. As all available places had been booked for three days in advance, there remained no alternative but to go by *flota*, or bus, along the *altiplano* route.

The *altiplano*, high plateau, is a vast area averaging 10,000 to 12,000 feet above sea level; it is as flat as a board except for the upward thrust of giant mountain peaks.

This, one of the earth's coldest, most desolate regions, is in great part barren. Very few simple crops can grow in spots sheltered from the wind. The inhabitants' sole means of transportation is the hardy llama, the Indian's faithful and generous friend whose meat provides him with food, its wool with garments, its skin, cured and tanned with leather, its dung with fuel and fertilizer.

The *flota* took us as far as Oruro, a typical *altiplano* town nestling at the foot of encircling foothills which do not, however, suffice to protect it from the icy winds blowing from the heights. Founded back in 1606, Oruro has a cosmopolitan population of about 40,000 inhabitants. A point of junction of the national railway, it owes its development chiefly to the tin mines worked in the vicinity. We found the town packed with

Plowing with oxen in the ALTIPLANO.



Photo: United Nations.



Indian mother
and child.



people who had come from neighbouring villages to attend carnival entertainments. Great favourites are the *diabladas*, original mimes and dances somewhat resembling medieval mystery plays, which represent the struggle between good and bad angels. The Christian and the pagan mingle in these naive representations. On Quinquagesima Sunday, performers go to Mass and promise our Lady to dance in her honour until the following Sunday called "Temptation Sunday". Rich prizes are offered to the wearers of the most beautiful embroidered costumes.

The train we were supposed to board at Oruro had suspended its regular service because of avalanches. We were given a warm reception by the Sisters Oblates of Mary Immaculate who conduct social works here in collaboration with the Oblate Fathers.

Great favourites
are the DIABLADAS



A spiritual revival is noticeable in several mining centres due more particularly to Radio Siglo XX broadcasts operated by the missionaries and popularly known as *Emisoras Pio XII*.

Our pleasant stay in Oruro was brought to an end on Ash Wednesday when trains again began to run. Upon our arrival at the station at 8:30 a.m. hundreds of travellers were already queueing to secure tickets. It took us two whole hours of waiting to get ours. Finally, we started on our homeward way towards 3:00 p.m. Plenty of time to practise patience! "We should be home by 11:00 p.m." I complacently remarked to my companion as we settled in the coach.

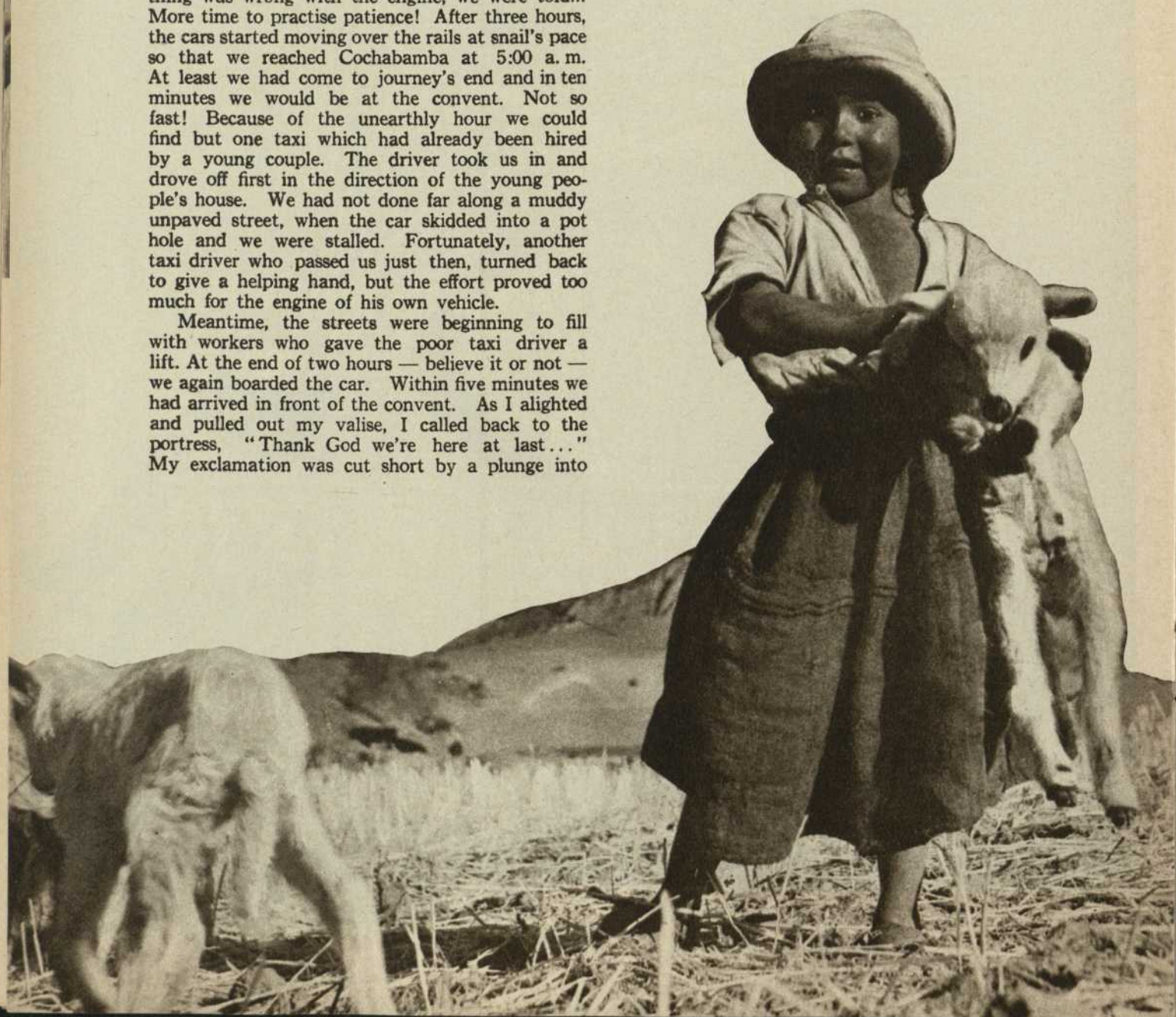
It was about 9:00 p.m. when the train shuddered to a standstill midway across a bridge. Something was wrong with the engine, we were told... More time to practise patience! After three hours, the cars started moving over the rails at snail's pace so that we reached Cochabamba at 5:00 a.m. At least we had come to journey's end and in ten minutes we would be at the convent. Not so fast! Because of the unearthly hour we could find but one taxi which had already been hired by a young couple. The driver took us in and drove off first in the direction of the young people's house. We had not done far along a muddy unpaved street, when the car skidded into a pot hole and we were stalled. Fortunately, another taxi driver who passed us just then, turned back to give a helping hand, but the effort proved too much for the engine of his own vehicle.

Meantime, the streets were beginning to fill with workers who gave the poor taxi driver a lift. At the end of two hours — believe it or not — we again boarded the car. Within five minutes we had arrived in front of the convent. As I alighted and pulled out my valise, I called back to the portress, "Thank God we're here at last..." My exclamation was cut short by a plunge into

a two-foot hole dug out into the road to plant a tree. I looked like a huge mud pie when I ruefully picked myself up.

Just then, my companions on their way back from hearing Mass at a neighbouring church arrived upon the scene. Never did I appreciate more their loving smile of welcome, mud drippings notwithstanding. "We have been waiting for you for a whole week. Thank God you are safe and sound", they exclaimed as they helped me inside.

Sister Marie Monica and I have since come to the conclusion never to advise anyone to explore Bolivia during the rainy season.





GUATEMALA

DRAMA OF THE PASSION RELIVED IN TOTONICAPAN

SISTER PHILIP OF THE SAVIOUR, M.I.C.

(Therese Bernier, East Angus.)

With the opening of the Lenten season, the faithful of Totonicapan turned their thoughts to the mystery of the Redemption, participating in a solemn Way of the Cross enacted in the city streets. From three to four thousand persons accompanied a realistic man-size statue of Jesus with his cross. The statue, clothed in a tunic of purple velvet embroidered in silver, was carried on the shoulders of twenty-four men, in relays. At each station, the faithful fell to their knees with repenting cries of "Lord, have mercy on us".

This popular religious ceremony which took place every Friday in Lent was only a prelude to the extraordinary manifestations of Holy Week.

Maundy Thursday

Benches were taken out from the church to allow for more space. Close to confessionals, long files of penitents propelled themselves forward on their knees. Funeral marches were played almost without interruption except during religious offices. At 10:00 a.m. a procession called of the "Great

Silence" was organized, during which were borne aloft the statue of the Saviour carrying His Cross and that of Our Lady of Seven Sorrows clad in a rich robe of black velvet with the symbolical seven swords embroidered in front. This procession was meant to usher in the period of recollection proper to the ceremonies about to unfold.

Before Mass, the officiating priest blessed the new mattress and pillow donated by a pious benefactress for the shrouding of Christ. Over two thousand persons received Holy Communion. Our convent chapel was required to serve as Repository. The altar disappeared under a construction simulating the rock-hewn tomb; vivid red and gold draperies were used as backdrop, while from the ceiling hung a dome of lighty coloured gauze. Flowers, especially roses and lilies, were banked all about the altar leaving an alley strewn with rose petals over which the Blessed Sacrament was carried. The chapel was ablaze with a great number of lighted candles some weighing up to five pounds.

Two large platforms had been erected outside: the one facing the Teaching College represented Pilate's judgment seat, the other on the opposite side, in the lobby of the municipal theatre, figured as Herod's residence. All day long, groups of people in Jewish dress scoured the streets of the city, seeking adepts. Late in the afternoon passed a cortege of would-be lictors and soldiers draped in their cloaks, shouting "Down with the Nazarene!" The case against Christ was got up in the early evening, and he was dragged from one tribunal to another and through the principal streets.

Within the church walls, however, these tumultuous proceedings were ignored while hundreds of worshippers from all the surrounding villages paid homage to Jesus in the Eucharist. Fond of singing, the Indians put all their hearts in the rendering of traditional hymns.

During Holy Week, the sacristan of Totonicapan is given leave of work as the six hundred Catholic Action militants take over. He is probably the only sacristan in the world to enjoy leisure at such a time.

The substitute sacristans take their duties so much to heart that they even warn women and girls to draw up their shawls so as to cover their heads out of respect for the ceremony.

Good Friday processions

All the tokens of yesterday's celebration had disappeared as if into thin air. Nothing remained to draw the eye except the limp figure of Judas dangling from a tree on the plaza. In the midst of an impressive silence, a solemn Way of the Cross was started towards 9:00 a. m. Two thurifers with swinging censers walked at the head of the cortege; in the rear, attendants carried the act of Jesus' condemnation. The fourteen stations entered the procession in turn as each shrine put up in front of the houses was reached. From 12,000 to 13,000 persons slowly advanced in perfect order on either side of the road paved with green boughs. Rose petals were showered on the representation of the suffering Christ, and burning incense offered in vases by devotees who at times knelt in the middle of the road. The same honours were bestowed upon the images of the mourning Virgin and of Veronica borne upon litters by young girls.

The throng took up responses to the prayers broadcasted over powerful loudspeakers.

It was high noon when the cortege re-entered the church packed to the doors with 4,000 parishioners awaiting the scene of the crucifixion. We slipped through the sacristy into the chancel to catch a glimpse of what was going on. A beautifully sculptured figure of Christ was being bound to a cross twenty feet high. The gibbet was set up facing the multitude, all listened in recollected awe to the commentary given on the seven Last Words. The morning ceremony was brought to a close by the kissing of the foot of the cross.

Towards 4:00 p. m. the figure of Christ was taken down from the cross and laid in a handsome gilt casket with transparent sides. Standing in a double rank, in the centre of the aisle, 400 members of the Holy Sepulchre Association mounted guard until the burial. They presented a rather lugubrious appearance in their black cassocks, black berets, black gloves and holding black lanterns.

At 5:00 p. m. a great procession filed out, each participant bearing a lighted candle. The fourteen groups of the stations of the cross were posted at regular intervals between the Holy Sepulchre Associates. Forty men carried the bier. Newcomers continued to swell the huge orderly procession. Many had taken along several candles

The figure of Christ
is laid in a
handsome casket.
Members
of Holy Sepulchre
Association
form a guard
of honour.



to be sure that lights would last to the end. It was 9:30 p. m. when the procession at length returned. The bier was placed within the chancel where the faithful advanced to venerate the body taken down from the Cross.

Holy Saturday climax

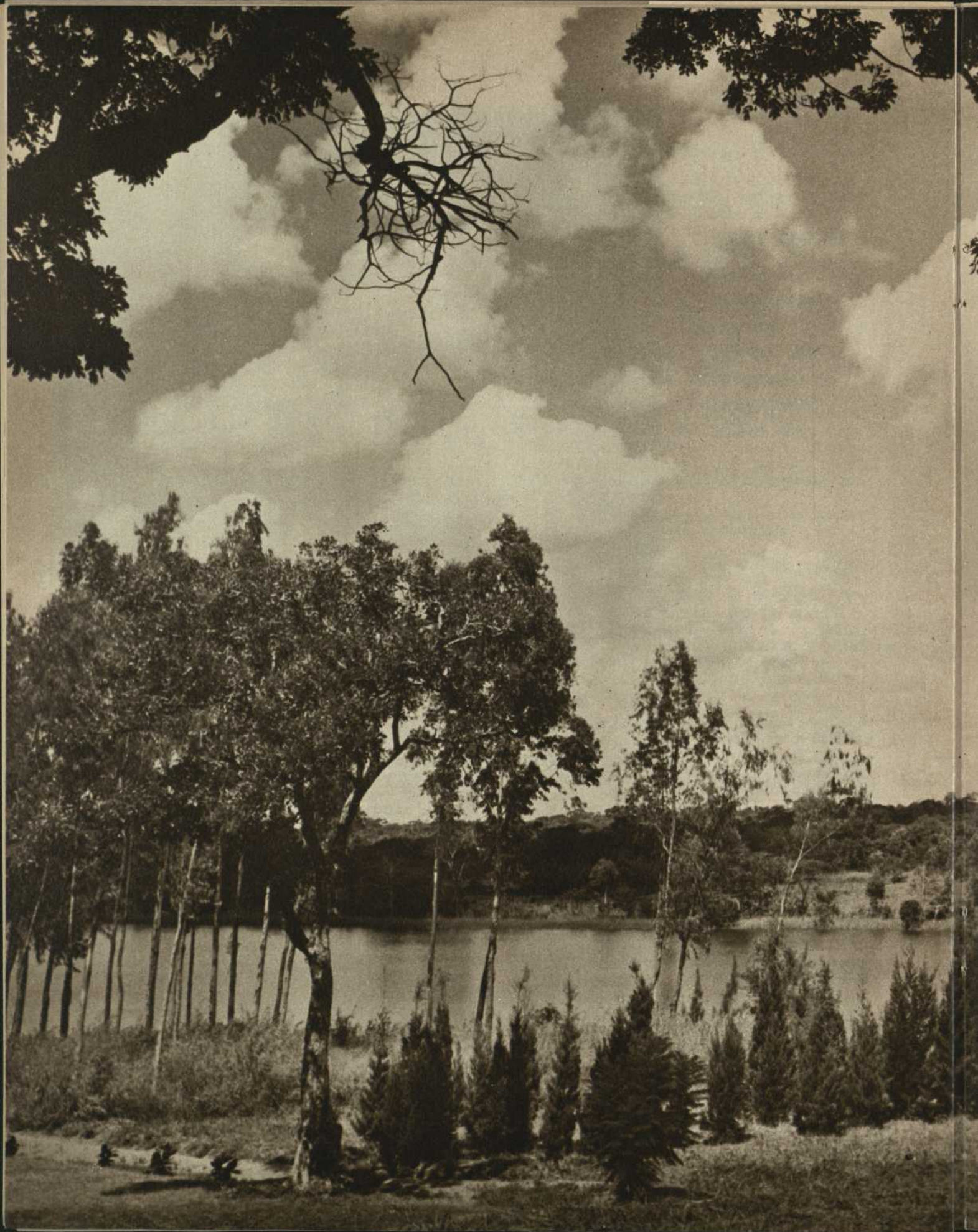
The most impressive moment during the night office was doubtless when after the chanting of the *Gloria*, the white draperies behind the main altar fell divulging a magnificent figure of the risen Christ emerging from a profusion of lilies and roses, holding in his hand the victorious labarum.

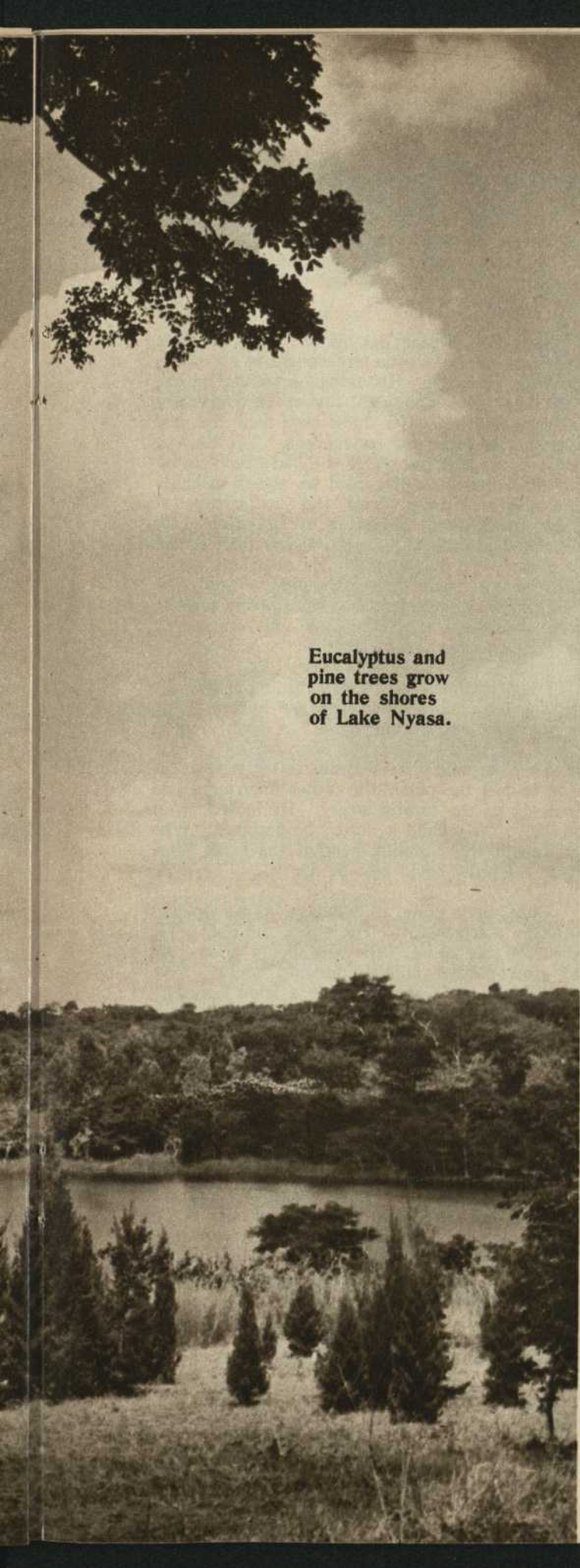
A spontaneous cry burst from our lips, "Christ, our hope, is indeed risen!"

You are probably wondering how it is that the destitute and in great part illiterate Indians of Totonicapan should possess such lovely statues and

should know with such precision every detail of the Passion... Guatemala boasts of a superior art in sculpture especially as regards reproductions of the Nazarene and of Our Lady of Sorrows. These ancient heirlooms of a nation with a flair for the beautiful and the dramatic are carefully and jealously preserved.

Bereft of priests who could minister adequately to the needs of the faithful, the Church in Guatemala has gone through very difficult periods. The people rose to the challenge, keeping alive by sheer perseverance the old religious traditions. Alas, for many, religion has finished by having no other meaning than exterior manifestations. It is the role of Catholic Actionists to help their people reach into the heart of the mystery of faith and penetrate the genuine meaning of religious ceremonies.





Eucalyptus and
pine trees grow
on the shores
of Lake Nyasa.



KARONGA, NYASALAND

NATURE'S OWN PHARMACY

No corner drugstore around here

SISTER MARTHA OF THE SACRED HEART ¹, M.I.C.

Always a keen investigator, the African of Nyasaland seeks and finds in the rich nature of his native land an answer to his various needs. Nowadays, however, modern proceedings and commercial products are gradually replacing the old order of things.

According to a general classification, the African soil produces plants used as nourishment—cereals, fruits, leaves, roots, vegetables, nuts... The forests, moreover, provide timber to build houses and furnishings. Other trees yield dye, latex, charcoal,

¹ Henriette Sylvestre, Montreal.



Grandmother

jealously guards

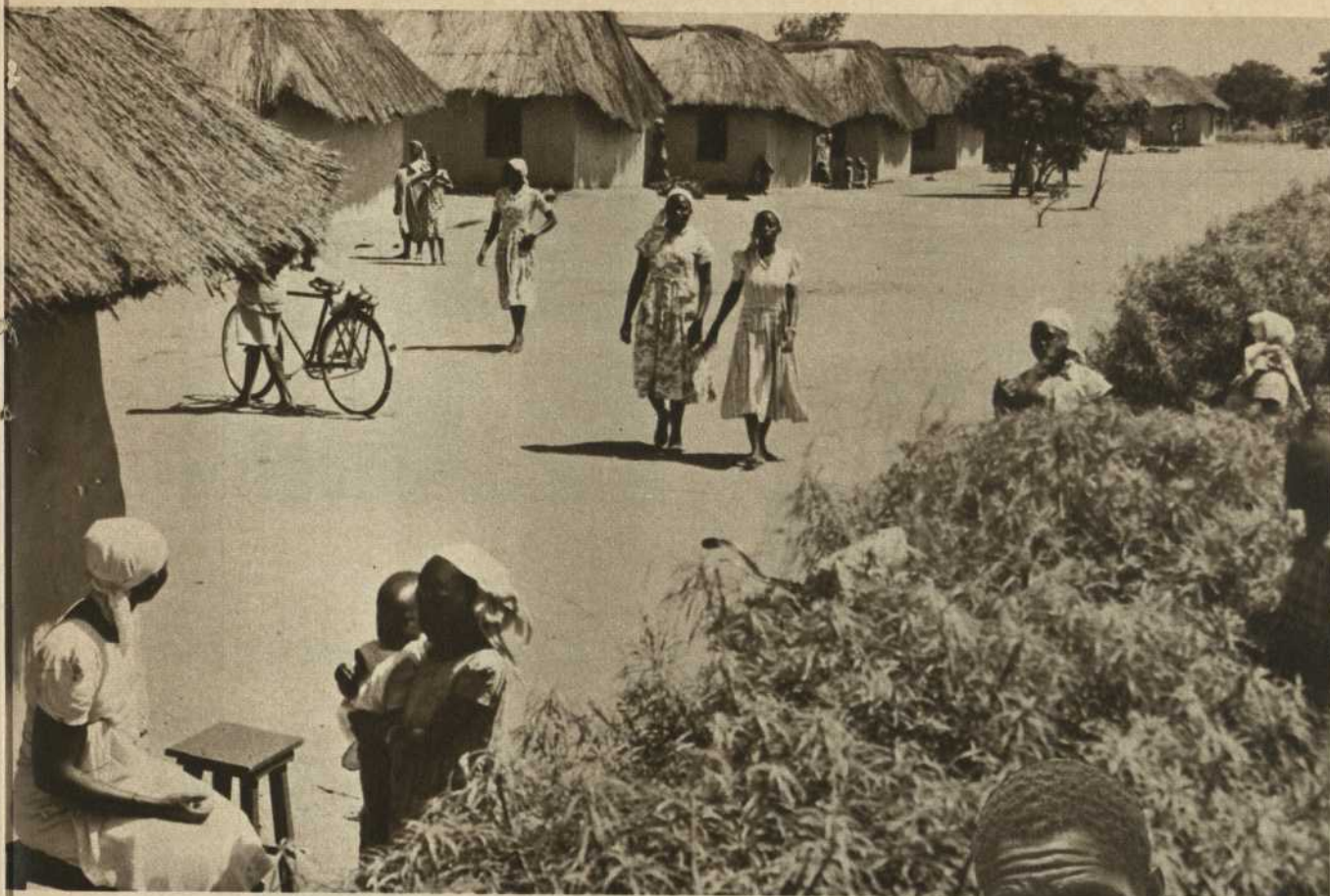
her secret recipes.

and a substitute for soap. Finally, nature offers a great number of plants possessing medicinal value. The art of searching for such plants and of testing their worth has been practised with such patience and assiduity that today the Africans possess simple herb remedies for almost every conceivable kind of disease.

As a case in point let me tell you about the remarkable cure of a little girl brought to my attention some time ago. Her father, a teacher in one of the local schools, brought her to the dispensary for a consultation. Her limbs were distorted; she suffered from fever and convulsions. The English doctor at the hospital where she had been treated without success had diagnosed an attack of acute rheumatism. Worried over the inefficiency of foreign medication, the father at last decided to take the child back to his bush village where native remedies would be applied. He confided her to a relative who made the little sufferer drink daily of an infusion of guava roots. Imagine my surprise when, two weeks later, the little girl returned to Karonga enjoying perfect health.

Long deprived of proper medical care, the Africans have closely observed the human body, its reactions and modifications. A man from a remote village knocked at my door, one day, carrying a dying child. As I instinctively sought the wrist to feel the pulse, the father unerringly laid his finger on the carotid artery. He looked up at me sadly, "My child is dead," he declared. Who had taught this illiterate peasant the exact place where the pulse could best be felt?

Once, in a group of villagers, a woman was stung by a scorpion. "The nurse, the nurse! We must call the nurse," the neighbours cried. An old grand-mother hobbled forward saying, "No need to disturb Sister. I have a good remedy." Grasping the insect, she roasted it at the kitchen fire, carefully gathered the hot ashes which she mixed with a powder of her own composition, then, after making a small incision, applied her mixture. The pain immediately subsided. Whoever has experienced the sting of the scorpion knows how exceedingly painful it is. None of our analgesics could have had any effect before at least thirty minutes. Grandmother refuses to share her secret with anyone. "When I am very old and have to walk with two sticks, then only will I tell my daughter," she declares to those who question her. Who can blame this old woman for not wanting to divulge her secret, the fruit of long and patient researches?



Headaches caused by hypertension are treated with infusions of the roots of a tree called *maza kaka* touched over a slight incision close to the temporal artery. Introduced into the blood circulation, this vaso-dilator remedy brings prompt relief. This plant is used only in cases of headaches brought on by troubles of the circulation. Our popular aspirines are slowly replacing this ancient medication, more especially in the towns.

The leaves and the roots of a number of unidentified plants are also used to relieve rheumatic pains or other ailments. Small incisions are made in the painful regions upon which dried leaves,

Mr. Moyo
carries his kit
of magic
medicine



**Sister Saint Serge
(Jeanne d'Arc Corriveau,
Saint Sebastian of Iberville)
leaves for a round
of bush villages.**



powdered roots, or soot are applied as a form of poultice.

Tropical ulcers so common during the rainy season are lightly painted with the milky sap of wild purslane. The white of eggs is the chief remedy used in the case of burns.

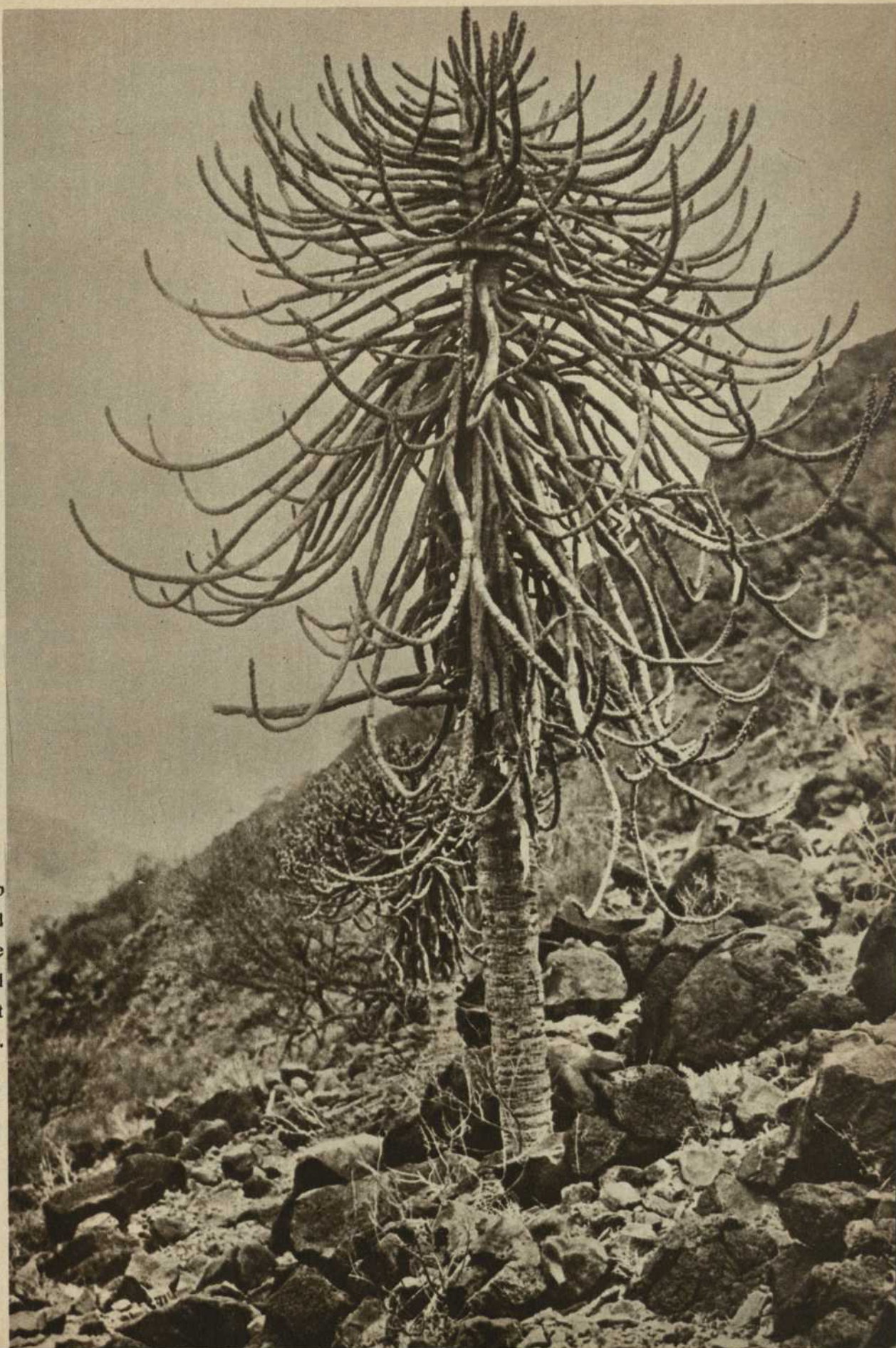
One of the pupils attending our school suffered from external goitre. As the doctor did not have at hand what was needed for a surgical operation, he advised having recourse to the herb doctors. The young girl was given to drink a decoction of myrica smelling strongly of iodine. Within a few months the swelling had disappeared.

When a person faints, small bits of live coals wrapped in cloth are pushed up his nostrils. Forced to breathe in the resulting smoke, he sneezes and is thus jolted back to awareness.

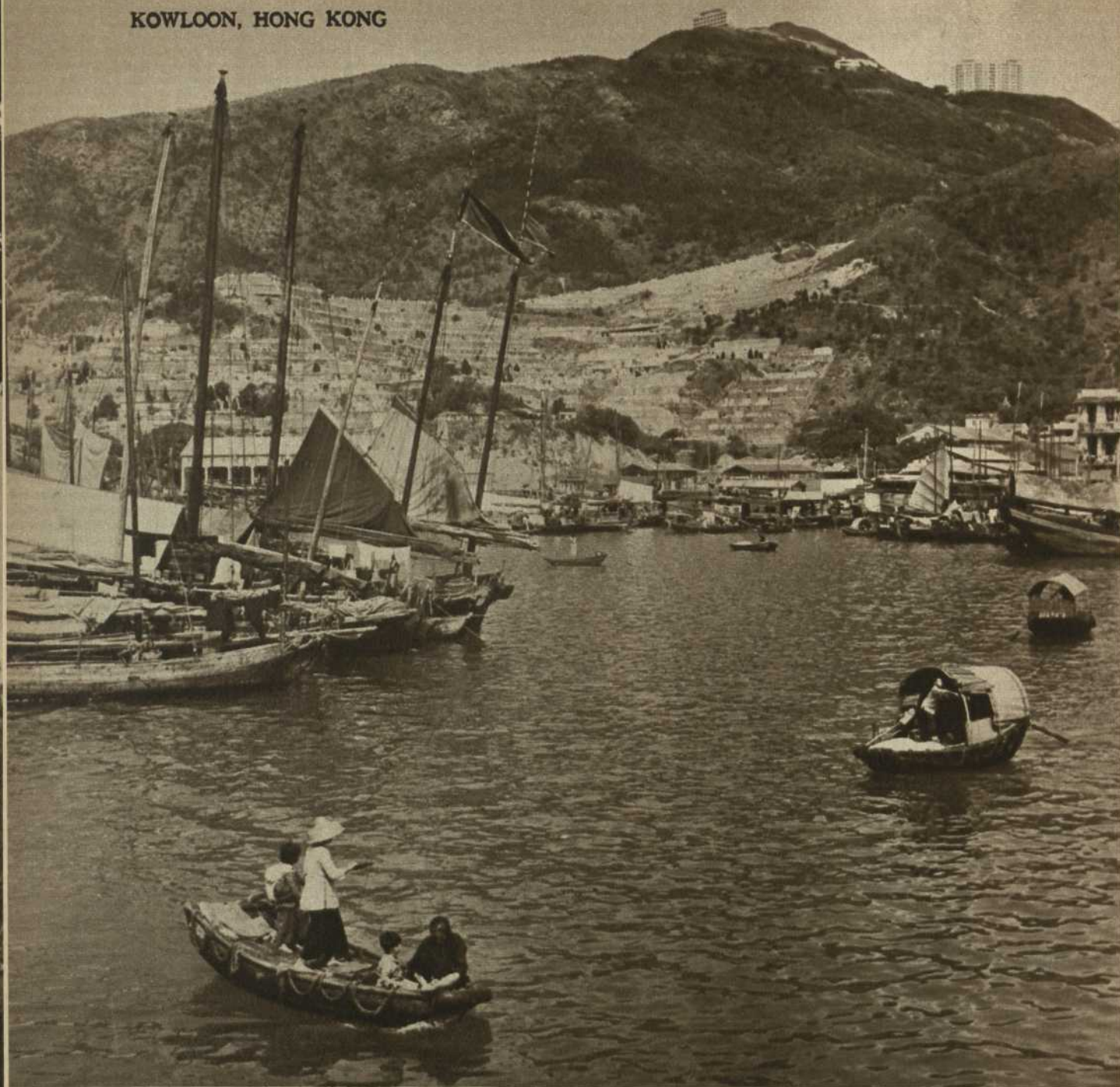
Serious researches on African medicinal plants would surely prove useful. The only error autochthons do make in handling these herbs and plants lies in the dosage which being usually exaggerated, occasionally brings on internal disorders and even poisoning.

Our dispensaries are now appreciated all the more that the efficacy of modern medicine is becoming known. The people around here have implicit trust in hypodermic injections considered as a cure-all.

The milky sap
of wild
purslane
is used
in treatment
of tropical ulcers.



KOWLOON, HONG KONG



IF ONLY...

If only our Canadian and American benefactors overseas could see what their generous donations mean to the unfortunate refugee children of Hong Kong, they would feel amply rewarded.

Before I left Canada where I spent a year on furlough, some good friends of mine requested me to visit in their name their adopted son, Ho Wing Chi. This adoption had been effected thanks to the good offices of a philanthropic association known as the Foster Parents' Plan. Founded in Spain

by two English newspapermen at the close of the Civil War, it was actually organized with headquarters in New York back in 1937. The Plan helps children in poor families and in so doing extends its aid to the entire family, major emphasis being brought to bear on education. At present, the Plan operates in eight countries: Greece, Italy, Korea, Hong Kong, Vietnam, the Philippines, Columbia, and Ecuador.

Shortly after my return to the colony, I contacted the Kowloon

Foster Parents' Plan office to secure information on Ho Wing Chi. The Resident Director was extremely kind even providing a car and a driver which took us to the village of Uen Long, in the New Territories, where the boy lives with his grandmother, Mrs. Ho.

Both were overjoyed to see the Sisters and to hear from the kind Canadian foster parents. While we sipped a cup of tea inside their small home, Grandmother told us something of her

**The Plan
helps children
of poor
families.**



family history similar to that of many another refugee in these troublous times. Several years ago, Mr. Ho, the father of Wing Chi, was thrown into jail by the Communists. Left alone to provide for her family, young Mrs. Ho gave way to discouragement, and eventually deserted home and child.

It was then that Grandmother Ho took it upon herself to bring up the boy with whom she succeeded in escaping from the Red zone into the New Territories, where she courageously set to work, earning her subsistence and that of her grandson.

In her old age, she hires out to a farmer who pays her HK\$120.00 a month, about \$20.00 of our Canadian currency.

Under such circumstances, Wing Chi would not have been able to pursue his studies. Fortunately, my dear Canadian friends came to the rescue. He is a bright lad, serious and well-behaved at home as well as in the classroom. He kept on telling me how grateful he was to those who provided for his education. Grandmother Ho had prepared a little gift which she asked me to send to their benefactor. Before I left, Wing Chi ran out into the tiny garden adjoining the house and brought me a handful of *laitis* and *muk kwas*.

Some of our pupils at Mount Good Hope Secondary School also benefit from this organization and many more are on the waiting list. They hope to be "adopted" soon by generous friends who will defray the cost of a higher education.

Yes, if only our charitable benefactors could come to Hong Kong and see for themselves what it means for a refugee girl or boy to continue her or his studies, their happiness would be doubled. Their reward is already great on

this earth, but it will be greater still in Heaven they who have taken to heart our Lord's words, "Whatsoever you did to the least of my brethren, you did it unto me."

SISTER THERESE OF THE BLESSED SACRAMENT,

(Thérèse Guenette, l'Original.)





TAIPEI, TAIWAN

In September 1961, an apostolic school was inaugurated in our Taiwanese mission of Taipei with the aim of fostering religious vocations among young Christian girls, eager to reach out for a higher life. At present, three students are enrolled: Maria Goretti Sun of Kuanhsi, a catechist trained by Sister Saint Elizabeth;¹ Margaret Liao, a recently baptized girl instructed in religious doctrine by Sister Saint Josephine;² and Thérèse P'ang, from Yu Chan.

While boarders at the Apostolic School, the three are pursuing secondary studies in a neighbouring educational establishment. They are happy on Sundays to be able to share in the apostolic task of teaching the doctrine to Sunday School classes at the mission church. They are also enthusiastic members of the choir organized by Sister Saint Gilbert,³ choir which made its début at Midnight Mass 1962.

All is not work for the trio, however. On holidays they enjoy games outside when the weather is fair. In the evenings they like to serenade us on the Oriental mandolin with their favourite Taiwanese folklore songs.

VOCATIONS IN TAIWAN

SISTER MARIE ESTHER ¹, M.I.C.

¹ Alice Buteau, Our Lady of Guadalupe.

² Blanche Menard, Sainte Elisabeth.

³ Eliane Gravel, Saint Prosper.

⁴ Jeannine Belair, Saint Barthelemy.

During the summer, they return to their respective homes for a few weeks. Holidays over, they are glad to come back to their beloved school to work at the attainment of their lofty ideal — the religious and missionary life. How much they appreciate taking part in the community prayers and, once in a while, to be admitted to the community recreations! Thus prayer and piety lend a radiance to the atmosphere of work, study, and play in which they live.

Not many years ago, these three young girls had not the least inkling that our Lord was about to call them to a life of perfection. Their horizon

did not extend beyond their native hills. To lead an honest life wholly devoted to familial interests was all they had in view. The arrival of our Community at Kuanhsi first set them thinking, then awakened in their souls a hunger for truth, for the absolute. Soon, they requested admission to the catechumenate, and eventually became full-fledged Christians.

The Church in Taiwan being in urgent need of apostolic collaborators, a number of neophytes were called upon by the missionaries to help dispense doctrinal instruction to catechumens. Our three friends volunteered for this enviable task



All is
not work
for the trio.

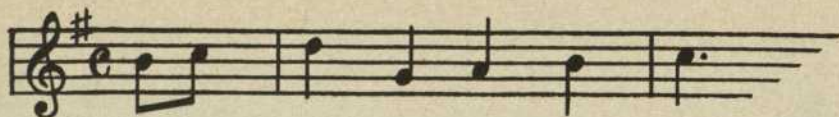


Here, Sister Saint Rose
shares their ball game.

and spent several hours each day in the serious study of religious subjects. Thus, while "searching the Scriptures" in order to perfect their own knowledge and be the better able to communicate it to others, they tasted the divine sweetness of God's word. Our Saviour's figure appeared to them with the irresistible charm that has won so many hearts for twenty centuries past. Wishing to know Him better so as to love Him more ardently,

they became members of the Marian Sodality at Kuanhsi. From this new spiritual halting place they were led unawares to the heights of religious perfection.

"May their tribe increase" is the prayer of all missionaries in Taiwan. So many of their compatriots are storming the gates of the Church in their eagerness to be nourished with the Bread of Life.



A parallel:

MUSIC and the Japanese Language

SISTER PAULINE OF LISIEUX¹, M.I.C.

No matter to what race they belong, all human beings experience the same sentiments and emotions, feel the same need to express their personality through the medium of dance and song. What is folklore if not the outward expression of the movements of gaiety, sadness, suffering, anger, love, aroused in the soul by daily occurrences? Consequently, music considered as a vehicle for expression possesses the same characteristics as its language. A graphic example of this theory was lately given at the Tokyo Japanese Language School which we attend. One of the teachers, wishing to stress the difference between Japanese and English or French, had us students listen to a rendering of Beethoven's Fifth Symphony as representing the latter, and to a piece of *koto*, Japanese lyre, as illustrating the former. A string instrument, the *koto* is the most highly esteemed of modern instruments. Evolved from old Chinese models and perfected in the first half of the seventeenth century by Yatsushashi, sometimes styled as the father of modern music in Japan, it emits pleasant sounds which, however, seem to us more or less monotonous when compared to western music.

Of all Japanese arts, music is the least known abroad. This is not surprising, very few having had the occasion of hearing it. As regards the Japanese language, it is so complicated and so difficult to learn, that not many have the courage to study it as an introduction to an Oriental culture.

Methodic principles tend to be highly developed among people who speak flexional languages; similar principles apply also in music. The Japanese, however, although keenly sensitive to the subtle medium of musical art, have never attempted to elaborate any musical theory of their own.

As to their language it is extraordinarily original. Its sound-pattern resembles that of Italian, but instead of a tonic accent it has a rhythmic accent puzzling to foreigners. Japanese music likewise operates under a two-part time binary measure. Such a rhythm is not easily caught, for the downbeat is missing and unexpected grace notes often upset the measure.

Modern Japanese as taught in all the official schools throughout the land differs from the ancient Yamato speech from which it sprang. In the course of centuries it has been enriched with numerous new words and has undergone many felicitous modifications which have transformed it into the rhythmic, harmonious language it is today.

うたがはね
心に
梅の花

木田 祥



The KOTO, a string instrument, emits a pleasant sound which, however, seems monotonous to western ears.



Another string instrument, the SHAMISEN.

In the West, ancient music having been discarded for new forms, musicographers must now make patient efforts to draw old works out of the obscurity into which they have long been buried. In Japan, on the contrary, most ancient music forms have been preserved as, for instance, court music and ritual dances which go back twelve centuries. Their secret technique is transmitted from father to son in families hereditarily entrusted with handing it down to posterity. What a precious advantage for the history of art!

After World War II, great importance became attached in Japan to the study of foreign tongues such as French, English, and Spanish. From the kindergarten to the university, classes in English

conversation and grammar are assiduously followed by Japanese youth. European music also is increasingly appreciated. In Tokyo alone, seven universities teach the musical art, three being specialized in musical education. One of the latter schools has an enrollment of about 1,450 future teachers of music while another numbers 2,000. There are in Japan twenty-seven piano manufacturing plants and eight of electrical organs. In 1963, an international congress of musical educators was held in the capital.

Japanese music surely deserves as much notice as Japanese plastic arts, for example, with which most of us are familiar. As to the Japanese language it testifies to the high calibre of the Japanese soul.



Sister of the Holy Name of Mary. M.I.C.,
and her violonists-in-the-making.



On September 29, 1963, Miss Myra Heung and her friend Mr. Samuel Lee received baptism in the chapel of our Ottawa Chinese Centre.

A licensed librarian on the staff of the Ottawa University Medical Library, Miss Heung had for a while back been taking French lessons at the Centre in order to facilitate her work. One day, she confided to her teacher, Sister Saint Philip¹, "I wish I had strong religious convictions... I admire Catholicism, but I have so little time to study. Later on, perhaps..."

Henceforth, Sister Saint Philip availed herself of every opportunity to weave the important subjects of religion and prayer into the fabric of her French classes. "Myra," she suggested, "you should cultivate the habit of praying every day to obtain the supernatural gift of faith." Myra followed this advice. She also encouraged her friend to attend Sunday Mass with her at the Centre.

¹ Annette Beaudoin, Champlain.

Ottawa Chinese Centre

SISTER SAINT NINA, M.I.C.

(Nina Ennis, Salem, Mass.)



The baptismal waters
flow on the brow
of Mr. Samuel Lee.

Meantime, her non-Christian parents wrote from Hong Kong urging the young people to get married during the year 1963 considered a lucky year. Reverend C. Lee, C.D.D., having agreed to accelerate their doctrinal instruction, both were ready to be baptized by the end of September.

A group of thirty University students were present at the ceremony of baptism. Reverend C. Lee officiated while Reverend Father T. Bastien, O.M.I., gave a running commentary. Immediately afterwards, Holy Mass was offered during which the neophytes made their First Communion. When all was over, the guests were invited to lunch at the Centre where reigned a festive atmosphere of brotherhood.

On October 12, Samuel and Myra were united in holy matrimony at Saint Joseph's church. They had asked the Sisters of the Centre to be present in order to represent their absent families. All the assistants were favourably impressed by the deep piety manifested by the wedded pair. The day was brought to a happy close by a reception of confreres and friends at the University Centre.

Myra's First Communion.



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 Lagauchetière St., West, Montreal 1.
NOMININGUE, Labelle County, P. Q.
RIMOUSKI, P. Q., 85 St. Germain Street.
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., 235 Dufferin Street.
GRANBY, P. Q., 50 Saint Joseph Street.
CHICOUTIMI, P. Q. 766 Cenacle Street.
SAINTE MARIE, Beauce County, P. Q.
SAINT JOHNS, P. Q., 430 Champlain Street.
PERTH, N. B., P. B. 259.
EDMUNDSTON, N. B., 85 Victoria Street.

UNITED STATES

MARLBORO, Mass., 207 Pleasant Street.

HONG KONG

TAK SUN SCHOOL,
103 Austin Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.
MOUNT GOOD HOPE SCHOOL,
Clear Water Bay Road, Kowloon, Hong Kong.

TAIWAN

KUANHSI, 783 Cheng I Lu, Hsinshu Hsien,
Taiwan, Republic of China.
SHIH KUANG TSE, Hsinshu Hsien,
Taiwan, Republic of China.
TAIPEI, 363, An Tung Chieh, Taiwan, Republic of China.
SUAO, 36 Chung Cheng Rd., Suao Ilan Hsien,
Taiwan, Republic of 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, Sambaina, Madagascar.
ANTSIRABE, St. Thérèse's Mahazoarivo Parish.

PERU

PUCALLPA.
LIMA, Escuela Maria de la Providencia
Napo y Centenario, Azcona (Brena.)

GUATEMALA

TOTONICAPAN, Colegio P. Betancourt, Guatemala, A.C.

BOLIVIA

SANTA CRUZ, Cardinal Cushing Business College,
Calle Lemoine, Casilla 70.
COCHABAMBA, Academia Comercia, Calle Oruro No. 3403,
Casilla 1667.
IRUPANA, Hospital Nuestra Senora de la Providencia,
Irupana, Sud Yungas.

CHILE

ANCUD, Colegio Inmaculada Concepcion, Calle Errazuriz.

PHILIPPINE ISLANDS

MANILA, Immaculate Conception Anglo Chinese Academy,
General 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, Pacdal.

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
P. B. No. 4, Saint Marc, Haiti.
LA BOULE, Haiti.
HINCHE, Haiti.

COLON, Province of Matanzas, Cuba.

AFRICA

KATETE, Champira P. O., Nyasaland, C. Africa.
MZAMBAZI, St. John's Parish, Eutini P. O., Nyasaland, C. Africa.
RUMPI, St. Patrick's Parish, Rumpi P. O., Nyasaland, C. Africa.
KARONGA, St. Mary's Parish, Karonga P. O., Nyasaland, C. Africa.
KASEYE, Fort Hill P. O., Nyasaland, C. Africa.
MZUZU, Convent School, Mzuzu P. O., Box 24,
Nyasaland, C. Africa.
NKATA BAY, Nkata Bay P. O., Box 9,
Nyasaland, C. Africa.
FORT JAMESON P. O. Box 107 Northern Rhodesia, C. Africa.
KANYANGA, Lundazi P. O., Northern Rhodesia, C. Africa.
NYIMBA, Sacred Heart Hospital, Northern Rhodesia, C. Africa.
CIKUNGU, Kazimuli P. O., Northern Rhodesia, C. Africa.

